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SPECIAL 15 "THE BARRIER THAT WAS BURNED"—By REX BEACI

AUGUST

The

15 CENTS

MOTION PICTURE

Story Magazine



Scene from "The Barrier That Was Burned"

Thirteen Complete Illustrated Novelettes from the Best Play of the Month

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



VEDAH BERTRAM
(Essanay)



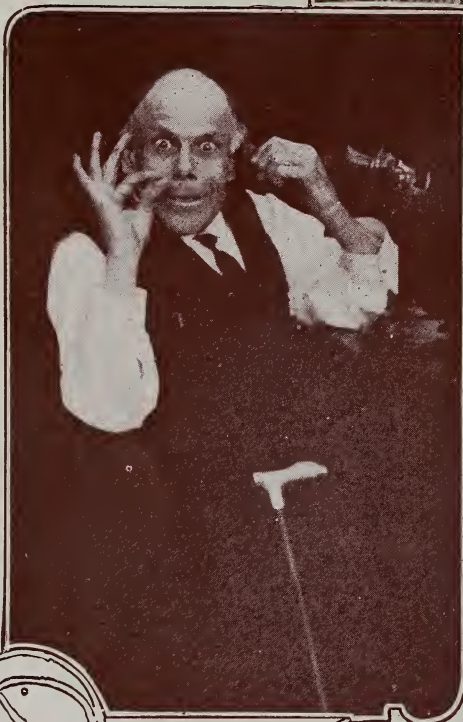
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FLORENCE LA VINCI





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(Rex)

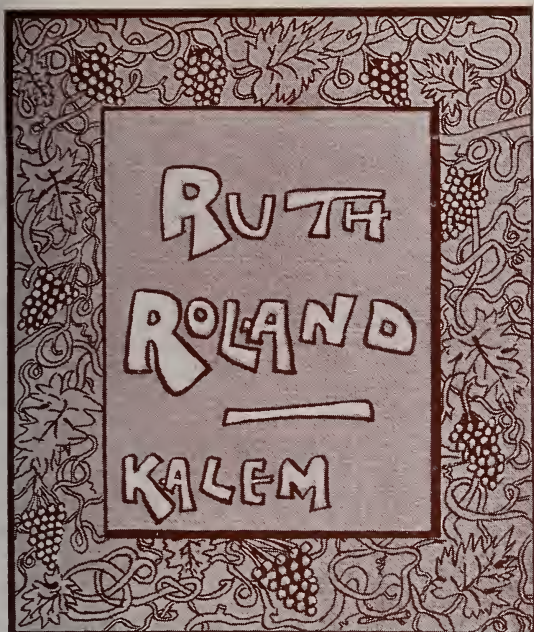


MARGARET FISCHER
(Imp)



Jennie
Nelson

In
"A Leap Year Lottery"





AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS (Edison)



KING BAGGOT (Imp)



ELENORIA COURTAN
(Pathé Frères)



BEVERLY BAYNE
(Essanay)



GENE GAUNTIER
(Kalem)



ELEANOR CAINES
(Lubin)



JAMES MORRISON
(Vitagraph)



The Barrier That Was Burned

Vitagraph

By REX BEACH

A SINGLE cabin lay apart from the fifty or sixty shacks that followed two drunken parallel lines and formed the "main street" of Ore City. Perhaps the reason why any shack preserved this aloofness sufficed—it housed, with her husband, the only woman in that particular section of Alaska!

The romance that led to the mating of Big Bill Hawkins and little Jennie Slocum was not more than a year old. It had quickly begun; and, to the average hard-headed, quick-fingered miner of Ore City, was still progressing happily. They had no means of knowing otherwise. For all men in Ore City respected the lucky man's inalienable right to the claim he had staked and seemed to value more highly than the richest vein of ore in the country. The rule of safety in a mining camp, policed by derringers, is for every man either to mind his own business, or to help along the undertaker's.

And this well-meant isolation is just wherein the brewing trouble with Jennie lay. She had come—God only knows exactly why or how—with her gold-crazed father, from the warm heart of a little California city, to the frozen, pass-locked wilderness of the snowbound North.

Down there in the cozy city, her pretty face had been the center around which a genial, admiring throng revolved in a merry whirl of parties, dances, and offers of marriage. All this to the girl became second nature; the social element was strong within her, so was the feminine love of masculine admiration. But her heart, being young, resisted bondage, and within her veins flowed red blood that cried out for a larger life, for experience on a heroic scale. So, when her father told her, one spring day, that he had sold everything he had in the world, and intended to join the northward rush for gold, only for a moment did a void fill her breast. The next instant it pulsed with desire for adventure, and, perhaps, with an inherited lust for gold.

Old Jim Slocum was dubbed crazy, and many kinds of a fool, from the sunny day he left the little southern city till the raw September evening that they pulled into Ore City. To drag a frail little mite like Jennie, thru snow-clogged passes, over ice-clad mountains, and down into the Valley of the Shadow itself! But they did not know Jennie, in whose soul was the stuff of which heroes are made, and whose heart was stout with the iron of courage.



BIG BILL HAS HIS USUAL WEEKLY DIVERSION

The boys in camp gave the girl and her father a rousing welcome, and turned to and built them the well-knit shack that she and her husband were later to occupy. But old Jim Slocum had taken his last journey on foot over snow-lad peaks; the rigors of the tramp had brought him to the brink of the grave, as they had hundreds younger and stronger than he. The lure had turned out to be death, wearing a golden mask.

Old Jim lingered half thru the bleak winter. Jennie worked her heart and soul almost out all the days long, trying to give her father every comfort. Then the boys in camp put sixty pieces of paper in a flour sack, and each man drew forth the date of the night he was to sit up with Old Jim. Not one of them but would have sat up all the winter nights, if he had been given a chance. But there was a method in all this that was generally understood, for, almost without exception, every man in Ore City had conceived a tender passion for the "Flower of the North," as they named pretty Jennie. And, in their

rough calculations, this was no time for romance.

But a howling, blinding blizzard set at naught their well-laid schemes, locking them outside in the furious storm; the Romance slipped in and thawed out by the fireside. At the end of three days, when the boys dug a path thru thirty feet of snowbank, they were met by Big Bill Hawkins and Jennie, with something in their eyes more dazzling than the sun-lit snow.

No one ever knew just how it all came about, for Big Bill and Jennie never told.

There was something of a miracle about this romance, that never failed to inspire them with proper reverence. Big Bill was the roughest, most reckless and unlikely man in the camp. He got drunk regularly once a week, and terrorized the entire community; at poker, he regularly wagered everything he possessed in the world, and, at the time of the romance, it is doubtful if he owned even the boots he wore. Bill had the voice, the strength, and the man-

ners of a wounded bull. If a man disputed his drunken word, he would fill the man's eye with tobacco juice, or break some of his bones.

All this the boys bore in mind when he married Jennie, forgetting the tender heart that moistened his eyes at the sight of a snow-bird with a broken wing, or that compelled him, at the sight of worthy distress, to shed honest sympathy to the extent of his only mackinaw, or his last cup of flour, or the gold dust he had hoarded for drink! But to hide his show of sympathy, he always roared out his kindness, and went about his good deeds with uncalled-for bluster. And now, after his three days' labor of unquestioned kindness, they found him standing in a corner of Slocum's shack, his great hands bulging his trousers pockets like balloons, an uncomfortable picture of mildness and gentleness. He even fell to trembling, and seemed unduly frightened when Jennie said softly:

"Bill is going to stay with father every night, now, boys; so you wont need to bother."

Bill shifted uneasily, and nodded his head, gazing all the while at his cowhide boots.

The boys saw plainly that it was a case for the Justice of the Peace to deal with. A committee was formed that summarily hinted violent retribution on the lucky man's head, if he failed to live up to the mark after marrying their idol, and then, at old Jim's request, the knot was tied.

Big Bill did not get drunk within a week, and shoot up the town, as was generally apprehended. Nor at the end of six weeks, either, when they buried old Jim behind the shack, had Big Bill slid back.

In the spring he began to work his claim single hand. The claim had been sold to the old man on his arrival by a couple of slick prospectors, who had decamped with the last party passing South for the season. It lay for the most part on a solid bed of rock, and meant terrific labor to make even the slightest impression in it. All the boys in camp had a look at it, and shook their heads, but Big Bill plodded away day after day, week



BIG BILL FOR THE FIRST TIME REFUSES A DRINK

after week. The savings that Jennie had left of her father's supply began to fade away. The young wife implored her husband to seek pastures new. He only shook his head and returned to his hopeless task, with renewed energy and prolonged hours. At length, the young wife saw him for a little while only, at the evening meal, after which he usually laid down and fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. The man seemed to have gone out of his wits—as so often happened—in his devotion to a hope-

to turn her longings, for awhile, toward him and the bare Alaskan shack, and make it a place of contentment and happiness. But he did not improve his opportunity, and it passed. He worked harder, and had less time to notice the fading of his little wife, or the strange look that had come into her eyes, that seemed ever directed southward.

Summer came, and passed, and then the mountain shadows came earlier, and extended farther, every day, as did the dark shadows under



DANDY DICK WRITES TO JENNIE

less hole in the ground. His foolhardy purpose seemed stronger than the unfeigned love for his young wife, and Big Bill had not even a notion that his wife was anything but happy.

But Jennie had changed. With the passing of the excitement of the journey to the North, and the grief of the illness and death of her father, had come love, to be sure. But love had stirred in her breast all the memories of southern days, and with them returned the social longings. Spring, with all its subtle suggestions of home to the one absent from it, found her food for melancholy thoughts.

Even then, Big Bill had the power

Jennie's eyes. In six weeks Ore City would be shut in the freezing, pitiless North by the giant padlock of ice that stiffened the fingers of those foolhardy enough to try to force it.

Jennie knew this, and the horror of another winter a thousand miles from the world of her desire—alone—froze her heart before time. The man was starving her of love, of admiration, of food even, in pursuit of a mad quest that sapped all the benefits that were rightfully hers.

Only one man in all Ore City noted these things—and fathomed them. "Dandy Dick," a handsome young daredevil of a man, unprincipled, and ever on the lookout for an ad-

venture, made it a point to cross her path every time she visited the general store. He was anything but offensive—simply charming. In his gay trappings, he was the Easterner's dream of the Western hero. There is no doubt that he made a distinct impression on the fancy of the lonely, pretty girl.

One night she stood watching for Bill, the same gleam in her eyes that

"Yes—I'm going—are you going with me, Bill?"

"Now, look here, Jennie"—something of the old-time noise stole into his voice, and for the first time his brow wrinkled at her—"anything in God's world I can do for you, ask it—anything but that! Now, dont let's talk about it; it hurts us both, I can see that. Why, look here; it aint goin' to——"



DANDY DICK MAKES ADVANCES

had lighted the way over a thousand miles of ice and snow to Ore City.

"Bill," she cried, in a voice her father, if he were living, would not have recognized, "Bill, I want to go back home before the snow begins—I must go! Do you hear, Bill? I must!" He paused, and shivered as tho struck, and then looked down at her, smiling as at a wilful child. But his alarmed eyes did not see that she had been aging by the day.

"Leave Ore City—now! What's the little kid talkin' about?" He tried to take her in his arms, but she struggled loose.

"Bill"—he looked up sharply, jerked by the steel in her voice—"I want you to think about this before Monday. I cant stay here any longer. You dont know me, Bill; when I cant, I cant!"

"Jennie, maybe you dont know me either—and I dont want you to, that way. I'm not goin' to leave Ore City—I cant. And where I am, I think they'll find you, too." Then his manner changed, and a tenderness filled his eyes again. "Why, look here, little girl, everything's agin us now. But wait till spring, then we kin do anything—I mean it, too." There



"I AINT GOIN' TO KILL YER, YET—NOW GIT!"

was a vibrant note of promise in his voice.

"I simply cant, Bill," she said, with finality.

She left him standing there, a look of unutterable distress on his face. He started forward once, as if to say something, but turned, with a shake of his head. "Nope; I'd better wait," he thought.

During the next three days they scarcely saw each other. He worked harder and later than she had ever seen him before. Once he returned to the shack unexpectedly and found her gazing out of the window, as if waiting for some one. With unexplainable perversity, he did not even apprise her of his presence, but got the tool for which he had returned, and slipped away with an enigmatical smile on his face.

She had mentioned Monday as being the limit of her endurance. Monday came. He left the shack long before she was up. Early in the afternoon, contrary to his habit for the

past six months, he returned. There was a light of suppressed joy in the big fellow's face. There was something almost as tremulous as a timid girl in his manner. Frequently he smiled and rubbed his hands together, as tho with suppressed glee, all the while endeavoring to conceal an awkward-looking parcel in the inside pocket of his mackinaw, like a mischievous boy with a waistful of stolen apples. Suddenly, he came to a full stop. The sun went out of his face, and it froze with forgotten cruelty. Sauntering down the path, sacred to two pairs of feet only, came Dandy Dick. There was no doubt of it—he had come from the shack.

Big Bill drew a gun that had almost become rusty from disuse. The first intimation that Dandy Dick had of another's presence was an ominous click. He was the quickest man in Ore City with a weapon, but there was something in Big Bill's command that made him hesitate.

"Stop! I aint goin' to kill yer,

yet—unless you make me. When I get ready to shoot yer, I'll give you an even chance. You aint hangin' around here to see me—that's all I know yet. Now git, an' if you aint out o' sight when I count ten, I'll shoot—an' I aint never missed a man yet!"

Before he had counted six, the slim form of Dandy Dick had vanished.

"An' it's Monday, too!" he exclaimed suddenly, his face warped in a scowl of suspicion. Gun still in hand, he set out stealthily for the rear of the cabin. There was but one window, now half-opened, on this side, and he immediately set his face in the aperture. The next second his arm convulsed sharply, and it seemed as tho he was about to shove the barrel in and fire at what he saw.

But he slid back limply, instead, a dazed look of overwhelming grief in his eyes. He made his way around the shack to the half-open door.

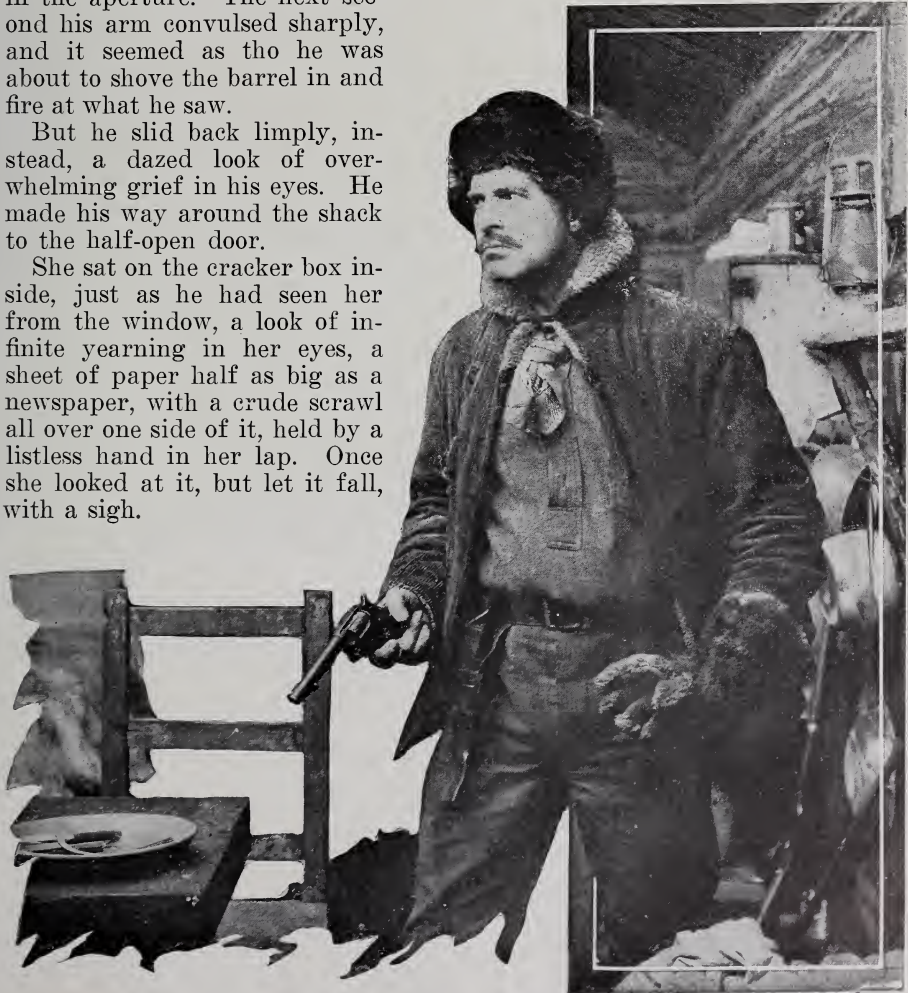
She sat on the cracker box inside, just as he had seen her from the window, a look of infinite yearning in her eyes, a sheet of paper half as big as a newspaper, with a crude scrawl all over one side of it, held by a listless hand in her lap. Once she looked at it, but let it fall, with a sigh.

Big Bill strode in, an ugly scowl still blanketing his features. He breathed thickly, and his voice was hoarse when he spoke.

"Well, I caught yer, didn't I? I want to know only two things—an' you better tell me, too!" All the time he pounded the table with the butt of the gun.

Not until he had finished speaking did she look up. The yearning look had been forced out of her face by a resolute one that stiffened her lower jaw, pointed her eyes like steel, and distended her nostrils.

"Well?" she asked, her voice so calm that Bill was startled.



"WELL, I CAUGHT YER, DIDN'T I?"

"It's Monday! Is that the skunk you're a-goin' with? Dont lie to me, neither, for I wantter tell you, hell's loose agin in me!" His voice shook the rafters.

"And what is your other question?" she asked quietly, thru whitened lips.

"Answer me, do you hear?" he advanced, one hand lifted above his head, in shaking rage.

She even took a step toward him, her hands clasped together, like a vise, on her breast, her eyes alone halting him.

"Bill," her voice was as cold and deliberate as a glacier, "I would not answer a question for any man on God's earth

who spoke to me like that—not even if he was going to kill me, like you seem to be."

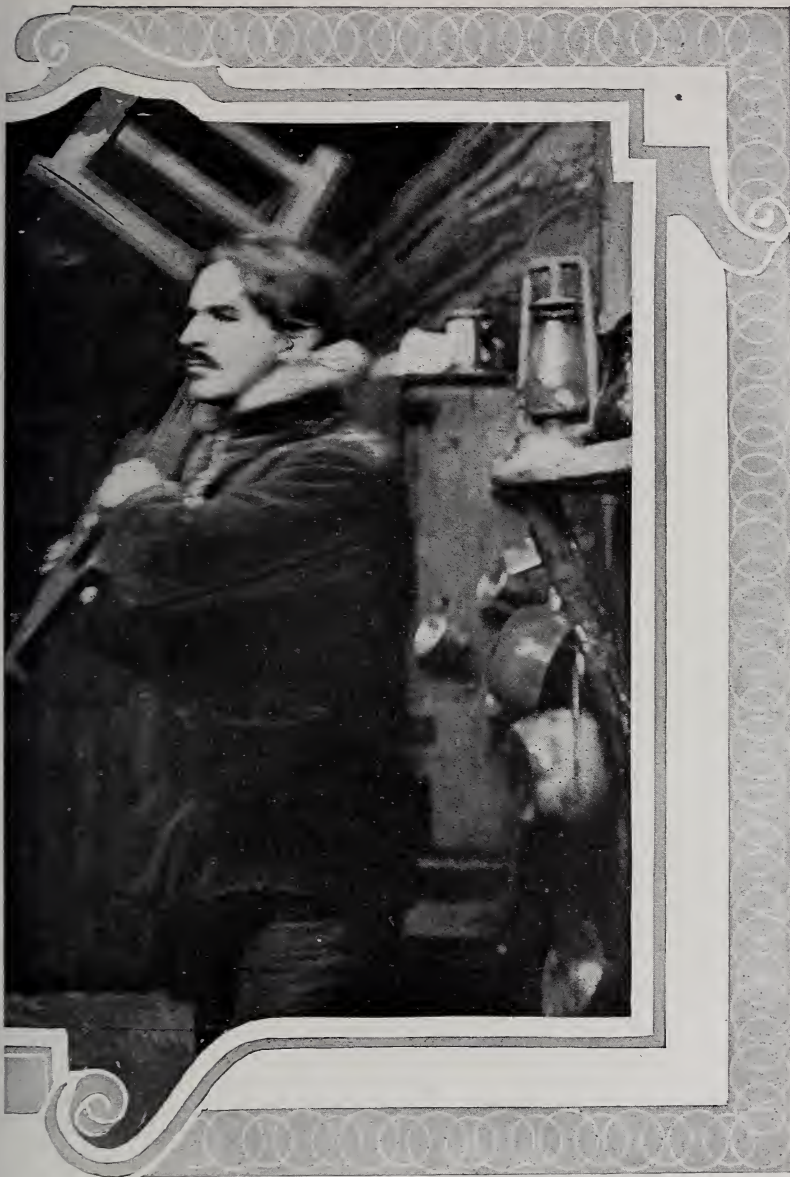
He staggered, as tho struck; his hands fell quivering to his side. "My God—Jennie!"

But she had turned, and he saw that she was closing a well-filled knapsack—the one that she had carried on the trip to Ore City.

"Jennie—Jennie! You wouldn't—you aint a-goin' to leave me—why—



why——" For a moment the tragedy fled from his eyes, and his hand stole to the package in the breast of his mackinaw. His eyes, filled with shame, crept over to the girl, but she was intent on fastening a sleeping-bag and pair of snowshoes to her kit. "Why, you cant do it, girl," he cried out in protest; then came the additional thought that again aroused the painful episode. "Alone!" His glance sprang to the forgotten sheet



of paper, that lay where it had fallen from her hands, on the floor. Fury blazed up again in his eyes. He pounced on it, and read it laboredly.

MISSUS JENNIE—I kan see you dont like it around these parts for keeps—it aint eggsactly God's country—I bin thinkin fer a long time how it aint rite and maybe yule like to take a hitch along of me wen I tell you Im ready tu make a be line for the staits—ile take yer home awl rite.

DANDY DICK.

Big Bill made several ineffectual efforts to speak, and at length the words came forth in trembling sentences:

“Now git—I’m a-goin’ to let him take yer—then I’m goin’ to hunt him down, and rip the hide off him by inches. This”—he held up the letter with trembling hand—“I’m a-goin’ to keep as long as I live; right here”—his hand clutched his breast, as tho already a live coal lay there—“where it kin burn me, an’ burn me, an’ I never kin fergit. As long as this peper’ll keep, and I live, Jennie, it’s a-goin’ ter stand between us. You cant never climb over it—you

nor me! Every time it cracks in there, I’ll remember wot you done ter me, and w’en I’m buried, I want it put under with me, because it’ll probly last longer than my carcass will. W’en that paper’s gone—rotted or burnt—then, maybe, I wont feel wot I do aginst yer, girl—but not until then.”

His words had gradually subsided from ungovernable fury into a low mumble of pent-up tragedy.



JENNIE BIDS FAREWELL TO THE SHACK

But Jennie had kept right on with her packing and strapping, and at length, with an effort, had lifted the heavy pack to her shoulders. On the threshold she seemed to hesitate, almost totter, for the merest instant, then proceeded resolutely down the path.

Big Bill stood, dazed, his eyes straining after her till she was out of sight. Then he turned toward the rude table, groping, for his eyes were struggling with the fountains of bitterness from his heart. As he sank down in the chair, sobbing, the package from his inside pocket rolled out on the table, bursting the flimsy paper that held it.

It was a nugget of gold the size of a man's fist, with fresh earth still clinging to it!

Two hours later, the frequenters of "The Lucky Dollar" saloon and gambling-hell were amazed to see Big

Bill Hawkins enter and order drinks for the crowd. He took three himself, in gulps, like one to whom liquor means heaven or hell in this life. Then he sat in a game, laying his gun significantly beside him, as of old, and ordering a continuous round of drinks. Soon the place echoed with Big Bill's voice, which became more and more of a bellow as strong drink seasoned it.

All Ore City soon knew that Big Bill had slid back into his old ways again, and they wondered. But only one man learnt the reason why. Big Bill unbosomed his woe, with alcoholic tears, on the shoulder of "Pop" Edwards, the old bartender, who had been like a father to him. Pop had grasped his hand, and from that moment on became so abstracted that he mixed the wrong drinks, and was roused only when a playful bullet shattered a near-by glass or mirror, apprising him of his mistake. But he could think of no remedy for Big Bill.

By nine o'clock Big Bill had become dangerously careless with his gun, taking occasional fancy shots about the room, with sinister recklessness. About this time, thru the maze of his bewildered brain, he heard his name whispered. It was Pop; the old man was gesticulating excitedly in the direction of a man who had just entered.

Big Bill peered thru the smoke-wreathed room a full minute. Then he sprang to his feet like a panther. His gun was raised like a flash.

The man Pop had called his attention to was Dandy Dick!

But something in what his persecutor was saying arrested his finger.

"I bin in a game fer six solid hours an' cleaned up three thousand—I come here to clean up some more, or——"

Dandy stopped short, for, as he turned to survey the tables, he came face to face with the pointed gun.

Big Bill did not shoot. Furrows of pain shot across his forehead, as his mind strained in its agony to clear away the fog of drink and come to a clear comprehension of it all. For a

minute he stood there, swaying, a pitiable picture, every eye in the place infected with the tragedy of the moment.

Suddenly a pathetic cry burst from his lips, "Snow!" The gun dropped to the floor. Dandy's clothes were covered with it!

Bill started forward, knocking down everything in his way; revenge forgotten.

it was not pitch dark. In that latitude day and night blended into a heavy twilight, and, if anything, the snow-filled air made it a trifle lighter. This made it possible, in tree sheltered spaces, to see some distance. But outside these, the snow was blinding in its density, more than two inches an hour was falling, and a piercing wind drifted it at the rate of two feet an hour.



JENNIE IS EXHAUSTED

Pop laid a detaining hand on his arm. "'Taint no use, boy. The first big snow is on us, an' already it's five inches deep, an' it's a hell-tamer of a night."

"Pop, gimme some kind of a drink that will warm a man clear thru, and something warm I kin wrap a woman up in," was Bill's only reply.

Five minutes later he strode out into the clutch of the icy-fingered blizzard.

Withal that it was a stormy night,

There was but one exit from the little valley that sheltered Ore City, and that was Riker's Pass. The summit of the pass lay about twenty-one miles from the city. Bill figured despairingly, as he pried thru the teeth of the storm, just how far the plucky little woman must have got. Possibly fifteen miles in the five-and-a-half hours since she left. She was up among those misty heights, surely exhausted, perhaps lying straight and stiff! He sprang forward with a fu-



BILL FINDS NO TRACES OF JENNIE

tile cry. He noted with joy, as he ascended the heights, that the fury of the storm in some measure abated; the steep mountainsides stood between the valley and the storm. If he were near her, he was sure it would be possible to make out footsteps, if she had not lost her way.

In the first hour the big man covered five miles, despite the obstacles presented by the storm. After that it was impossible to keep up his running gait. He was fast exhausting his own great strength, and it must have been midnight before he had traversed another five miles.

If she had only turned back toward Ore City again when the storm came on, he protested to himself. But now he knew his wife, and knew that rather than turn back to Ore City, she would—as she had—push on toward certain death. For she could never reach Miner's Gulch, thirty-two miles beyond. For another half-hour Bill plunged madly forward, his mind

frantically calculating every contingency, yet always terminating in hopeless despair.

He stopped suddenly. In his path he saw the end of a snowshoe sticking up. Fearfully, he pushed the snow away. Beneath was the greater part of Jennie's pack. His joy was turned to fear at the thought of the possible length of time that might have passed since the woman was here. Perhaps two miles further on, his searching eyes discerned two indentations in a small drift to one side, as tho some one had staggered, and stepped there by accident. They were now blurred by drifting snow, and bore little resemblance to footprints. The man, with a renewed burst of speed, plowed on.

Suddenly, he came upon deep holes at regular intervals, leading directly off the beaten way. For a moment he wondered why she should have changed her course at this critical moment. Then his eye took in the

overhanging cliff, with its probable shelter, about half a mile to one side. This was her last resort!

But, at that moment, as if to thwart his now hopeful efforts, the wind changed slightly, and the mountainside suddenly ceased to be a protection. The blizzard swept thru the pass and down upon him, with a roar that drowned the voice he raised every minute, calling Jennie. He could not even discern the cliff, and twice found himself back near the point where he had left the trail. He took the wind for his guide, and set out a third time. Twice he dropped to his knees, and the rude prayer he offered the second time came as an afterthought.

At length he did reach the cliff. The snow was, if anything, deeper here than elsewhere. With his gloved hand touching the wall, he labored along; with approaching exhaustion a gradual dizziness was coming on. It had grown much darker,

particularly here in the shadow of the cliff. He bethought himself of the matches he usually carried. His clumsy, half-frozen fingers lost half of them in the snow. Altho the wind quickly blew them out, for an instant a radius of a few feet was thoroly lighted up. A dark blur was suddenly reflected. He sprang forward, too winded to cry out, too exhausted to feel the joy, other than in crying like a baby.

Underneath the blanket, which she had rigged tent-fashion, lay Jennie.

"Jennie—speak! It's Bill, little kid!" he whispered, manipulating her stiff legs and arms. He removed some of the clothing of her breast and listened; her heart beat faintly. He forced the flask of whisky Pop Edwards had given him, between her teeth, and poured some of it down her throat. He lit a match to note the effect. Her eyelids flickered.

He had come in the nick of time; the torpor of freezing to death had



BILL DISCOVERS JENNIE'S PACK BENEATH THE SNOW



THE TORPOR OF FREEZING HAD SET IN

set in. But was it even humane to thus bring her back to the consciousness of her half-frozen body? There was absolutely no hope, and he knew it.

"Jennie, kin yer hear me?" he asked hoarsely, his frozen beard close to her cold face. "It's Bill, little kid. It dont look much like we're a-goin' to get out o' this—if we dont, all I ask is to let me lay right here at yer feet—that's all I ask—I aint fit to be fergiv', so I wont ask that—here, take what's left." He pressed the flask again between her teeth: "Oh, my Jennie, my little kid—what I done to yer! Nôw I'll make yer comfortable, fer there aint much chance——" He was putting around her the robe he had brought, when, in the darkness, he heard her voice faintly.

"Bill!" it said, "my Bill!" When he lit a match, her eyes were wide open and one arm was half-raised.

"I'll lay 'longside of yer, Jennie, if you'll let me—so when they find us they'll never know but what we died happy, little girl."

He had laid himself beside her, resignedly, and already the snow had begun to cover them like a shroud, when, above the wild howl of the wind, he distinctly heard a hallo.

He rose upright and listened; at an interval, he heard another cry—then another. The boys were out in search of them. He tried to shout, but the wind flaunted his hoarse whisper down his throat. His next impulse was to go out in search of them, but he knew he could not have gone a hundred paces, and the boys were on the trail, which they would

not leave. He knew by the voices that they must be on the brink of another cliff under which the trail, by a sudden turn, ran. Again he tried to shout, but his voice died in a whisper. Then he thought of the matches! There were two left. With trembling fingers, he lit one, without even sheltering it from the wind. It was out, even before it flared. The idea flashed across his mind, if he only had something that was not coated with snow and ice, that would burn just a little, for one man was halloing just below them, not two hundred feet away.

"Oh, Jennie, Jennie, look!" he cried suddenly. Then he took a piece of paper that he had pinned to his shirt that afternoon; on one side was a rude scrawl. With infinite care, he lighted it with their last match, shel-

tering it with the blanket. Every snowflake seemed to take up the garish light and send its reflection far out into the darkness.

Long before it went out, shouts rose all along the trail, where the men were searching so earnestly. In a half-hour they would be rescued and surrounded by warm fires!

In that light, Big Bill had seen his Jennie's eyes. *She knew!*

And the barrier, that had been raised, lay in ashes at their feet. It had been raised as tho to prove the might of their manhood and womanhood—and love—and had then saved their lives.

No barrier could ever again come between them, they knew, as he lay down beside her; and, drawing her close to his breast, they waited.

And here endeth the story of "The Barrier That Was Burned," written for THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE by Rex Beach, the play from which, by the same author, having been done by the Vitagraph Company of America, and in which the leading parts are taken by Robert Gaillard (Big Bill), Miss Edith Storey (Jennie), and Mr. Harry T. Morey (Dandy Dick).



The People's Playhouse

By HARVEY PEAKE

Into the portals, aglitter with light,
Stream crowds of devotees, night after
night,
Seeking the newest in pantomime play—
Tragical, comical, somber or gay.

Varied the stories the long films reveal,
Stories of love in its endless appeal,
Stories of wrong and its tear-burdened
price,
Stories of heroes and brave sacrifice.

There is a reproduced classical play,
Here is a drama of Walter Scott's day,
Yonder a series of beautiful views
Showing the latest of all the world's
news.

Rollicking comedy oftentimes holds sway,
Followed by romance or martial display;
Later, a tricky, inanimate thing
Open-mouthed wonder and pleasure will
bring.

Thus they plan on, never deigning to speak,
Night after night, and then week after week;
Photoplay actors who patiently try
To teach life's great lessons by means of the eye.

From Jerusalem to the Sea of Galilee

(Kalem)

By J. P. McGOWAN

JERUSALEM TO NABULUS

WHAT is worth doing at all is worth doing well. This is a good maxim, and one that is rigidly adhered to by the El Kalem, now in Palestine, producing "The Life of Christ." Each and every scene in this film is being localized, the traditional and historic spots used whenever possible, and, as the authentic spot for the Calling of the Fishermen was the Lake of Galilee, we traveled 224 miles, by wagon and horse, to obtain a few small scenes, and

thereby established a record in Moving Picture circles.

The call was for 7 A.M., Sunday, May 12th, and the party consisted of Director Olcott, Miss Gauntier, Messrs. G. K. Hollister, R. G. Vignola, J. J. Clark, J. P. McGowan, Bland, Sterling, Dyer, Baber and Lenox, accompanied by our interpreter, Ameen Zeytoun. About 6.45 A.M. we stood in front of the Fast Hotel, in Jerusalem, criticising the appearance of the teams which were destined to carry us to Tiberias and back in five and a half days, less time than



TAKING PICTURES ON THE SHORES OF THE LAKE OF GALILEE



“THE VALLEY RAN THRU THE MOUNTAINS FOR MILES AND MILES”

the same trip had ever been done in before. We established a record for this road that will stand for many a long day to come, and one that has caused no little wonder amongst the people here. Appearances are often deceptive, and as we stood in front of the hotel last Sunday, we all hoped that they would be so in this instance. The equipment consisted of two three-seated surreys—every available space being taken up with baggage—and four riding-horses. Each carriage had three horses, hitched abreast, and they furnished considerable food for thought. We tried to figure out the staying power of one horse, multiply it by three, and form some idea of how long the teams would stand together. The horses were typical of this part of the country, wiry-looking, but very small, none of them over fourteen and a half hands, and not one could claim even a passing acquaintance with a currycomb or brush. They reminded one of the ponies met with in the western end of Texas—ponies that are always ready to go anywhere, with anything, on anything, and to place their trust in Providence, a little sage-brush, and a lenient driver to allow them to walk up hill. The new wooden blocks in the wagon-brakes testified loudly that *we* were going to have the pleasure of walking up a few hills, anyhow.

After the folks had been permanently fixed in between suit cases, lunch baskets, guide-books, etc., we started to the accompaniment of a jingle of bells which adorned each pony's neck. A few Polish Jews, who were out-of-doors, paused on the street corners and gazed curiously after us as we went on thru the Russian section of the town and commenced to climb the Mount of Olives. Half way up we diverged, and went due north. To our surprise, we found the road very fine, and, with fresh horses, we made good time, the red-tiled roofs of modern Jerusalem rapidly disappearing from view as we mounted the brow of the hill and started on a decline into the valley below.

The country was barren and monotonous. Here and there a small, half-ripe wheat-field lined the side of the road, and a few sheep and goats, guarded by a shepherd, dotted the sides of the hills. An occasional grove of olive trees flourished in solitary state, and broke up the dreary view. The sky was slightly overcast with clouds, and a slight shower of rain brought an expression of disgust from the riders, and caused the others, who were studying Mother Nature, to beat a retreat within the shelter of the wagon covers, which were hastily drawn down.

A couple of hours' driving brought us to a collection of native houses and a roadside stable. Here we halted for a rest, and to water the horses. From now on the country began to look more fertile; fig trees began to make their appearance, and we noticed barley under cultivation, while the villages were all surrounded by a good, substantial growth of olive or pomegranate trees.

Going on thru the valley, we started to climb the mountain at the north end. It was a case of walk; the road was too steep, even tho it circled and zigzagged up the side, taking advantage of the natural rise. We took a short cut, probably a goat path, which

spring, and pounding the dirt out with a piece of board or a flat stone. A grove of pomegranate trees afforded a pleasant relief to the eyes, and a herd of cattle had taken possession of the shade, away from the noonday heat. We appreciated also the coolness of the interior of the rest-house. This consisted of two large rooms, connected by an archway, all built of stone, and remarkably cool.

After luncheon we were off again, and, shortly after leaving, noticed a good deal of cactus growth. In fact, one village on the hillside was practically surrounded by it, and we drove between an avenue of the plants that was at least fifteen feet high, and



"A HERD OF CATTLE HAD TAKEN POSSESSION OF THE SHADE OF THE POMEGRANATE GROVE"

ran directly to the top, and, after a good climb, we were amply repaid by the magnificent panorama which met our gaze. Away to the north the mountains rose and fell, range after range, while the valley ran thru them for miles. A thousand feet below us a small native house nestled in a grove of trees, and the smoke, lazily curling upward, evidenced the fact that here we were to have lunch.

The descent was as bad as the ascent. We walked probably about a mile to the bottom, while the carriages traveled at least four miles. Going into the yard, we found a number of native women gathered about the well, some taking away water in "goolahs" (earthenware jars), perched on their heads, others wetting clothes at the

adorned with a profusion of the yellow blossoms.

About five o'clock we came to Jacob's Well, and stopped to pay a visit. Here, according to tradition, Jesus met the woman of Samaria, who came from Sychar. The well is in possession of the Greek Church, and is encompassed by a small building. It is 75 feet deep and about $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter.

Half a mile further north is Joseph's Tomb, where Jacob purchased a "parcel of ground" (Josh. xxiv, 32), and where the Israelites afterward buried Joseph.

Our day was rapidly drawing to a close; the sun had already lost its heat, and was beginning to throw shadows from the tops of the moun-

tains, and we were all glad when Nabulus appeared at the end of the valley, lying between two great mountains: Mt. Gerizim to the south, towering 2,900 feet, and Mt. Ebal, 3,080 feet, to the north.

Nabulus is quite an important town, with a population of about 26,000, the majority of them Mohammedans. There is a military garrison, consisting of a regiment of infantry, and we noticed the Ottoman flag above the barracks, around which a goodly array of soldiers was gathered. Above the dwellings and stores rose the minarets of various mosques, while the

Jenin, where we stopped for lunch, was 37 miles, and we had managed to leave Nabulus behind before 7.30 A.M. The country continued to improve, and olive trees began to be abundant. The first two miles was practically thru one continuous avenue, which formed excellent shade. We passed several strings of camels, evidently on their way to town, and each string was led by a small man on a much smaller donkey. The donkey, thru-out this part of the country, is very small, indeed, but, nevertheless, they have wonderful endurance, and live on next to nothing.



“THE REST HOUSE CONSISTED OF TWO LARGE ROOMS BUILT OF STONE”

muezzins patrolled the small balconies, their call to prayer reverberating thru the stillness of the evening. It was quiet and peaceful, and after the horses had gone to the stables we were content to stretch ourselves out on the balcony of the hotel and watch the sun slowly turn the vegetation on the sides of the mountain to various colors. With its going down, the air began to get chilly. We had traveled 41 miles in good time, and were all perfectly satisfied with the first day of the trip.

NABULUS TO NAZARETH

The first leg of our journey to

The first piece of bad road was five miles from Nabulus, but the heaps of broken stone alongside indicated that repair was only a question of time. Climbing upward, we left the valley, and continued on along the top of the range, finally dropping down again. The mountains were very stony, but the valley lands remarkably free from rocks. The soil was dark brown, and looked very fertile. A native was plowing. He was using the same old wooden plow that was in existence thousands of years ago, and a woman followed along the furrow, with a bag of seed, which she was planting; immediately behind came



MARY'S WELL, AT NAZARETH

another plow, which turned the soil over on the seed. Here the wheat-fields were almost ripe, and the country looked more prosperous than any we had been thru. Passing along the bed of the valley, we climbed another mountain, and reached the highest point that we had yet come upon. Away to the west a long, thin, blue line betokened the presence of the Mediterranean, and the atmosphere was so clear that it was easily distinguishable. The valley was picturesque in the extreme: groves of olive trees ranging alongside of the hills, the yellow sheen of the almost ripe wheat, and the square patches of recently plowed land, gave the appearance of an enormous fantastic carpet.

In the distance lay Jenin, and about two o'clock we were glad to escape from the heat of the day and seek shelter inside the hotel. Jenin is a small village, with a population of about 1,500, and is situated on the boundary between the mountains of Samaria and the plain of Jezreel. After an hour or two's rest, we started off once more, and in a short time came across the railway line running from Haifa to Damascus. The railway station had a very deserted appearance, trains running only three times a week. Continuing on thru the valley, we came to Zerin, which

is the ancient Jezreel, and near by is the scene of the great battle fought between Saul and the Philistines, mentioned in I Sam. xxix, 1.

Going on over the plain, we passed several watercourses, and also the great caravan route from Egypt to Damascus, until we passed Iksal, from the north side of which tradition asserts is the spot where the Nazarenes attempted to cast Jesus down headlong.

In a short drive we reached Nazareth, and found the hotel with half a dozen women waiting outside, ready to sell hand-made lace. Nazareth has a population of about 11,000, and from a distance presents rather a modern appearance, which is caused



"CLOSE TO THE BANKS IS TIBERIAS"



TIBERIAS, ON THE LAKE OF GALILEE

by the buildings erected by the various religious sects who have established branches, and which are of modern construction, with red-tiled roofs.

Possibly few places have such religious interest as Nazareth. Here the Saviour spent His early youth, and afterward taught in the synagogue. On the spot of the Mensa Christi (Table of Christ) He is said to have dined with His disciples before and after the resurrection. Mary's Well, where the Child Jesus and His Mother were once constant frequenters, is still in use, and here we took a scene showing Mary and the Child. There was quite a motley throng around the well, as it is used largely by the natives, and when we had ranged them alongside the wall, out of sight, and Mary occupied the center of the picture, it formed an exact replica of the many beautiful paintings that are in existence, covering this sacred spot.

NAZARETH TO TIBERIAS

A short eighteen miles was the last lap on our journey, and it was about five o'clock in the afternoon when,

from the summit of a mountain, we had a view of one of the most magnificent sights that it is possible to behold. Away—a thousand or more feet below, a mile or two distant—lay the Sea of Galilee. The water is of a deep blue color, and is surrounded on all sides by high mountains that run to the water's edge, and give a clean-cut appearance to the lake. Close to the bank, in fact right on the water, is Tiberias, with a population of about 5,000. It was founded by Herod Antipas, about 19 A.D., and called Tiberias in honor of the emperor of that name. The lake is 13 miles long and about 6 miles wide, while its surface is 680 feet below the Mediterranean.

We took several scenes on the lake and in the mountains surrounding it; had hardly any trouble, and found the natives very willing and adaptable. It was hard work getting thru in time to make Nazareth that night, but we managed to do it, and continued on back, arriving in Jerusalem five and a half days from the time of our departure, establishing the record spoken of before.





AT CRIPPLE CREEK
(See page 89)

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

EDISON

ALLEN STANHOPE

AN Indian sun beat down with relentless fury upon the little garrison town of Lucknow. There was no escaping the terrific heat down there in the sun-baked streets. It could be seen traveling along shimmering lanes and entering open windows and doorways, like an avalanche of heated lances that brought the inmates outside panting for air.

High up on a hillside overlooking the town was a wooded retreat where the temperature was lower by a few degrees. On the gray-green grass sat a young girl, with some of the marks of dawning womanhood curving her figure, and dreaming love slumbering in her large Scotch eyes. By her side was a young subaltern, probably a couple of years her senior, fanning her idly with a native fan woven of many-hued grasses.

"Reginald, you are sad," said the girl, turning upon him a pair of eyes that for a moment smiled an even deeper sadness of her own.

"Yes," replied the young officer, "your father returns to England with you in ten days."

"You want to go home?"

"Not as much as I want you to stay, Helen. There"—he pointed with the fan down toward the dazzling parade ground, where a battalion of Sepoys were being drilled—"that's my duty for two years more, and, by Jove, I don't dislike it."

"Those brown laddies hate that, Reginald," said the girl, a shade of anxiety passing over her face.

"They're lazy beggars by nature, that's all that's the matter."

"It would be terrible if it were anything more serious. The natives outnumber us one hundred to one."

"Nonsense, Helen! Where do you

get these absurd ideas in your pretty little head?"

"Listen, Reginald." She laid a sun-browned hand on the sleeve of his scarlet coat. "This morning I was awakened early by what I took to be the call of a bird. I don't know why, but I looked out in the gray light of approaching dawn, and saw perhaps a score of natives taking many cans and boxes from the hands of two native infantrymen."

"And the sentry?" Reginald had turned upon her with a strange, startled look.

"Was a native. He was patrolling his post—and *protecting the marauders!*"

"You're unduly excited, Helen. Stealing rations, probably. I'll look into it in the morning."

"Reginald"—the girl turned a pair of serious eyes on him—"promise me you will look into it as soon as we return."

He paused a moment, holding and searching the girl's serious face, then he laughed, and took her hand. "I promise," he said. "Now tell me, do you want to get back to bonnie Scotland?"

"Except for leaving you, yes," she confessed. The fear left her eyes, and love crept in, and made them glow with warmth. "I long for the lochs and braes, and the sweet sound of the pibroch. I want to see our ladies in their kilties and plaids again."

"At Cawnpore we've a regiment—the Queen's Own—of Highlanders. You would have it all there."

"But not dear Scotland. Oh, Reginald! Why can't you come, too?" There were tears of longing in her eyes.

"Make a hero of me, and I can,"

he smiled, lifting her hand, and gently brushing his face with it. "Only the petitions of honor, medal, and wounded officers will be considered for leave of absence, and I'm but an undistinguished subaltern. No chance," he sighed.

"Come. We had better start down. I hear the bugle," said Helen, rising.

Reginald listened, and shook his head.

"There stands the trumpeter on the edge of the parade," she persisted.

The party was in full session that night, and Helen, in the midst of a half-dozen attentive subalterns, had almost forgotten her anxiety of the afternoon, and its cause. Reginald had sent word that he would be a little late.

The grandfather's clock in the hall had just struck ten when the girl espied her sweetheart's white face in the doorway.

"What has happened?" she cried, running up to him.



DRILLING THE INDIAN TROOPS

"I take you at your word, dear," he said, helping her along. "I neither see nor hear him. You have the eyes of a hawk and the ears of a jungle-fowl."

"If it were the pibroch and kilties, I could hear and see half as far again," she rejoined, with a sigh.

"Is Sir Henry's little party to some of the officers and their wives to-night?" inquired Reginald, as they were about to separate.

She nodded.

"I will see you home. Good-by."

"What you feared—and worse," said the boy.

"Have you told any one?"

"Both my captains, and Major Banks. They laughed at me in reply."

"Then see Sir Henry Lawrence at once!"

"He has promised me an audience just as soon as the party reception is over."

"We cannot—we must not waste a moment! What did you learn? I will tell Sir Henry."

Reginald surveyed the Scotch girl doubtfully, and then patted her arm approvingly.

"A tunnel has been dug to our stores. Food supplies have been depleted; at least an eighth of all our ammunition has been removed, and I counted eighty-seven discarded and reserve muskets missing from their racks."

"This is terrible!" cried the girl, and she was off like a shot toward

"It isn't silly, sir!" cried Helen, vexed almost to tears. "I saw the natives, with my own eyes, stealing ammunition and stores!"

"Major, order no one to leave this house!" Sir Henry had turned with a frown on Banks. "Command Beresford to come to me at once!"

"Some of the guests have just gone," said some one.

At that moment several shots rang on the sultry air outside.



NEWS OF THE REVOLT IS RECEIVED

where Sir Henry Lawrence stood talking affably with a group of officers, foremost among whom was Major Banks.

"Sir Henry!" cried Helen, breathlessly, forcing her way to the garrison commandant's side. "There is treachery among the Sepoy troops and the surrounding natives!"

"What can the child be talking about?" asked Sir Henry, amazed.

"Young Beresford was trying to tell me the same silly rot," vouchsafed Major Banks.

"Sound the alarm, 'To arms!'" thundered the now horrified commandant.

Fully a hundred shots now rang out in quick succession, several of them forcing their way thru the walls of the house.

"Arrest every native inside the garrison, and kill every one who makes resistance!" ordered Sir Henry, now calm and soldier-like. He had taken his stand at one end of the large room, his aides now at his side.

At the other end of the room the

women were huddled, their faces either stern or frightened.

Outside, the bugle was sounding the call to arms. There was the scuffle of running feet, brusque commands, and the clatter of muskets and swords. Thru it all could be heard the searching cries of wounded and dying.

A breathless subaltern had staggered into the room, a bloody hand clutched at his side, just as Reginald Beresford had stepped up to give his

With a passing glance of anxiety at Helen, Beresford hurried away.

An aide had come in.

"Captain Farley has in charge the bodies or survivors of the Simmons, Bolton and Cox families, who were ambushed on leaving the house here. I am to report, sir, what is to be done for their immediate relief."

"A hospital shall be made of this very room," replied Sir Henry, without hesitation. "Ladies!" he called.



SUNDAY SERVICES DURING THE LONG SIEGE

report of the affair to Sir Henry. The latter seized the wounded man, and held him in his arms as he delivered his gruesome news to the commandant.

"Sir—I have to report—every officer of—B Company—remaining on duty tonight—has been shot—and—"

The boy dropped to the floor, to die a few minutes later.

"Shall I report to my company, sir?" asked Beresford, saluting.

"Yes; but I shall have need of you later."

"The situation is serious. I shall need you to aid the surgeons."

With this, Sir Henry hurried outside, to learn for himself to what extent the garrison was endangered. The first thing he learnt was that at regular intervals weak spots had been secretly effected in the garrison walls, which in a short space of time had been turned into serious breaches. He detailed ten men, with fixed bayonets and double rounds of cartridges, to be stationed at each breach, day and night.

The condition of the stores was found to be even worse than had been apprehended. *Practically all the food supply had been rifled!*

This was Lucknow's most vital and vulnerable spot.

Next, the now distressed commandant learned that half of their battery had been captured and taken away in the first assault.

He hurried back to his study, which he now made his headquarters. He

and water, and bring these things to a central point, to which every one must come for their daily ration. Martial law shall prevail. Insubordination shall be considered mutiny, and punishable by death. Now, good-night, major. Save your vitality as much as you can."

In the hallway, Major Banks was met by Helen. The officer strode up and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Helen, forgive me," he said, sol-



THE BURIAL OF SIR HENRY LAWRENCE

summoned Major Banks in private council. For fully a minute the two men stood looking at each other, then, with a simultaneous impulse, they clasped hands.

"Major, do you understand?"

"I do, Sir Henry. Only a miracle can save us from annihilation!"

"Now, Major, our watchword is economy. First, call in one-third of your men, and put them to bed; make them rest until daylight. Then organize a special detail to search every house and nook and corner for food

and water, and bring these things to a central point, to which every one must come for their daily ration. Martial law shall prevail. Insubordination shall be considered mutiny, and punishable by death. Now, good-night, major. Save your vitality as much as you can."

"Oh, thank you! thank you!" she said, earnestly.

"You'll come to me next time, wont you?"

Their hurried talk was punctuated by a desultory firing, which kept up all that night. The casualties were chiefly the result of ambushes and other cowardly attacks. Many out-houses were set afire, but the flames were checked before any serious damage could be done.

It took the light of the morning to reveal their plight.

The outer walls were in no condition to stand a siege. One look outside revealed a howling horde of fanatics, who meant to show no quarter. Worse still, the collected food was scarcely enough to last the day out! There was enough water for only a few days.

With the break of day, the scattered firing became concentrated, and with the native troops at the head, an organized effort was made to storm the breaches. Then the shells from the stolen mortar batteries began to work havoc.

By eleven o'clock in the morning of May 31, 1857, not a soul had dared pause in his frantic efforts at defense, to eat a morsel. All the reserves had been set to work, and even non-combatants were armed, and made to fire thru the breaches.

The growing heat of the day was even more terrific than that of the day before. Arms and faces and necks were burned crisp like a chop, in the sun, and then scalded with sweat and rubbed with chafing. Assault after assault was made on the breaches, and repulsed. But the openings grew wider, and defenders fewer. Children were called to drag sandbags up to the works, for men to fill the gaps with.

The natives fought like devils, bullets did not intimidate them, and they spat at the English with their dying breath. To die fighting meant heaven to the fanatical Brahmins.

"My God! it's horrible!" muttered Major Banks, coming in from a tour of inspection, hatless, powder-burned, and in despair. "Here we are alone in the heart of India, surrounded by a countless horde of fiends and fanatics!"

Some one had been tugging at his sleeve.

"Oh! Is that you, Helen? What about the improvised hospital?"

"We have more wounded than we can handle. But I came to speak about something else. Our only hope, under heaven, is relief."

"And that is impossible!"

"Not impossible. Some one must go tonight!"

"That person must give up his life. It doesn't stand to reason that he could ever reach Cawnpore."

"I volunteer," said the girl, seriously.

Major Banks smiled at her simple courage.

"If relief does not come, we must die, anyway."

"Can you recommend a man?" asked the major.

Helen hesitated, started to speak, then stopped.

"Yes, but I am selfish," she said, at length, "for I wanted to die near him, maybe with him. But he is the man, he will go—Lieutenant Reginald Beresford."

"You're a brave, brave girl. Come, we will present the matter for Sir Henry's consideration."

They had scarcely turned toward the door, when there was a tremendous concerted attack made from every quarter. Every breach was stormed simultaneously, and the defenders driven to an inner barrier.

Amidst all the mêlée there was a deafening report within the headquarters itself.

"Remain here!" shouted the major, rushing toward the commandant's quarters, which had seemed suddenly to collapse.

It was a half-hour before he returned to his office, where Helen had remained.

"Sir Henry Lawrence has just been killed by a shell," he said, in a voice out of which every vestige of emotion had been wrung. "I am in command. Bring Lieutenant Beresford to me at once."

Twenty minutes later, Reginald, with the clothes half torn from his body, and his face and hands discolored from dirt, powder and blood, stood, panting, before the new commandant.

"Lieutenant Beresford, I have a perilous mission to be performed—by a volunteer."

"May I volunteer, Major?" returned the young man instantly.

"I like to hear men talk like that," said the major, seizing the young man's hand. "Some one must take a message to Sir John Havelock, in command at Cawnpore. He must disguise as a Brahmin, and go tonight. Now that I am in command, I have decided to die rather than surrender. We can hold out in this enclosure for a few days. But we may starve. Return tonight, prepared to leave at eight o'clock, lieutenant."

In the hallway outside, Reginald

tants of the garrison of Lucknow. Supreme gloom reigned in every heart but one—that of Helen.

Helen believed in that messenger. She had implicit, holy faith in the success of his mission. She went about infusing her faith into the heart of every half-fainting soldier; breathing hope into the ears of the wounded; soothing the hungry, crying children, and comforting bereaved wives.

Still another day passed, and nei-



SEEKING SHELTER AND COMFORT

took Helen in his arms for a moment. That was all. Not a word. In the eyes of each was supreme contentment.

That night a Brahmin sprang from the barrier of the garrison and ran like a deer up the side of the hill. It is doubtful if any one but a Scotch girl within the garrison saw him depart. For an hour afterward she sat straining her eyes in the darkness.

The next day less than a single meager meal was allotted to each of the hungry, weary and hopeless inhabi-

ther the heat nor the vicious attacks of the besiegers let up, except for a brief hour about midnight.

That day the last of the food was eaten, and the starving began.

By the end of the next day the horses, cats, dogs, and every form of animal life, it seemed, was being ravenously devoured. Many of the wounded died, and scores took sick. The water that many eagerly drank was equivalent to poison.

Helen seemed to be everywhere, buoying up every one, from Major

Banks down to a wan little drummer boy.

But at the beginning of the sixth day of famine and siege the water had dwindled to less than a pint for each individual. A strange listlessness settled on the soldiers, and many were shot thru deliberate carelessness. The wounded were no longer removed to the hospitals now. There were murderous brawls, too, over a precious sip

Men went about seeking supports for their unnourished limbs.

No one spoke in Lucknow that night. Even Helen had become silent.

The morning of the eighth day saw hostile preparations by the enemy.

With one accord, the famished garrison, born soldiers, roused themselves for a last stand.

Helen resumed her visitations.

Three vicious attacks by the enemy



GENERAL HAVELOCK STARTS FOR THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

of water, that often ended in death—and the spilling of the water.

The next morning there were open murmurings against the commandant by men with bloodshot eyes and dry, swollen tongues, and the devil and death and decay seemed to lurk in every stifling corner of ill-fated Lucknow.

The enemy knew the state of affairs, and often sat in open defiance on near-by walls, and laughed in derision at the horrible sights they saw.

The children and women had practically lain down to die that night.

were successfully repelled. Then there was practically but about five rounds of ammunition left. The enemy rallied, and broke thru the barrier. The thinned-out defenders crawled to the walled citadel.

"We can stay here until we die, and keep them off with the bayonet," cried Major Banks.

"But we want water—and food!" muttered the soldiers. "We say let them in."

"All right. You shall have your way, fools! I'll order the gates opened for you to be butchered!"

"No! no! no!" whispered a voice at his ear. It was Helen. Banks turned heavily. "He is dead—killed—he could never reach there. I knew that."

"Hark!" Helen was saying, in an attitude of listening.

"Lack of food and water, child, makes you hear things."

"Dont open the gates for ten minutes, I beg you!"

head bent forward, she was listening with the intent eagerness of one who catches, from afar, the first faint stirrings of longed-for music.

"Ah, she's crazed!" a man whispered, hoarsely. "There's naught to be heard but the devils outside. But see the look on her face—ah, the pity of it!"

The major waited twelve minutes. The enemy were forming for attack.



THEY HEAR THE BAGPIPES PLAYING

Altho the major was convinced that it was useless, he yielded to Helen's entreaty.

"It cannot make any difference in the result, to wait ten minutes," he thought, "and it is no more than fair to grant her request; it is a slight return for her heroic sacrifice."

Watch in hand, he waited, with enforced calm, and the rebellious murmurs of the men were stilled as they looked at Helen's face. It was drawn and tense, strained with the long horror and suspense, but in her eyes a light of hope was dawning; with her

"Dont you hear them?" cried Helen, her eyes, her behavior, like one in delirium.

"Hear what?" cried the major.

"Dont you hear the bagpipe playing?" she fairly screamed. "It's Reginald!—it's the kilties! We're saved! We're saved!"

And sure enough, the enemy were beating a hasty retreat, and now to the duller ears floated the whine of the bagpip on the sultry air.

"The boy's a hero. He'll get anything England can give him for this," blurted Banks, with tears in his eyes.



REGINALD, THE HERO, RETURNS

The Pipes at Lucknow

By JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Day by day the Indian tiger
 Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
 Round and round the jungle serpent
 Near and nearer circles swept.
 "Pray for rescue, wives and mothers—
 Pray today!" the soldier said;
 "Tomorrow death's between us
 And the wrong and shame we dread."

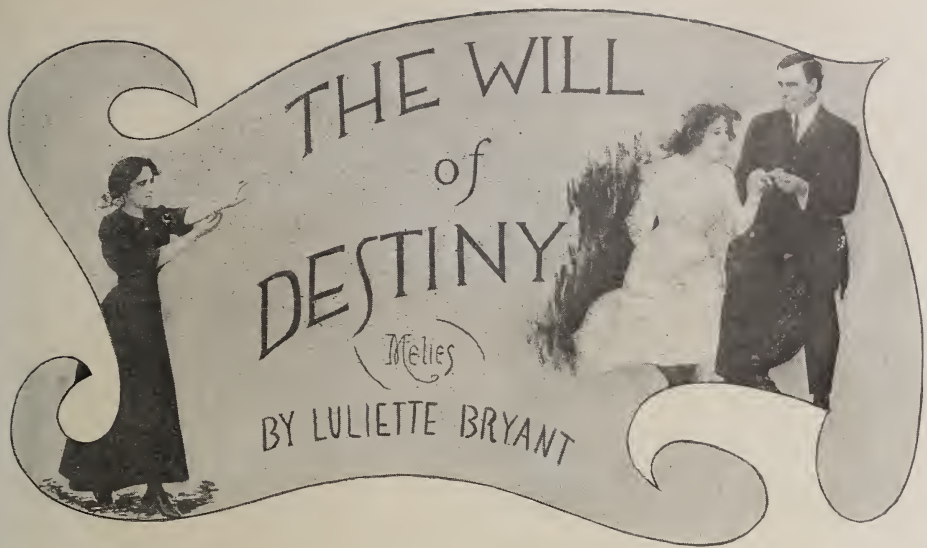
Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
 Till their hope became despair;
 And the sobs of low bewailing
 Filled the pauses of their prayer.
 Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
 With her ear unto the ground:
 "Dinna ye hear it? Dinna ye hear it?
 The pipes o' Havelock sound!"

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
 Hushed the wife her little ones;
 Alone they heard the drum-roll
 And the roar of Sepoy guns.
 But to sounds of home and childhood
 The Highland ear was true;
 As her mother's cradle crooning,
 The mountain pipes she knew.

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless.
 And they caught the sound at last;
 Faint and far, beyond the Goomtee,
 Rose and fell the piper's blast!
 Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
 Mingled woman's voice and man's:
 "God be praised—the march of Havelock!
 The piping of the clans!"

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
 Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
 Came the wild MacGregor's clan call,
 Stinging all the air to life.
 But when the far-off dust cloud
 To plaided legions grew,
 Full tenderly and blithesomely
 The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
 Moslem mosque and pagan shrine,
 Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
 The air of "Auld Lang Syne."
 O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
 Rose that sweet and homelike strain,
 And the tartan clove the turban,
 As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.



JOHN ALLEN was smiling a little, and whistling softly under his breath, as he strode down the shaded street toward the cluster of stores which were designated, locally, as "downtown." The street was bordered with green lawns, where comfortable-looking houses, with broad piazzas, stood well back from the street, many of them gay with the abundant bloom of scarlet ramblers, or dark with the glossy green and purple of the wisteria. Groups of women and girls, in cool muslin gowns, looked up from embroidery or crocheting, to smile knowingly as the young man hastened by, evidently too intent upon his errand to notice their existence.

"There's John, hurrying along to see Frances; so anxious to get there that he can't look at any one else," laughed one dark-eyed girl, throwing a half-wistful glance after the stalwart figure, disappearing now in a curve of the walk.

"That's right," answered her companion, "he's headed straight for Doctor Weston's house, and I'll bet Frances is watching for him."

The speaker was right. Frances Weston was watching eagerly for her sweetheart, peeping out of the window, with a happy face, all blushes and dimples.

"He's late tonight, Mary," she said, turning to her sister, who sat

quietly sewing; "the whistle blew a half-hour ago. What can be keeping him?"

Mary looked up from her work, her eyes dwelling fondly for a moment on Frances' face, as she answered the half-impatient question.

"Don't worry, dear. Something has detained him for a few minutes; you know he is very busy now, and you should be glad that he is getting ahead so fast; he will soon be promoted again."

"Oh, there he is now," cried Frances, running to the door to admit John, and pouting prettily as she greeted him. "Whatever makes you so late tonight?—it's long after six, and you promised to help me with the flowers before sunset."

"Wait till you see what I went downtown for," he returned, "and you'll never scold me again. How do you like this?"

The girl gave a cry of pleasure as he held up a sparkling ring—the pledge that her heart had longed for, the shining token of her betrothal. For, tho a girl loves, tho she knows she is loved, tho the tenderest and strongest vows have been vowed, her palpitating delight never ripens into complete joy, until the golden circlet, which is the outward and visible sign of her triumph, is flashing its message for every eye to read.

"Oh, John," she said, "it's so



lovely, and I never dreamed that I could have it so soon!" Then, with a sudden sob, she hid her face against his coat, and, as his arms slipped around her, he turned quickly to Mary. "Come and help me calm her down, Mary; she is too excited—you'll have to help us, you know—you always do! Here's something for you, too, to celebrate the fact that you're going to be my sister. Let me put it on for you—there! Now I have you both provided for."

Mary was soothing Frances in the matronly way that had been hers since their mother died, leaving the tiny girls to grow up in that peculiar dependence upon each other which so often characterizes motherless sisters. She spoke to John quietly now, tho her dark eyes, lingering on her sister's face, did not meet his.

"You must always be tender with her, John," she said; "she is impulsive and easily moved—as changeable as a spring morning. It was kind of you to bring me the bracelet; I shall always wear it. But there comes father—I must let him in."

There was no one to notice the sorrow in Mary's eyes, as John took Frances into his arms again. If the sweet lips trembled, and the fair face grew white when the new ring was shown, and the doctor's glad congratulations given, no one observed it. The lovers did not wonder, when Mary slipped quietly from the room,

as the doctor left the house again, in response to a sudden call. It was like Mary, they thought, to leave them alone; she was always thoughtful, always doing the right thing. Their thoughts were quite untroubled as they sat weaving the same rose-colored dreams of the future which lovers have woven since time began, and thinking them all new. It is a world-old miracle: Love reaches out a shy, shining hand, and touches Life, and straightway the old familiar paths stretch out into radiant, alluring highways, along which Love runs, laughing and beckoning, stirring the cloud of golden dust which has blinded lovers since the first pair fared forth in quest of the new.

Did you ever think that the twilight is like a tender friend, with a wealth of human understanding? After the burden of the day it comes, creeping close, companionable, yet unobtrusive, clothed always in the garb which suits one's mood. The shadows that gathered about the lovers seemed golden-hued, but the mists that stole in at the window above, where Mary sat weeping bitterly, seemed all of somber grays, wrapping her sorrow softly away from the light.

"How can I ever bear it," sobbed the girl, softly, "when I love him so? But I must—he loves Frances—it has always been Frances, and I would not take her happiness from her, even if I could. No; I must conquer it, now—they must never suspect!"

So, when Frances, an hour later, came into the room, she found Mary apparently sleeping quietly, her dark hair falling loosely about her pale face, which nestled in the curve of the arm, where John's bracelet shone.

"She might have waited for me," Frances pouted; "she might have known I'd have lots to tell her—but then, how should she know? She's never been in love!"

Frances looked very happy the next afternoon, as she tripped busily about in the old-fashioned flower garden, snipping the withered blossoms away, and tying up the drooping heads of the stalks where bloom was too heavy.

"This should have all been done last night," she scolded aloud, to the listening lilies, "but John came with my ring, and I was so excited that I forgot all about you!"

"What's that about John and a ring?" said a voice close beside her, and she turned, with a start and a lovely blush, to find John laughing at her surprise. His face sobered, tho, as he drew her to a seat beneath the trees.

"I have rather bad news, Frances," he said, his eyes showing his worry, tho he tried to speak lightly. "I have just been notified that, on account of some trouble at the main plant, our factory must shut down, and probably will not open again for a long time. That means that I must go away, for there is no opportunity here for me to get another position. It is too bad, when I was getting on so fast—but you mustn't worry. I'm going to Worcester; the manager will give me a letter to a firm there, and I'll soon be able to save enough for a little home—then I shall come for you!"

"Oh, dear," sighed Frances, "it's a shame! We can't see each other; and we'll miss all the fun this season. The summer boarders will be coming in a week or two, and there will be all kinds of gay times—and I'll have to be out of it all."

John's honest face clouded more and more, as he listened to Frances' lamentations. Perhaps a bit of disappointment mingled with his sympathy for her; possibly his heart craved some words of comfort for his disappointment in the work which had meant so much to him, some encouragement for the new step he was taking, but he stifled this feeling resolutely, reminding himself of the girl's youth, and of her natural longing for pleasure.

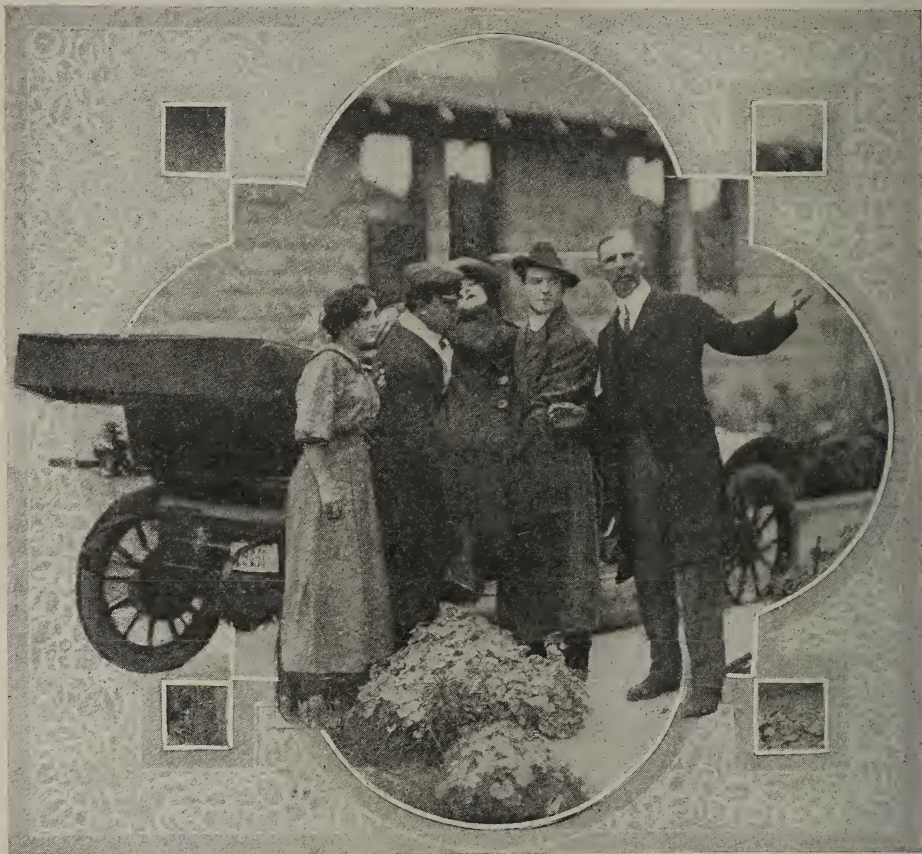
"You must try to have a good time, just the same, dear," he declared; "go out with the other young people and enjoy yourself. I know that I can trust you—that you will be thinking of me all the time, and I'm not selfish enough to want you to sit in the house and mope, because I can't be with you."



So, John went away to his new work, and Frances stayed behind to mourn his loss for a time; then, as the summer guests filled the little town, and the long, hot days and the sweet, cool evenings were filled with merrymaking, to find comfort in the pleasant attentions which her pretty face and vivacious manner brought to her.

ing. And Frances saw coming a handsome, blithe, young millionaire, with a dazzling array of summer clothing, and a splendid new automobile.

It all began at a picnic, where Frances had a slight accident, and young Fullerton promptly volunteered to take her home in his new car. What was more natural than



It was an old-time poet who sang how absence makes the heart grow fonder. Perhaps 'twas so in the olden days, when customs were fixed and decorous, and betrothed maidens had nothing to do but to walk in their sweet-scented gardens, and dream of their absent knights. But the times are greatly changed, and the modern maiden does not look forth from her window and chant "He cometh not"; she looks about her to see who is com-

that he should call next day to ask how she was; and the next day, to ask again; and the next day, to suggest that a little ride would be good for her? So the calls continued, and the auto rides became longer and more frequent, until Cupid perched himself at the wheel, and began to steer to please his own whimsical fancy.

"Frances, dear," begged Mary, "I don't think you ought to go out so

much with Mr. Fullerton. He's only a summer boarder here—we don't know much about him, and you're engaged to John."

"Nonsense!" laughed Frances, stopping her sister's remonstrance with a kiss; "Mr. Fullerton is a gentleman, and John told me to have a good time."

John should be happy—and his happiness, she knew, lay in Frances' keeping.

So the summer days slipped by, and the first crisp touch of autumn came, throwing a hazy blue veil along the hilltops, and flinging out a bright flame of color, here and there, amid the foliage. Frances was waiting, one



Mary could say no more, but her heart was troubled, and she tried, in every gentle, tactful way that her sisterly affection could devise, to guide Frances away from this new friendship, and to turn her thoughts toward her absent lover. The love still burned in Mary's heart, a bright, strong flame, which nothing could quench; but it was a pure love, a love which desired, above all else, that

late afternoon, for her usual ride, when the postman's shrill whistle brought her back from a happy day-dream to receive a letter from John. She opened it with a little feeling of dread; somehow, the letter did not fit into her happy visionings at all, and when she had read it thru her cheeks were quite pale, and her eyes had the dazed look of one who suddenly sees a new light. After a mo-

ment, she went out into her flower garden, seating herself upon the bench where she had said good-by to John, two months before.

It was there that Fullerton found her, and paused for a moment to admire the picture that she made, sitting among the nodding asters, the fading sunset touching her hair with golden lights, and lingering gently on her pale, troubled face. It needed only a few questions to bring out her trouble: John had written that he was succeeding splendidly, and would come for her very soon. Up to that time, Fullerton had not thought seriously about the results of this summer friendship; it had been a bewitching summer idyll, like many others, and he had drifted, unthinkingly, content with the moment's pleasure. But the letter brought a shock of realization, and he began to plead ardently with the girl, whom he realized that he loved with all the force of his impulsive nature.

"Come away with me, now, Frances," he pleaded; "we will go straight to my mother's home—the auto will take us there in four hours. We will be married now—tonight! Then you will be mine, and nothing can part us."

"But—my father—and Mary," the girl said, tearfully, "they will be angry—Mary will be so grieved—and it will be wicked—I have promised John."

"Would you marry a man whom you no longer love?" demanded Fullerton, passionately. "Would your father and sister wish you to do that? Come with me—when they know that we are married, they will forgive us. It is the easiest way."

There were many more words, many tears and much pleading, many hesitations and much promising, many caresses and tender vows, while the twilight gathered around them, and the stars crept out to look down upon the tender struggle which was so tragically new to the lovers, so infinitely old to the stars. And it ended as such struggles always do end, when life is young and the heart

beats strong with love, and the nerves thrill tense with feeling. There was a hurried, stealthy visit to the house; a hastily written note upon the table; a soft closing of doors, and the auto sped away in the cool night, bearing the two young souls who, regardless of the suffering left behind them, had chosen the easiest way.

When Mary awoke the next morning, she went softly into her sister's room, as usual, to see if Frances was still sleeping. A single glance at the smooth bed, the dismantled closet, the few garments carelessly dropped





upon the floor, told her what had occurred. Her face was white, and her breath came in quick, strangled gasps as she ran noiselessly down the stairs, into the library, where the note upon the table confirmed her fears.

"What shall I do?" she cried, sinking upon the couch, sobbing and shivering with anguish and fear. "My little sister—my darling—how could she do such a thing? How can I live without her? Will he marry her? Will he be good to her? Oh, how can I bear it?"

Then came the thought of John,

and her sobs broke forth afresh. He loved Frances so dearly, and his heart would be broken! Immediately, all her personal grief was lost in sorrow for the man she loved, and she began to plan feverishly, desperately, for some way to help him. As she tried to steady her nerves, and to think coherently, her father came from his office, so excited that he did not notice his daughter's agitation.

"Here is most distressing news, Mary," he began abruptly. "Mrs. Reynolds, the old lady with whom John boarded so long, has just telephoned for me. John has been badly hurt in the mills—his eyes are injured, and they fear blindness will result. It seems that he begged to be brought back here, but the trip was too much for him, and he is delirious, and calls for Frances constantly. I will go over there at once, and see what can be done for him. In the meantime, you must prepare Frances for the shock, so that she will be ready to go to him when I come for her."

With a moan, Mary tremblingly held out Frances' note, and as the doctor read it, his face flamed into sudden anger; then settled into hard, stern lines. His youngest daughter had been his pride, his joy, his un-failing reminder of the fair young wife who had slept so quietly for twenty long years.

When a woman is disappointed or betrayed by the object of her fondest affection, her feelings are relieved by sobs and tears; but a man is denied this relief, by reason of his manliness, so his feelings crystallize into anger and resentment.

When the doctor handed the note back to Mary, his face looked as if years had been added to it, but it did not quiver.

"I must go to John," he said quietly; "my first duty is to him, as my patient. When I return, we shall decide what is best to be done."

It seemed hours to Mary before the doctor returned. She wandered restlessly about the lonely rooms, trying to collect her galloping, incoherent

thoughts, that refused to dwell upon anything but John's terrible plight. Even her grief for her lost sister was blotted out for a time by this fresh calamity. One terrible, agonizing cry rang thru her brain—if John should die—if *John should die!*

The doctor came at last, a shade of

"Is he so very ill?" Mary questioned anxiously.

"If I could only quiet his fever and delirium, the specialist would operate at once upon his eyes. His sight might be saved, if the operation could be performed without delay. But he calls constantly for Frances—I fear



relief upon his face, as he looked at a long telegram in his hand.

"This came just as I was passing the office," he said; "it is from young Fullerton's father. At least, they are honorable people. The pair are married; the parents will welcome her as a daughter, and wish her to remain with them for the present, in order to avoid scandal about the elopement. So we need think no more of that at present; we must think of poor John."

that nothing can be done without her! It is terrible to think that my child should wreck a life in this way! His heart will be broken—his sight gone—perhaps he will die, because of her falseness!"

He dropped into a chair, burying his face in his hands, and for a moment Mary wept silently. Suddenly, the girl lifted her head, her tears dried, her eyes shining with some new, earnest thought.

"Father, I have a plan," she said.

She crossed the room and knelt by his side, and he looked down in astonished wonder at the bright flush on her shining face.

"John is blind now," she began eagerly, "he cannot see me. You have always said that Frances and I had voices so much alike that you

thru long processes of logic and analysis to arrive at the goal, where the woman sits calmly awaiting him, her mind untired by any attempt at systematic thought. The Creator was kind when He gave logic and reason to men—the poor things never could reach a decision without them!



could hardly distinguish them. Let me go to John—he will think it is Frances. Maybe I can quiet him, and his eyes may be saved."

"It might be done," said the doctor slowly, "but ought we to deceive him so? If we succeed, he must know the truth, in the end, and what will the result be?"

Mary's face grew paler, but her purpose did not waver.

Intuition never comes to aid the masculine mind. The man flounders

So the doctor sat staring blankly at poor Mary, until she dropped her face against his knee, with a quick sob.

"Cant you see, father?" she murmured. "I love John. I know he will never love me, but if I can help him, it will make me happy; if he can get well before he knows the truth, he can go away then, and forget us all, and maybe some time he will be happy."

A sudden light broke over the doc-

tor's mind, and, after a moment's thought, he gladly consented to Mary's plan. It was as she had predicted: when she placed a cool hand upon John's burning forehead, murmuring a few soothing words, he exclaimed gladly, "Frances—my darling!" kist her fondly, and dropped off to sleep, holding her hand pressed closely to his cheek. The following day the operation was performed, and then came the time of Mary's real trial; for a month must pass now before the bandages could be removed from John's eyes, and her deception must be faithfully continued until the time was past.

Joy and sorrow were strangely blended in the girl's life now. It seemed as if she was living in a dream as she sat day after day by John's bedside, reading to him, talking to him, caring for him with a tenderness which brought him constant joy. If she grieved and suffered, thinking what the outcome must be, her calm, sweet voice and steady hands never betrayed her, and the sick man grew stronger and more hopeful, as his love and happiness increased.

The last day of her trial came at length; at noon the bandages would be removed, and Mary dared not think of the future, but summoned all her fortitude to help John thru the trying hours while he awaited the doctor's coming.

"Do you know, dear Frances," said John, reaching for her hand, "that I am almost glad that I had this accident?"

"Why is that?" asked Mary, wonderingly.

"Because I never knew you before. You have been so brave, so gentle and unselfish—I never dreamed you could be like this. I loved you before, but you seemed a child to me; now you are a woman, and dearer than you ever were before my trouble. I have learnt to know and understand you, my darling."

It was well that he could not see the sweet face pale, the dark eyes fill with tears, as Mary fought for self-control. Not daring to trust her voice, she

slipped her hand into his, and, as he lay stroking it gently, a sudden, puzzled look crossed his face, unseen by Mary's tear-dimmed eyes. He had noticed that the hand wore no ring! Softly his hand stole up her wrist until it touched the bracelet that she wore—the bracelet that he had given Mary! Then, for a long time, he lay very still, and he had not spoken when the bell announced the doctor's arrival, and Mary slipped softly away.

At home, she paced up and down the floor, longing for her father's return, yet dreading it, unspeakably. Anxiety about John's sight was still uppermost in her unselfish mind.

"If only he can see again," she moaned, "if only my deception has not been all in vain!"

But, under this anxious thought ran another current, scarcely less painful.

"Will he be angry at me? Will he hate me? Surely he will see that it was for his sake I did it! But he will go away, now—I shall never see him again!"

Her father's step sounded on the piazza, and she ran forward eagerly, but he spoke before she could question him.

"John wants you at once, Mary," he said quickly.

She paused, in speechless dread, but her father turned quickly away, saying nothing more. The operation was a failure, she thought, and he could not bear to tell her! Had it been a success, he would have proclaimed the glad news at once. John was blind, then; he would never see again! A wave of dizziness swept over her, and she swayed, faintly, for an instant. Then, with desperate effort, she summoned all her courage. He had asked for her—he needed her—and she ran down the street toward his house, sobbing, over and over, "He needs me! he needs me!"

But, just as she entered the gate, another thought came, filling her with sickening anguish. "It is not you that he wants or needs," the thought said, "it is Frances."



There was a rustic seat under a maple which shaded the window of John's room, and she sank down upon this, her mind in a whirl of grief and despair. At first she could only weep, wildly; but at last, out of the whirling tumult of her thoughts, her courage and conscience asserted themselves, and one idea stood out clearly.

"I must tell him now," she thought calmly. "It is the only way. He will never forgive me. I know; but I can deceive him no longer. If his sight had been restored, his gladness might have reconciled him to my deception, and he would have gone away feeling grateful to me, perhaps. But he must know the truth, now; he is blind and alone, and I can do nothing for him! Oh, if he only loved me, how gladly would I give my life to him now!"

As she entered his room, John

lifted his head, the bandages still in their place.

"It was good of you to come, Frances," he said quietly; "I wanted to talk to you. You have been very kind to me, and I shall not trouble you much longer now."

At sound of the loved voice, speaking so calmly in the face of his awful trouble, Mary's self-control vanished. She threw herself down beside John, and, in a voice almost smothered by her grief, she sobbed out the whole pitiful story. She could not see the tender, quiet smile on John's face, she could not see the eager longing with which he bent over her, as she talked, her face hidden in her arms, which rested upon his knees. But, suddenly, she felt herself lifted; she rested in his arms, her head upon his shoulder, his gentle hand smoothing her hair while he spoke.

"I knew all this, this morning, Mary," he said gently.

"How?" she gasped, bewildered.

"I felt the bracelet upon your arm—I found the ring was missing. I guessed the truth, right then. When your father came, I demanded an explanation, and got it. I made him promise not to tell you that I knew. I wanted you to tell me yourself—I knew you would!"

"And you are not angry?" questioned Mary, fearfully.

"Angry! Did you not do it all for my sake? You are the truest, sweetest friend man ever had! Do you remember what I said to you this morning—that I loved you better than ever before—that you seemed different? I never loved Frances as I love you. I must tell you this, dear, that you may never feel shame or self-reproach for what you have done for me. But, of course, I have nothing to offer you now; I must go away, thanking you, blessing you, loving you all my life, carrying with me the dear memory of these days that you have feigned a love for me."

"Not feigned, John," exclaimed Mary, speaking from the generous fullness of her heart; "I cannot bear

to hear you say that! Never has woman loved more truly than I love you—you shall never go away alone. Do you think I will let you suffer alone? I shall be with you always, to comfort your affliction, if you will take me."

"You cannot mean this, dear," he replied tremblingly. "Think what it would mean to be the wife of a blind man."

"Think what it would mean to live my life alone, without you," she returned firmly. "You know little of a woman's love if you think I could leave you now."

"Then am I indeed a happy man,"

declared John, "for I know that you love me truly. Can you bear a great surprise, my sweetheart? Don't be frightened, but take your own dear hands and lift my bandages."

Wonderingly, wavering between doubt and hope, Mary obeyed, lifting the white coverings, with trembling hands. Then she gave a glad cry, for John's eyes were looking into hers, with a message of hope and joy and unutterable love.

"My brave, true love," he whispered, drawing her close, "you are mine now—all mine. I wandered far, and blundered sorely, but I found you at last—it was the Will of Destiny!"



The Awakening

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

One day my bruised and aching feet
Upon the highway ceased to beat;
I paused to gaze across the years—
What wealth of misery and tears!
How barren was my life of sun!
How far removed from every one!

I wandered, aimless, down the street—
It mattered not to what retreat.
By chance I drifted to a room,
Serene and long, and dim with gloom;
A snowy screen hung smooth and straight,
Like some great veil to curtain Fate.

And lo! to that still veil there came
A host of souls who conquered shame;
Strong men who strengthened as they fought
With mighty brain for some great thought;
And women who grew gladly old
In watching some loved youth unfold.

I knew, outside, a fairy ring
Of golden lights were glittering
Upon an ordinary street;
And yet a voice seemed to repeat,
"Behold, the round world overflows
With mortals who, like you, have woes!"

So now I walk no more alone,
For at my gate a rose has grown;
And to each one with hope deferred
I give a rose and some brave word;
And tho the world may be askew,
I have no time to ask—have you?



IT was past midnight when Prince Talleyrand returned.

Two men had been impatiently cooling their heels in his antechamber for more than an hour.

The Prince passed them by with not even a nod. His secretary rose respectfully from the chair in which he had been dozing.

"Well, Mercier?" was the Prince's only greeting, as he proceeded forthwith to busy himself with the neatly arranged piles of letters.

"But one thing of importance—of very great importance——"

"Well! well!" snapped the Prince, never even looking up, as he rapidly broke seal after seal. "I do not pay you by the word!"

"The Duchesse——"

"Yes, yes, the Duchesse d'Enteyne. She made an offer?"

"Yes; fifty thousand francs, for a packet. I knew nothing of a packet, your highness."

"And did you tell her so, dolt?" The Prince looked up for the first time, and directed a pair of eyes on Mercier that bored like gimlets.

"I am your *private* secretary, highness," the secretary explained, in self-consideration.

"You waste words; my time is priceless. I shall acquaint you with the duchesse's plight. You are too stupid to help; but it will make you wise enough not to hinder my plans."

"Highness," said Mercier, suddenly, a look of fear crossing his face.

The Prince gave only an answering look that was as sharp as a sting.

"Counts d'Arrienne and Carré——"

"I saw them as I entered. They

must wait. Another interruption, and a new secretary shall learn the important secret intended for your ears."

Mercier looked his contrition.

"The duchesse desires a packet of letters written by her to the Emperor. She comes to me, and offers me a paltry fifty thousand francs. Mercier, had I those letters in my possession this night, I would give five hundred thousand francs!"

"And then you haven't them, your highness!" gasped Mercier, his face alight with the admiration he felt for his chief.

"And, furthermore, Napoleon would probably give five million francs for them again, if they once fell in my hands. I need this wedge to force the Emperor's will in certain things. D'Arrienne and Carré are just the ones to help me—I caught them, red-handed, spying on the Emperor. Call them in."

The two young men entered. The Prince waved them to be seated.

"You are not afraid of prison?"

"I think we are more afraid of debts," said Carré, with a smile.

D'Arrienne shrugged his shoulders.

"Good," grunted the Prince. "I have news: the Emperor leaves on a secret mission early in the morning!"

The others all looked at the Prince in amazement.

"But he returns in forty-eight hours. Fifty thousand francs to each of you, if you get the packet within that time—not a sou if you don't."

"We have not a sou to begin with," said Carré, lightly, turning inside out the pocket of his coat.

"Mercier, five thousand francs on these gentlemen's notes," called the Prince.

"I would just as lief make it ten," smiled Carré.

"And I nothing," responded the Prince, drily.

"Perhaps you gentlemen have ideas as to how to proceed." The Prince paused. There was silence. "Otherwise, you will leave *everything* to my direction. You understand, then, you shall be my——" For once, the Prince's quick wit deserted him.

"Catspaws," suggested Carré.

"Exactly," said the Prince, quickly, giving Carré an unfriendly look. "The plan, in brief, then, is to procure a man before tomorrow evening, who resembles the Emperor, teach him a few of his mannerisms, and then, under cover of circumstances, which I shall create, this person shall enter the royal apartment, secure the papers, and escape."

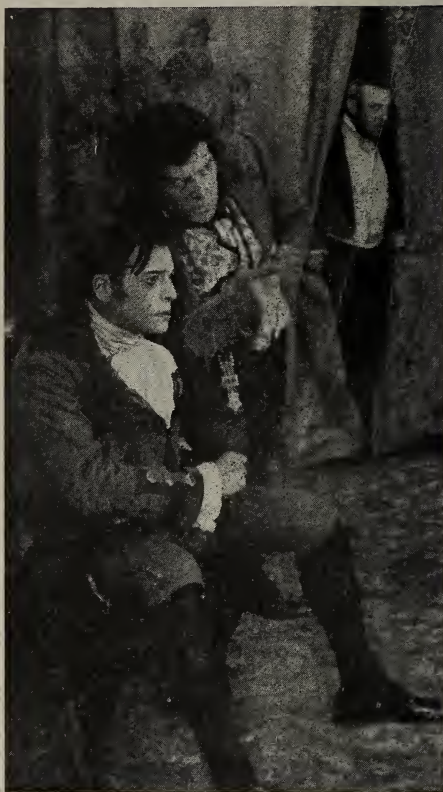
"And we?" asked Carré.

"One of you—you, Carré; you are a man of words—shall start out at once on the quest of the bogus Emperor. Your man must be brave and cool, and there is little to fear. The Emperor is eccentric and imperious to the last degree. No one dares question his word, brook his passage, or follow, if he bids them—even with a characteristic gesture—to stay. There is but one man we need fear—that is his new secretary, Lecour—but he will be with the Emperor. By the way, why didn't one of you gentlemen apply for the portfolio—you have friends at court?"

"Perhaps we preferred to serve your highness," replied d'Arrienne, in his monotone.

"Naturally," resumed the Prince. "However, your position is made less perilous with Lecour out of the way. The Emperor makes his secretaries keep track of my affairs as well as his own. More than once Lecour has pocketed my money."

"Perhaps the new secretary could be induced to do the same," suggested d'Arrienne.



THE COUNTS OBSERVE

"I give you *carte blanche*, d'Arrienne, to try him—if he has not gone with the Emperor. But we must dispatch matters. Carré, you had better hasten along at once. This packet will explain anything I may not have told you."

"Good evening; tomorrow I shall create an Emperor!" Carré left the room, with a low bow.

The Prince turned to Count d'Arrienne.

"Carré has explained everything?" D'Arrienne nodded.

"I suppose you wonder, d'Arrienne, why I should choose you, my old enemy, for this important detail."

"It may have crossed my mind," said the other, carelessly.

"You swore to avenge yourself of a certain 'unkindness' of mine unless I made reparation. It has occurred to me that this—uh——"

"Bit of perfidy."



NAPOLEON ENTRUSTING HIS SECRETARY WITH THE KEY

The Prince cut into the other's unflinching gaze with a poignant glance.

"Just so—you are cleverer at a bon mot than I should have imagined. However, it had occurred to me that this 'bit of perfidy,' with honors that shall follow its success, would be sufficient reparation."

"More than sufficient," said the count, in a tone of unmistakable sincerity that reassured the Prince. D'Arrienne's smile, too, now erased all signs of the note of unpleasantness that had crept into their colloquy.

"I have been told more than once, d'Arrienne, that you were as brave as a lion. Your courage may be put to the test. You will be given a brace of pistols, a sword and a dagger, on leaving the château. In case of discovery or treachery, after the papers are in the hands of our man, I shall expect you to cover his retreat and escape against the attack of the palace guards. Once outside, I shall see that he is taken care of."

D'Arrienne bowed.

"You will have passports admitting you to the palace day or night, in this packet—even into the presence of His Majesty, with plausible pretenses. However, I should not advise you to appear at the palace before the bogus Emperor is secured and prepared. You will be in danger. Give Carré whatever assistance lies in your power. He is more a man of wit, than of wits."

The Prince rose, and d'Arrienne made his way to the door.

"Nineteen Rue d'Aubigny is the rendezvous. I shall try to see you there at noon. Good luck, and good night!"

In the hallway d'Arrienne girded on the sword, and the belt containing the pistols and the dagger. He examined each, an enigmatical smile playing about his taciturn face.

At the door he found a cabriolet which the Prince had placed at his service.



CARRÉ'S "NAPOLEONS" ARE UNSATISFACTORY

"Place Vendôme!" he commanded, and the coachman, with an exclamation of surprise, drove rapidly toward the heart of the city.

The bell in a nearby church pealed the hour of two as d'Arrienne alighted. He stood at the curb, jingling his sword against his heel, until the cabriolet had disappeared. Then he walked away at a brisk pace—not toward Rue d'Aubigny, but in the direction of the royal abode in the Tuileries.

If he gave a thought to the danger that lay in that direction, there was no evidence of it in the polonaise he was whistling, almost gaily.

It was not until eleven o'clock the next morning that d'Arrienne appeared at 19 Rue d'Aubigny. He found Carré in a distressing state of agitation.

"Well, d'Arrienne, I'm glad you came," he said, throwing himself down in a nearby chair. "My friends and I have gathered together twenty-eight men whom we thought, or they themselves thought, bore some resemblance to the Emperor. You campaigned two years with His Majesty, and should be a good judge of his general appearance. I will call the

three candidates who have at all stood the test."

One after the other, the three candidates for a bogus Emperor were shown in. But not a word from d'Arrienne.

"Well—well?" demanded Carré, anxiously, when the third had gone out.

"Oh! I was waiting for the man who looked like Napoleon."

"You have seen them all."

Then, for the first time in Carré's recollection, d'Arrienne threw back his head and laughed.

"The devil—this is serious!" cried Carré, in dismay. "You are laughing to the tune of fifty thousand francs—lost!"

"But, my dear Carré, those fellows would mean the loss of our heads in the bargain. Send them away!"

"But——" protested Carré, with a gesture of despair.

"I, too, have been industrious since I saw you. But I'll wager that my two candidates are, either of them, better than all your twenty-eight."

"Good! Good! Where are they?"

"Hard at work, both of them—in a station of life, too, that will make both yourself and the Prince do more than

smile. One has the features, the other the gestures, of Napoleon. You may choose whichever suits you."

"But the Prince will want to choose."

"The Prince will have no choice. When does he come?"

"At noon."

"My men cannot be here until six!"

"And you are sure——?"

"Of everything: my man is above the average intelligence—despite his despised calling. One of the two men is sure to do. I shall now devote my time until near six acquainting myself with the perils of my part in this drama. I have been given to understand that if our bogus Emperor fails to carry out what he is instructed to do, I must stand and become a target for the palace guards. And since it seems that my life depends on the issue—naturally, you can depend on my doing all that is possible to save my life."

Count d'Arrienne set out for the

palace, showing not the least sign of fear in the face of the peril his presence there must surely mean.

At a quarter after six in the evening, Count Carré was pacing up and down the hallway of the house in the Rue d'Aubigny, all the bravado and levity of the evening before no longer apparent. The Prince had called at noon, and, on finding really nothing accomplished, had emerged from the thin covering of his purpose to threaten the two men with prison, if they failed to execute his commands. He left the house, under suppressed anger, promising to meet the two nobles at the Royal Palace that night at nine, to assist in carrying out the project.

It was past six-thirty when d'Arrienne was driven up in a cabriolet—*alone*.

"Sorry to be late," he said breathlessly. "And I have some half bad news."

"You cannot get either of the men?" screamed Carré.



D'ARRIENNE'S "NAPOLEON" IS PROMISING



ANOTHER "NAPOLEON" FAILS TO PASS MUSTER

"The man who could act like the Emperor has failed me," said d'Arrienne, solemnly.

"And the other?"

"Alas! he slightly resembles His Majesty; he is both awkward and unintelligent. Besides, I have had to give him every concession and assurance."

"But where on earth is he?" demanded Carré.

"He will be here at nine o'clock, sharp—at least, he promised that."

"And if he doesn't come, we will be clapped in jail. The wily Prince showed me two packets concerning us: one contained one hundred thousand francs; the other, orders to the Minister of Police for our immediate arrest—meaning imprisonment without trial, of course. We must succeed!"

"We shall," reassured d'Arrienne, in his quiet, determined way.

"D'Arrienne, the Prince has caught us like rats in a trap. When he has rid the house of us, we are to be given to the terriers. He has covered his tracks, of course. We could not speak against him, even tho we wanted to. Even the Emperor would not give ear to a word said against him. After the Prince's treatment of us, I would not hesitate to tell the whole truth."

Carré continued to talk in this strain during the long while they had to wait after dinner for the impersonator.

Exactly on the stroke of nine, a closed carriage drove up before the door, and a man, well cloaked and muffled, alighted and approached.

"Does he know anything?" asked Carré, nervously.

"I coached him well and he has been studying for himself. Pretend to take little notice of him. I think

it will be for the best," whispered d'Arrienne, as the man entered the hall. "He is uncommunicative and surly, at the best."

"He carries himself awkwardly," remarked Carré, in an undertone, as the newcomer brushed against a table of bric-à-brac, and sent its contents to the floor.

By this time Count d'Arrienne, too, had grown nervous, and seemed anxiously to guard against the clumsy understudy's supersensitiveness.

"The Count Carré, who will give you full instructions, and accompany you to the door of the Emperor's private suite."

The two men bowed: the Count gracefully; the other with exaggerated politeness.

"And you are sure that the Emperor has left Paris?" asked the man, in a peculiar, high-strung voice, that might have been keyed with emotion.

"I was informed on the best authority that he not only left Paris secretly at ten this morning, but that he was twenty miles away at noon. Shall we start now?" asked Carré, impatiently, noting that it was ten minutes after nine.

As the three men entered the cab, several figures might have been seen to emerge from dark alleys, and to enter the house in the name of the Emperor!

Not until the lights of the Tuileries could be seen from the shaded window of the cabriolet, did any one speak. It was Carré, who had been somewhat nervously examining the priming of the pistols concealed under his coat.

"Is he armed?" he whispered to d'Arrienne.

"Powerfully."

"Has he been told practically every step he is to take?"



THE EMPEROR SECRETLY RETURNS, AND TAKES A HAND IN MATTERS

"I am sure he knows every step."

"Come!" commanded Carré, with suppressed agitation, as the carriage came to a stop. "Let the 'Emperor' walk ahead, and we shall keep at a respectful distance."

"Here is the first guard to pass already!" whispered d'Arrienne, removing one of the heavy pistols, and taking an anxious step forward.

A burly-looking figure had barred the way of the man. The fellow paused and assumed one of the most exaggerated poses accredited to Napoleon. The guard fell back in haste and stood respectfully presenting arms to the two noblemen, who were not even obliged to present the Prince's credentials.

"Not a bad beginning," said d'Arrienne, with a sigh of relief.

"But I wish he would not be so pronounced in those stereotyped attitudes. I will speak to him."

"Pray, dont," protested d'Arrienne, laying a detaining hand on the other's sleeve.

They were about to enter the palace itself, where a double guard could be seen watching their approach suspiciously, who lowered their bayonets the moment the man placed his foot on the first step.

D'Arrienne grasped his pistol and ran forward, with a cry of alarm.

But before the little man in the fore could assume a pose, or speak, or be backed up by d'Arrienne, a tall, heavily cloaked figure stepped out of the shadow and spoke sharply. The guards fell back obediently.

"It is the Prince!" cried Carré.

"The devil!" A gleam of hatred shone in d'Arrienne's eye.

"*Mon Dieu!* What is the fellow doing?"

The little man had again assumed a Napoleonic pose, and was muttering something to the nearest guard, who sprang forward and spoke to the Prince. The other guards quickly surrounded his highness, and urged him, much against his will, down a side passage.

"It is the Prince, our protector; what have you done?" cried Carré.

"He probably thought it was an enemy, and tried strategy. It was the greatest possible test. Dont try to undo it, or all will be ruined!" whispered d'Arrienne. "Here is the private passageway to the right. We must get the letter quick before the whole palace guard is aroused, or discovers what is afoot. You remain here, Carré, and let no one pass!" D'Arrienne then raised his voice, speaking with accentuated respect. "With Your Majesty's permission, I will follow."

Without even turning, the little man made a gesture that was almost ludicrous. Carré smiled, and d'Arrienne hurried down the passageway.

They had scarcely gone, before the great anteroom, into which the royal passage led, was brightly lighted by many attendants. Carré drew back behind the portière, as he noted each doorway become silently obstructed by sentinels of the royal bodyguard. He could hear signs of commotion in other parts of the palace, and, as far as he could see, every sconce and candelabrum was being lighted. Many persons entered the great hall, too, and stood about in groups, speaking in low tones.

Carré took in all these details, until his apprehensions grew into frantic despair. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. Still the two men did not return. They all must retreat, even, when they did come. Some one had betrayed them!

At length Carré wondered if his confederates had already escaped by some other exit.

Then, to his amazement, the Prince came stalking into the antechamber, a sullen scowl on his face. He made his way to a position near where he knew Carré to be stationed.

"Fools!" he growled. "Bunglers! You shall pay for this!" He then stepped away and joined one of the groups.

"I shall go seek them!" muttered Carré, in desperation.

He was about to enter the room at the end of the passage, when the door was thrown open by d'Arrienne.

"All is well; we have the packet!" he cried.

"But you must escape some other way. I think the Prince has betrayed us. The palace is alarmed; the rooms are filled with attendants; every corner is brilliantly lighted!"

"We, too, had noted this. There is but one way out. We must play the game with audacity."

"But it is impossible, absurd, to go this way. The guards will cut us to pieces."

"It is the only way," said d'Arienne, with quiet determination. He stepped aside. The little man passed ahead, absurdly costumed, to enter the brilliant halls beyond. They moved forward like a funeral cortège.

The Prince had evidently had his eye in their direction, for he turned to those gathered about, with a cruel and almost sneering voice:

"The Emperor!"

There was a respectful hush as the little man entered the room, every inquiring and curious eye turned upon him. He made no sign until he reached the very center of the room. There he paused for a moment, and look about.

"The man is mad!" cried Carré. "What shall we do? We are caught like rats in a trap. In another minute the Prince will spring upon him."

The little man's eye finally rested upon the Prince. There was a moment's hesitation, then, drawing a packet of letters from beneath his cloak, he stepped forward, toward Talleyrand.

Carré seized d'Arienne's arm, in a convulsion of fear. The latter quickly moved forward to a point near the little man, whose eyes were resting serenely on Talleyrand.

Prince Talleyrand stood like one with the ague, pale and trembling.

"Sire! The Emperor himself!" he quaked thru his dry lips.

"Your highness," said the little man, with mock reverence, "my secretary, here, has done me the honor to convey to me your wish to possess certain letters written by himself and signed "*Duchesse d'Enteyne—for a certain purpose.*" He paused significantly. "These letters, I assure you, have given me a certain power, for which I would gladly have exchanged a million francs! Yet, as a mark of my esteem for your highness, I present them to you."

The Prince reached out a trembling hand, and took the proffered packet.

"And now, since some serious and important matters have arisen during the course of the day, I must adjourn with my secretary, and bid you all good night!"

Then, with a majesty which the Emperor Napoleon alone could assume, he strode from the room.

Shrinking behind the curtain, cold sweat standing out on his brow, was Carré.

D'Arienne took him by the arm and quietly led him away.

"Come, Carré, we have all had our revenge—by the most unexpected luck. Nevertheless, I believe it is time for us to take a sudden journey across the frontier!"



A Summer Song

By LALIA MITCHELL

All winter, at your spoken wish,
I cooked you cheese and eggs, and fish,
And oysters, in a chafing dish;
And then, your gratitude to show,
You took me out thru sleet and snow
To see a Motion Picture Show.

But now, while all the world is baked,
I've served ice-cream, your thirst I've slaked
With lemonade, my wish unfaked,
That you'll still have a mind to go
Where fans electric whirl and blow,
I mean, of course, to Picture Show.



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Count Cyril Mikailberg.....	Paul Panzer
Anna.....	Octavia Handworth
Captain Porter.....	Crane Wilbur

FOR six months diplomatic correspondence between the two nations on the passport question threatened to exhaust the penmanship of the legation secretary and the suavity of the Russian ambassador. The press of the country had treated the matter emotionally at first, with Sunday Magazine articles of the suppositional attack and destruction of New York by the Czar's navy; several Congressmen had delivered neurotic speeches on the floor of the House, to the edification of their home towns, at least, and the Boy Scouts wiggaged a warning from the coast of Maine all the way to the Secretary of War in Washington.

The warlike movements of this latter gentleman were as evident as the moves of sidewalk checker players on a sunny day in South Street. To abet his publicity, the evening editions told, to a gun, the number and location of coast artillery pieces being mounted, their caliber and range, and what the artillerists thought they

could hit under varying conditions. Where regular ordnance officers refused to be interviewed, the photographs and stories of militia ones, and inventors of high explosives, were hurried into print. All this for the technical enlightenment of several whiskered noblemen, who sat gravely around a council table in Europe, where press censorship is still a relic of the dark and tongueless ages.

Some three weeks before the opening of this story, Count Cyril Mikailberg had assured our government that our demands would slowly but surely be met by Russia. "There is a certain national dignity," he had asseverated, "which must be persuaded that nothing of national honor is touched. Ah!" he deplored, "if your political firebrands could but be held in leash, and the *entente cordiale* preserved, I am convinced that the Duma will persuade the Czar to swallow the pill which you are offering him."

So much from the mouthpiece of the Czar, but on the selfsame day an urg-

ent note was dispatched to St. Petersburg, asking for the immediate disposal of an English-speaking lady, of beauty and trained wit, who would be of inestimable value in getting about Washington, where the presence of an official would be suspicious.

A few days later the passenger list of the transatlantic flyer, the *Bohemia*, contained the information that Countess Anna Mikailberg, and maid, were about to depart for the United States, and on the following day an item appeared in the New York and Washington papers to the effect that the beautiful and accomplished niece of the Russian ambassador was about to visit the United States, under his patronage, "and," the article went on to say, "it is significant, just at this time, how lightly the representative of Russia treats the ultimate unfavorable solution of the passport imbroglio."

On opening one's newspaper at breakfast the next morning, it was almost staggering to find the amount of detail our voracious newsgatherers had added to the matter. Photographs of the countess in hunting costume, holding a wolfhound, appeared; half-tones in demi-toilette, and a minute description of her estate in Vitebsk. The ambassador had been waylaid from a waiting taxi, and had confessed to her coming; besides, it was reported that the Russian embassy would give a ball in her honor which, in point of splendor, would make previous ones look like an East Side outing.

Count Cyril was amused and edified mightily, along with the general public. The *Bohemia* had docked in New York, and at the fall of night the embassy limousine had scurried off to the station in Washington to meet the expected countess. He had decided, after careful deliberation, not to meet her at the station. The place would undoubtedly be crowded with curiosity seekers and reporters, and . . . Well, uncle and niece might not recognize each other as promptly as affection demanded.

The shades and curtains were drawn in Mikailberg's study, as he sat sorting over a file of daily papers.

"The little minx!" he commented, turning to his favorite attaché, a swart, thick-set young nobleman; "she has certainly permitted free reign to her imagination with the newspaper men."

"Indiscreet, I should say," said the other.

"Not at all; the more publicity she receives, the quicker suspicion will be dissolved. If she had come over under a seeming *nom du voyage*, and I had to do all the explaining, we would appear on the defensive. As it is, we have but to affirm or deny what the dear newspapers say about her."

"Ah! A bit of finessing," laughed Gnedich, the attaché, "that did not occur to me."

"There is one further point," continued the ambassador, handing his listener the thick bundle of newspapers, "she must read these thru minutely before retiring tonight. I doubt if she has taken notes on her charming biography."

The purring of a motor on the asphalt interrupted further conversation.

"Have her brought directly here," ordered Mikailberg, quickly. "I do not trust all the servants."

He had barely seated himself, with his back to the hangings, when their soft rustle announced the entrance of some one.

"Countess Anna Mikailberg," said Gnedich, quietly.

Count Cyril arose and bowed respectfully over the hand of a tall, veiled woman in an English tweed traveling suit.

"At last you have come," he said.

"Yes," she answered in clear contralto tones. "I doubt if the arrival of your much desired niece has taken you unawares."

"I am surprised—and I may add delighted—only at the clever manner in which you have commenced your mission."

As she slowly unfastened the knot of her veil, Mikailberg thought he detected the shadow of a retreating smile on the full red lips revealed to him. What measure of appreciation for the

odd humor of the situation they may have disclosed was belied by the straightforward glance of as dazzling a pair of deep-fringed black eyes as he had ever looked into.

She proceeded to take off her jaunty French toque, with a simple ornamentation of purple bands and almost invisible gold threads.

"I presume this is to be my home?" she asked, in all seriousness.

Mikailberg stared critically at the coiled masses of blue-black hair that worked twice around her forehead. The delicate tinting of her half-disclosed ears, and the soft creep of color into her cheeks, reminded him of the wild roses in his forests of Vologda.

"A perfect type of Slav beauty," he murmured, half audibly. Then walking so close to her that she lowered her eyes before the intensity of his glance, he answered her question.

"Yes, this is to be your home—until certain things have been accomplished. I will not ask you who you are—it is sufficient that my government intrusts you with this most delicate of missions." He paused to watch closely her play of expression. "As the Countess Mikailberg, and my supposed niece, you are to be formally introduced to Washington society, fêted, made much of. Your undoubted personal beauty," he added, with a jerky bow, "should do much toward the establishment of your popularity—with the men."

The wild roses in her cheeks fluttered a little too evidently.

"Your modesty becomes you," he resumed. "Practice it. Your Americans treasure it above all things, even physical perfection. Remember at all times that this, your home, is a lone citadel of the Czar, surrounded by hostile troops. Do not attempt to play a part except such as you have already undertaken, and"—his eyes narrowed to gleaming slits—"be ready at an instant's notice to carry out my orders, whatever they may be."

Her quick fingers played with a heavy gold ring of antique design.

"See," she said, like one who had made her resolve, "it is the crest of

the Romanoffs. When I slid it upon my finger I willed myself—body and soul—to the services of my country."

"Like another Joan of Arc?"

"Yes," she said, with humility.

"I can say nothing more—it is true devotion," Mikailberg said, bowing over her hand. "Let us hope that you will not be called upon to make a sacrifice such as hers.

"And now, fair compatriot," he said, escorting her to the door, "permit me to wish you pleasant dreams, after your arduous journey over seas. On the evening of the day after tomorrow the embassy gives a ball—in your honor, it is needless to say. Rest until then, or rather see to the priming of your guns. On that evening I expect to be in possession of valuable information, the missing half of which will be intrusted to the ability and integrity of an army engineer. You will be introduced to him, and your dance-card will be sufficiently at his disposal. From that instant your work begins."

On the day following the arrival of the Countess Anna Mikailberg, the morning papers announced that the government was about to install the new twelve-inch barbette guns in Fortress Monroe, the gateway to Washington and Baltimore. The Hotel Chamberlin and all buildings at the waterfront foot of the fortress were ordered to be torn down, and it was expected—here Mikailberg followed the print closely—that Captain Porter, of the First Engineers, was to be sent there for the immediate mining of the main ship channels with observation mines controlled from the fort.

"Captain Porter, when seen at Fort Wadsworth," the *Post* stated, "refused either to affirm or deny our information, but as our representative learnt that a carload of rapid-fire and machine guns, together with several powerful searchlights, were entrained at Jersey City, en route for Washington, it goes without saying that they are intended to cover the mine fields about to be installed at Fortress Monroe by the reticent young officer."

"Ah! Gnedich, find me the United Service list," the ambassador said, laying down his paper, with a smile of satisfaction. "If I am not deceived, our discreet young friend . . . Ah! here it is: 'Captain Richard Porter, First Engineers, will proceed at once to Washington on official business.' See to it at once that an invitation is sent to him by special messenger for the embassy ball."

fulgence. Every vehicle in the city seemed bent on reaching the Russian embassy in the shortest possible time. Here, in the grounds, a charming effect awaited the entering visitors, for myriads of miniature electric bulbs were twined on the shrubbery, in the red, white and blue of the United States and the Imperial black, red and yellow of Russia. Within doors, in the roomy and ornate ballroom, the



ANNA SHOWS MIKAILBERG HER ANTIQUE RING

Forthwith he focused his tortoiseshell spectacles on the account of the elaborate preparations being made for that much talked of function.

A contemplative, full moon looked down upon Washington on the night of the ball, casting a phosphorescence-like glow upon the thick foliage of avenue and lawns, and bathing the buildings in a silvery-white splendor, yet it is to be doubted if the official world stopped to drink in the rare ef-

flags of the two nations were draped in festoons around the walls. It was a graceful and significant tribute, which at once put the invit  es at their ease.

The band of Russian musicians in the gallery had soothed out the strains of the opening waltz, and were keying their instruments to the pitch of a Polish mazurka, when Count Mikailberg appeared on the floor, escorting his beautiful prot  g  e. She at once became the center of attraction.

The newspapers, of course, had gone into every phase of her private life, and had displayed a gallery of her pictures, but her unconscious charm of movement, her rare coloring, and the soft light in her brilliant eyes, had been beyond the limits of print or photography.

She stood, barely touching the arm of the ambassador, in a gown of ivory satin, fringed with priceless antique Venetian lace; her corsage—and this was her only ornament—was relieved by a slender bunch of Jacqueminot roses.

Diplomats, officers and statesmen crowded around this enchanting, animate emblem of the Russians, the touch and go of whose color, and gentle inclination of neck, seemed to single out the particular worth of each.

The sleek form of Gnedich could be seen coming across the ballroom to take his place with the others, who had formed a court of arbitration over the spaces in her dance-card.

"I trust that you have saved a dance for your humble countryman?" he questioned, bowing deeply in Continental manner, and then, as he raised himself, his eyes met Mikailberg's for the fraction of a second.

"Yes; two," she smiled, "where I notice that the music is particularly gymnastic."

He made a grimace, and withdrew; and, as if by signal, the opening strains of the mazurka filled the floor with couples.

The group around Anna immediately dissolved, and Mikailberg slowly escorted her to a vacant withdrawing-room, a moment before filled with flushed dancers.

Gnedich appeared, escorting a young military officer toward them, a handsome fellow, with rumped, curly hair and the deep-set, dreamy eyes of a student.

"Countess Mikailberg, and Your Excellency, Count Mikailberg," he said, "permit me to introduce to you Captain Porter, of the United States Army, who has just arrived in Washington."

Anna extended her hand, in the American fashion, and the telltale blood crept into her cheeks as she cordially shook the captain's hand. His stare at her for a moment helped to increase her confusion.

"You will pardon a premature compliment," he said, gravely, "but in the past eight years I have had no opportunity to face a young woman without calling upon my reserve courage."

"Are young women so scarce in America?" she asked.

"No; hardly scarce," he demurred. "I believe they are in the majority. But on the plains—your steppes, you know—the fat squaws from the reservations are boon companions only in fiction."

"And in the cities, like New York?"

"Ah!" he laughed, "there the war paint is perpetually worn by the ladies, as an evidence of ceaseless hostility."

"In such a sad case," said Mikailberg, addressing Anna, "I propose that the captain be permitted to inspect your dance-card."

"It is hopelessly filled," she stated.

"It devolves upon me," said Gnedich, suddenly, "to relinquish my engagements—if the countess permits—in favor of Captain Porter. My dancing is ridiculous at its best."

Porter thanked his benefactor, with a smile of pure happiness, and quickly initialed her card across the name of Gnedich.

The music had ceased, and a glittering Italian secretary of legation crossed the room, determined to seize upon Anna at the opening notes of his dance.

An hour afterward, as the strings of viol and balalaëka throbbed sensuous Slavic strains thru the open windows, Captain Porter, with a frightened, contrite face, sat on a lawn bench with Anna, and busied himself nervously with the silver instep buckle of one of her slippers.

She had turned her ankle in the ballroom, and had gamely limped thru the dance before apprising him.

Under the look of soft appeal in her eyes the captain's fear of woman-kind was fast disappearing. The faint catch of pain in her throat cut his feelings, like the teeth of a saw.

"I am afraid 'first aid' is not in my branch of the service," he commiserated.

"The pain is better," she encouraged, "tho my head was swimming dreadfully a moment ago. Even we

tomorrow will be fought in a man's conscience."

"Pretty," he approved, "but what disposal do you make for the army?"

As if in answer to his question, a messenger boy ran down the path. "Captain Porter! Captain Porter! Captain Porter!" he called out, doggedly.

"Here, son!" said the captain, reaching for the yellow envelope.



CAPTAIN PORTER RECEIVES AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE

humble dancers thru life must have our wounds, like you warriors, it seems."

"I have never been under fire," he confessed, with a school-boy's blush.

"I wish," she said, looking him squarely in the eyes, "without detracting from your manhood, that you may never have occasion to be."

"Why?" he demanded, pained.

"Because," she said, slowly, "courage is becoming more and more moral and less physical—the great battles of

"You will pardon the urgency of the message?" he said to Anna, and rapidly read the telegram. It trembled as he looked up at her again.

"I am ordered away, at once—on duty," he explained. "It is very hard—er—er—disappointing to have to surrender you now. I must call my higher courage up, I'm afraid. Good-by—I don't know when I may hope to come to Washington again."

She checked herself from asking where he was ordered to.

"Good-by," she said, simply, extending both hands. "I will always remember the little edge of big-heartedness you have shown me."

Noon of the next day saw Captain Porter swing off the train from Washington and enter the grim granite sally-port of Fortress Monroe. By two o'clock, with the sun sparkling on the shallows of the Rip Raps, he was setting up his theodolite on the massive casements overlooking Hampton Roads. It was his purpose to mine the main channels first, by triangulation, to chart the mines for the use of position-finders, and to rush the work on the electric connections to the observation-room of the fort. Outside the fort the ceaseless clang of crowbar and pick, demolishing the hotels and buildings on government land, attested to the fact that Washington, at last, was shaking off its long sleep of blissful security.

The task of the artillery officer proceeded with clock-like regularity. A mosquito fleet of launches had been assembled, whose duty it was to steam out slowly with the heavy mines until a signal warned the crew that they were in range of the instrument.

Flags were waved from the fort; the launches backed and filled in response. A gun was fired, the mine let go, and moored, and its exact location read on the instrument, and transferred by Captain Porter to his working chart.

This sterling officer fairly gloated as the work rushed him; the tranquil sun-dancing arm of the sea was fast becoming a thing of hidden and tremendous disaster. His brief glimpse of enchantment with the exquisite Russian girl was quite submerged in his new sense of duty, a contagion which spread from him among the little army of electricians, launchmen, artillerymen, draughtsmen and signalmen under his orders.

The progress of the work was, of course, minutely reported by the sleepless press to its interested readers, not the least of whom was Count Cyril Mikailberg.

One somber gray morning, a few days afterward, a rakish, high-powered touring car drew up in front of the Russian embassy, and a retinue of servants filled its trunk-rack, and every available space but the seats, with a varied assortment of traveling bags, hat boxes, and the endless formidable impedimenta of a State traveler.

It had been publicly announced that the ambassador was worried over the slow recovery of his beautiful niece from her accident on the night of the ball, and that he contemplated giving her a taste of salt air at one of the Virginia coast watering-places.

When the car had seemingly been filled to overcrowding with effects, the count came thru the gates with a tall, veiled lady on his arm. Gnedich followed close behind, and the three climbed into the car, to be whirled rapidly and silently away across the Potomac Bridge.

Some six hours afterward three dust-covered travelers—a woman and two men—could be seen alighting in front of an unpretentious inn at Old Point Comfort.

It had been a reckless, swaying, speed-mad trip for Mikailberg and his companions, but with the sang-froid of a chess-master, he had planned to arrive at a given place at a certain hour, and had done so, with minutes to spare.

"Mademoiselle," he said, as they rested in their suite parlor, "the time has arrived for you to send your card, with a little note, to Captain Porter. Not too formal, you understand, nor too intimate. State," he resumed, "that we are en route to Virginia Beach, and that your uncle and yourself would be honored to resume his friendship in passing. Your wit grasps it," he concluded, waving her toward a writing-desk, "and unless I greatly misjudge the man, your delicate mission will quickly follow."

She obeyed him implicitly, and her note was quickly on its way to the fortress, with instructions to the messenger to wait for a reply.

He returned in half an hour.

"Captain Porter is on duty," the answer read, "but will be greatly honored to receive his friends at the fortress."

"It is as I expected," said Mikailberg. "Prepare to go at once."

It seemed as if the motor had hardly purred its starting song when they were being whirled between massive

War," he muttered to Gnedich, "but she has teeth, no doubt, yet to be drawn."

"She is called a maiden fortress, I believe," laughed Gnedich, "one which never has been taken."

"Be silent," warned Mikailberg. "Here comes our man."

An officer in fatigue uniform was



MIKAILBERG DIRECTS ANNA TO WRITE CAPTAIN PORTER

gray ramparts, and a sentry stood in their path.

"A note from Captain Porter," said Mikailberg, showing it.

The sentry saluted, resumed his beat, and the car started forward and inward again.

Count Mikailberg noted the massiveness of the "Gibraltar of America," with scarcely concealed admiration.

"I had hoped to find it a worn-out old virago—a relic of their Civil

crossing the parade. They noticed that his face was suffused with happiness.

"What an unexpected pleasure," he said, on nearing the car.

"Quite as much so on our part," rejoined Mikailberg. "It was only last evening that my niece's condition decided this trip for us."

Captain Porter glanced toward the pallid face of Anna, and caught the mute look of suffering in her eyes.

"Come over to my quarters," he

said solicitously, turning to her, "and rest for a little while."

"Thank you; I am fatigued," she agreed, and in descending from the car rested her weight, like a tired child's, on his arms for a moment.

As she was poised in midair one word, swiftly whispered, reached her, alone. Perhaps it was Mikailberg, bending to pick up his stick, who had formed it almost on the tip of her ear.

After a half-hour of tea and chat in Captain Porter's house, Mikailberg and Gnedich begged to be excused. It would hardly be proper for them to inspect the fort—they had rooms to engage and ferriage to arrange for. But the countess, she should stay, by all means—the car would call for her at six o'clock.

"Well?" said Mikailberg, in the privacy of their rooms, that evening.

"Everything is as you suspected: the mines have been planted, a key-board, designating each explosive, installed in the fort, and a location chart has been worked out and drafted."

"The chart! the chart!—where is it?" demanded the ambassador.

"I displayed a great interest in everything," Anna explained, "with a woman's multitude of foolish questions. I wanted to see his pretty drawings so much. . . ."

"Well?"

"I think they are to be found in a desk in his private quarters."

"Good! You have begun well. Tomorrow we play for high stakes."

Mikailberg bowed a good-night to his accomplice, who withdrew to her room, but not to sleep. She seated herself on a little balcony which gave out on the moon-streaked water, and reviewed the events of the day. Captain Porter—what a fine, manly fellow he was! As trusting as a peasant to his priest—and undoubtedly in love with her!

She shivered slightly, tho the night was warm, and gazed far across the shining bay, as if in search of inspiration from across the waters. A long, low, powerful launch of a sea-going type darted, like a black arrow, across

the bay, toward the Portsmouth side. She watched its flight listlessly, and tried, with stifled sobs, to permit the great calmness of the water to sink into her soul.

It was arranged that on the next morning they were to bid good-by to Captain Porter, and ostensibly continue their trip.

At ten o'clock precisely the touring car slowed down in the fortress, and the enamored officer escorted his guests to his quarters. Under spur of a glance from Mikailberg, Anna begged for one more view of the lovely bay from the fort's observation-room.

Captain Porter was delighted to humor her, and left his male guests in charge of his trusty negro valet.

"Get him out of the way—arrange a long-distance telephone call," whispered Mikailberg to his attaché.

The valet conducted Gnedich to an adjoining room, where the fates ordained that he was to perspire freely and at length over the complicated directions of the Russian.

Mikailberg fitted one key after another into the captain's desk. His efforts were rewarded. There, on a drafting-board, smudged and wrinkled, lay the precious chart of the mines. Working rapidly, in the course of a few minutes he overlaid it with tracing paper, and made an exact tracing of it.

The desk was gently closed, and the entering telephoners found the ambassador lolling over the morning's paper.

"Come, Gnedich," he said, "we must hurry back to the inn. The car will return," he instructed the valet, "and wait for madam's orders."

In the course of an hour the passengerless car drew up again in front of the captain's house, and waited for instructions from Anna. For some unaccountable reason, that lady did not appear, to issue any.

In the observation-room, built with narrow, slitted apertures, like a ship's conning tower, she had spent the most vivid morning of her life with Cap-

tain Porter. The look in her eyes had never been more haunting, nor her smile more wistful—the expression of one who broods over a pit of tortured men, but can give no succor.

Suddenly a long, low launch steamed out from shore, and plowed a tumbling furrow straight for the Capes.

With shaking hands, she brought a

added, pointing to the elaborate key-board, "has but to be pressed to cause five hundred pounds of dynamite to explode under her. Its explosion would rip the bottom from the heaviest dreadnought afloat."

"Thank you," she said, barely audibly.

"For what?" he asked, smiling.

"For my supreme moment," she



ANNA SUCCUMBS TO THE TERRIFIC DETONATION

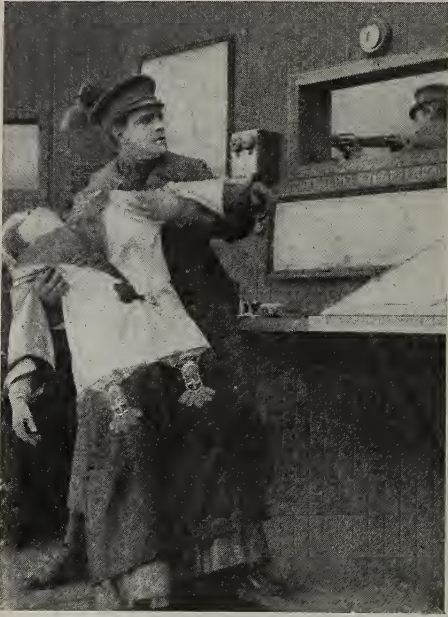
marine glass to bear on it. Yes, there were Mikailberg and Gnedich crouched in the stern—the last move in their mission accomplished at last.

"Nothing could illustrate better the position and exactitude of the mines," said a low voice beside her, "than using that launch as an illustration. In five minutes her image should cross a fine mark on the glass of this theodolite—that mark means mine number two, and key number two," he

said, irrelevantly, it seemed to him, and he turned away to adjust an obstinate azimuth.

She set down the glasses gently, and stared thru the lenses of the theodolite. Nothing met her look but a circle of little, dancing whitecaps. She glanced toward the keyboard to fix the location of key number two indelibly in her mind, then back to the theodolite again.

A tiny strip of white—a moving ob-



CAPTAIN PORTER FOLDS THE UNCONSCIOUS GIRL IN HIS ARMS

ject—nosed into the circle of water. It rapidly approached the center of the circle of light, for all the world like a little plaque of tinted ivory.

She staggered blindly for a moment—groped her way to the keyboard—and forced her finger upon key number two.

A terrific detonation instantly followed. Captain Porter sprang to her side as she shivered away from the keyboard.

“Woman! What have you done?” he shouted.

“Key number two,” she muttered, as if dreaming.

He rushed to the instrument, and in the circle of tragic sea all that met his eyes were bits of wreckage.

“Tell me, have you gone mad?” he demanded.

“Yes, quite mad,” she admitted, slipping to her knees. A brilliant light shone thru the horror in her eyes. “It was for the Czar—or for you. I could not determine until it was too late—and now, now I have made my sacrifice, and I am tired.”

The big, haunted eyes closed wearily, and she fell softly against him, so softly that she did not awaken when he gathered her up into his arms and touched his lips reverently to the unguarded cheek of the unnamed girl.



A Moving Picture Plea

By ROBERT WHITE (Aged 10)

Why are they down on the Picture Show?
Why do they say Moving Pictures must go?

They must go because, it is said,
They put wild thoughts into a child's head.
Why are they so hard on the boys,
To take away one of their joys?

The pictures teach many a historical event,
And thus many an evening is happily spent.

But even tho they teach a lot of education,
They must go because, 'tis said, they disgrace the nation.

If that's the nation's only disgrace,
Uncle Sam sure can have a happy face.
All the nations now acknowledge
That Moving Pictures are a very good college.

So, if you want a good place for your boy to go,
Just send him to the Picture Show.



A Story of Montana

by Peter Wade

(Essanay)

"TRIGGERLESS" JIM had met me at Paradise Station, and had slung my duffle, bags, and patent folding cook-stove into his wagon, with half concealed contempt. I had engaged the old fellow as my guide for a month's vacation; there were rumors of bighorn in the Kootenai fastnesses, which had brought the trigger itch to my fingers again, and had harked me on from the far-away city.

We made the first day's journey across a broken, sun-baked farming country; Triggerless, silent as a Blackfoot, intent on snapping the flies from his horses' necks, in the bottoms.

At last, as the red furnace of the sinking sun cast its molten coals and ashen shadows across Mission Valley, the team broke into a trot, and we descended the last rise in search of quarters for the night.

Triggerless swerved from the interminable wire fence of the road and made for a ranch house, which, to me, displayed in the dusk no signs of waiting hospitality. In fact, on nearing it, we found it to be quite deserted, its sod roof caving in, and its windows and doors rotted away, giving it the

appearance of a worn-out and sightless beggar.

"I allus stop here," said Triggerless, breaking his long day of taciturnity.

I answered nothing as he set about unhitching the horses, tho he was not too unobserving to see that I was plainly disappointed with the cheerless surroundings.

Presently he came out from the shadow-filled lean-to kitchen, with a frying-pan and a battered coffee pot, and proceeded with the simple preparations of a supper in the open.

"Make yuh feel skittish?" he inquired, as the fresh smoke from his fire threw waving shadows along the building's front.

"No; not skittish," I said, turning my back to the worn logs, "just lonely. If there's anything sadder than a deserted ranch house away out in the open, at night, I dont care to get acquainted with it."

"Yes, there's things sadder," he answered, slowly, blowing his coffee.

I knew that Triggerless was a character in the country, that he had earned his name in the open range days with his ability to shoot from the

hammer. Some said, further, that he had always pulled his guns apart and taken out the trigger spring, but now he was a mountain guide, not given to display of weapons, nor on most occasions, conversation, plain or profane.

"Tell me about them," I asked, with inconsistency.

"To begin with, there's th' folks that leave these here places," he suggested; "perhaps they feel it more 'n th' buildings."

I was rightfully subdued, but he took no satisfaction in it; in fact, his eyes had softened considerably.

"First came th' hunting lodges of th' Blackfeet and Crows to Mission Valley," he began; "then th' miners, mostly Dutchmen from th' East, stuck a pick into her bosom here and there, in their scamper for th' diggin's; an' at last, when th' valley lay at peace, th' long trail from the South brought th' cattlemen and th' cows—I came with them, mixed in somehow.

"Th' bottoms lay three feet deep in lush grass, but th' steers took to th' hills and th' bunch-grass—couldn't stand the flies. Nary a fence, nor a hay field, nor a ditch anywhere—clear as a snowdrift from here to Texas.

"A little town, big as a man's hand, sprang up at Jocko; th' old trading post at th' ferry picked up an' druv away, but for fifty mile up and down th' valley two brands of cattle grazed th' slopes and called it all their own.

"This ranch house was Ole Man Clayton's, as close-fisted an' mule-jawed an old cowman as ever saw th' mountains. A day's hike up the range was Texas Dan's outfit—if Satan ever got jest natch'ly tired, and kicked him out . . . But I'm comin' to him later.

"As I said, these two owned, or put a claim onto, everything in sight. I was punchin' for Clayton, an' I must say that when th' round-up was good, he wasn't no slouch of a boss; but after a hard winter, when we rode the frozen range, and reported, regular, th' head that had been pulled down by wolves, or frozen stiff as they

drifted, th' old cannon stove in th' bunk house was stun cold alongside o' Clayton.

"Sue Clayton, th' Ole Man's girl, was young then, and budding . . . Say, have yuh ever seen spring coming on in th' North? Th' wind blows soft, and little flowers peep from out th' snow. Snow-water swells th' poor streams, an' brush an' willows bud and swell and burst everywhere—so Sue blossomed in th' spring. Her red-hazel eyes listened to the call of wild geese an' drank in th' jail-breaking green of th' valley carpet forcing thru th' stiff ground. Sometimes she rode out with us, and brought back a starved, wobbly calf to nurse in th' corral. Jest a natch'r'l, loving girl, she was.

"In these days of promise, when I fetched her wild flowers from the range, to catch her smile, and had won her heart by bein' good to her—and tolerable good jest for myself—I made up my mind to plant and tend a little garden patch of flowers for her, as nigh like as I could to th' old ones back in Kansas.

"Th' boys joshed us some at first—then, when they seen I was serious, let us alone.

"One evenin' Dan Morris rode up, an' went into th' house with Clayton. Pretty soon all three came out, Sue gone white, and Texas Dan as red as the raw side of a steer. Ole Man Clayton shet th' door hard enough to smash it.

"Dan had jerked his pony's head up sharp, and I heard th' animal jump as he druv home his spurs.

"What's up?" I wondered.

"In a minit more Sue had found me where th' road was screened by quaking asps—she was crying softly to herself.

"I've brought you a pair of buckskins," she said, on seein' me. 'I fringed and worked them myself for you.'

"Much obleeged, little un,' I said. 'Is there anything about them to start yuh tanks to flow?'

"Dan Morris has just asked pop to let me marry him,' she sprang on

me, and with that she shivered, and, somehow, crept close into my arms.

"I was all broke up with pity for her. Texas was a mighty cruel man with his hosses, and that was enough. And onced—in this country where we dont ask pedigrees—it had come to us that a wife had left him somewhere in th' South.

"We walked back to the house slowly, and Ole Man Clayton stood waitin' for us, it seems.

"Go into th' house—to yuh moth-

"No steers there,' I cut in; 'least-wise, only Morris's.'

"He's th' man yuh're goin' to work for.'

"Not by a d— sight!' I said. 'I'm punchin' for yuh!'

"All th' same,' th' Ole Man explained; 'we're as good as pardners.'

"I could feel myself goin' fast.

"Pardners!—yes,' I says, 'to hornswoggle yuh girl from her mother, an'—'

"His smoky eyes looked thru me a



TRIGGERLESS LIKENS SUE TO A FLOWER IN HER FLOWER GARDEN

er, miss,' says he, with a smoky look in his eyes; 'and you,' he snaps, turning on me, 'walk down to the corral—I want to have a talk with yuh.'

"I never knowed all this time that Texas had seen us two in th' road, and had ridden back thru th' bush to sneer th' news at th' Ole Man. 'Yuh're goin' to start outridin' to-morrer,' he says, when we came to th' fence, 'an' it's none too soon for me.'

"I'm agreeable,' says I, indifferent. 'Who goes with me?'

"No one,' says he, short. 'Yuh're to follow up th' valley to Flathead—'

minit, and then he called me something that no free man will stand for.

"If yuh ever call me that ag'in, I'll kill you!' I yelled, and started toward him. His face went all mottley white, like a fish's belly, and he staggered away from me. I looked up jest in time to see Sue a-standin' in th' door, lookin' at me sorrowful-like.

"It stopped my fist, all right, but I ran over to th' shed like a crazy man, got my pony, and put him into Jocko, while th' hot pain swung and whirled in my head like an angry rope in the round-up. .

"I guess it was Providence had helped to hitch Texas' pony in front of Jake's saloon—there he was, chewing contentedly on a hitching-post—for it gave me time to think and to cool down a peg.

"I cant swear jest what would 'a' happened if I'd run into Texas sudden, but there I was runnin' my hands along th' nasty rowel scars on his pony's side, when he came out and seen me.

"'I'll sell yuh that hoss cheap,' he sang out. 'Yuh can see for yourself he's a cribber.'

"'I dont want yore animal, Mr. Morris,' I said, cool-like; 'first, bekase he's wind-broken, and second, bekase his spirrut is clean gone, from them Mexican rowels.'

"'I guess yuh think I dont understan' a hoss,' he said, drawin' close.

"'Yuh make it out exactly,' I says. 'Too much quirt will ruin a hoss—and a woman.'

"'Whatcher mean?' says he, showing his lips, like a coyote.

"'I aint got no time now to eddicate yuh,' says I, stoppin' in th' door, 'but th' letters yuh was branded with aint goin' to grow out in a hurry.'

"'He stooped to pick suthin' up—I couldn't catch just what—an' I went inside, to stan' an' drink, an' drink some more, with every mother's son in Jocko that thought he had a thirst to stack up to mine.'

Triggerless paused to fill his pipe, and to balance an ember adroitly on its bowl. I had time to notice that the moon now rode above the valley and swathed the old ranch house in pale silver light, before he resumed.

"That was th' last time I ever set eyes on Texas, and, from what happened, he figured purty exactly that it was th' last time he was to run across my trail.

"'Long toward sun-up, I left a few survivors singin' a doleful ditty in Jake's place, an' swung onto my pony, who natch'ly started down th' road to Morris's. But I swung him off across the sage-brush, and picked out a place to lie down and think, lookin' up at the stars.

"I woke up with a start—th' sun, high up, workin' into my hot eyes.

"'Son,' says I, to the croppin' pony, speakin' of myself, 'yuh've been drinkin' lickier—like a fish.' And I sprang up to catch a last look of th' ranch house where she lived, before pulling out for th' settlements.

"'Out on the road to Jocko I could hear th' punch of hosses' feet on an easy lope, and purty soon they all stopped and held some sort of a pow-wow. Then the sounds started ag'in, thru the brush this time, and I felt, somehow, that they were follerin' my pony's tracks, and lookin' for me.

"'Th' day was as still and clear as a Sunday in Kansas, and, from 'most a mile off, I heard th' sheriff's call to his boys to spread out and beat th' brush.

"'Purty soon I could see th' spots on his pinto, and stood up an' waved to him. He pulled up his pony, and acted surprised at first; then, they all came down to me with a rush.

"'Hand over yuh gun, Jim,' said th' sheriff. 'Yuh shore do act strange, with th' Ole Man's place a gunshot away.'

"'I aint punchin' for him no more,' says I, fierce-like. 'Th' Jocko boys all looked at each other as if I was gone plumb loco.

"'Come on, Jim,' says th' sheriff, 'quit foolin', an' catch yore hoss; it's a long ride to Missoula.'

"'Missoula!' I says, took all of a heap, 'how'd yuh know I was goin' there?'

"'He looked purty surprised for a spell, too, then he says: 'Jim, after Texas came in, an' tole us about Ole Man Clayton lyin' there in his cottonwoods, I reckon yuh *have* thought some of Missoula.'

"'I 'low to quit th' valley—what then?' I asked, sore puzzled.

"'Come along, Jim,' said th' sheriff, sharp. 'I got to rope yuh—if I didn't, th' Ole Man would rise in his tracks and curse me thru them bullet-holes o' yourn.'

"'I went, as dumb as a sheep, after that, and on the dusty forty miles to Missoula, and the calaboose waitin'

for me there, I got th' whole story out of one o' the boys.

"It seems that Sue Clayton went down to th' spring in th' cottonwoods, after sun-up, for water, and stumbled across th' body of Ole Man Clayton, done up for good and all. He had two bullet holes in his right side, powder-burnt, and fired at close range. She had dropt her pail and run, screamin, to th' road, where Texas happened to be lopin' along. He had

then I wondered, till my head almos' cracked, if she thought that I was houn' enough to do it.

"Missoula came, a string of shacks, with some planted trees in front of the court house, and a dusty view clear out to the suburbs from th' cala-boose window.

"I was th' only prisoner, an' th' town got all het up as to who must stand guard over me. Th' sheriff argued that his duty ended in bringin'



TEXAS GIVES TRIGGERLESS' BUCKSKINS TO THE SHERIFF AS EVIDENCE OF GUILT

raced in to th' sheriff with th' news, and certain evidence in his possession had started th' round-up for me.

" 'Well,' I says, when th' tale was finished, 'it shore do look blue for his faithful puncher, but honest, take it from me, he's mean enough to up and shoot himself, jest to get me into trouble for it.'

"They all agreed it were a purty sensible argument, but 'twas some tough on his widow and girl.

"For th' rest of th' ride I thought of th' sorrowful look on Sue's face over my words with th' Ole Man, and

me to th' jail, and nobody could say him nay—th' jedge bein' on circuit at th' time.

"So a slack-jawed miner, who had been mendin' a broken leg for 'most a year too long, was put to work standin' guard with an ole musket.

"It was plumb easy to walk out; nothin' bothered his beauty sleep, day or night, but th' flies an' th' short rations of rum th' town found him with. But I stuck to th' place like a looney claim-staker—I was waitin' for Sue to come an' see me, an' let me know that she still believed in me.

"But she never came, and th' day of my trial came on before I was to see her.

"It seems that Texas showed a mighty interest in th' case, was hangin' aroun' her all th' time, an' had persuaded her to stay away until she was needed at th' court house.

"Well, th' great day came at last, an' for miles aroun' th' county took a day off and flocked into Missoula. I was th' starriest star boarder that cal-aboose had ever boarded, sure enough.

of questions that lawyer fired at me—seems as if he had 'most a mile of them wound up in him somewhere, mostly darn fool ones, too. But at th' end he leaned over close, an' shoved a pair of buckskins under my nose—th' ones Sue had given me, and I had lost in Jocko.

"These yore gloves?"

"Sure enough."

"Be careful what you say," he says, solemn. "I repeat, are these yore gloves?"



SUE IS COMPELLED TO GIVE STRONG EVIDENCE AGAINST TRIGGERLESS

"By eleven o'clock a jury had been sworn in—mostly sheepmen from down Beartown way, an' I knew that my goose was half cooked at th' openin' move. In those days a sheepman loved a puncher like a greaser takes to a blizzard—jest natch'r'l thin-skinned hate.

"I was fetched over by th' sheriff, an' th' hull county, it seemed, stood up to look my points over.

"James Burrows, otherwise known as Triggerless Jim," said th' little county attorney, 'take the stan'.

"I wont pester yuh with th' string

"Right ag'in," I says. "They sure are."

"Gentlemen of the jury," he says, turnin' like a flash, and drawlin' out each word, 'these gloves was found by the side of the murdered man by his own daughter!"

"I sure felt uncomfortable; such a thing couldn't look nohow reasonable, even to a sheepman.

"Miss Sue Clayton!" called the county attorney.

"Then Sue, never lookin' my way, came and sat almost alongside of me.

"Tell th' jury what happened on

th' evenin' before yore father's death.'

"She did—th' whole mis'erable story from th' beginnin'—how Texas had ridden up to ask for her hand, and how she had come out to cry, and found me.

"Her little, seared voice sounded mighty queer in that court house—everybody strainin' to catch th' words, jest like th' school exercises.

"When she came to th' part where Ole Man Clayton and me was havin'

told about finding all that was left of Ole Man Clayton, and my buckskins by his side.

"The sheepmen rose from th' jury box and filed out jest like sheep, it appeared to me. I reckoned they'd be back with th' word in th' shake of a lamb's tail, too. But for some queer reason they were gone th' likeliest part of an hour.

"Purty soon they took their seats ag'in, an' th' crowd flocked back to th' show.



THE CONFESSION

it out down by th' corral fence. th' lawyer asked her: 'Did yuh hear this man threaten yore father's life?'

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Must I tell it?"

"Yuh are under oath,' reminded th' judge.

"Then he said,' she said quickly, lookin' down, 'if yuh ever call me that ag'in, I'll kill you!'

"And th' next mornin'?" asked th' lawyer.

"I went down early to th' spring, to fetch water,' she commenced, and

"Gentlemen, what is your verdict?" said th' judge.

"Guilty!" said all th' sheepmen to onced. tho I understan' this is contrary to th' rules.

"And a very good decision,' says th' judge. 'an' a good riddance of this cruel gun man from our fair county.'

"Suddenly, out of nowhere, it seemed, th' sheriff's voice called out: 'Texas has been shot, too!'

"Mr. Sheriff,' says th' judge, rap-pin' on his desk, 'step up here an' explain them strange words.'

"And he did—stepped up lively in

front of th' jedge, and the razzled sheepmen, and commenced to explain.

"'Texas, otherwise known as Daniel Morris, of Mission Valley,' he says, in imitation of th' county attorney, 'was shot last night, by one of his own punchers. Afore he died he signed this little statement—with his compliments to James Burrows, otherwise known as Triggerless Jim.

"'Exhibit two,' he says, handin' it up to th' jedge.

"The jedge was a long spell finding his specs, an' then he ups and reads it to all of us.

"'Know all men,' he read, 'that I, Daniel Morris, did bear a grudge against James Burrows, an' hadn't th' nerve to face him when we last met in Jocko. But I picked up a pair of his gloves, and on th' next mornin', at sun-up, going to find Ben Clayton, I found his body, instead, by his spring in th' cottonwoods. Then, seeing he was dead, an' wouldn't mind it, I held my gun close to him and fired two bullets. The gloves I left by him, too—my idea bein' to charge James Burrows with his death. Well, I reckon this will reach him jest as he's half hung, and hope it will do him maybe some good.—Signed, Daniel Morris.'

"'Mr. Sheriff,' says th' jedge,

sternly, 'how long have you had this here confession?'

"'Since las' night,' says th' sheriff.

"'Then, why in thunder,' yells th' jedge, looking over his glasses, 'didn't yuh bring it out at th' trial?'

"'I was wonderin' all th' time,' says th' sheriff, cheerful like, 'jest how far them sheepmen would go. We aint larned what to do with one, yet, when we catch 'em—*now we know!*'

"That night," Jim went on, after a little pause, "I rode over to th' Clayton ranch house, an' when Sue heard my pony's feet in th' lane she rushed out of doors and wanted to lift me down like a child.

"She never knowed till then, poor girl, but what she was fittin' th' rope close aroun' my neck in Missoula.

"Ole Mrs. Clayton came out, too, an' I let her weep over me an' fondle me, jest as if I *had* been hung.

"Well, my hangin' days are over," said Triggerless, getting up stiffly, "an' likewise my punchin' days, too. Sue an' me lived thirty years in this here house—that's why I allus come back an' camp here. Want to look at some flowers, her favorites, while th' moon's up? I reckon they aint tended th' way they uster be."



By Film

By MINNA IRVING

I took a journey to the Pole,
And gazed upon the snow
Where Cook—or was it Peary?—set
Our flag not long ago.
I climbed the icy Matterhorn,
The Congo I explored;
In submarine I made a trip,
In aeroplane I soared.

I saw the purple-curtained barge,
Where Cleopatra smiled,
And watched the mighty mastodon
In forests dark and wild.
It took me but a single hour
Thru all these scenes to stray,
So fast and far we travel when
We go by Photoplay.



EVEN at its best, Martin Mason's dance hall at Cripple Creek was a den of discontent; the home of the homeless and the outcast. It was very seldom that Mason's was at its best; at its worst, it shamed even the rough mining country.

Martin Mason, himself, square-jawed, belligerent, yet at heart a cowardly bully, believed in "keeping things lively," and in this endeavor he was ably assisted by "Dynamite" Ann, who could outwear, and outfight, if need be, any man in camp. Few remembered the coming of Ann to the Creek. She was one of the first victims of Mason's lying, luring advertisement in the Chicago papers, calling for a governess for the children of the Rev. Josiah Strong. She had come, a slim slip of a girl, eager for the country life that had so appealed to her in the crowded city, confident in the integrity of the mythical Reverend Strong, but once past her initiation into vice, she had become notorious far beyond the limits of the camp. Even Mason feared his "star" at times.

Yet there was good in the woman, the good that lies in every woman's heart, dormant at times, perhaps, but ever ready to respond to the proper appeal. She had stood, a belligerent, mighty shield, between Mason and his two motherless little daughters, Mag-

gie, who was sixteen now, and Tatto, a child but half that age. It was at little Tatto's appeal that she had given up the vile synthetic whiskey that Ben, the barkeeper, dispensed over the rude plank that served as a counter.

Dynamite Ann, as a teetotaler, might have been a nine days' wonder in the camp, but close upon the heels of the first surprise had come absolute revolution. Belle Gordon, an orphan, had come to Mason's, in answer to his hackneyed advertisement, only to find that she had been duped. Ann had seen scores of girls enter the same trap. She had found a negative sort of enjoyment in watching them brought down to her own level, but there was something so childish, so appealing, in the newcomer, that she had stepped between Mason and his prey.

Even with the assistance of Reginald Duncan, a young mining engineer, fresh from college, who had arrived in the same stage with Belle, it looked dark for Ann and Belle, tho at the first set-to Reginald had floored Mason with a cleanly delivered blow. Manuel Alvarez, Mason's half-breed partner, had come to his assistance, and only the opportune arrival of Joe Mayfield, the United States Deputy Marshal, had prevented bloodshed, and perhaps murder.

Mason had good reason to fear the

young deputy, especially when he was backed up by Wahkeeta, an Indian, more generally known by his translated name, "The Eagle." When the deputy left the place, he took with him not only Belle and Ann, but Mason's little girls, for Ann knew what their fate would be did she leave them behind.

With Ann to play chaperone, and keep house, Joe had established them in his own comfortable cottage. Mason had made a tentative effort to recover his children, but the threat of an appeal to the courts, backed by Ann's testimony, had discouraged him, and he found himself rather well pleased, after all, that they had gone. They had been in the way about the dance hall, and it was Tatto's plea that had caused the backsliding of Dynamite Ann, in his eyes. The incident had dwindled to bets as to how long Ann would stick, and interest in the betting on a "sure thing," with no takers, had soon lost its charm.

Ann was proud of the trust Joe placed in her, and she guarded a more precious interest still, for she loved the handsome, fearless young deputy with all the force of a love-hungry heart; a love that grew stronger because she knew it to be so hopeless, not alone because of her own evil life, but because it was plain that Joe fairly worshiped Belle, and some day, Ann felt, he would find the words to tell his love, tho now he was terror-stricken, and smitten with dumbness, when left alone with the girl.

Love seemed to be in the very air,

for Reginald, too, hung about the cottage, seeking a word with Maggie; and even little Tatto, saying her "Now I lay me" at Joe's knee, would add: "And God bless Ann, and God bless Belle, 'cause Uncle Joe loves her."

Belle could not understand why Joe always maneuvered to hear Tatto say her prayers when she was not present, until one day, under the open sky, came the child's plea. She blushed rosy red as she listened to the lisped petition, and Tatto wondered sleepily at the warmth of Belle's good-night hug.



"AND GOD BLESS BELLE"

It was at the close of one long June day. Tatto been put to bed, and Joe sat in front of the cabin, waiting for Ann and Belle to finish the supper things, that he might walk thru the twilight by the side of the lonely girl. The Eagle slipped toward him, with a word of warning, and a moment later Mason and Alvarez came around the corner. Joe made sure that his revolver was loose in

its holster, and looked inquiringly at the two men. It was Mason who broke the conversational ice, after an appealing glance at his partner for assistance.

"Doin' much work on yore 'Last Dollar' claim?" he asked, with an effort to appear natural that but emphasized his eagerness.

"More than th' law calls for," answered Joe.

"Gittin' much out of it?"

"Enough to pay for picks an' powder."

"Jest about that," assented Mason, pleasantly. "Look here, Joe, I've been doin' some smart thinkin'. You've taken those kids off my hands, and I ought to do somethin' to balance th' scales. I've been talkin' it over with Manuel here, and he's willin' to let me pay four hundred dollars for that claim. It aint worth that," he added, quickly, "but we figured you wouldn't want charity, and th' transfer of th' claim would make it seem like straight business—of course every one knows what a joke th' Last Dollar is."

"Maybe I like jokes," suggested Joe. "That tunnel ought to cut the Quintock lode pretty soon, and that's th' highest-grade ore in these parts. I'll stick, Mason."

"Better sell," urged Mason. "Four hundred's four hundred, you know. Me and Manuel will put a lot of men in, on a gamble, and either make or break in a month. It will take you years."

"I'm young yet." Mayfield's voice was level, but his anger was rising behind it.

"You'll be sorry if you dont sell," warned Mason, with thinly veiled threat.

"I'll prob'ly be sorry if I do," retorted Joe. "Seein' that our business chat is over, I'll say good-night."

Muttering threats, the two companions in evil took their departure, and half an hour later Joe had forgotten all about the offer as he walked with Ann and Belle. A cry from Ann roused him from pleasant thought, and he groaned as he followed the direction of her pointing finger.

Little Tatto was a somnambulist, and it was evident that she had been walking in her sleep, for high on the cliff above stood Alvarez, holding the child, while Mason stood beside them. Joe whipped the revolver from his holster, but Alvarez forestalled him, holding the child so that her frail body served him as a shield, and Mason dropped behind the rocks.

The half-breed tauntingly held his burden over the cliff's sheer edge. The two women turned from the terrible sight, their shoulders shaken by



MASON AND MANUEL SIGHT THE SLEEP-
WALKER

their sobs; but Mayfield never took his eyes from Alvarez, hoping for a chance shot before the child should be tossed to death on the cruel rocks below. In the quiet air Alvarez' voice rang out:

"You have refused to sell us th' Last Dollar claim. It costs this child her life!"

"I'll sell—I'll give you the mine!" shouted Joe, but it was too late. Already the tiny nightgown fluttered in the air as Tatto fell, and her shriek mingled with Manuel's cry of triumph. Joe muttered a curse that was a prayer, but the two women roused at the half-breed's exultant shout. Unnoticed by either party, The Eagle had come upon a lower ledge of rock, and now, steadying himself with the wild grape-vines that grew in ladder-like profusion, he caught the child in his great arms.



THEY SEE THE EAGLE RESCUE TATTO

For a moment he swayed dangerously, as it seemed as tho the vines must be torn away. The little group in the valley shuddered as it seemed each moment that the Indian must share the fate intended for the child, but at last he swung himself to safety, and made his quick, sure way down the cliff. Once Joe had saved The Eagle's life, winning his undying gratitude; now, The Eagle had brought a life in return. But in the excitement of the rescue, Mason and Alvarez had made their escape.

Nor were they content with a single effort at revenge. They knew, what Joe did not, that he had passed the Quintock lode, the richest in Cripple Creek, and that millions in high-grade ore lay behind instead of before his pick. By mischance he had tunneled thru a seam of barren rock, passing wealth on either hand. They dared not seize the mine, and Joe would not sell, thereby adding to the already long

score they held against him. If they could not get it, at least he should not profit; and so the quick mind of Alvarez formulated a plan, which should include the services of "Shifty" Ben, the barkeeper. Cripple Creek ran close to the mine. A single "shot," well placed, would rend the rock and fill the mine with water. Joe was frequently called away by his official duties. They had but to watch their chance, slip in, and place the shot that would destroy his mine.

What they did not know was that The Eagle followed as they descended into the mine, and they were too engrossed with their work to notice his wary descent after them. There was much to be done, and no time to be spared. Not until they heard the bucket descend, with Joe and Belle, did they cease their work, and hide behind the piles of quartz at the foot of the shaft.

Joe uttered an exclamation of surprise as he saw The Eagle standing there, and this was followed by an exultant shout as The Eagle presented him with a bit of ore Mason had chipped off—ore so rich that the vir-



TATTO IS STOLEN

gin gold could be picked from the seams with a claspknife.

So engrossed were they in the find, that The Eagle, for the moment, forgot the intruders. Before he thought again of them, or had time to warn his benefactor, they had rushed in upon them. Mason disarmed Joe before he could draw his gun, and Alvarez plucked the knife from The Eagle's belt in grappling with him. Belle they tied to ope of the timbers that supported the roof, but the men they bound hand and foot, and left on the rocky floor. Ben, the barkeeper, brought the keg of giant powder from the end of the tunnel, and Alvarez inserted a fuse, giving plenty of length, that they might be well away from the mine before the explosion came. Then they shook the bucket rope, and were drawn up by unseen arms.

The three captives watched, with fascinated glance, the tiny spark that crept so slowly toward their destruction. Joe sought to cheer Belle, and gave no thought to The Eagle for the moment. He could hear him writhing on the floor, but in this dreadful last moment his thoughts were all for the woman he loved.

Slowly the spark crawled along the flooring, like some worm of destruction. A foot was gone—eighteen inches; the spark seemed to rise in the air. It had burned along the flooring, and now it crept up the side of the barrel. In another moment it would gain the top, and then— Joe called a last good-by, and, with closed eyes, waited for the end; but at that moment a shadow crossed before the spark of flame. There was an instant of suspense, then a grunt of satisfaction, and The Eagle, with flesh torn and bruised by the rough rock, fell backward, with the last few inches of fuse in his teeth. He had wormed his way over to the powder, and had withdrawn the fuse but an instant before its contact with the explosive.

"No harm," he panted. "Got knife—come to you."

In a few vigorous moments he had made his way to Joe, carrying in his teeth the knife he had found on the

floor of the tunnel. On his crawling up, like a faithful dog, Joe hacked at The Eagle's bonds.

Ten minutes later they were at the surface. For a second time The Eagle had defeated the schemers.

But danger shared and gone brought no courage, in one respect, to Joe. His face crimsoned as he thought of that good-by, so that when he came face to face with Belle he seemed tongue-tied and foolish; and it was Maggie, the seeing one, who took the matter into her own hands. She played her part with all the indifference of the outsider, and in five minutes she had accomplished what Joe had not been able to perform in as many months. She was still enjoying her triumph, that of the natural born match-maker, when Reginald came into the room, and Maggie, in turn, met her own Waterloo, in the war of his warm words of appeal.

Ann was the first to congratulate the happy pair, but her heart was as heavy as her manner was gay. She knew that she could not hope to win Joe's love, and she wanted to see Belle happy; but while she went about the preparations for the double wedding with a bright, smiling face, she came to dread the long, sleepless nights that were the Gethsemane of her hopeless love. It was not until the eve of the wedding that peace was hers, and she came to Mayfield on Joe's and Reginald's wedding morning, with a face shining with renunciation and resolve.

"Joe," she said, radiantly, "I've got a wedding present that I reckon you'll like. God came to me in the middle of the night, and—I'm square with Him at last."

Joe grasped her hand in fellowship. Better than the others, he knew of Ann's struggle; of how earnestly she had sought to "square it" with her Creator for the misspent years of her life. They had talked it over many times, and she spoke truly when she said she knew it would be his most welcome wedding present.

She was the life of the wedding party, and when the minister had

spoken the last words of the simple ceremony that made four hearts happy, she threw open the door to the dining-room, with a flourish.

"This way to the banquet!" she called. "All the stuff's guaranteed under the pure food act, because I made it myself. This way; dont crowd—there's plenty of room and plenty of grub for all."

Laughing, the guests trooped into

The guests came rushing into the room at the sound of the report, the men hurrying thru the outer door to give chase to the murderer. Joe gently laid Ann upon the floor. It would be useless to move her, and, as she gasped for breath, he knelt beside her.

"Good-by, Joe," she panted, thru spasms of pain. "It's all right—it's better so. Put on the stone just 'Dynamite Ann—she—lived—right.'"



THE CHILDREN ARE RESCUED

the next room, carrying Maggie and Reginald with them; but Joe lingered to claim a kiss from his pretty bride. Ann watched them smilingly. It did not hurt now; she was at peace.

She started as at the window appeared the sinister face of Manuel Alvarez. The face quickly disappeared, but along the sill lay the blued steel of a revolver barrel. There was no time to call—to warn the man she worshiped. Time only to step between him and the window, and make the last sacrifice of expiation.

The last word was barely audibly spoken, but Joe heard, and understood. Reverently he laid the toil-gnarled hands across the faithful breast, and in the fingers, of whose slim whiteness Ann once had been so proud, he placed Belle's bridal wreath of virginal white.

"She did die 'right,'" he whispered. "For no man hath greater love than this, that he gives up his life for his friend. She gave both love and life to those she served, and she died—'right.'"

The Shepherd's Flute

(Lubin)

By MONTANYE PERRY

FOR many years the little mountain farm had been the Steele homestead. Generation after generation of robust men had wrestled with the rocky soil, and gained a living therefrom by long hours of exacting labor. Remote from the world's gay life, untouched by the complexities of modern civilization, they had tended their crops and watched their flocks, content with the honest work and the simple pleasures which were theirs.

Brawn and abundant health had been the bodily heritage of this race, and sturdy, practical commonsense was their mental endowment. But one sunny day, in the springtime, a wee son was born in the tiny farmhouse, and, as the mother cradled him in her arms, and gazed into the baby face, her eyes were clouded by a sudden mist, and she held him closer.

"You are not like the others, my little one," she whispered, softly. "Your life will be different."

It was a true prophecy. As the years sped by, the babe grew into a slender, golden-

haired lad, with the eyes of a dreamer, and the shy, untaught grace of a woodland knight. The rough work of the farm was not for his delicate frame; so the task of tending the sheep upon the rugged mountainsides was his, and under the spell of the quiet pastures, the fragrant greenwood, and the soft-tinkling bells of his peaceful

charges, his impressionable soul drifted into a deep communion with nature.

"I fear that the boy will never be a man," said the father, half roughly. But, as the mother's face took on an anxious look, he added, quickly: "Never fear; he is a good lad, and faithful in all that he does. Maybe he will grow stronger; but, if not, there are enough strong arms here to care for him."

A fine old flute had lain for years, with a few other treasures, in an ancient haircloth trunk. One morning, as the boy was about to start for his day in the pastures, the mother placed it gently in his hands.

"Here, Allen," she said, "this flute has come down to us from some remote



THE SHEPHERD MEETS THE "FOREST FAIRY"



THE FAIRY IS ENTRANCED BY THE
SHEPHERD'S MUSIC

grandparent. Maybe you can while away some of the long hours with it."

When Allen seated himself beneath the thick, fragrant branches of a pine, and, placing the instrument to his lips, drew forth the first clear note, it was as if the wide skies had opened, disclosing a new, fair world.

The simple melodies of the countryside were soon mastered, and, with the soul of a musician, he began to improvise quaint, weird harmonies. All the moods and fancies of his sensitive nature found vent in his music. The mountaineers, listening to the clear notes which stole down from the pasturelands, shook their heads, in half-awed wonder.

"He is a strange lad; Heaven made him different from the rest of us," they said, wisely, perceiving now what the mother had sensed with her first look into the babe's starry eyes.

He sat on a great rock, close to the borders of a cool wood, just at the close of day, his eyes fixed dreamily

on the western clouds, which had cradled the sun in their rosy depths. The west was golden yet, with the day's last glimmer, but shadows were gathering over the pastures, and out of the brooding quiet and peace a sudden strange loneliness stole into the lad's soul. Lifting his flute, he gazed straight into the glowing heart of the sunset, and poured forth a sweet, compelling melody—the call of a pure young soul for its mate.

As the last liquid note died away, a stir at the edge of the forest caused him to turn quickly, and he sprang to his feet, in wondering surprise. For the thick branches of the forest had parted, and there, in the green gateway, a supple, white-clad maiden stood, gazing at him with radiant eyes. As he stood, in amazement, she moved toward him, with shy, half-averted glances, like a fairy lured, by his witching notes, from out the heart of the wood.

"Let me thank you for your music," she said, softly; "it is wonderful. Where did you learn to play so beautifully?"

"I learnt it here, in the pastures," he replied, his dreamy eyes never stirring from her lovely face. "It is only the simple tunes that I have taught myself for comfort."

"For comfort?" she questioned, quickly. "Do you need comfort, here on this peaceful mountainside, where all is so quiet and restful?"

"I am not unhappy," he answered, gently. "I love my home, my flocks, the beautiful wild life; and yet, sometimes there is a loneliness—a yearning for something, I know not what. I felt it a moment ago, when I lifted my flute to play."

"And I understood the melody," she breathed, with dark eyes shining. "I knew that a heart was calling for companionship."

For a moment they gazed, breathless; then, sweetly and simply, the shepherd lad held out his sun-browned hands, and her slim, cool fingers nestled within them.

Many days passed by, and, at every sunset, the soft, insistent notes of the

flute rang out, the green branches parted, and the maiden came again, with her shining eyes. And there, in the pleasant pasturelands, a tired daughter of the city walked the way of Arcady with a shepherd knight, whose dreamy eyes lit with love at her approach.

But when the first blue haze of autumn began to gather above the distant hills, and the first touch of frost brought forth a riot of color in the woodlands, the shepherd's flute rang

Forest Fairy! Ah! she told me that the autumn would take her back to the great city, but I would not believe it—and she is gone!—she is gone!”

Far away, in the great city, the Forest Fairy moved thru many stately assemblages, danced thru many gay balls, and sat thru many operas, with light words upon her tongue, light laughter upon her red lips, but a brooding unrest in her dark eyes. Often, the gay scenes before her faded



out one night, and no sweet voice responded; no light footstep crossed the green spaces from the forest's edge; no dark eyes lightened the gathering gloom. Bewildered, the lad waited, impatiently, for a few moments. Then the familiar call rang out again and again, but only the wind answered, sighing softly thru the pines. At last, with all the keen anguish that youth can feel, he flung himself down upon the soft grass, in utter desolation.

"She has gone," he moaned, "my

away, and she saw, instead, a cool, green pastureland, where white sheep grazed contentedly; where the courtly, cynical men of the world who bowed before her were replaced by a fair-haired lad with dreamy eyes; and then, above the crash of the orchestra, would ring out a clear, high note—the call of the shepherd's flute.

"If he would come for me, how gladly I would follow him back to that happy land," she sobbed, softly.

But the days slipped by, and the summer romance seemed ages ago,



"THE AUTUMN WILL TAKE ME BACK TO
THE GREAT CITY"

tho its memory hung in the girl's heart like lavender scent in silken garments. Here, in the cold city's whirl, there seemed no place for love and youth to abide. So, when one of the brilliant admirers pleaded long and ardently, her sad heart almost surrendered.

"Why not?" she asked herself, sadly, a thousand times. "The Earl loves me; mother wishes it. I've had my romance, and it is ended. Why not?"

There came a cold, starry night, when the home of the Forest Fairy was opened for a great reception, and from lip to lip the word was whispered that her engagement to the Earl would doubtless be announced to the assembled guests. In a dim corner of the conservatory, the Earl was eagerly pleading for permission to make the announcement, while the girl listened, with pale face and weary, downcast eyes. In the drawing-room, adjoining, the guests were crowding forward to listen to a con-

cert. The leader of the orchestra was talking to the hostess.

"Oh, madam," he said, "I beg you to permit a young friend of mine to play for your guests. He is wonderful. He plays the flute as none other can. I found him, far from his home, desolate and discouraged, piping his wonderful notes in a public park, and, after learning his story, I took him to my home, lent him some suitable clothes, and have taken the liberty of bringing him here."

"How romantic!" responded the lady. "By all means, let us hear this modern Pan."

There was a murmur of surprise as a slender youth stepped forward, bowing with simple grace. For a moment he stood silent, his dreamy eyes scanning the company, hungrily, like one who searches for some loved, lost face. Then, with a pathetic gesture, he lifted a flute to his lips, and straightway the brilliant throng forgot themselves, forgot the costly adornments which



THE SHEPHERD IS EJECTED FROM HIS
ROOM BY THE LANDLADY

surrounded them, the four walls which enclosed them, and floated away in spirit to the far-off mountains. Thru the room stole the soft whispers of the thick pines, the laughing murmur of mountain brooks, the splash of leaping waterfalls, the high, shrill notes of the meadow lark, the faint, distant bleating of young lambs as a mountain gale came, shrieking, down upon them, and the crooning call of the shepherds, leading them safely home.

The eyes of every guest had taken on something of the player's dreaminess, and, as he paused, there was complete silence, while their spirits came slowly back from the land of visions. Then, as tumultuous applause burst forth, the youth raised his flute, and stood with uplifted head for an instant. His face lit slowly with a strange, sweet radiance, as he placed the rare instrument to his lips and sent forth a pure, compelling melody—the faint, far cry of a longing soul.

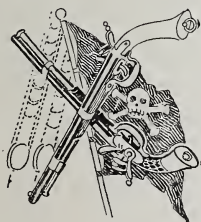
In the conservatory, the Earl wait-

ed, tensely, for his answer. The Forest Fairy sat, brooding, so absorbed in mental struggle that the flute-player's first melody did not reach her ears. Now—just as the Earl bent forward, just as she lifted world-weary eyes to his, with the words of assent trembling, unspoken, upon her white lips—the soft, insistent notes of the flute stole toward her—the notes of the shepherd's call to his mate.

In the parlors, the guests listened, breathlessly, to the unearthly sweetness of the melody. Suddenly, with a great, glad cry, the youth dropped the flute, and sprang forward, his slender arms outstretched, his wistful face aglow with joy and love.

"My love!" he cried, "my Forest Fairy—I have come!"

Out from the green arches of the conservatory, straight into his waiting arms, she came, and the wondering guests turned away, with tender, moistened eyes. Hard and worldly tho they were, for an instant they had glimpsed Love's shining wings.



Ghosts

By ELISE WILLIAMSON

'Tis mesilf that's sittin' by ye,
Lookin' at the pictur screen.
Faith! I know me heart has lost ye,
Mavourneen, Mavourneen!

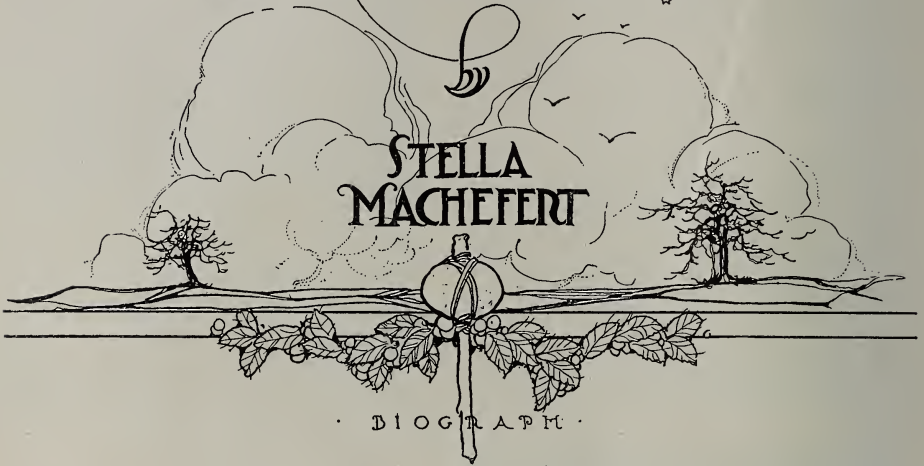
'Tis the money curse that's on ye,
Makin' ye forget what's been.
'Tis a danger way ye're goin',
Mavourneen, Mavourneen!

Look! It's Springtime in the pictur,
Ye can *feel* the Earth all green.
See, the young things wid their baby!
Mavourneen, Mavourneen!

'Tis our story now they're tellin',
Man and woman, in the scene,
Wid a little grave betwane thim,
Mavourneen, Mavourneen!

Sthay here dry-eyed av you want to,
But for me——! Now I'd not seen!
'Tis yesilf that's softly cryin',
Mavourneen, Mavourneen!

MAN'S GENESIS



"CHILDREN! Children!" called Grandpa Burke, reproachfully. "Aren't you ashamed to quarrel so? Harry, put that stick down! The idea of your raising a stick to strike your little sister! Why, this is dreadful!"

"Well, she's gotta stop teasing me!" declared Harry, angrily.

"I didn't tease you," denied Myrtle, with a malicious drawl. "I just said that Mamie Todd said——"

"Grandpa!" burst out Harry, in frantic appeal, "there she goes again! If she says that again, I'll hit her, sure!"

"No, my boy, you'll not do anything so barbarous," said Grandpa Burke. "You must learn to curb your temper, and use your reason to make Myrtle see how foolish she is. Your instinct to strike a blow is a relic of savagery, and I am very sorry to see such an exhibition of primal impulses in my little grandson."

The children were properly awed and curious. The question on Harry's lips hung fire, for he shrank from ex-

planations that might give Myrtle further grounds for gloating over him. That young lady, imagining a deep and terrible significance in her grandfather's solemn words, asked, eagerly:

"What's relic of savagery and— and pri—primal impulses?"

"That will take some explaining," answered Grandpa Burke, "and, as you children interrupted our pleasant walk with your quarreling, we may as well sit down here on this low wall, and I'll tell you about primal impulses."

"Will it take long?" asked Harry, with his eye on the lunch basket.

"I don't care how long it takes, Grandpa," declared Myrtle, with an acid-sweet superiority.

"I'll make it a short story," said Grandpa Burke.

"Oh! if it's a story——" cried Harry, with relief, settling himself on the wall.

"Now," began their grandfather, "I'm going to tell you about a time so long ago that no one really knows

how many years it is—hundreds of thousands, millions, perhaps. Anyway, men in those days were savages. They were not savages like our redskins; they were like animals. They had no intelligence, and when they talked to each other they grunted and gibbered like monkeys. Their clothes were grasses, that they hung about their bodies, or skins, that they tore from the carcasses of gigantic animals

“Their homes were caves in the rocks, some of them no bigger than Carlo’s kennel, and the door to each one was just large enough for a man to crawl thru. In a village of these caves there lived a young man called—let me see, what was his name?—oh, yes! ‘Weakhands.’ He was not as strong as the other men. He had learnt that fact thru the beatings he got when he fought. So he kept away



that they sometimes found in the jungle. For these people did not hunt, like the Indians; they had no weapons; the thought of a weapon had never come into their minds. When they were hungry they went in search of nuts and fruits and roots. And they would, from time to time, catch some of the smaller animals, and kill them with their bare hands. They were very large and strong, with great, long arms, that hung forward like the gorilla’s you saw in the circus, and enormous hands, that always looked ready to claw at something.

from the others, and prowled about by himself.

“One day, as he scrambled over a pile of rocks, he saw a girl munching some fruit. Ah! here was some one he needn’t be afraid of, and, as he drew near, he felt less timid and lonely. Then he wanted that girl to go with him to his cave, and be his wife. He went nearer and nearer to her. He made an odd purring sound, that was part of their love talk, and the girl looked at him. Then she turned away and grinned. You would think her very ugly, with her big mouth,

and dirty, tangled hair; but the longer Weakhands looked at her, the better he liked her. He grew quite bold. 'Iggi oo, mimmi!' he said to her. That meant, 'I love you; come with me.' But just then, there was a terrible racket over his head. The father and the mother of the girl had looked out of their cave, and had seen Weakhands making love to their daughter.

down hill, but Weakhands was the faster runner, and Brute force had to give up, and go back, growling, to the village.

"Weakhands was resting, all out of breath, when he heard a slight noise behind him. You may imagine that he was startled; he thought it was Brute force, stealing up on him again. He jumped around, and there was a

girl that he had never seen before. She had long hair, and large, soft eyes, and a very small, white face. Weakhands stared at her in



They were furious, for they knew that he could not fight for her. So they made a terrible din, jabbering at Weakhands, and driving him off. All the village came running to see what was the matter, and at the head of the crowd was the man that Weakhands feared most. He was a great, hairy monster, and his name was Brute force. Weakhands was almost too scared to run. He trembled, and shrank together, the way little Fido does when he thinks he's going to be punished. But when Brute force had almost reached him, he sprang up, and climbed on all fours over the rocks, as quick as a spider. When he was clear of the rocks he straightened up, and ran for dear life. Brute force chased him up and

wonder, and she stared back at him.

"Now, I must tell you how this young girl happened to be alone on the hillside."

"What was her name, Grandpa?" asked Myrtle, with rapt interest.

"Her name," answered Grandpa Burke, deliberating, "was Lilywhite. She had lived with her father and her mother in their cave on the hillside. One day her father went into the forest for food, and never came back."

"What happened to him?" inquired Harry, eagerly.

"He was probably killed by one of those dreadful beasts that roamed about in those days," answered Grandpa Burke.

"Oh! I know!" exclaimed Harry, glad to exhibit his knowledge of prehistoric fauna. "One of those dinosaurs that they've got a skeleton of in the museum."

"Very likely," acquiesced Grandpa Burke. "And soon after that, Lilywhite's mother was taken ill. Lilywhite gathered moss and grass to make a bed for her, and brought her fruits and herbs. But she could

girl who had grinned at him. He would much rather have Lilywhite for his wife. In those days, when a man wanted a wife, he caught her, and carried her to his home. Lilywhite

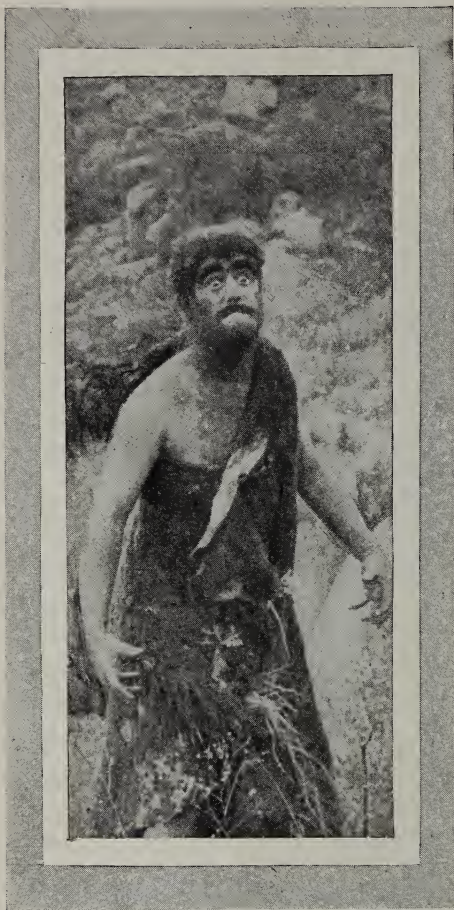


grew frightened as he looked at her, and started to run away, but she had gone but a few steps when Weakhands grasped her by the hair. Then he dragged her to his cave. Tho he was rough with her, at first, he grew very tender as she showed herself pleased with him and her new home. Con-

not eat, and in a few days she died. And there was Lilywhite all alone, and very sad. But she had to go out from the cave, where her mother's body lay, and find a new home. She had always been so timid that few of the village people had seen her. And that is how it happened that Weakhands was so surprised when he saw her standing near him. He didn't know that she had watched Bruteforce chasing him, and that she felt very sorry for him. As soon as he looked at her, he liked her better than that other

tentedly they sat on the stone floor and ate their wedding breakfast. This was a very different affair from Sister Gertrude's. There were no frosted cakes and salads and ices. Weakhands had a little store of fruit and nuts, and these he brought out to feast his bride.

"As the days went by, they were very happy, for they were no longer lonely, and they loved each other. One morning, Weakhands went out to look for food. He ran swiftly along the hillside, for he was always afraid



to leave Lilywhite alone. He had good cause for his fears this day. Some time after he had gone, Brute-force came prowling around the rocks. Lilywhite had crawled out thru the entrance to their cave, and was watching for Weakhands' return. Brute-force immediately wanted this woman for his wife, so he rushed upon her, and, tho she struggled and fought with him, he picked her up as easily as Myrtle does her doll, and started to carry her away. This was the terrible sight that poor Weakhands saw as he was hurrying home. He gnashed his teeth, and screamed with rage. He caught up with Brute-force, and tried to drag Lilywhite from him. But Brute-force was a giant in size and strength, and while he carried Lilywhite under one arm, he fought

Weakhands with the other, and sent him crashing down among the rocks. It was a dreadful fall, right on his head, and he lay stunned, while the wicked Brute-force went on his way with Lilywhite.

"After a time, Weakhands got up. His head felt very bad, and he was bruised and aching. When he could get up on his feet, he went after Brute-force. To within a few feet of his cave he went, and there, before the entrance, the creature sat, dozing. It was a warm day, and his exertions had made him drowsy. Lilywhite crept from the hole of the cave, and, at sight of Weakhands, tried to steal toward him. But Brute-force awoke, and, first flinging her into the cave, dashed after Weakhands.

"So there was poor Weakhands running away again, with Brute-force, bellowing like a bull, after him. Right up to the little home where Lilywhite had been so happy, they ran, and Weakhands had just time to crawl thru the hole out of reach of his enemy. The unhappy man sat on the floor, and looked hopelessly at his hands and arms. But for their weakness, he would not have to run from Brute-force. In a rage, he struck downward with his fists. The right one hit against a stone, and hurt him. He looked at his injured hand, then at the stone. Picking up a stick, he prodded the stone. An idea was beginning to work in his mind. Here was something that was harder than his fist, that could give a more painful



blow. The stone that he was prodding was shaped like a doughnut, with a hole in the center. Thousands of years before this time, the sea had covered the land, and it had left behind those smooth, round stones. Weakhands gave an angry stab with the stick, and it slipped into the hole in the stone. He raised it up, and gave himself a rap on the head. It hurt. Weakhands turned the stick in

have no effect on his head or his body, and, with a toss of his head, he would pitch Weakhands about as if he were a bull goring him.

"But at last a terrific blow on the head from the round stone laid Brute-force flat. And when Lilywhite, who had been following them over the hill, came up, she saw that he was dead.

"Then others, who had seen the struggle, came running. When they



the hole until it fitted tight. And so the first weapon was made.

"Never had Weakhands felt so brave. He went out with his stone-headed hammer, and made straight for Brute-force's home. Brute-force went after him, as before, but as he raised his hand to strike, down came the weapon, breaking his fingers. Brute-force couldn't understand it. He went at Weakhands again, and his left hand was broken. But he could still fight with his head, his teeth and his feet. It was a terrible fight; the blows from the weapon seemed to

saw Brute-force lying dead, they were furious. They attacked Weakhands, but, to their surprise, he made their hands useless, and, groaning, they drew out of range of his weapon.

"Weakhands threw an arm about Lilywhite's shoulder, and together they went quietly away."

"Is that all?" asked Harry. "Why didn't they make him king?"

"That's all of this story," answered Grandpa Burke. "Kings came later."

"Well, didn't all the others go and get stones and sticks, and make themselves weapons?" the boy persisted



"They certainly did. That idea was the beginning of inventions for warfare," said Grandpa. "But what I want you to see is the meaning of primal impulses. Do you know yet what I mean? They were the first, the lowest order of mankind, practically animals, and their instinct was always to fight, to give blows in anger or revenge. In those days, might was the only right. There was no intelligence, no reason, no patience, no forbearance, such as we have. Now, I'm

sure you don't wish to behave like the primeval man—do you?"

"Nope!"

"Well, then, throw away that stick, and kiss, and make up with Myrtle. It's time for us to find a nice grassy place to have lunch."

Harry threw away the stick, and Myrtle edged up to him shyly. She held out a propitiating little hand.

"I'm sorry I teased you," she confessed. "I'll try not to give you any more pri—pri—primal impulses."



"In the Moving Picture Play"

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

Monday he was a hero,
 Tuesday he was a scamp,
 Wednesday he was a banker,
 Thursday he was a tramp,
 Friday he died in battle,
 Saturday he eloped with May;
 Gee! my friend leads a strenuous life
 In the Moving Picture play.



The Prison on the Cliff

(Gaumont)

By LEONA RADNOR

WITH a clang that shook the castle, and with a creaking of rusty pulleys, the drawbridge of the prison of Roncas was lowered and the porteullis was raised. The citizen-governor of this one-time feudal fortress, hearing from his office the commotion that heralded an arrival, went forth to meet the newcomer. Three men had entered, two of them in the uniform of gendarmes of the Directoire. The other, drooping despondently and wearily between them, was their prisoner. One of the gendarmes handed a paper to the governor.

"The warrant, citizen-governor," he explained.

The governor read but a few lines, when he uttered an exclamation, and impulsively approached the prisoner. The gendarmes had retired out of earshot.

"The Marquis de Fiers! Is it possible?" exclaimed the governor. "My old school chum!"

"*Mon cher* Bertin!" returned the prisoner. "This is an encounter that, under different circumstances, would have meant a mutual pleasure!"

"My dear Marquis," said the governor, "grieved as I am at the enforced nature of your visit to Roncas, I am yet pleased that you are to be the guest of one who holds you in high and affectionate regard, and will do all in his power to mitigate the hardships of imprisonment."

"*Cher ami*, I thank you!" said the marquis, deeply touched. "Such words of undoubted sincerity have long been strangers to my ears. These

years of terror have made us all suspicious alike of friend and stranger."

"God grant us peace and a sane government!" said the governor, fervently. "We are all sick of the turmoil and the bloodshed, sick of the proscriptions and the persecution of innocent people."

"Ah! our country has had a woful time of it!" sighed the marquis. "And now that the Marats and the Robespierres and Saint-Justs have been hoisted on their own petards, and the chopping of the guillotine has become less fashionable, and the Directoire gives us five executive heads, one would expect some sort of order out of the chaos. But no! The bickerings, the jealousies, the suspicions, the plottings, go on; and a man like myself, who is unobtrusively minding his own business, becomes a 'suspect,' has charges trumped up against him, and is condemned to imprisonment!"

"It is abominable!" exclaimed Bertin. "Although I am a good Republican, I have nothing in common with the Jacobins. And I assure you, dear friend, that the injustice of your captivity will shrive my conscience of any laxity in the enforcing of regulations."

Beckoning to the turnkey, the governor ordered him to conduct the prisoner to his cell. Somewhat cheered by the cordial greeting of Bertin, the marquis followed the turnkey to the comfortless, narrow room that was to be his cage. His spirits sank. The turnkey removed the chains from his wrists, and retired. De Fiers sank

upon a chair and buried his face in his hands. Weary from his long and rough journey from Bordeaux, where he was apprehended, and appalled at the prospect of years, perhaps a lifetime, of exile in this isolated fortress, he gave himself up to thoughts of the deepest gloom. The heavy door of his cell swung open, and the governor placed a kindly hand upon the brooding man's shoulder.

"My dear friend," he said, "do not yield to despair. I shall not allow you to pass your time here. My home is open to you, and my wife and I desire that you should honor us with your company at our table from this evening."

The marquis gratefully accepted the generous invitation, and he was considerably surprised to find Madame Bertin a beautiful and cultured young woman. Hastily judging from the republican tendencies of his old friend, the aristocrat had thought to find Citoyenne Bertin unlettered, and lacking in those refinements which to him were indispensable in a woman. Her grace and delicate wit were the more remarkable for the somber environment that they adorned, and the marquis, basking in the warmth of the hospitality of the governor, of his charming wife, and of his gracious mother, marveled that an evening in prison could pass so agreeably.

That evening was but a forerunner of many as enjoyable. At the end of each day the marquis listened impatiently for the grating of the key in the door and the invariable announcement of the turnkey: "Monsieur, the citizen-governor awaits you in his apartment." There would be a delightful little dinner; then the family and their guest would stroll into the salon. Madame Bertin played the harpsichord with skill, and, the marquis being an accomplished musician, the evenings sped in melody.

It sometimes happened that the governor would have writing to do in his office, and the elder Madame Bertin would have household affairs that called her from the salon, thus leaving the marquis and the young wife

alone. Unconsciously, they grew to enjoy their quiet little tête-à-têtes more and more. In the unhappy position in which the marquis was placed, the charming young woman who succeeded in distracting his mind from his sinister fate naturally roused his tenderest sentiments. And, on her side, young Madame Bertin fell under the sway of the fascination of the polished aristocrat, whose society dispelled the boredom she had suffered in the isolated fortress of Roncas. But in the heart of neither was there a thought of deception toward the governor. Nor did that plain and stern man see in their increasing intimacy aught but a congenial comradeship. But there was one who watched, and disapproved. She listened to the sentimental ballads, sung in duet, and detected overmuch expression in the blending voices, and she frowned upon the two heads bent in close proximity over the music. And thus, glancing one evening thru the portières, she saw the two pause in their music and the marquis stoop and touch his companion's brow with his lips. The watcher did not hear young Madame Bertin's protest, for she hastened in wrathful indignation to the governor.

"Come with me!" she commanded. She led him to the portières, and together they looked into the salon.

A song had just ended, and the marquis, with a compliment to Madame Bertin's voice, bent gallantly over the hand he had raised from the keys of the harpsichord. The contact stirred him to stronger emotions, and, under the spell of the music and the charm of the woman, who smiled indulgently upon his fervor, he suddenly placed his hands caressingly upon the rippling masses of her hair, and, forgetful of her reprimand of a half-hour before, he again imprinted a kiss upon her brow.

Transfixed with the shock of disillusionment, and dumb with rage, the governor gazed on the scene as though bereft of the power to move or think. Then, as his mother drew the portières together, he dragged himself

away to his office. A bitter enmity for this one-time friend, and for the wife he had trusted, took root and grew, as he pondered on their treachery. His mother's triumphant gloating over the discovery she had ambushed ripened his unformulated frenzy into a definite desire for revenge. Black thoughts circled about him like furies, and the fumes of hate set his brain a-throbbing. He felt the stifling oppression of the walls about him; he must get out in the open, and

er, "how that water rages tonight, like an animal after its prey! Should a man fall into that abyss, none would ever know his fate!"

Softly, insinuatingly, the words fell upon Bertin's tortured mind. The *bourgeoisie* had its pride and its honor, and its exactions for breaches of that honor, as well as had the most punctilious of the aristocracy. But Bertin had no intention of challenging his prisoner to a duel; he should take his revenge as De Fiers had



THE GOVERNOR DISCOVERS AN INDISCRETION OF HIS FRIEND

think and plan with a clear mind. He climbed the stairs of the tower, winding toilsomely up to the battlements. His mother followed, fearful of his intentions. From the rocks at the base of the tower came the booming of the surf. Bertin looked over the parapet into the black gulf that boiled like a gigantic caldron. Down the side of the tower, and over that mass of jagged rocks and churning waves, was the window of De Fiers' cell.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed his moth-

taken advantage of his open-hearted hospitality—in the guise of friendship. His plan was laid, and, calmed by a decision that gratified a sardonic strain in his nature, he descended to his office.

A messenger, in the uniform of a soldier of the Directoire, awaited him with a note. Bertin broke the seal, and read:

The Directoire of the Republic commands the citizen-governor of the prison of Roncas to release the prisoner, the Marquis de Fiers, the information on

which he was committed having been proven false.

The governor's eyes narrowed ominously, and, thru the slits between the eyelids, vindictive points of light gleamed as a warning that his purpose had but hardened.

"*Eh bien!*" he muttered, "now there is haste. It must be tonight, for he shall never go free!"

An hour later the marquis looked up from a sheet of music, as the governor, lantern in hand, addressed him from the doorway:

"*Mon cher De Fiers,*" he said, kindly, "with regret I must remind you that it is time to retire."

The marquis, with a respectful "*Bon soir, madame,*" to his hostess, joined Bertin, and accompanied him to his cell. The governor entered with his prisoner, and cautiously closed the door. He addressed the marquis in a lowered voice.

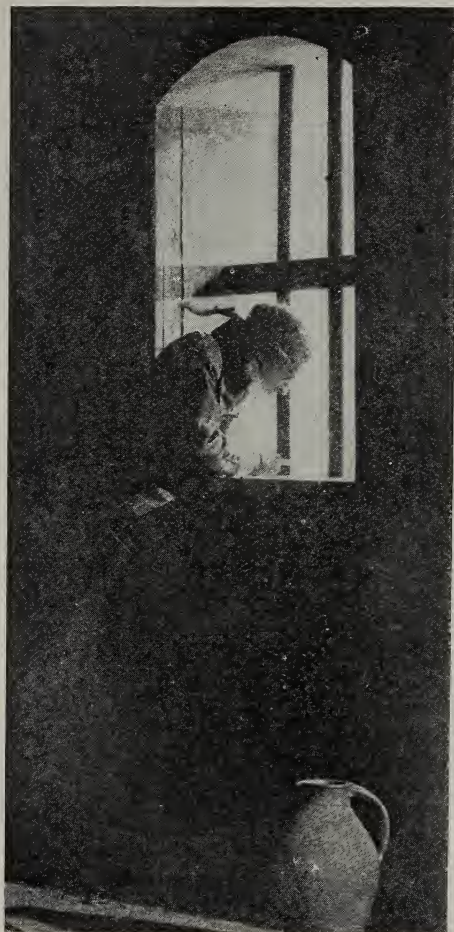
"*Mon cher ami,*" he said, "I have received distressing, alarming news from Paris in regard to your case. You are in mortal danger. I can do nothing openly to aid you, but here are means of escape." He pointed to a coil of rope and a steel file lying in a corner. "Tonight you should be able to file thru one of those bars and escape into Spain. Tomorrow may be too late."

With tears in his eyes, the marquis

threw his arms about Bertin, in an access of gratitude and affection.

"Ah! what a friend I have in you, *cher Bertin!*" he exclaimed. "This gift of my life is an obligation I can never cancel—I can only assure you of my undying friendship. *Au revoir, cher ami! au revoir!*"

As soon as Bertin closed the door, the marquis set feverishly to work on a bar of his window. It was a slow and nerve-torturing task, but, after a couple of hours' rasping of steel on iron, he was able to wrench the severed bar to one side, and squeeze his body thru the aperture. Fastening the rope to the remaining bars, he slowly let himself over the sill, and, with a gasp as the roar and the chill from the foaming waves beat upward, he began the descent. He wound his legs about the rope, and, inch by inch, foot by foot, slipped down the curved wall of the tower. His muscles ached from the strain, his tender palms blistered and



THE MARQUIS PREPARES TO MAKE THE PERILOUS DESCENT

smarted, the torrential booming of the water became almost unbearable, but, desperately clinging to the rope, he continued slipping, slipping toward the rocks. Suddenly he was brought to a stop; his hands clutched the rope more firmly; his legs swung free as he vainly endeavored to find a foothold. For he had reached the end of the

rope, and it was too short! When he dared to glance below, he calculated that thirty feet were between him and safety. He tried to climb back, but his strength carried him but a few feet. Then he sought with his toes against the stones of the tower for a crevice or ledge; but the stones, tho rough, offered no projections. Dizzy, sick with the horror of his position and the certainty of his death, he clung to the rope until his overstrained muscles and tendons collapsed at his cry of despair, and the Marquis de Fiers dashed downward upon the rocks of Roncas.

It was morning when his senses returned. The first streaks of dawn were turning the eastern sky into an opalescent film of wraith-like clouds and touching the black ruggedness of the formidable coast with flecks of light. The man, lying stunned and bruised, stirred, and raised his head. Creaming, curling, lapping his feet, were the forerunning waves of the incoming tide.

"*Miséricorde!*" he moaned. "I have escaped one death but to meet another!"

Painfully he moved his limbs. Battered, torn and bruised, he had miraculously escaped without broken bones. On hands and knees he began to crawl over the rocks, the lapping waves ever on his track. Seeming to grow furious at his evasion, they began hurling mighty combers, that caught and threw him against the jagged stones. Gasping, he clung, and, with torn and bleeding hands, raised himself higher

and higher upon the crags, until at last the waves curled, snarling, below him.

The governor of the prison of Roncas stood beside the table in his office, looking over the papers that littered it. Picking up one, he turned to his wife and his mother, who sat by the fire.

"Here is an order that I received last night, and that I think will please you," he remarked, with barbed affability, to his wife.

"*Vraiment?*" she queried. "*Eh bien!* read it."

He read the order for the release of De Fiers, not failing to note the joy that sent the radiant color to her cheek.

"Take the note yourself to the marquis, and tell Lagrive to conduct him here," he said, in the tone of one conferring a privilege.

Lagrive was the turnkey, and, as Madame Bertin ran to the tower with her glad message, she met him on his rounds.

"Come with me, Lagrive, to

the cell of the Marquis de Fiers. He is to be liberated!" she cried, happily.

"*Pécaïre!*" exclaimed Lagrive, "that aristocrat picked out a good saint to watch over him!"

"He is innocent—that is why he is liberated!" exclaimed Madame.

"*Té!* I'm thinking many innocent heads dropped into Madame Guillo-tine's basket," responded Lagrive.

He turned the key in the door of the cell. Madame Bertin rushed in, but at the first glance round the room she stopped as if petrified.



THE MARQUIS DISCOVERS THAT THE ROPE IS TOO SHORT



"YOU HAVE MURDERED YOUR FRIEND—MAY GOD HAVE MERCY ON YOU!"

"He's gone!" she exclaimed. "Look! He escaped by the window!"

"*Diantre!*" muttered Lagrive, unable to believe his eyes. "That was a fool thing to do! He's dead on the rocks, or he's drowned—that's sure!"

Madame Bertin returned to her husband with the news. Pale, almost fainting, she sank into a chair. Bertin interpreted her agitation as signs of love for the marquis. His fury was rekindled at the thought.

"He is dead? *Bon!*" he shouted. "And it was I who killed him! You dare shed tears in my presence for that man, faithless woman! I knew of your treachery, and it was my vengeance that sent De Fiers to his death! I forced him to escape; I furnished him with a rope too short; and now your lover is a mangled mass on the rocks, a plaything for the waves!"

With distended eyes, his wife listened to him.

"You murdered him?" she cried, "oh, monstrous! And your accusations are unjust; he was indiscreet

last night, but it was the mistake of a moment, that I should not have permitted again. And now, you are the murderer of your friend! May God have mercy on you!"

The door opened, and a servant entered with a letter. The governor, trembling, tho still stern, broke the seal, and unfolded the sheet of paper. He read slowly, reflectively, then gravely laid the letter on the table, before his wife. It was from the marquis:

DEAR FRIEND—I understand your motive in instigating my escape. Thank God! I am safe, and over the frontier, in Spain. I beg of you, do not visit your vengeance upon your innocent wife. I alone am to blame; and I regret my indiscretion. Pardon me, and believe me

Your friend, as ever,

DE FIER'S.

With a great sigh of relief, Madame Bertin rose, and looked questioningly at her husband. "Forgive me!" he breathed, intensely. He opened his arms, and, swift as a swallow to its nest, she went to him.



MORE PRECIOUS *than* GOLD

by
EMMETT
CAMPBELL
HALL

E D I S O N

"THERE'S a fortune in it, all right enough, if you work it properly," the man from the East agreed, and tossed away the sample of ore, with a careless contempt at odd variance with his words.

"Well, I wouldn't deceive you, Mr. Blake," the Man of the West began, hesitantly, vaguely conscious that some subtle meaning which he did not grasp lay behind the promoter's shrewd and quickly shifted glance. Blake interrupted with a laugh that was more than half sneer.

"You couldn't, my dear boy," he shrugged, and fell into a contemplative silence, while his eyes wandered over the scarred and powder-riven face of the cliff.

"Of course the gold is here," Bob Morton suggested, shifting his position restlessly.

Blake smiled slightly.

"Yes, there is quite a little of the yellow metal in your rocks," he agreed, "but, as your untrained, outdoors, Western conscience was prompting you to call to my attention, it costs you so much to get it out that your profit amounts to just about day wages, or a trifle better, working in the somewhat primitive

manner characteristic of your region—that is, with a drill, and much physical effort. The Eastern way is far more profitable, and infinitely less exhausting. Money, ready printed, is far superior to ore as a mine product, and, handled properly, this rugged cliff should produce at least a quarter of a million in nice, crisp greenbacks. For your title to the mine you get half. What do you say?"

Bob hesitated.

"You mean——"

"Simply that we will apply to your somewhat stubborn mine the principles of high finance. The relatively high percentage of gold shown by the Government assay of your ore will make attractive reading. We do not need even to stretch the truth. The mine is here, you own it absolutely, and the assay figures speak for themselves. Certain trifles of mechanical difficulties it will be unnecessary to mention. The public, which seems to sit up nights trying to figure out some way of disposing of its money, will rise up and call you blessed for allowing it the privilege of getting in on the ground floor of such an alluring proposition. Also, if you don't get the money, some one else will. Is it a go?"

The East seemed very far away; those thousands of possible "investors" were vague and impersonal. As Blake had said, it would be unnecessary even to stretch the truth—merely fail to mention certain details. It would be merely the putting into practice, in a community which had originated, understood, and apparently approved, "modern business methods." What was the use of one man being more clever than the mass if he

the man from the East allowed a gleam of satisfaction to glint for an instant in his shrewd eyes.

"I know a judge who will fix up the thing out of friendship, and a little something on the side," Blake assured his future partner, cheerfully. "The most important thing is to hit on a good, cheerful name for the company. You couldn't sell a million shares of stock for a two-cent stamp if we kept the tombstone name you



"WE WILL APPLY TO YOUR SOMEWHAT STUBBORN MINE THE PRINCIPLES OF HIGH FINANCE"

made no profit from his cleverness? Such were the thoughts that passed rapidly thru Bob's brain as he stood with downcast eyes and nervously twisting hands. Moreover, he was very weary of the heavy toil that yielded but scanty returns, and the youth of him called longingly for the lights, the music, the rich food, and the laughter of the places of careless crowds. Aside, Blake stood, smiling slightly, his riding-whip tapping a booted leg.

"How do we go about it?" Bob at length demanded, almost sullenly, and

have loaded on the poor old quarry—"Patient Hope!"

"Let's see your judge friend, and get the thing moving, if we are going in for it at all," Bob cut in, impatiently, and Blake nodded approval.

"If I don't miss my guess, you will make a financier worth watching, when you get your stride," he remarked jovially, but Bob only scowled.

Some weeks later there appeared on the doors of a handsome suite of offices in the Universal Trust and Securities Building, Broadway, the let-

tering: "Golden Promise Mining Company." Even Bob felt the impression of prosperity, opportunity and solidity conveyed by the massive building, the optimistic name, and, when he had opened the door, the handsome furniture and the air of cheerful activity.

"They should begin to come in to-day," Blake remarked, as Bob stepped into the partners' private office. He

fice force must have theirs on time. I've taken on a new stenographer, by the way. She is a peach, and clever as they make them. I have given her a line of talk to hand customers who have to wait in the outer office until we can see them, and she can reel it off with such natural sincerity that I came near being convinced myself and buying a few shares. Open the door, and I'll point her out."



THE FIRST CUSTOMER APPEARS

allowed his glance to travel searchingly over the other's handsomely tailored figure, and gave a parenthetical nod of approval. "And I hope they do," he added, dubiously inspecting the stubs of a checkbook. "Practically the last dollar is on the table. That last batch of circulars—the personal appeal thing, two hundred thousand of them—meant \$4,000 for postage, and the Government insists on payment in advance. The furniture people will be howling for their money pretty soon, and the of-

Bob pushed open the ground-glass door looking into the outer office. Blake gave a little sigh of satisfaction.

"I thought they would begin to come in today," he remarked in a low tone. "There's the first one—an old woman, as usual. That's the new girl, Jean Nelson, talking to her. Get that manner, will you? Wouldn't you think Golden Hope stock the one chance of your life if the proposition were put up to you with as much obvious sincerity as that? Guess I'd better take the old lady in tow now."

With the kindly air of a man of affairs, who, nevertheless, finds time to attend the wants of even the most humble, Blake, smiling blandly, took the place of the girl, who went back to her machine.

Bob's glance rested upon the woman in eager converse with his partner. He was suffering from a decided shock, and involuntarily took a quick step forward, as he noted the toil-worn hands, the shabby garments, and the gentle, trusting eyes of the first customer.

"I never thought that some of them would be *women*, and maybe old at that," he muttered, then checked himself with a cynical laugh. "I need to remember that I am a modern business man now, a high financier," he giped. "Moreover, she probably has a stocking full of money hidden away in some hole in the wall."

He crossed the room to Jean's desk, and stood watching the swift and sure play of her slender fingers upon the keys of her machine. The girl raised her eyes, caught his glance, and smiled with a frank friendliness.

"You seemed very eager to interest the old lady in Golden Hope stock—and very sincere," Bob remarked.

"Yes, I was eager. She was such a dear old thing, and so pathetically trustful. I was anxious that she should not fail to invest her little savings in such a splendid thing as the Golden Hope. There are so many get-rich-quick, fake concerns that prey upon just such poor creatures, and I was afraid that if I let her go without having purchased our stock she might fall into the hands of some of those sharpers."

Her face flushed with a pretty earnestness.

"You are not trying to sell me stock, you know," Bob laughed.



BOB SHOWS AN UNUSUAL

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Morton?" she questioned, puzzled at his cynical manner.

"Oh, your apparent sincerity, you know——" he began lightly, but paused as a flood of color swept across her brow.

"I do not know why you should say 'apparent sincerity,' Mr. Morton," she replied. "My sincerity is always real, not merely apparent."

Abruptly Bob turned into the private office. Blake looked up, smiling.

"Well, the old lady didn't have but three hundred, but that's in the safe, all right. It's only a starter—there will be a mob here from now on."

Bob evidently had not heard him. He now spoke abruptly:



INTEREST IN JEAN

"That new girl—Jean. Well, that sincerity is the real thing, no bluff. She thinks Golden Hope the finest thing ever, and the company absolutely on the level. I don't wish her to think differently about my—our—honesty, so be careful."

Blake stared in amazement.

"Well, I should say so!" he exclaimed. "Why, that girl's absolute faith and earnestness and convincing manner will be worth twenty thousand dollars a month to us. If she thought there was anything crooked, likely as not she'd spoil the whole game, one way or another!"

Easily obtained money is like an insidious drug: the larger the flow of the golden stream, the greater grows

the desire; rapidly and surely any question as to source is strangled. So it was with Bob when Blake's prediction was verified, and an eager throng of "investors" crowded the outer office all day long. The big safe was packed with currency, which Blake insisted on keeping instantly available. As the money continued to come in, its bulk was reduced by exchanging the small bills for notes of large denomination, but of depositing the small fortune in a bank Blake would not hear.

"High financiers, my boy, always keep their cash right at hand," he responded to Bob's objection. "There are a lot of things about really up-to-date Eastern business methods that you have yet to learn."

And Bob did not press the subject. He was intoxicated with their easily attained financial success. The days at the office were of intensely interesting activity, and a thousand new and novel pleasures beckoned in his leisure hours. A huge Kalmus car, specially imported, waited, humming and throbbing, at the curb,

when he left the office; the highest-priced tailors in New York spent their skill to produce the elegantly simple suits he wore. But he was lonely. More and more frequently during pauses in the rush of the office work he allowed his glance to rest approvingly upon Jean. Unconsciously he had grown to treasure her quick smile of frank friendliness.

"They are all alike—girls. Go as far as you like—I don't care!" Blake one day remarked, and Bob flushed and started, realizing that his quick-eyed partner must have read his thoughts. "Try theater tickets and the machine—they all fall for a show and an auto ride."

"You attend to your own affairs,"

Bob growled, ungraciously, but that very afternoon he found occasion to speak to Jean, out of hearing of any other one of the office staff.

"Er, I've a couple of tickets for a show tonight. Care to go?" he said, with what was intended for a careless air.

Jean was genuinely surprised, not at the proposition itself—for she was pretty, and not inexperienced—but that it should have come from Bob. Rather foolishly, Jean had been forming ideals about this clean-cut young man from the West.

"No, thank you," she replied, smiling, but with decision, and turned to her work. Muttering, and slightly flushed, Bob tore the two tickets into particularly small fragments.

The next evening Bob was standing upon the sidewalk as Jean came from the building.

"Come for a spin," he suggested, indicating the big car with an inviting wave of the hand. "You look tired; it will do you good, and give you an appetite for dinner."

Jean was tired. Her head ached, and she knew just how tonic would be the air, how comfortable the cushions of the silent and speedy car. Bob moved across the sidewalk, smiling.

"I prefer—that is, I think I had better walk, thank you," Jean said hurriedly, and moved rapidly away.

When at length she reached the pathetically humble place which was home to Jean, her invalid father, with her mother and young sister, the girl was conscious, even as she opened the door, of an air of excitement, and hurried in with mounting alarm. Instead of disaster, however, she discovered that good fortune of a most amazingly unexpected nature had descended upon the little family. A distant kinsman, whom they had never seen, and scarcely heard of, had died, and her father thrust into Jean's trembling hands a letter from a lawyer, with which was enclosed a check for six hundred dollars, a legacy from the dead kinsman.

It seemed a small fortune, and, so soon as the supper had been hastily

disposed of, the most advantageous method of investment became the subject of eager conference. Suddenly Jean's face lit up, and her eyes sparkled.

"Of course!" she cried. "Why was I so long in thinking of it? It's the chance of our lives—it may make us really rich! Father, that check will buy six hundred shares of Golden Promise stock!"

The following morning, Jean somewhat shyly entered the private office, and asked if she might have a few moments of Mr. Morton's time. Bob smiled.

"Certainly you may, but if it is anything about an increase in salary, you need not say anything—because I have already decided to give it to you."

"You are very kind, Mr. Morton—thank you," Jean responded, "but I did not intend to ask for a promotion. My father has been left a small legacy, and if there remains any of the Golden Promise stock unsold, I would like to purchase six hundred shares."

She placed the check upon Bob's desk.

Blake had entered the office just in time to hear Jean's concluding words and to note the gesture of refusal with which Bob prefaced the words that he was about to utter. With quick decision he stepped across the room, picked up the check, and turned smilingly to the girl.

"I congratulate you, Miss Nelson," he said. "I have charge of the issue of stock certificates, you know, and will have one made out for your six hundred shares at once. You are very fortunate, only a very few shares remaining unsold."

Bob started to speak, but Blake quickly interrupted.

"If you will let me have a copy of this paper, as soon as possible, I will be obliged, Miss Nelson," he said, and the girl hurried out to her machine.

Blake closed the office door, and turned to Bob with a scowling face.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" he demanded, savagely. "If

I hadn't come in just then, you'd have refused six hundred dollars of perfectly good money, and likely said something that would have put that little fool wise to the game."

"You've got to give that check back to her," Bob said, slowly, his voice dropping to a dead level which should have warned the other man.

"I'll see you six feet under ground first!" Blake snarled. "It's about

of the paper desired by Blake. She paused in amazement and alarm.

"You'll give that check back to that girl," Bob said, softly. "I've stood for the swindling of others, but I'll not stand to have her robbed."

"You fool!" Blake hissed, and moved as tho to spring forward. Bob's gun flashed level with his eyes, and Jean gave a half-suppressed scream of terror. Both men turned.



IN HIS HAND A REVOLVER GLEAMED

time I cut loose from you, anyway. As for this money—I've got it, and I intend to keep it!"

Bob pulled open the top drawer of his desk, spun round in his chair, and faced Blake, with narrowed eyes. In his hand was a heavy revolver of dull blue, battered and worn, but showing a fond care.

It was the Man of the West, with the voice and the strength and the arms of the West, that Jean heard speaking as she entered with the copy

"I suppose you are satisfied, now!" Blake sneered, but Bob shook his head grimly.

"Not quite. Hand Miss Nelson that check," he said, and under the deadly menace of the gun, Blake sullenly complied, then turned on his heel and hurried into the small inner office where were kept the books and papers of the company in its more confidential phase.

"You understand?" Bob said slowly, and bowed his head in shame.

"Yes," the girl answered, her face white. "Oh! how could you? I had thought you so real a man!" she suddenly cried, and fled swiftly into the outer office.

It was noon, and the office was abandoned by the luncheon-seeking clerks. Jean sank miserably upon a chair. Presently she sprang up with a cry to Morton. Instinctively, she had divined the contents of the suitcase which Blake carried, as he stole

dupes who swallowed our golden bait," Bob said bitterly. "What I have spent I made in outside speculation. We have three hundred thousand dollars in our hands. What shall we do with it? I will act as you decide."

Standing with bowed head, he waited her decision. With swift impulse, she placed a hand upon his shoulder, and presently he raised his eyes to meet her steady gaze.



"YOU GIVE THAT CHECK BACK TO THAT GIRL!"

toward the door leading to the public corridor.

"Drop that suitcase," Bob said softly, as he sprang quickly into the room. With a glance of helpless fury, Blake complied. "Now go," Bob continued, and the other's shrewd eyes, tho clouded with rage, were still clear enough to see that death lurked very near, and so he went quickly, pausing only to snarl a threat of future vengeance.

"It is all in that suitcase—the money we have taken from the poor

"There isn't but one course—the honest one," she said firmly. "If you will, indeed, do as I think right, you will return this money to the poor souls who so trustingly gave it into your keeping. Then you—you are a real man at heart—go back to your simple, clean Western country, and make good."

"And if I follow your plan—will you go with me, and help me make another start?" he demanded.

Her clear eyes grew suddenly misty and her firm lips trembled.

"Yes, Bob, I will come," she whispered.

Next day the papers, in huge type, spread the news of the failure of the Golden Promise Mining Company. The blowing up of a get-rich-quick concern was not so unusual nor sensational as to warrant more than a paragraph or two. The utterly puzzling, amazing, and incredible feature which caused the press to give columns to the affair was the fact that there had been deposited with the Universal Trust and Securities Company the sum of three hundred thousand dollars, enough to redeem every share of the Golden Promise stock, dollar for dollar. That the promoters of the quitting company should deliberately and of their own free will return their loot to the victims was something so foreign to the ethics of high finance as to raise a reasonable presumption of lunacy—at least that was the opinion among certain prosperous and complacent exponents of "modern business methods" who stand high in the Street.

Two years later, Bob Morton, on a

summer afternoon, threw down his pick and carefully examined a bit of ore.

"She's showing up better and better," he muttered, "and when the railroad gets a little nearer, the old 'Patient Hope' will produce a whole lot more than day wages." He looked at the scarred face of the cliff fondly. He did not observe the man who, very cautiously, was stealing nearer and nearer. An impoverished, broken-down, cheap sport the man appeared to be, and his face was convulsed with hatred. He slowly and carefully leveled a revolver.

As a light step sounded near him, Bob turned, smiling happily, and took into his arms the crowing baby.

"It does him good to come out in the sunshine, and it stimulates you to renewed industry for the remainder of the day, to see him," Jean laughed.

A queer expression stole across the face of the man watching the little group. He slid the revolver into his pocket, and, silently and cautiously as he had come, and unobserved, he disappeared.



Making Western History

By HARRY E. LOOMES

Whoa, there, Rowdy, hold your ground,
That won't hurt you, foolin' 'round,
It's just a camera, cant you see,
That makes the pictures of you an' me.

We aint out West, you understand,
We're making history of Cattle Land
In front of painted woolly scenes,
Of prairie land and big ravines.

Now watch yourself, you buckskin scamp,
Until I rope that greaser tramp
That's makin' off across the creek:
We're buildin' history mighty quick.

Whoa, there, boy, you're out of range,
The picture man has lost his brains.
We've got the greaser hard an' tight,
But off the film an' out of sight.

Now here's the bunch lined up to go,
Of made-up cowboys all aglow,
Down they come upon the scene,
An' meet the outlaws, with a scream.

The fight is o'er, the girl is saved,
The picture man, he jumped an' raved:
The scene was spoiled before the clash
Because the "lead" lost his mustache.

The Soldier Brothers of Susanna.



By ELIZABETH HEINEMANN

From the Photoplay of Mrs. Barney Childers

OUTSIDE, the sun shone across wide, level stretches of brown earth, freshly turned, and waiting for its burden of seed. Along the meadow rims, tender grass gleamed palely in the curves of the bordering walls. Frail green arms of the Virginia creeper were reaching upward to grasp at the projecting edges of the low tobacco sheds. And, close to the windows of the dining-room, a scarlet-throated tanager burst into a flood of melodious greeting to the springtime.

Inside, the table was laid for five, with snowy linens and shining silver. Beside one plate a bouquet of fresh spring blossoms seemed to breathe a sweet welcome to the guest whom the little group at the window were eagerly awaiting. As the appetizing odors of frying chicken and browning waffles began to float in from the kitchen, John Beaufort looked appealingly from his courtly, gray-haired father to the mother whose eyes held all the sweetness of the Southland, and sighed whimsically.

"I reckon I'll be starved before Joe ever gets here," he said, with pretended despondency. "I cant seem to remember that there was ever such a fuss made over me when I came home from college."

"Oh, but you didn't go away off up North to college," laughed Susanna. "You just went down to Richmond,

where we all go to do our shopping. It's no event to have a brother come home from Richmond!"

She smiled into John's brown eyes with an affectionate look that atoned for the saucy words, and he smiled back adoringly. Susanna was seventeen—a tall, graceful, fiery child, just awakening to womanhood. The hair which rippled away from her temples in thick braids was of richest brown, glinting, in the sunshine, into wonderful shades of chestnut and gold. Her eyes were violet when she laughed, purple when she cried, black as night when some sudden occasion called forth a burst of the passionate, impulsive anger, or of the quick, dauntless courage which was her heritage. For Susanna was a true daughter of the South, with the sweetness of its traditions, the pride of its past, and the gladness of its present, blended in her sunny, imperious nature.

"He'll be here very soon," the mother said, gently. "I heard the train whistle fifteen minutes ago. There's the carriage now."

The boy who dashed into the room a moment later, smothering his mother in impetuous embrace, seemed worthy of the welcome which awaited him.

Just nearing his twenty-first birthday, his erect, sturdy figure and finely modeled head proclaimed a splendid physical type; while his deep, earnest eyes, and the fine play of his sensitive features, bespoke a mental and moral nature keen and delicately balanced.

"Oh, but it's good to be home again!" he declared, joyously, as they gathered around the table, where black Sambo beamed radiantly upon "young Mas'r Joe," as he placed great plates of waffles, piping hot from Aunt Chloe's griddles, before him.

"There, honey," Sambo remarked, "I spec yo' done forgot how a waffle tasted. Yo' all shuah have got thin, eatin' dem no-'count vittles up Norf!"

"Thin!" ejaculated John. "He's as big and brawny as an ox. It's myself that's getting thin, Sambo, and you're feeding all the waffles to Joe. I reckon you can pass me a few now."

But Sambo was deaf to all remonstrances. Not until his adored Joe had declared that he could not swallow another morsel would he heed John's coaxing.

"Dat Joe was always de beatenist youngun!" he declared to Aunt Chloe, in the kitchen, as he came for another relay of waffles. "Him jes settin' dere, eatin', an' laughin', an' smilin' up at he ma, like when he was a ten-year-ol'. Dat college aint sp'iled him none—he am a puffick gen'lman, jes like he always hab been."

Joe's vacation would last but ten days, and Susanna was determined that every day should be a merry one. So there were picnics and parties, long rides across country to plantations, where young friends welcomed them; all the diversions which were common to the warm, open-hearted hospitality of Southern families.

There was no one, except Joe's mother, who noticed that his eyes were often thoughtful and sad, that sometimes, in the midst of the gayest frolics, a shadow would cross his boyish face, and he would gaze around the circle of friends with a look that was a strange mixture of wistfulness and regret. But the mother wisely held her peace, as mothers have always



"OH, BUT IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME AGAIN!"

done, longing to help him, but forbearing questions until he should turn to her for help.

For months a shadow had been creeping close to the Southland; a shadow of war and desolation, gathering on the horizon, gradually drawing nearer; but the easy, pleasure-loving South had refused to acknowledge its sinister approach. Only a few wise ones recognized the force of the advancing storm, and prepared to meet it, at first. The others smiled the sunny, tolerant smile of the born Southerner, and "reckoned" the Yanks would never try to fight them, or would be put down in a week should they really attempt such audacious feats as they were threatening.

The Beauforts belonged to the confident skeptics, all except Joe, who held his peace when the subject was mentioned, tho the troubled look in his dark eyes never failed to deepen when the conversation took this turn. But when the crash came—when the news of Fort Sumter swept over the land, rousing North and South to a fever pitch of excitement—the response from the loyal, hot-blooded Beauforts was instantaneous.

"I'm ready to go now—today!" declared John. "I shall join General Beauregard immediately."

"You are right, my son," declared his father, proudly. "I only wish I were young enough to march beside you. But I can aid in other ways. All that I have is at the service of the South, and, of course, you will not go alone. Thank God! there is one who will march beside you—you will aid each other in protecting your home, your mother and your sister."

He paused, glancing meaningly at Joe, who sat a little apart, pale and quiet, a look of bitter anguish in the eyes which he lifted at his father's appeal. There was something in the dark eyes which held them all silent for a moment, gazing at the boy, while his pathetic, wistful glance went from one loved face to another, as if mutely pleading. It was the mother who first understood, and sprang to her feet with a great, heartbroken cry.

"Joe!" she sobbed. "My boy! my baby! It can't be true—tell me that I am judging you wrongly—tell me that you are true to us!"

Father and brother and sister bent forward, in tense silence, waiting for the answer to the mother's appeal. The faces of the men were settling from surprised incredulity into grave sternness, when Susanna caught up the Confederate flag she had been making, and ran forward, clasping Joe tenderly.

"It isn't true!" she sobbed, "it couldn't be true! My own brother, to turn against his home and family! Oh, Joe, darling, speak! Take the flag in your hands, and tell father how gladly you will defend it!"

But Joe stood very still, stroking his sister's bright hair gently, his face growing whiter and whiter as the silence continued. Then, at last, he lifted his head proudly, and his eyes, calm and fearless, met his father's accusing ones steadily.

"I must do what I think is right, father," he said, simply. "You would not ask me to be untrue to myself—to my honest convictions?"

"Go!" was the father's instant reply. "This comes of sending you to school among those accursed people. But I thought a Beaufort could escape contamination—traitors have never before been known in our family. Go to your Yankee friends—we never wish to see you again—to us, you are worse than dead!"

Without another word, Joe turned toward the door, and as he paused on the threshold for one last look at the loved ones he was leaving forever, his mother ran forward, drawing him to her in the old, tender way.

"I believe in you, dear," she sobbed. "I know you mean to do right, tho you are terribly mistaken. Something tells me that you will yet redeem yourself—that we will be proud of you, after all. Don't forget that mother is praying for you, and some time all this trouble and misunderstanding will be cleared away."

Then, too, Susanna came to him, lifting a tear-drenched face for his kiss.

"Dear Joe," she pleaded, "you're my brother, and I love you——" Her voice faltered into silence, and John stepped forward, with stern, averted face, to receive her from Joe's arms.

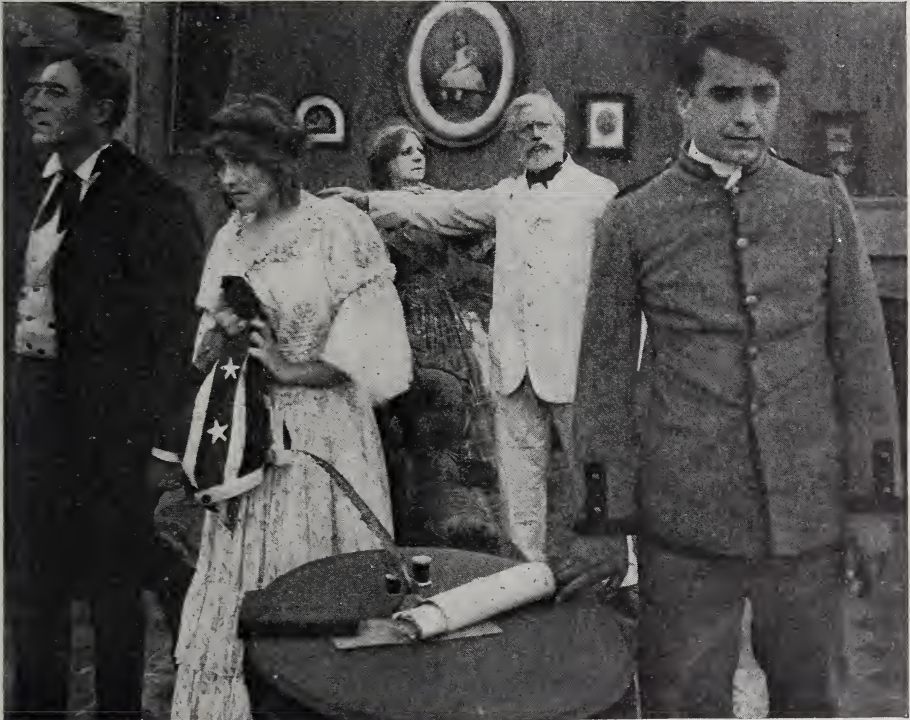
So Joe—merry, lovable, impulsive Joe—went out from his beloved home to take up arms against all that he held dear, never faltering in his allegiance to what he believed right, tho his young heart seemed bursting as he set his face steadily northward.

from the parlor, where he had been summoned to meet several officers.

"At last I have something of importance to do," he said. "Wish me good luck, sister."

"Oh, John! Is it something dangerous?" she asked, with a little catch in her voice. "I want to be brave, but you're all the brother I have left, now."

"There, there," he comforted, smoothing her hair, and smiling down



"GO!" WAS THE FATHER'S INSTANT REPLY

Four months had passed, and Joe's name had never once been spoken in the Beaufort household, save in the tender, secret prayers of his mother and sister. A detachment of the Confederate army had encamped on the wide fields surrounding the house, and every day grim councils were held in the pleasant old parlor, where nothing but gay assemblages had ever been held before.

Susanna was tending her flowers, one morning, when John came out

into her troubled eyes, "it requires only a little nerve and a quick wit. You know the Yanks are encamped only twenty miles to the north of us. Thru one of our spies, we know that they have drawn a map for their next campaign, and this afternoon their commanding officers will be discussing plans. I am to get into the camp, hear all I can, and try to get the map. I shall pretend to be a peaceful citizen, selling tobacco to the soldiers. Dont worry about me."

Susanna, knowing little of the rules of war, did not realize the hazard and danger of this mission, so she kissed her brother, her fears allayed, and watched him gallop away. Far down the road there was a curve, which could be plainly seen from the garden wall, and, as she watched, she was horrified to see his horse shy suddenly, pitching John heavily to the ground. With a scream, she was off down the road, running breathlessly beneath the bending trees, to the spot where John lay, groaning, unable to rise.

"What shall I do?" he moaned. "My leg is broken, I cannot ride, and there is not a moment to lose."

Susanna paused for a moment, thinking rapidly. Then she bent over her brother, her eyes large and black with sudden excitement.

"I will go!" she declared. "I can ride as well as you, and I know every inch of the ground, as none of these strange soldiers do. They will not suspect me as quickly as they would a man, either. Let me go, John."

"Bless you, Susanna!" said John, fervently. "You're a true Beaufort, but I'm afraid——"

What more he would have said, Susanna did not know, for he suddenly fainted from the intense pain of his injury.

It was only an instant that she stood looking down at her brother. Then her girlish lips set in a straight line, her nerves became calm and steady; she climbed upon her brother's horse, grazing quietly after his bad behavior, and was off across the country, her brain working busily as the horse's hoofs pounded over the ground toward the camp of the enemy.

Mile after mile was traversed, with no adventure, and when the white tents of the encampment gleamed thru the forest she did not slacken speed, but rode boldly toward the very center of the camp, until two pickets seized her bridle, asking astonished questions.

"I'm Kitty Terry," she said, with a dazzling smile at the young guards.

"I'm just going back to my home in the mountains, after visiting my cousin in the town."

"Let her go, she's all right," said one.

"No," said the other, less susceptible to the dazzling smile. "She can tell that to the colonel."

Inwardly, Susanna blest the young man's suspicions, tho she made a great show of indignation as she was led to the colonel's tent. Several officers were assembled there, and as Susanna was being interrogated about her presence in the camp, her quick eyes saw one of them folding a map into a small packet, which he laid in the center of the table.

"I guess you may go," said the colonel, after a few questions. "There is no reason for detaining you."

"Thank you," said Susanna, with another of the dazzling smiles. She stepped nearer the little table, then, leaning against it, weakly: "May I have a drink of water?" she asked. "I feel very tired from the long ride."

But before the water reached her, Susanna swayed, and fell backward across the table, gasping for breath. It was only an instant before the officers had raised her, solicitously, pressing the water to her lips, and bathing her temples with anxious haste. But the instant had been long enough for the nimble fingers of Susanna. Ten minutes after, when the fair visitor was well on her way to the southward, the precious map was missing from its place upon the table!

Thru the green path of the forest, across mossy dells, along fern-bordered lanes, Susanna sped, her bright hair streaming with the wind, her eyes aglow with triumph, the precious map hidden safely within her blouse. Across a broad, open field she galloped; then, as she entered a stretch of wood, where the path she was following led under a high bridge, with heavy wooden supports, a sound caught her ear. It was the steady thud, thud of pursuing horsemen.

Quick thoughts surged thru her mind. Her horse had already trav-



SUSANNA SWAYS, AND FALLS FROM FATIGUE

eled many miles, theirs were fresh. She could not hope to outdistance them long. Somehow, she must hide.

She rode close to the great wooden supports, scanning them closely. The center one was rough, with protruding knobs and little niches, as if inviting venturous feet to climb.

"I can get up there," she said, with a little laugh. "I've climbed harder places than that, playing follow-my-leader."

She swung herself from the horse's back, clutching at the first support; a sharp cut sent the horse galloping off down the lane, and she climbed upward until she reached the bridge, and stretched herself flat, holding her breath as she heard the riders, almost upon her now. One, two, three—she counted seven of them as they swept beneath her and galloped on, following her horse's trail, unsuspectingly.

"I must not stir yet," she thought. "The horse may stop when he finds he is riderless. They may find him, and return to look for me."

A few moments proved this to be a wise decision, for the thud of hoofs came back again, and the party once more swept under the bridge, back by the way they had come. In her excitement she failed to note that there were but six of them this time.

"She's hid back there in the woods, somewhere," she heard one say. "We'll soo . have her out of her quarry."

She waited only until the last one of them was out of sight, then she climbed to the ground, and ran swiftly down the lane, straight into the path of the seventh soldier, who was speeding his horse to catch his mates again.

With a bound, he was upon the ground beside her, catching her by the wrist, and turning her face toward him. Then he loosened his hold, and staggered backward, while she gave an astonished cry.

"Joe!"

"Susanna!"

For an instant they clung to each other, all strife forgotten in the joy



SUSANNA CLUTCHES AT THE FIRST SUPPORT

of this unexpected meeting, but the sound of the pursuers came faintly to Joe's ears. They were returning; it was time for quick action.

"Give me the map at once, Susanna," he commanded. "Quick, and you can get away on my horse."

"No," declared Susanna, imperiously. "I went for the map; I got it; I shall take it back to headquarters. Let me go, Joe. Let your little sister have her triumph."

She bent toward him, in the old, coaxing way, but Joe frowned, tho his eyes were very kind.

"Would you make me a traitor?" he asked. "You, my sister, would not ask me to sink so low?"

"I would!" she flashed. "It is for our Southland. You should know that I will not give up—no, not if you let them take me to my death!"

With a sudden spring, she leaped upon his horse. One of his hands still held the bridle, the other was uplifted to her, pleadingly.

"Susanna," he gasped, "I cannot let them capture you! Oh, give me the map, dear; for your own sake, for our mother's sake, give it to me, before it is too late!"

But the girl sat silent and unyielding, while the thudding hoofs came nearer, nearer. Suddenly he snatched her from the horse, searching her forcibly, with trembling, unsteady hands; but ere he could find what he sought the soldiers were upon them, with a shout of triumph. Then, with a groan, he swung her again into the saddle, kissing her lips, with a strangled sob.

"Go, dear! Go to mother!" he gasped, setting the horse free. Wheeling, he turned his gun upon the advancing party, holding them back, while Susanna galloped away homeward.

He would make no explanation until, with bound hands, but with proud, unshamed eyes, he stood before his colonel. Then the white lips opened, to make no excuse, no plea for mercy, but only to say, quietly:

"She was my sister, sir."

Every man in the regiment loved him; every servant in the barracks adored him; every officer had felt a peculiar tenderness toward this brave, impulsive son of the South, who had left all that life held dear to follow the cause of the Union. Every one of them would have despised him had he given his young sister over to her



A SHARP VOLLEY RANG OUT

foes. Yet war is war, and martial law is martial law, and what has been decreed must remain fixed, lest the law of the greatest good to the greatest number become void. So, when the sun rose above the tree-tops the next morning, Joe stood in the middle of a green plot of grass, his brave, uncovered face turned toward the guns which trembled in the hands of the sorrowful squad who were assigned to the dread task of his execution.

The sunlight kist his dark hair forgivingly, and a strange, radiant light gathered in the dark eyes as he waited for the fatal command. Thru his brain his mother's voice was ringing, like some far-off, sweet chime:

"I believe in you, dear," the voice rang, softly. "We will be proud of

you, after all—some time this trouble will all be cleared away."

"It is cleared away," he murmured, exultantly. "They will know how I loved them now—they will——"

A sharp volley rang out; the smoke cleared away; trembling hands lifted the still body; tears fell upon the face, all pure and peaceful now.

In the Southern home the boy's portrait was wreathed with flowers; his vacant chair stood ever in the place of honor at the family table, and a father's voice trembled proudly on the tale of "our boy who died for his family, sir." By a strange, unwonted contrariness of fate, Death, the divider, had united the Beaufort family.



GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERING FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERS'DOM

Note to the film manufacturers: News intended for this department must be received at the editorial rooms of this magazine on or before the 25th of the month. To insure freshness, it should be received on or about that date.

THE Photoplays in which Florence Turner took part have again made their appearance, after her long absence in California. She will continue playing for the Vitagraph Company during the summer, and probably next fall and winter.

Gene Gauntier, premiere leading woman of the O'Kalems, El Kalems, and Jack Kalems, arrived in New York the latter part of June.

The American Film Manufacturing Company has added four new companies to its organization, and it intends to produce three Western subjects each week.

The Vitagraph Company has been doing several circus pictures and comedies lately, in which Powers' trained elephants appear. These clever animal players were on the Vitagraph payroll for three weeks.

James Cooley, who was formerly a member of the Reliance Stock Company, has closed a season of dramatic stock work in Rochester, and returned to the Reliance Company on June 17th.

With Alice Joyce and Anna Q. Nilsson in New York at the Kalem Studio, and also Hazel Neason and Marion Cooper, great things may be expected in the near future.

To the many who think that the Motion Picture performer has an easy task, it may come as news that Josephine Ricketts changed her costume fourteen times during the taking of the "Prima Donna's Story" at the Nestor Company's Studios.

The Reliance Company seems to have been the first to produce a real woman suffrage play. Its title is "Votes for Women," and it was produced under the supervision of The National Woman Suffrage Association. Some of the leading suffrage leaders actually played parts in this piece, among them Dr. Anna Howard Shaw and Miss Jane Addams.

The famous "Thanhouse Kid" appears with a real dog-and-monkey circus in a play called "Doggie's Début," which is extremely interesting. The child plays well.

The Lubin players had an interesting experience recently while playing a piece in which they were supposed to be wandering minstrels. Their work was done so naturally that the spectators from the windows thought the Lubin players were a real troupe, and showered them with pennies and nickels, which were foolishly refused—times must be good in Philadelphia!

Mr. Rollin S. Sturgeon is the director and manager of the Vitagraph Western Company and Studios. These pictures are designed to portray true Western life, rather than blood-and-thunder tales of the imagination. Mr. Sturgeon displays capacity for this line of work. His "How States Are Made" was a clever piece of work.

"Baby" Brierly is now a regular performer with the Nestor Film Company. She is a delightful child actress; natural and without self-consciousness. Her proud daddy, Tom Brierly, is a stage carpenter.

Mrs. George W. Walters, whose portrait will probably appear in the September gallery, is the grande dame of the Lubin Company. She began her theatrical career playing ingénue rôles opposite Sir Henry Irving, who was then the juvenile man of the company.

The Jennie Nelson page in this month's gallery shows a little of the wonderful versatility of that charming young lady. To see her in "A Leap Year Lottery" and then in real life, one would never know that they were the same person.

All people seem to think that John Bunny and Marshall P. Wilder make a fine team; yet they do not seem to be very well matched, particularly as to size.

The Lubin Company may well be proud of Ormi Hawley. Those who have seen her off the stage compare her beauty with that of Lillian Russell.

The Thanhouser Company is doing some important Photoplays, among them Shakespeare's "A Merchant of Venice," Charles Reade's "Put Yourself in His Place," Owen Meredith's "Lucille" and Ouida's "Under Two Flags."

The officers of the Montgomery Amusement Company are very proud of the fact that they have a president who has the ability to accomplish so much in elevating the Motion Picture industry. Mr. Montgomery has been successfully working to bring the Photoplay theaters and the clergy in close contact.

The lost William Clifford has been found. Those who missed this popular leading man from the Méliès plays have long been trying to place him. It seems that for some time he has been safely lodged with the Nestor Company.

Florence Lawrence is the leading lady of the new Victor Company.

May Buckley and John Halliday have left the Lubin Company and are playing in a stock company in Cleveland, Ohio.

Fred Mace did not come East with the Biograph players when they returned to the home studio early in June. He remained in California to make comedies for the Bison Company.

John Bunny is in England, preparing some Pickwick plays for the Vitagraph Company, under the direction of Lawrence Trimble.

Mae Hotely, after several weeks at Atlantic City with the Lubin comedians, has gone to the New England Coast for some dramatic Photoplays. About once a year they let her do some serious work as a reward for playing comedy the rest of the year.

Miss Barbara Tennant is the newest Eclair star, coming to Photoplay from one of the Charles Frohman companies.

Among the latest actor-directors are Maurice Costello and Ralph Ince, of the Vitagraph Company, and Romaine Fielding, of the Tucson section of the Lubin Company.

George Gebhardt, who used to share with Frank Lanning the distinction of being regarded as a real Indian when he played with the Bison Company, has been directing for the Lux Company, and was therefore missed by his many admirers. He has now joined the Western section of the Pathé Frères Company, under the management of James Youngdeer, and will play Indian leading parts with the Princess Redwing.

The death of G. M. Anderson has been reported many times, but the last report came very near being true. During the making of "Broncho Billy's Bible," Mr. Anderson nearly fell over the edge of a rocky precipice, while engaged in a play-struggle on the cliff. He saved himself by clinging to a bush some four feet below, barely escaping a fall of several hundred feet.

The Vitagraph Company is bound to have a funny fat man. While Mr. Bunny is in Europe, Hugh McGovern, who was formerly an undertaker, will engage in serious business, *à la* Bunny. In size, at least, Mr. McGovern can more than hold his own with Mr. Bunny.

Jean Hathaway, formerly the character woman for the American Company, has joined the Bison forces.

Joseph De Grasse has returned to the Western section of the Pathé Frères Company.

There seems to have been some mistake in counting the returns in the Popular Player Contest, so far as Miss Gladys Field is concerned. It now seems that Gladys Field should have been credited with 41,722 votes, which would make her tenth in the contest. Just how this mistake was made has not yet appeared. The probabilities are that a large number of votes coming in one envelope, accompanying subscriptions, were not, by some oversight, credited. If the fault was our own, we are sorry, and we apologize, for we would be the last to detract from the enormous popularity of Gladys Field.

Madeline West, formerly with the Bison Company, is now a Kalem player in the Glendale section, which George Melford is directing.

Usually, we resent inquiry as to the real name of Photoplayers, because, as a rule, when a player adopts a stage name, he or she does not want the real name known. It is no secret, however, that Fritzi Brunnette, of the Powers Company, does not answer to that name when she is at home. The name originated in a joke, and was finally adopted.

Whitney Raymond is back at work with the Essanay Company in Chicago, after a rather long vacation, during which he went to the coast and back.

The Imp, Bison and Nestor companies in the vicinity of Los Angeles, will interchange players when necessary. This is a good point to remember when Francis Ford is seen in a Nestor play, or William Clifford in an Imp.

Ralph Ince, the Abraham Lincoln star of the Vitagraph Company, has been advanced to a directorship. Mr. Ince is also an artist. He was the designer of the picture at the head of "The Photoplay Philosopher" department, and he has also drawn several cartoons for this magazine.

Flora Finch, the eccentric, and always entertaining, "character woman" of the Vitagraph Company, enjoys her work thoroly, but she often has some trying scenes to go thru. Once she had to be thrown into water that was fifteen feet deep, and be rescued, unconscious, by the heroic Bunny; and recently she met a similar fate in the Atlantic Ocean, a real, live elephant being the villain who threw her in.

Mary Fuller, of the Edison Company, is one of those careful, conscientious players who always tries to familiarize herself with the *whole* Photoplay in which she takes part. Some players are content if they know simply the scenes in which they appear. This may account for the fact that Miss Fuller always plays "true," while some other players do not.

It is quite probable that by the time this is printed James Kirkwood will be among the photoplayers again. His work as the director of the Reliance Company, making two releases a week, prevented him from doing much acting, but he has given place to Hal Reid, and several companies have been negotiating with him.

It used to be safe to say that Warren J. Kerrigan and Miss Pauline Bush were the leads in any "American" picture, but now Miss Jessalyn Van Trump alternates with Miss Bush.

Many complain because they see so little of some of the Edison favorites. This is because it is the plan of the company not to feature any player more than once in two weeks.

Miss Bessie Eyton, of the Selig Company, ranks as one of the best women swimmers on the Pacific Coast. She recently posed for a number of aquatic pictures at Catalina Island.

Francis X. Bushman was recently badly injured by the accidental discharge of a revolver loaded with blank cartridge, while appearing in a detective drama. The wad entered the fleshy part of the left arm, but he finished off the play after a first-aid treatment and was back in the studio after a few days' rest.





OCTAVIA HANDWORTH, OF PATHÉ FRÈRES COMPANY

"OCKY" HANDWORTH, as she is called by friends and fellow professionals, lives in a cozy cottage almost-by-the-sea. A visitor, by sticking to it, is finally able to get to this part of Flatbush, Brooklyn. I suppose it is called Albany Avenue because Albany is 150 miles from New York—Albany Avenue seems farther. However, when one gets there it is a very pretty and consequential suburb, far—yes, farthest—from the madding crowd.

I might as well tip off my bachelor friends at the start. "Ocky" is Mrs. Handworth in private life, her husband being Director Handworth, of Pathé Frères.

On arriving at 279 Albany Avenue, I was cordially received by them. "Ocky," who is brimful of playfulness, wanted to talk—in fact, she is an eloquent, rapid, laughing talker, but does not like to stick to the cramped limits of an interview. With Mr. Handworth coaching from the wings, we made zigzag progress.

Octavia was born in New York City on Christmas Day, December 25, 1888, and was just commencing to get acquainted with the town when her parents moved suddenly to Copenhagen, Denmark. "Ocky," transplanted, resumed her education there, but in the course of time, like Hamlet, she grew tired of the place, and, without the unpleasant family friction of Hamlet, decided to return to America and take up her stage career where she had left off. So, as a tiny girl, we find her cast as "Eva" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and "Willie" in "East Lynne."

From then on, with a decided gift for music, her career was varied and successful. Dallas Stock Company, Flora De Vose Stock, vaudeville, and Weber and Fields in turn claimed her; so opera, opera comique and drama led up to her engagement by the Vitagraph Company. I do not know the exact date that Director Handworth stepped in and performed the double play of gaining "Ocky's" hand for himself and her talent for Pathé Frères, but he thereby turned the best trick of his life—all credit to him! However, this is supposed to recite the career of Octavia.

Her natural forte is light comedy. It seems to bubble from her, and her face radiates effortless happiness. A beautiful woman, too, a little above medium height, about 5 feet 5 inches, with clear dark-blue eyes and chestnut hair. Her carriage is alert, natural, and graceful. No wonder the camera men have finally run her down!

I think that those who have seen the portrayals of Octavia Handworth have seen bits of her real nature, yet she has a serious side, that she expends upon her family, and that adds fresh value to her character.

I was surprised at the amount of reading that this busy woman can accomplish. She picked up a volume of Walt Whitman and pointed out favorite passages to me. I could see without asking that she was a thoro student of his works. Epictetus and Shelley also are intimate friends of hers, and she laughingly quoted them at random. She confessed to reading THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE regularly and with enthusiasm; in fact, she showed me some novelized Pathé stories with marginal notes she had made, where a bit of description or of dialog had struck her as particularly good.

"I suppose you write, too?" I asked the vivacious Octavia.

"Haven't time," she replied, with a half sigh, "but there is some compensation, for I make all kinds of suggestions to Mr. Handworth about changes and additions to scenes which we review together."

"Does he always adopt them?"

"Not always," she said, smiling, "but then he is the director, you know."

"Sapient woman," I thought, "in this age of woman's rebellion."

Octavia Handworth finds a quantity of things to do when she goes forth for a lark or for entertainment.

"My husband and I often go to Photoshows, at night," she said, "and love to overhear the remarks of the audience. Generally they are good-humored and pleased, but when we hear a 'knock' we fight it out home, afterward, as to whether it is deserved or not. Often it is, and we feel that we have learnt something.

"Baseball? Yes, I am crazy about it. What healthy woman should not be? I go

to all the Pathé nine's games, and root like a cheer-leader. I do hope they will win the championship this summer.

"I do not have leisure," she resumed, "to take up any one form of physical exercise, tho I dearly love life in the open. But studio requirements call upon a woman to do 'most anything—at all times she has got to be physically fit. From day to day, I never know whether I am to be called upon to swim across rapids, ride a 'bucker,' or do a half-mile. I assure you they should send me to Sweden on the Olympic team."

"What do you look forward to with the most pleasure?"

"That is hard to say, offhand," she replied wistfully, "there is so much to life, but I would dearly love taking a trip to Copenhagen to be with my 'old folks' there."

I could think of no prettier suggestion than this, and, as I left, hoped fervently that this busy, charming, many-sided woman might have her wish.

PETER W.

MR. JAMES MORRISON, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

SOME actors seem to have fallen into their profession by a sort of lucky tumble; others seem to have drifted into it, more by lack of resistance than anything else; but Mr. James Morrison belongs to neither of these types. The stage was his chosen work, and he prepared for it with a vigor and thoroness that leaves nothing to wonder at in his success.

When James Morrison was a little boy called Jimmie, his father, a traveling salesman out in the Middle West, asked him the regular fatherly question: "What do you want to be when you grow up, Jimmie?"

"Well," replied Jimmie, with a readiness that showed he had been thinking about that subject before, "I'll be either an actor or a traveling salesman."

"Then, for goodness' sake, be an actor!" exclaimed the surprised parent.

So Jimmie hustled thru grammar and high school, and was off to the great University of Chicago, where, besides making good in various branches of learning, he was a member of the famous Blackfriars' Club, and of the University Comic Opera Club. After his graduation he had a successful period with a stock company in Chicago, followed by an engagement with the Alberta players, in pantomime. From pantomime, he came naturally into the Motion Picture work, and for two years has been playing leading parts with the Vitagraph Company.

All these facts were gathered from Mr. Morrison by dint of rather persistent questioning, when I met him one day in the Vitagraph Company's big yard. For, while "Jimmie" is willing to talk enthusiastically of the picture business in general, and the Vitagraph Company in particular, he has little to say about himself.

"Actors are just ordinary folks," he says; "I wouldn't make an interesting story."

In appearance he is straight, well-built, clean-cut, with serious eyes, and a very frank, rather boyish manner. He reads many books, being particularly fond of French authors, and he confesses to a strong liking for the poets. He has written some plays, too, but his greatest ambition is to produce good pantomime, which he defines as "thought and feeling expressed thru the body."

Mr. Morrison's work is all of the progressive and conscientious nature which brings the reward of recognition. His ideals are high, and he is rapidly attaining them.

THE TATLER.

MISS ROSEMARY THEBY, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

"THIS is Miss Rosemary Theby," said the courteous young man at the Vitagraph plant, who had volunteered to find the young lady whom I was seeking to interview.

I took his word for it, especially when the young lady turned to me with one of the slow, alluring smiles that I had noticed often in looking at her work, upon the screen. But, to all appearances, I was looking at an Indian maiden—and a very beautiful one—for Miss Theby was all ready for one of the parts to which she is so peculiarly adapted. She is of the pronounced brunette type, slightly Oriental in character. Those who have seen her impersonation of Ruth in the latest Vitagraph Biblical production, "The Illumination," know that this young player is equal to the most delicate and difficult characterizations.

It was less than a year ago that Miss Theby came to the Vitagraph Company, from her home in St. Louis, where she had been educated in a convent school, and afterward spent three quiet years in her home, studying vocal music. Her stage experience had been confined to amateur productions, but her unusually clean-cut features and distinct type, as well as her natural ability, qualified her to enter the Motion Picture work and make good from the start, and she has advanced in this short space of time to a foremost position with her company.

Over in Manhattan there is a studio club, composed of seventy girls, who occupy a beautiful home and have the jolliest kind of times. It is here that Miss Theby lives, and she is delighted with her home.

"It's all just girls," she said, "and we do have such good times; parties and dances and theatricals, all by ourselves!"

"And never any boys?" I questioned.

"Oh, yes," she assured me, hastily; "the boys may come, in the evening, and stay until ten-thirty—and that's long enough!"

Her work is the chief thing in this young lady's life, which explains her rapid rise in her profession. When she is not busy at the studio, where she reports every day for several hours' work, she is studying her parts, that she may interpret them better, or reading books which give her a wider knowledge of life and art. French history is her favorite line of reading; for amusements, out-of-doors, she adores canoeing and swimming, and she is an expert horseback rider.

"I'm sorry I'm not more interesting to interview," she smiled, "but you see there's nothing thrilling about my life; it's just work and study, and a little fun mixed in, like all girls have. The public don't know me well enough to care about me, anyhow."

But we know that the public is rapidly coming to know and to care about Miss Rosemary Theby, and all who have seen her clever, earnest work are glad of her success.

LULIETTE BRYANT.

ALICE JOYCE, OF THE KALEM STOCK COMPANY

SOCRATES called Beauty a short-lived tyranny; Plato, a privilege of nature; Theophrastus, a silent cheat; Theocritus, a delightful prejudice; Carneades, a solitary kingdom. Aristotle said that it was better than all the letters of recommendation in the world; Homer, that it was a glorious gift of nature; Ovid, that it was a favor bestowed by the gods; Virgil, that even virtue is more fair when it appears in a beautiful person; and Zimmerman joined this famous chorus by decanting that it is often worse than wine, intoxicating both the holder and the beholder.

All the poets and philosophers have had their say about Beauty, yet, when it is all said, there still remains something unsaid in its favor, and always too much against it. Everybody loves and admires Beauty—even our youngish friends, the maiden ladies of uncertain age. When we think of such beauties as Cleopatra, Zenobia, Récarnier, Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, and Helen of Troy, we can forgive a whole lot else in them that was not beautiful.

Coming down to our own trite times, Alice Joyce is known as "The American Beauty." Everybody admires her physical perfection. While she is an able player, and has a pleasing personality, she is loved most because of her beauty.

We have been trying for about one year to secure an interview with this demure little woman. The Kalem Company told us that they had not been able to get her to submit. Our interviewers tried various ruses, but to no avail. Miss Joyce simply would not be interviewed. It looked very much as if Alice Joyce would go down in history as "The Girl Who Was Never Interviewed." But she won't! the deed has been done! And the strange thing is that the young lady does not know that it has been done; and she will not know until she sees this, and then she will exclaim: "Oh, the duplicity of man!"

Now, don't imagine that the pretty maid is proud, haughty, sedate, prudish, and all that sort of thing. No, indeed! that is not why she will not be interviewed. The fact is, that she is coy, modest—might I say, even bashful.

My heartless burglary of her reserve came about in this way: It was at the famous Aldine Club, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, New York, where Mr. F. J. Marion, of the Kalem Company, had invited me. With me happened to be Miss Ruth Brewster, "Kim," our ever-busy advertising man, and Miss E. M. Heinemann, who happens to be the young lady who keeps track of several thousand photographs and half-tone engravings of the players, for this magazine.

We went into the private dining-room where Theodore Roosevelt usually dines, and by my side at the table, in the very seat where the great and perennial Teddy usually sits, was a person whom I had seen hundreds of times, and whose pictures I had handled almost as many times, with loving care, in an impossible effort to make the engraver and printer do her justice. It did not seem real. Yet, there was no mistake about it. She was there; I was awake; my eyes did not deceive me: she moved, she talked, she was the real, living, natural Alice Joyce! I would have known her anywhere. So would you, reader, if you saw her even in the dark.

I had been warned not to attempt an interview. But, of course, we talked—we talked about everything. She has a gracious smile, a pleasing manner, a soft, well-modulated voice, and is decidedly reposeful. I guess her height at five-six, and her weight at one hundred and forty. Her hair struck me as an unusual reddish brown. Her skin seemed almost white, without color. Her eyes, I think, are what they call hazel, or perhaps violet, possibly dark brown. She is not vivacious, not loud in any sense, not obtrusive, domineering, nor self-important. Anything but these. She looks you straight in the eye, with a frankness and honesty that are unmistakable. She is not of the conventional actress type. She seems the simple maid. No conceit, hauteur

or egotism is suggested. She is the personification of the Simple Life—she looks it, and she lives it. And yet, hers is a striking personality. She must attract attention everywhere, as much as she dislikes it. One would point her out as an artist, a poet, an author, a thinker, or something else, where mind and soul are essential. Yet, she is none of these. She is simply a player, nothing else. She would strike anybody at once as a beautiful creature: a model—a type—a statue—a picture.

As she placed her hand on the white table-cloth, I observed the beauty of its lines. The fingers are long and tapering, the nails pink and well-shaped, the hand plump and smooth, the wrist slender and graceful. She sits at table as would a princess. She talks and eats with deliberation, and her movements are soft and easy. Her head is well poised upon her shoulders; her throat meets the head and shoulders gracefully, and everywhere there stands out the famous Hogarth line of beauty. Such a throat and such a hand you have seen on marble statues and in oil paintings by the masters, but seldom on a living person. The features are fairly regular and well chiseled, but not what an artist would call perfect. But, after all, regularity of features is not what makes beauty. Helen of Troy doubtless had many defects.

But why spend so much time describing Alice Joyce—do you not all know how she looks as well as I? Let's be brief. I guess she is twenty-two (a guess, mind you), and I know that she is unmarried, and likely to remain so for some time, so far as I can tell. She has no particular hobbies, except sewing. She is not a great reader, and does not write much. She retires early and rises early. She is extremely temperate in her habits and tastes. She designs and makes her own gowns. She was never on the stage, and has no desire to be. She is extremely sympathetic, and has a warm, generous heart. Loyalty and fidelity to her friends are strong in her. I fear she has no temper. She would like to vote, she confessed, just for the novelty of it, but she is not interested in politics. She is a baseball fan, and a great friend of Rube Marquard, the premier pitcher. She rides well, but is not particularly fond of it. She swims, but is not a swimmer. She likes her work, and is happy. She likes to see the pictures, and when she sees herself, she often says: "Why did I do that that way?" She is not particularly fond of any of her characters, but she confesses to a warm heart for "Summer Morn," the Indian maiden. Of balls, banquets, parties, and society, she is not fond, and—most amazing fact—she does not like candy. She is now back in New York for a long time, and will play with the New York company.

E. B.



The Motion Picture Cowboy

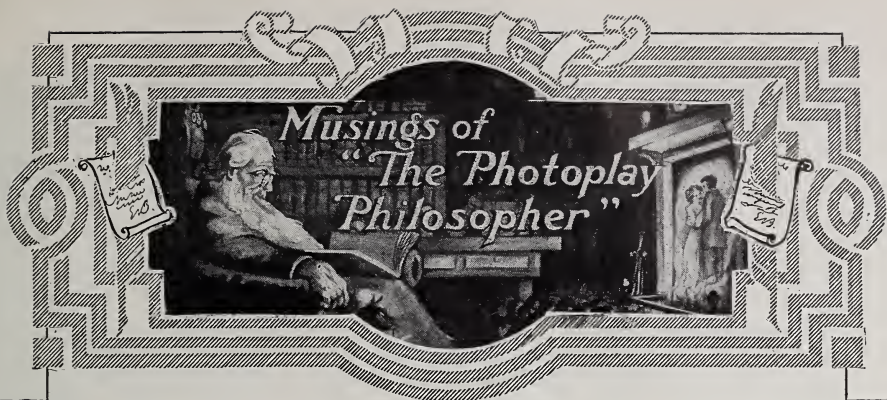
By HARRY E. WEBB

I have rode upon the prairie,
An' the hills so bright and green,
But those days would all be hist'ry
Only for the picture screen.
For I kin live them wild days over,
As when we, on Ol' Percell,
Was together punchin' cattle
Down along the Musselshell.

For them cowboys in the pictures
Are like them who rode the range,
And they wear the same regalia—
Fact, there aint a bit of change.
They're the same as in my homeland,
Wearin' guns an' cartridge belts,
Fringe a-danglin' from their britches,
Flannel shirts and Stetson felts.

And I, too, am on a picture ranch,
Where old cowboys all should be,
Killin' redskins for a picture
That the public loves to see;
An' in years to come you'll find me,
Where I'll make my farewell stand,
Punchin' cows upon the canvas
In this new-born, Western land.

I have stuck to cowboy customs
And I'll hold 'em to the last,
For punchin' cows today, boys,
Is just like the golden past.
An' we'll ride for Motion Pictures
Till God makes his kind request,
Then we'll drift across the Mystic Range
To eternal peace and rest.



A CHARACTER in the drama, "The Penalty," supposed to represent a prosperous business man of average tastes, on being remonstrated with by his wife because he preferred the Photoshow, at ten cents, to grand opera at \$5, defends himself by saying: "Well, if they were selling champagne at ten cents a bottle, I'd want to drink it just the same."

The analogy is good. If it cost \$5 to see a Photoshow, how the rich would fall over themselves to get the best seats! Most of us enjoy most that which costs most. We estimate the worth of a thing, not by the enjoyment it gives us, but by the money it costs us.



Motion Pictures have a few unrelenting enemies, who can see nothing good in them, and everything bad. They seek, not to amend, but to destroy. I wonder if they remember the days of the dime novel, of the poolrooms, of the barrooms, of the gambling resorts, of the cheap melodramas, of the low resorts, which used to attract our young men. If they abolish the Photoshow, what will they put in its place?



If history and physical geography are to be taught to the school children, and if they must learn of the great heroes of the past, and of different nations, their customs and habits, and of the great battles, there are two ways of doing it: First, make them read printed descriptions, which are seldom interesting, and which are, therefore, soon forgotten; second, by picturing these things so that they become living realities. The child learns thru the eye. What words can convey a real conception of a battle to the child-mind? What types can picture Cæsar, Columbus, Cromwell, Napoleon, Lincoln? Illustrated stories of the past, and of the men that made the past, are necessary, and such illustrations as are usually found in the books are hardly sufficient to awaken interest. But when these things and personages are shown in Motion Pictures, at once the child is interested, and, once interested, the pictures and facts cling to the memory.



There is no reason, upon being told at the Photoshow to take a back seat, to take affront.



It is a question if the practice of squirting perfumery thru the aisles of the theaters is a good one. There is nothing more delicious, to most persons, than the aroma of some delicate, dainty, fragrant perfume, but to all persons of refinement a poor perfume, or a strong, pungent one, is decidedly repulsive. I recall an occasion when Hudson Maxim, the authority on high explosives, first visited my home. Early in the evening, as was my custom, I burnt some Japanese incense, which causes a faint but sweet fragrance to cling to the rooms for some hours after. When Mr. Maxim arrived, he immediately had an attack of fainting and headache, and we were obliged to open all the windows wide for half an hour, and it was a cold night. It is said that Cardinal Cardona would fall into a swoon on smelling a rose, and history records that Laurentius died from the odor of roses. Cardinal Carassa would never permit any one to approach him who had a rose about him. It is also recorded that the odor of rue had a similar effect on a veteran warrior, who invariably fled at the smell of it. It is known that certain odors affect various persons similarly, and it would be interesting to know how many persons have refused to attend theaters where bad perfume is squirted about. If a disinfectant is needed, there are plenty to be had, and there is no necessity of making their presence known to the spectators. The practice of trying to cover one odor with another is vulgar, whether it be in a theater, in a home, or on a person. Anyway, fresh air is the best disinfectant.



Rev. Dr. John Earl, president of Des Moines College, says that when he was preaching in Chicago, he told his deacons that if he could not get an audience any other way he would advertise that he would pronounce benediction standing on his head. He now says that the church will soon be using Motion Pictures, particularly in the Sunday-schools. "We must sanctify the scientific and modern inventions and put them to use in the churches," he declares, which is a far better plan than that of some preachers who do nothing but stand back and throw stones, while their enemy, the saloons, are making efforts to get Motion Pictures in their resorts in order to attract trade.



There is never a long happiness. Storms and clouds are necessary to make the sunshine appreciated. Do not mistake a present pleasure for a permanent joy; and, in meditating pleasures, prepare to measure and to accept the after consequences.



I have been pleased to note several Photoplays, recently, the sub-titles of which were printed in simplified spelling. *Thru* for *through*, *thoro* for *thorough*, *program* for *programme*, *cigaret* for *cigarette*, and so on, is not only common sense, and up-to-date, and easily and quickly read, but it is an economy of letters. Now, if the editors will also learn to economize words as well as letters, by using fewer and simpler ones, we shall move along nicely. If there is any place in the world where simplicity, brevity, conciseness, clarity and simplified spelling should appear, it is certainly on the films. As the small boy says, we come to see a play—not to read a book.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

Dont Miss the September Issue!

Among the features will be a story by

WILL CARLETON

the famous Editor, Author and Poet, entitled

“Saving an Audience”

Mr. Carleton wrote this story especially for THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and from it a Photoplay that has been produced by the Vitagraph Company which will be exhibited at the various theaters early in September.

Be sure to read this story before seeing the play. If you have read Mr. Carleton's "Farm Ballads," "City Ballads," "Farm Legends," etc., you will remember all those quaint, homely, delicious poems, including "Betsy and I Are Out" and "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse," and you will not want to miss this latest work of Mr. Carleton. Furthermore, this is a true story.

Also, in the September issue, will appear a superb story entitled

“The Old Musician”

By CARL FIQUÉ

Mr. Fique is one of our noted musicians, lecturers and musical composers, and he writes stories as well as he writes music, which is saying much.

The September issue will also contain twelve other stories by our regular writers, and the usual matters of interest in the various departments.

Dont miss it! If you are not a subscriber, order it now from your newsdealer!

Again I find pleasant occasion to quote from the *New York World*—this time from the evening edition. From a leading editorial entitled "Posing for Posterity" I select the following excellent extracts: "Moving Pictures of the burial of the battleship *Maine*, which took place March 16th, have arrived in this city and are being shown to the public. Wonderful vividness the Moving Picture promises to lend to History! The preservation of films of special public interest begins to be already a matter for the Government to consider. There is no reason why our grandchildren and great-grandchildren a hundred years hence should not see faithful reproductions of Mr. Taft signing the Statehood Bill for Arizona and New Mexico, the Durbar of King George V, and even more important events. What would we not give to-day for a Moving Picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence? Or of Washington taking leave of his officers? Or of Lincoln at Gettysburg? Is it not, after all, our duty carefully to record and preserve as archives such Moving Pictures of contemporary scenes and public persons as may have first-rate interest to posterity? Will not cities, libraries and schools all over the world desire such records?"

And this prompts the question, What are we doing to preserve all these historically important films that are being made every day? If the manufacturers do not get together and preserve these prints and the negatives, the preservation of these films will become a public charge.



In 1877, Henry Hupfeld wrote: "Prescott, the historian, was as regular in his habits as clockwork, and among his invariable habits was that of listening every day, for the space of one hour, to some story or tale read to him by his wife or secretary. He said he needed this kind of mental refreshment as a relief from his graver studies, just as much as he needed sleep, or exercise in the open air. And what he required, every mind requires. Stories, therefore, are as necessary to the preservation of the human intellect as is any other kind of literary exercise."



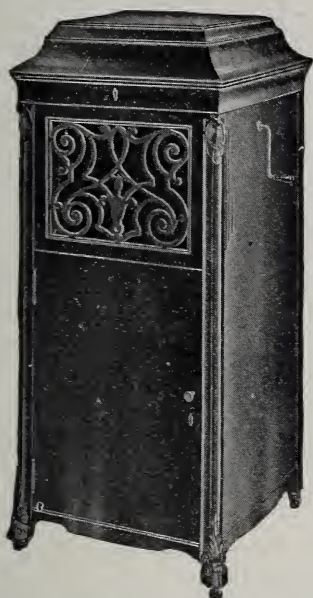
Religion and politics have no place in this column or in the films, which is perhaps as it should be, altho some people think that these things, being the most important, should be discussed the most. Recent changes in the creeds and doctrines of certain churches remind me of the new religion that was once suggested by former President Eliot of Harvard University. As I remember it, Dr. Eliot's system of celestial navigation was explained in these words: "It will not be bound by dogma or creed. There will be no supernatural element. It will place no reliance on anything but the laws of Nature. It will not be based on authority. It will not teach that character can be changed quickly. It will not deal chiefly with sorrow and death, but with joy and life. It will not attempt to reconcile people to present ills by the promise of future compensation. It will attack all forms of evil. Its priests will strive to improve social and industrial conditions." Religion, like everything else, is subject to the laws of evolution, and perhaps the religion of the future will be very much as Dr. Eliot says it should be.



The reason that the crime of ingratitude is not found in our criminal laws is because there are not enough jails. Gratitude is a rare virtue. The best plan is never to expect gratitude, but, when you get it, be truly grateful.

THE EDISON

The Phonograph with the right home tone



The Amberola

Have you heard the perfected Phonograph of to-day?

Don't judge this wonderful instrument by your early recollections of talking machines.

Go to a dealer and listen to a modern Edison. The perfect rendition of the music you like, the rich, mellow tone, the absence of noise, the vast assortment of songs and music at your disposal, the long-playing time of the Amberol Records and the splendid talent represented will surprise and delight you.

You owe it to yourself to investigate this greatest of all home entertainers. It is more than diverting; it is educational; it affords the highest type of entertainment to the greatest number.



The Opera

Edison Phonographs.....	\$15 to \$200
Standard Records.....	.35
Amberol Records (twice as long) .	.50
Amberol Concert Records.....	.75
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Thomas A Edison
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The Edison Dictating Machine will add a vast degree of efficiency to the handling of your business correspondence, and will split its cost in two.

It is an easy matter to criticize a Photoplay, or a story, but a difficult matter to write one. A critic is a necessary evil. But for the grumbler the world would always go along in the same old way, without making progress. Every Photoplay editor says he invites criticism, but when he gets it he gets mad. Criticism is like the microscope, which magnifies the little parts, but loses sight of the whole. When we see a play, we must take it as a whole and not be too critical of the parts. But when a director, or an actor, or a manufacturer sees his play, he must examine the parts with a microscope, because the whole is made up of parts, and, like a chain, is no stronger than its weakest link.



Modern civilization teaches one thing convincingly: we are brothers, and are all dependent one on the other. The interdependence of men is a significant truth. Robinson Crusoe did all his own work, and made his own house and clothes. Now, ten thousand men contribute to clothe and to feed us, each doing that to which he is best adapted. There is only one fool greater than he who thinks the world cannot get along without him—he who thinks he can get along without the world.



We all should be teachers as well as pupils. None so wise but he can learn: none so ignorant but he can be learnt from.



Is it not nearly time for the Era of Revival of Classic Films? I can remember at least fifty films that I saw a year ago which I would pay double price to see again, and even for the third time. Among these I might mention "Elaine," "A Tale of Two Cities," "The Colleen Bawn," "The Battle," "The Blacksmith," and "Lead, Kindly Light." Who, that has seen these films, would not eagerly go miles to see them again?



Does the tree send its roots down, or do the roots send the tree up? Did the hen come before the egg, or did the egg come before the hen? Does a railroad discriminate in freight rates when it contracts to haul a man across the continent for \$75 and charges only \$8 for hauling a hog? Why are those who are willing to stand up for their city not willing to stand up in the cars? Why is it more poetic to note the dew falling than the note falling due? Is it because all flesh is grass that Father Time is always pictured with a scythe? Why does night fall and never break, while day breaks and never falls? Why is there sometimes a "great awakening" after certain preachers finish their dry sermons? Why do men advise us not to put our trust in money and then advise us to put our money in a trust?



The best way to preserve friends is to treat them considerately and not to treat them oftenly. "What will you have?" has caused more drunkards than anything else in the world.

FEATURE FILMS WORTH SEEING



TRAGEDY OF THE DESERT

in two reels

Produced in Egypt, and on the Great Desert, by Kalem Company

FANTASCA, THE GIPSY.

Featuring Alice Joyce in a strong dramatic story.

A PRISONER OF THE HAREM.

A dramatic production founded on an actual incident. Photographed in Egypt.

THE THIEF.

This portrayal teaches the unfortunate results of fostering vanity.

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A Kalem military masterpiece.

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A pretty story of rural life founded on Whittier's poem.

THE MINE SWINDLER.

Lured by glowing accounts of rich gold strikes, the tenderfoot goes West to make a fortune. He secures no fortune, but learns a valuable lesson.

THE SUFFRAGETTE SHERIFF.

A laugh-provoking satire on Western politics, featuring Miss Jane Wolfe as "Miss Wronged," the Suffragette.

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This portrayal is especially pertinent to the present times.

THE LAIR OF THE WOLF.

The story of a simple country girl and a city "wolf."

THE ORGAN GRINDER.

A romantic drama of the Apennine Mountains.

THE BUGLER OF BATTERY B.

This war story is full of action and patriotic thrills.

WINNING A WIDOW.

A delightful comedy produced in America and Egypt.



Your local theater manager will run these films if you ask him

KALEM COMPANY

235 West 23d Street
New York

While at a Photoshow recently, I heard a very wise (or otherwise) man say, as a film was shown in which the leading man saw a vision, "What nonsense! Why dont they do things true to life?"

In the first place, the so-called vision in a picture is usually intended to represent nothing more than a dream, or a recollection, or a train of thoughts; and in this respect the Photodrama has an advantage over the regular stage, because in the latter case it is almost impossible to show the dreams or the subconscious thoughts of a character. In the second place, visions are not at all impossible, for many persons see at certain times, or think they see, things and events that nobody else can see. I do not refer to clairvoyance, or to spiritualism, but to conditions that sometimes exist entirely outside of the isms and ologies. And history is replete with them. Pope believed that he saw an arm projecting from the wall of his room. Martin Luther had hallucinations in which Satan appeared and threw inkstands at him. Fourier passed his life in a continual hallucination. Cardan, Lavater, Zimmermann, Mahomet, Loyola, Van Helmont, St. Francis Xavier, St. Dominic, Shelley, and Rousseau all had visions, and Joan of Arc's whole career was founded on a vision. The great Richelieu was also afflicted, and during his spells he often imagined he was a horse, and acted like one. Hence, visions and hallucinations are not impossible, even if they are not common.



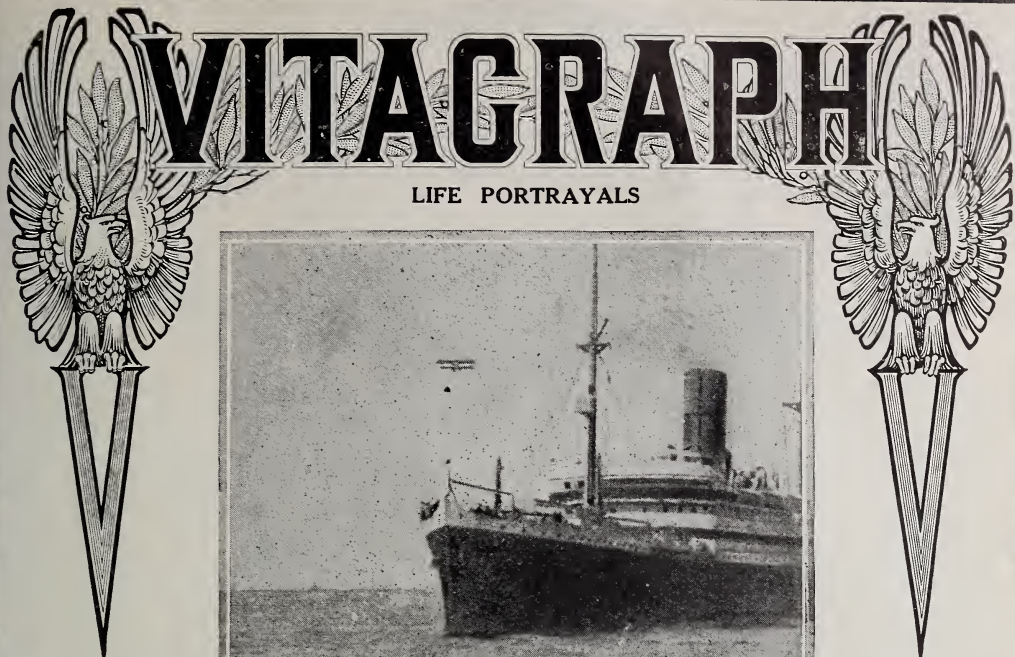
A friend in need is a friend indeed—until he gets the money. Lend to the bore, and you'll see him no more. The friend who comes only when he wants something is no friend; so, give him his needs and be rid of him.



The recent announcement that Mr. Edison had perfected and put on the market a Motion Picture machine for use in the home, seems to have aroused the fears of the exhibitors. They are afraid that Motion Pictures at home means less Motion Pictures at the theaters. They are probably in error. When horse-cars were abolished, people said that horses would be cheap, whereas they brought even higher prices than ever. When phonographs came into common use, people said that they would kill the opera and public concerts, whereas the result was just the reverse. When they began to give free Moving Pictures at the public schools and churches, the exhibitors were up in arms, fearing that it would lessen the patronage at the theaters, whereas the result was quite to the contrary. The more popular Motion Pictures become, and the more there is of them, whether at home, at church, or at school, the greater will be the attendance at the theaters. It should be remembered that a large part of our population have yet to be won over to the Photoplay, and that half of them have not the least conception of what modern Motion Pictures really are.



The traveler and the reader spoke to each other. "I have read what you have seen," said the reader. "I have seen what you have read," said the traveler. No doubt the latter had the best of the argument, not only because his eyes had revealed to him more than the types had revealed to the other, but because he will never forget what he saw, while the reader is bound to forget most of what he read. At the Photoshow we have almost the same advantage as has the traveler, and none of the disadvantages, such as the great expense and loss of time.



"THE MONEY KINGS"

A Modern Drama of Powerful Plot

IN THREE PARTS

NOW ON EXHIBITION

WALL STREET OUVITTED BY A YOUNG GIRL AND A DARING AVIATOR

A WHOLE MONTH'S ENTERTAINMENT

TO LOOK FORWARD TO

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THE BARRIER THAT WAS BURNED. By Rex Beach.

THE LIGHT OF ST. BERNARD. Story of sea and shore.

MARTHA'S REBELLION. Comedy drama.

AT THE ELEVENTH HOUR. Just in time.

WANTED—A GRANDMOTHER. Full of soul and heart.

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WESTERN

THE REDEMPTION OF RED RUBE.

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THE ADVENTURE OF THE THUMB PRINT.

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A PERSISTENT LOVER. Bunny and his elephant.

A LIVELY AFFAIR. Full of action.

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THE AWAKENING OF JONES. Wide awake.

TOO MUCH WOING OF HANDSOME DAN. Western comedy.

YOU WILL SEE THESE AT YOUR LOCAL THEATERS

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA

Old Wine in New Bottles

In Which the Author Suggests to the
Manufacturers Old Plays for New Films

By ROBERT GRAU

Author of "Forty Years' Observation of Music and the Drama," etc.

THERE seems to be no doubt that the tendency is to present the feature film as an ordinary release, and I am of the opinion that the open field is big enough to allow the manufacturer a good profit while he is endeavoring to raise the level of his productions; but I would point out to these gentlemen, and to the exhibitors as well, that the greatest danger lies in the encouragement of a policy that has been the undoing of the speaking stage.

I refer to the persistent efforts to secure the rights for film production of plays that have had their day, and outlived their vogue in the regular theaters; for this would mean simply that the Photoplay seeks to begin where the living drama leaves off. In other words, to cater to the patronage not exhausted—to get what the theatrical managers either did not want, or else could not afford to cater to—in fact, the low-priced public.

To start with, the manufacturers can secure far better material free, without paying one cent of royalty, than they would get from worn-out plays. Take "Fra Diavolo,"* for instance, an opera comique with a great plot and a story full of action—picturesque, romantic, and full of all that atmosphere which lends itself so peculiarly to the silent drama.

I mention this vehicle purely as an illustration. The libretto can be purchased for fifteen cents, and any good stage manager, or director, could

adapt it to the screen. And, mark you, its melodious score will also avail for the Moving Picture theater of tomorrow, where music will surely be a tremendous factor.

I do not mean to convey to the reader that there is no profit in reproducing successful plays on the screen, but I do think it is within my province to warn the powers that be in the film industry against repeating the errors of other modes of public entertaining. I understand that David Belasco was offered one hundred thousand dollars for the film rights of "The Music Master," and I know that Liebler & Co. refused the same amount for the privilege of photographing "The Garden of Allah."

These are special instances, but is it not amazing to hear that twenty-five thousand dollars was paid for "Oliver Twist" pictures, whereas a dozen plays of similar caliber can be had for an expenditure of fifteen cents for dramatic rights, plus overhead charges, cast, and studio expenses?

As a rule, writers criticize without suggesting the alternatives. This cannot be said of the present writer, for one has only to mark the events of the last two years to discover that the suggestions he had previously made are now all acted upon; even the two-dollars-a-seat theater of Cinematography, predicted by the author early in 1911, is not so remote as it was—perhaps we will see it before 1912 comes to an end.

But to return to plays. If "Arrah-na-Pogue" and "Colleen Bawn" were successful as Photoplays, why not

*Since this article was written, "Fra Diavolo" has been produced by the Solax Company.—THE EDITOR.

FREE Twelve Beautiful Pictures FREE

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Everybody's Talking About Them!

And There's Only One Way to Get Them.

At great expense we have had painted for us twelve portraits of twelve popular photoplayers:

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From these paintings we have had made twelve beautiful art portraits, in the original colors, reproduced on fine, coated, heavy paper, suitable for framing, and while they are valued at 50 cents each, they cannot be bought at any price. We have had made just enough with which to supply our subscribers, **and no more.**

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to each person who subscribes to The Motion Picture Story Magazine, one picture each month. The picture of Maurice Costello accompanied the June issue; that of Alice Joyce, the July issue; that of Arthur Johnson, the August issue; but those who subscribe now will receive these three portraits at once, by mail, and the other nine, one each month.

Remember, Each Subscriber Gets the Whole Set!

In no case will the remaining nine portraits be delivered in advance; they will be issued monthly only.

Value of the twelve portraits	-	-	\$6.00	} Our price for all
Value of the Magazine, 1 yr.	-	-	1.50	
			<u>\$7.50</u>	
				\$1.50

Some will frame these exquisite many-colored pictures, as they are issued; others will place them in their picture-albums; still others will have them suitably bound in a neat volume for the library table, together with a few of the one-color pictures from the "Gallery of Picture Players."

Dont Let This Chance Go By!

Better sit right down **now**, fill out this blank, and mail to us with check or money order for \$1.50.

MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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"The Shaughraun"? And why overlook such plays as "Led Astray," "Daniel Rochat," "Our Boarding House," "Rose Michel," "Hazel Kirke," "The Galley Slave," "The White Slave," "Fate," "The Great Ruby," "The Sporting Duchess," "The World," "The Rommany Rye," "Lost in London," and "Alone in London"?

All of these are not public property, but of those on which a royalty is demanded the fee is vastly smaller than would be asked by managers who control plays not half so prolific. Then there are operas like "Lurline," "The Bohemian Girl," "Maritana," "The Lily of Killarney," "Oberon," "William Tell," "Robert the Devil," "The Prophet," and "The Hermit's Bell." "Not new," I hear you say. No, but old enough to be re-novel, and not one dollar of royalty necessary! Of course, I am assuming that the film companies have producers able to adapt and stage such works for the screen. And this is not all. What's the matter with pantomime? Can any one believe that the public of today could fail to appreciate the dear old tales of "Ixion," "Forty Thieves," "Blue Beard, Jr.," "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," "The Arabian Nights," and their like?

If melodrama is wanted, what's the matter with "Around the Clock," "Under the Gas Light," "The Streets of New York"? And of a higher class, one may have for the asking: "No Thoroughfare," "Black-Eyed Susan," and "Not Guilty"?

Here is a suggestion for some enterprising producer. Somewhere on the "Rialto," Hubert Wilke may be located. Is there not among the manufacturers one who will tempt fate with "The Rat Catcher" or the "Pied Piper of Hamelin"? Wilke can play the title rôle as well today as he did a generation ago, when he had New York at his feet. Moreover, being an efficient director, he could produce the spectacle. As a final suggestion to the producers, in their quest for compelling material, perhaps "Bob" Hilliard would consent to have "The Littlest Rebel" filmed, and even, if necessary, with another player in Bob's rôle. The success of such a venture is never in doubt.

If you must have old plays, at least let your choice fall on those that are new to the present generation. There is a vast difference between these and the offerings of theatrical managers of this period, abandoned by them because they no longer could conjure with them.



The Pictures That We Love

By GEORGE W. PRIEST

With pleasure unabating,
We crowd the Photo Show,
And see scenes re-creating
The lands of long ago.
The plays are passing clever,
The players lifelike move—
Yet mem'ry treasures ever
The pictures that we love.

New plots they still discover,
And players sometimes rove;
The peaceful views pass over
The screens where heroes strove.
With spirit wings, that hover
Each changing mood above,
Fond mem'ry will recover
The pictures that we love.

PATHÉ'S WEEKLY

Pathé's Weekly is **P**articularly
Adapted as an **A**ttraction
To those photoplay **T**heaters
Holding it a high **H**onor to
Éntertain the **É**lite of
Society with **S**omething

Worth while. **W**e issue
Every week this **E**specially
Entertaining and **E**nterprising
Kind of film, most **K**e e n l y
Looked for and **L**auded, as
You will find if **Y**ou

SEE IT EVERY WEEK



FAVORITE PLAYS AND PLAYERS



By OUR READERS

THERE is no doubt that the institution of this new department has caught the popular fancy. Letters of approval are coming in by the hundred, and we have already enough poems, acrostics, criticisms and eulogiums to fill many more pages than we can give to this feature of the magazine. We are glad, however, to receive all these evidences of approval for our new department, for they show that the patrons of the Photoplay are as eager to applaud their favorites as are other audiences. Let us repeat that we cannot undertake to acknowledge or to pay for contributions to this department, but unused manuscripts will be returned, if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is sent with the contribution. Please be patient, too, while waiting for your letter or poem to appear; remember that a large magazine must be made up many weeks in advance, so it is impossible to print your effusion in "the next issue." But send along the contributions—there cannot be too many to please us—and, as far as possible, they will all be given a place.

Perhaps Harry Myers, of the Lubin Company, does not realize how many fair maidens are dreaming of him. Just to assure him that he is as popular as ever, we select at random this verse, which comes from Gulfport, Miss.:

TO HARRY MYERS (LUBIN)

Oh, Harry Myers! (I fancied you
Had been, at least, a Montague!)
I breathless watch your beauteous face,
Full of poetic fire and grace,
As with an air bored, shy, *au fait*,
You act—according to the play.

When Love is lost, and sunk in gloom,
You muse in dim, fire-lighted room;

You look so sad, and sweet, and blue,
We yearn to go and comfort you!

But when you gently gather in,
With eager arms, the heroine,
We poor girls in the audience
Are smit with jealousy intense!
Oh, Harry Myers, you're all the rage!
Are you this charming off the stage?

A correspondent from Mobile, Alabama, writes of her gladness at seeing Arthur Mackley with the Essanay Company. "As a 'villain,' he is almost unapproachable. I knew Mr. Mackley some years ago, when he was stage director, also 'villain,' with the old Hopkins Company, in Memphis, and you can imagine my delight when, after a lapse of several years, I saw his 'villainous' face on the curtain, playing with Bronco Billy."

We read a great deal nowadays about the moral and educational value of the Motion Picture, and here comes Willie B. Franklin, of 249 West 78th Street, N. Y., to corroborate this view of his favorite amusement:

I know what makes me go to school,
And try to mind each dreadful rule,
And keep my face and hands so clean;
You bet I know just what I mean.

For when my marks are good and high,
And when I tell how hard I try,
I get more pennies from my dad—
Oh, gee! I need 'em awful bad.

Around the corner, dont you know,
They've got a Moving Picture show;
And every time I get ten cents,
I go and see 'em—it's immense!

And there's one girl, a pretty one,
That I like best—she takes the bun—
And I'd go barefoot, miles and miles,
To see her "Dimples" when she smiles.

Virginia T. sympathizes with the Photoshow idols in the following clever



What a Handsome Couple!

Perhaps you yourself have envied the rounded beauty of such figures as these—graceful, well-developed, splendidly healthful—you see them at every bathing beach—admired by all.

Perhaps you dread to don your bathing suit because of your own painful thinness—you wonder bitterly why you are thin—you eat good food and plenty of it—but somehow you can't gain flesh—why is it?

You are thin doubtless because the flesh-producing elements in your food pass away from your body instead of being retained to build it up—your system lacks the power of proper assimilation—a dozen meals a day will not increase your weight—they will only add to the loss.

You need something to stop this waste—you need Sargol.

SARGOL combines with the sugars, starches, fats and albumenoids in your food in such a way that they are readily absorbed

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If we did not feel that Sargol would help you we would not offer this full-size package, for which your druggist would charge you 50c. Cut out the corner coupon and return it to us to-day with your name and address—try this wonderful flesh builder that has made thousands of men and women heavier, healthier and happier.

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DR. HARE CUDDY

Formerly Hon. Staff Physician, St. Luke's Hospital, Michigan.

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sonnet—but does she not forget that John Bunny, one of the most popular actors, is anything but “a tall and slender guy”?

SONNET TO AN M. P. IDOL

I pity all the handsome men
That act in Photoshows;
How they exist, I dinna ken,
Such rhymes the girls compose!
Will maidens ever give them peace?
Idolatry seems to increase.
'Twill never cease! With each release
The hero-worship grows!

The idols of the maidens fair
Make love in shady nooks;
Sweet vows declare, while posing there,
Beside the rippling brooks.
Embrace the girl 'midst “Ohs” and “Ahs,”
Go off the screen 'midst wild applause!
The maidens love them just because
They're cast to have good looks.

If they were slightly old and fat,
Tho they could really act,
No lady would remove her hat,
The shows would not be packed.
It is the tall and slender guys
On whom the maidens feast their eyes,
And whom they fairly idolize.
These maidens all are cracked.

The heroes dress in latest style,
Their eyes (I think) are blue,
And, if they've dimples when they smile,
The maids make much ado.
If they have clustering, curly hair,
That parts, to leave one temple bare,
And pretty teeth— Oh, I dont care!
I'm crazy 'bout 'em, too!

Harriet M. Scott, of New Orleans, longs to see Robert Gaillard featured strongly, for, in her opinion, he is the best of them all. Francis X. Bushman also comes in for some hearty praise in this long and interesting letter.

Clarice Grayson, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, writes interestingly about several of the new plays. She says: “Usually, I like the Vitagraph plays and players the best of all, their acting is so fine and their themes so unusual. But I must say that their new film, ‘Mockery,’ gave me a feeling of horror, which I was several days in losing. It was finely staged, and realistically acted—which is, I suppose, the reason that the tragical ending affected me so strongly. Of course, I know that plays cannot all end happily, and be true to life, but I hope we may have as many as possible with sunny endings.”

“Give us more plays like the Kalem’s ‘Fighting Dervishes of the Desert,’” writes A. J. Moorehead, from Austin, Texas. “Such films are educational, in the best sense, bringing to us, who must stay at home, the poetry, the romance and the history of the desert, blended with the exquisite romance which interests the old as well as the young.”

“The Edison series of educational films are keeping us posted about the various civic and philanthropic movements of our country, as nothing else could do,” declares a correspondent from Boston. “I encourage all the children whom I teach in the high school to follow the Edison series and the Pathé Frères weekly, and the results are wonderful. Hours of oral teaching could not accomplish such results.”

A young man, who signs himself Billy Blue, sends these verses to Mabel Normand; but his poetry does not sound as if he felt “blue”:

Ah! maiden demure, with your face sweet
and pure,
And your eyes, with their coquettish
glances,
What havoc you've wrought with the cap-
tive you've caught—
The poor heart your coquetry en-
trances.

I know, to be sure, for each ill there's a
cure,
And quite often a man takes his chances;

Then finds he has sought for what is, yet
is not—
A cure for Love's poisoned lances.

Now, dear, tho it's poor, you've my heart
held secure
By your charms, tho you've met no ad-
vances;
And I'm vain with the thought that my
votes, friendship fraught,
Cause the gleam in your bright eyes that
dances.

A Fly in the Milk May Mean a Baby in the Grave



Flies are the most dangerous insects known. They are born in filth, live on filth and carry filth. Flies carry millions of death-dealing germs and leave them wherever they alight.

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THERMOS

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(Editor of The Motion Picture Story Magazine)

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1912 1913 ANNOUNCEMENT

Two Ideal Cruises Around the World

Sailing from New York, October 19, 1912. From San Francisco, February 6, 1913, by Steamship *Cleveland* (17,000 Tons), duration 110 days, cost \$650 up, including all necessary expenses aboard and ashore, railway, hotel, shore excursions, guide fees, etc.

Also to the **ORIENT** from New York, January 30, 1913, on Steamship *Cincinnati* (17,000 Tons), an 81 day trip, costing \$450 and up, including all necessary expenses.

8 delightful cruises to the **WEST INDIES**, Venezuela, Panama Canal and Bermuda, by *S. S. Moltke*, from New York, January 4, 23; February 25; March 29. *S. S. Victoria Luise*, January 15; February 8; March 11; April 10, 1913. 16-21-27-28-29 days. \$145, \$160, \$175 and up.

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Albert W. Locke, Boston, Mass., writes us an interesting letter, asking why we do not dedicate a department to the outlining and criticism of the popular Photoplays of the month, including their casts. We have gone into this subject in previous issues, and consider it well worthy of discussion. Space is a stern arbiter. A film is not universally popular; therefore, in order to be comprehensive and impartial, we would have to cover all of the new releases. This in itself would compel a slurring of the other standardized and popular features of the magazine. Then, too, there is the co-ordination of release dates with the dates of the magazine. What would be new to some, in releases issued daily thruout a month, would be stale to other Photoplaygoers. However, the germ of the idea is excellent, and, if we can overcome the difficulties stated, we are heartily in accord with the writer's views.

Miss Marguerite Linder, Brooklyn, N. Y., implies that "Little Dan" took a hand in making up Maurice Costello's danger signals:

In his cheeks are two mighty big dimples,
By Cupid's own fingers impressed,
Where beauty, bewitchingly simple,
Has chosen her innocent rest.

There are dimples, too, that can lighten the crimes of even a stage villain, according to Mrs. N. Hoffman, Buffalo, N. Y.:

A roguish eye and a dimpled chin
Surely means the divil within;
To see him act is surely a treat,
In rôles of love he cant be beat.

As a villain, he looks so sheepish when
caught—
Apparently wants to be out of the plot.
Belongs to Essanay, and I always yearn
To see the actor, Bryant Washburn.

Land ho! S. R. Child, a sea-dog on board U. S. S. Dakota, comes out plainly in a letter, and 'fesses up that he is an ordinary salt, not a poet, but by bringing tradition up to date, he has a sweetheart in every port—at the Photoshow.

From "San Franciscan" (suffraget?) comes a demand that we unseat each and every judge that did not award first prize in the popularity contest to Gilbert M. Anderson. Otherwise, she will "bolt" the magazine. Sounds like recent political history, doesn't it?

Unfortunately, the author's name of the following dainty verse has been mislaid, but we trust that this anonymous recognition will meet with her approval:

TO THE UNKNOWN HERO OF THE MOTION PICTURE

I do not know your company,
I do not know your name,
But I have seen your acting,
And I know you're known to fame.

My life holds naught of romance,
But my dullness you assuage,
And I thrill, my unknown hero,
With your glances from the stage.

'Tis true they're for the heroine—
Unknown to me, like you—
But she is very beautiful
And lovable and true.

As round your fair, unconscious heads
I foolish fancies weave,
I sigh because this love, so real,
Is only make believe!

According to "A Philadelphia Girl," who reads this department closely, and is evidently as close a student of the films, Warren Kerrigan, of the American Company, is the coming male star of Motion Picture portrayers. Some of her cogent reasons are: His utter lack of affectation, or stage manner, which, she maintains, hurts the posing of most of the other leads; his evident sincerity, which, if it is not real, is assumed with a fine art; his natural quali-

If you want to know anything

Ask the Technical Bureau

Owing to the large number of requests for information of a technical nature that will not interest the general reader, The Motion Picture Story Magazine announces the establishment of a

BUREAU OF TECHNICAL EXPERTS

whose services will be at the command of the readers of this magazine.

ANSWERS WILL BE PROMPT, BY LETTER OR WIRE

Among those included on the staff are:

Epes Winthrop Sargent, who is an accepted authority on the details of House Management, Advertising, Road Management, etc. Mr. Sargent has been actively engaged in the amusement business since 1891, and has been identified with the Motion Picture business since its inception.

Will C. Smith will answer questions relating to the Motion Picture machines, their installation, use, etc. Mr. Smith is a veteran lantern man, his experience dating back of the development of the Motion Picture, and is regarded as the most expert writer on the subject in this country, tho his varied interests do not permit him to devote much time to this branch of the work. He was the projection expert for the Film Index, and we regard ourselves as fortunate in being able to offer the services of this authority.

Mr. George C. Hedden, for many years in charge of the film renting service of the Vitagraph Company of America, and one of the best informed men in the world on all questions of film service, will have charge of this branch of the service.

Electrical matters will be handled by an expert whose name we cannot now announce, but this branch of the service will be as well looked after as those already mentioned.

By special arrangement the Bureau is able to announce the purely nominal fee of one dollar for each question that does not involve extended research. No charge for addresses when a stamped return envelope is sent.

Arrangements can be made for special service by correspondence.

PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

The Bureau will also act as Purchasing Agent for out-of-town exhibitors, and is in a position to command the lowest terms and quickest service. Correspondence is solicited. *Address all communications*

TECHNICAL BUREAU

The Motion Picture Story Magazine

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE—Scenario writing is not regarded as being within the scope of this department and those desiring service in this connection are referred to the various pages of the advertising section.

fications: a fine physique, good looks, and attractive manner. She is an able advocate, and concludes by stating that "all of which entitles my favorite to have his picture taken at the rate of sixteen a second, for publication, as long as the negative holds out."

MATCHMAKING

(With all respect to the players' wives and husbands)

Did you ever sit and dream,
Dream that, just as in the play,
Dream that those upon the screen
May love, and marry, yet, some day?

Now suppose that up the aisle
We should see sweet Alice Joyce
Lean on the arm of Carlyle,
And that he was her first choice;

And that dimpled Lillian Walker,
With dimpling never done,
Dimples once in his direction,
And she's Mrs. Morrison;

And that, maybe, Florence Turner
Looks once upon him, smiling,
And then love-sick Maurice "Dimples"
Is fit for the asylum;

And that little Gene Gauntier,
The captivating miss,
Gazes firmly into Jack Clark's eyes,
And he yearns for a kiss;

And suppose that pretty little "Flo,"
The girl who "went away,"

Returns to Arthur, her old beau,
And ne'er more goes astray;

And that golden-haired Gladys Fields,
Of whom no more we hear,
Meets the truant William Clifford,
And makes him call her "dear";

And then there's G. M. Anderson,
Who lives a Western life,
Now wouldn't he be happy,
With Vedah for his wife?

And here comes Earle Williams,
The anti-suffraget;
If he takes Clara Kimball Young,
I'm sure he'll ne'er regret.

Last, but not least, is Bunny,
The funny little feller,
I'm sure that he loves Flora Finch,
But's too bashful to tell her.

And now the little supposing
Game is at an end.
I to each and every player
My hearty greetings send.

ALFRED J. WEISS.

115 Chambers Street, New York City.

Edward Harding, of New York, states that, in his opinion, the Photoplayer stars are featured too much, to the detracting of hundreds of other meritorious players in the business. Very deservedly true, dear critic! And that is one of the reasons why we maintain and encourage this department. We want to hear intelligent words of praise about the mass of Photoplayers who are struggling toward the top. As T. R. and W. J. B. say: "Give every one a fair chance and a fair start, and boost the little ones."

Miss Irene M. Parsons, of 435 Lake Avenue, Chicago, says that she and her sister are great admirers of this magazine, and that they "always rush home on the day when it is due, to see which one get it first." She sends these verses as "a tribute to lovely Florence Turner":

If Florence Turner doesn't come
And act for me, real soon,
I know I'm going to turn into
A melancholy loon.

'Tis she who smiles my blues away,
'Tis she who makes me glad,
And, if she doesn't hurry up,
I know I shall go mad.

I've roamed from show to show, I've looked
And longed for her in vain,
And, if I do not find her soon,
I'll surely go insane.

The ticket sellers, as they see me
Pass them by each night,
Just smile, and shake their heads, and say,
"That girl is not quite right."

But that's not so! I'm looking
For the sweetest girl I know,
That ever charmed the people at
A Moving Picture show.

My one wish is to know her
As I see her on the screen—
To speak to her, and see her smile—
My Motion Picture Queen!

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Address **PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT,**

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,
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Answers to Inquiries



This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to the matrimonial alliances of the players and other purely personal matters will not be answered. A list of all film makers will be supplied on request to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. No questions can be answered relating to the identity of the Biograph players.

Those who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. Write only on one side of paper, and use separate sheets for questions intended for different departments of this magazine.

G. V., CHICAGO.—William Russell was Miss Florence LaBadie's husband in Thanhouser's "The Trouble Maker." We cannot say when her picture will appear in the gallery.

M. J. C., HUDSON FALLS.—Warren J. Kerrigan was the foreman in American's "A Tramp's Gratitude."

A. H. B., ROCKLAND.—We have not published a model Photoplay, but have repeatedly given the form. We do not know of a man with Selig who looks like G. M. Anderson, tho we have heard of him. There are some who contend that Arthur Mackley, of the Western Essanay, looks like Mr. Anderson's father. We have imagination, but not that much.

FRECKLES.—The Vitagraph did not cast the teacher in "A Picture Idol." We have discussed Mr. Costello's attitude elsewhere. Briefly, he makes a distinction between intelligent appreciation of his work, and the ravings of sentimental schoolgirls.

J. M. S., NEW YORK.—The questions you ask cannot be answered briefly; and, since many others are asking for the same information, we shall answer your query at length.

Altho Motion Picture fans are remarkably well informed about the picture business, there are hundreds who find it difficult to understand the difference between the "Licensed" and so-called "Independent" companies. An effort has been made to explain each inquiry in brief, but the question presents so many different angles that an attempt will be made here to explain the difference in full.

Most persons know that to the genius of Thomas A. Edison we are indebted for the development of the zoetrope into the kinetoscope, and so into the Motion Picture projection machine. The kinetoscope is the parent of all the subsequent devices for motion photography and projection. In its original form it was merely a strip of positive film run beneath a magnifying eyepiece, a small electric light beneath the transparent film furnishing the illumination.

The kinetoscope film of 1893 was precisely the same as the Motion Picture film of today. It offered a picture one inch broad by three-fourths of an inch high, and it had the four perforations in the margin that since have become standard the world over. The film, and the process of taking it, have not been changed; only the method of making and showing has been improved upon.

Mr. Edison did not patent this device abroad, partly, it is said, because even he did not perceive the great value of his invention. Then it was merely a coin-operated device, visible to but one person at a time, and by many was regarded as a toy of no great practicability. It was patented only in this country, but this patent was made so sweeping that it covered any means of stopping the film before the lens at the moment of exposure.

While Mr. Edison was developing the projection machine, others were working toward the same end—the Lumières, in France, certain men in England; and Herman Cassler, an American, who obtained patents for the Biograph machine.

The Biograph employed no perforations in the film, and used a strip of film several times as wide as the Edison film, but of the same relative proportions as to the size of the picture. The Edison intermittent movement that drew the film down was replaced by a device for thrusting the film down the space of one picture, and a patent was allowed for an improvement on Motion Picture machines. The Biograph claimed that its machine was non-infringing, and proceeded to make and display film while the Edison suit for infringement was pending. The litigation was bitterly contested, and of long duration. Meantime others imported Lumière machines, and other makers, notably Sigmund Lubin and the Vitagraph Company, began to turn out negatives and positive prints.

Pending the final decision in the Supreme Court, the Edison Company was compelled to protect its rights by bringing suit for each infringement. Even then it is probable that the full value of the patents was not realized, for, several years after the first Motion Pictures, the then general manager of the Biograph and Mutoscope Company declared that the mutoscope, the coin-operated device, still common in penny arcades, was by far the most valuable patent, and probably always would be.

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Read What the Edison Company's Scenario Editor, Mr. Horace G. Plimpton, Writes About the Opportunity Offered by Scenario Writing:

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NATIONAL AUTHORS' INSTITUTE

501 GAIETY
THEATRE BLD'G
NEW YORK CITY

The Moving Picture News

INCORPORATING

MOVING PICTURE TALES

(America's Leading Cinematograph Weekly)

Editor, ALFRED H. SAUNDERS

(20 Years Expert in Cinematography)

For the Trade—Manufacturer, Exchangeman and Operator

For the Home—A Delightful Story of the Film Each Week

For the Educationalist—Full Particulars of Educational Films

For the Writer—A Scenario Page Full of Hints

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The Biograph had cut its film down and added perforations, because the demand was for the standard, or Edison film, just as the Lumière Cinematograph added the perforations, tho the Lumière movement used but a single perforation on each side for each picture, instead of the standard four.

Both the Vitagraph and Biograph companies made many improvements in their original models, the litigation became three-cornered, and at last the Edison-Biograph interests were merged, and the Motion Picture Patents Company was formed to hold the various patents. This company issued licenses to those who qualified. Some new companies were licensed, and these licensed companies were the Biograph, Edison, Vitagraph, Lubin, Pathé Frères, Selig, Spohr and Anderson (Essanay), Kalem, and George Kleine (who was licensed to import film). Later on, Gaston Méliès, a brother of that George Méliès who so largely contributed to the second stage of Motion Picture development, by working out the trick film, was licensed, and this list still stands.

One of the objects of the Motion Picture Patents Company was the regulation of the distribution of the film to and thru the exchanges, preventing the making of unlicensed film and the distribution of the immoral and ultra-sensational melodramas.

Some of the exchange managers objected, as did some men who wanted to make film, and who were refused licenses. These declared themselves to be "independent" manufacturers, and established their own studios, forming at the same time the Motion Picture Distributing and Sales Company, thru which the product was to be distributed to the exchanges.

Prompt action was begun against the alleged infringers, but the law's delays are tedious and the law's demands are exacting. It was necessary to prove that the Motion Picture cameras used by the independents were infringements of the Edison-Biograph patents. Moral certainty does not count in a court of law, and, very naturally, infringements were difficult to prove. When infringements were found, there arose again the question as to the legality of the alleged infringing camera, and these questions are still at issue.

There does exist a form of non-infringing camera, in which the lens, or rather a set of lenses, travel downward with the film. None of them is thoroly practical, mechanically or optically, but they do not stop the film, and so are non-infringing. Theoretically, most companies are supposed to use these cameras, tho it is pretty well known that the cameras actually used are imported from England, and are either Warwick or Gaumont cameras. The companies may be enjoined from their use pending the court decision, but this does not prevent others from being obtained and used, and so the matter stands.

"Licensed" or "Association" films are made by the companies operating under a license from the Motion Picture Patents Company.

"Independent" films are made by those who profess to be independent of the Motion Picture Patents Company, and who declare the Edison-Biograph patents to be too sweeping in their claims, and that they are, therefore, illegal.

For a time, the Sales Company controlled practically all of the "Independent" product; those not actually interested in the company paying \$50 for each reel released.

Meantime, the National Company was formed to handle certain lines of European product, and the releases of some companies not listed by the Sales Company. Several trade names were used to cover the product of a few American studios, and the free lances, who made no affiliations, but who sold their negatives to the Sales Company members, or to the National, according to the demand. It has but a small field.

When the Majestic Company was formed, the original purpose being to feature Miss Mary Pickford, who had just left the Imp Company, the Sales Company exacted a handling fee of two cents a foot for each reel, instead of \$50 for each release. After a few weeks, the Majestic withdrew. The Comet, the old Yankee Company, had been dropped, and the Gaumont, but lately added to the "Independent" ranks, was able to work thru the Sales Company only by abandoning to that company its valuable Animated Weekly.

Late in May, the formation of a new distributing company was announced, the "Mutual," or "Film Supply Company of America," with these companies in the formation: Thanbouser, Gaumont, American, Great Northern, Reliance, Eclair, Solax, Majestic, Lux and Comet.

Remaining in the Sales Company are the Powers, Imp, Rex and New York (Bison), forming the holding members of the Sales Company, with Republic, Nestor and Champion, of the old formation, and the new Florence Lawrence Company (Victor).

In theory, any of these reels may be had from any "Independent" exchange, and the releases of the Sales Company members and the Mutual should be found on the same program, tho it is apparent that, at the start, an effort will be made by both sides to establish exclusive programs. It will be several months before this feature is cleared.

There are still the free lance companies making negatives, mostly of Western subjects, which they sell to whomever will buy, most of the product going to certain of the

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

"Independent" companies, whose facilities do not permit them to keep abreast of release.

Any "Independent" film may be shown in any "Independent" theater without restriction, and "Licensed" film may be shown *if* it can be obtained, but the "Licensed" films are not sold to the exchanges, as are the "Independent" reels. They are merely leased to the "Licensed" exchanges for a specified time, with the provision that the film shall not be rented to any house not licensed, nor to any house which shall also use unlicensed subjects, altho in Europe both "Licensed" and "Independent" subjects are sold outright and used indiscriminately.

C. C. S., CHICAGO.—Lists of studio addresses are supplied only when the request is accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

J. K. M. AND OTHERS.—"The Courier of Lyons" was the original title of the special subject subsequently released in this country as "The Orleans Coach." The story was fictionized in the magazine before the change in title was decided upon, and, very naturally, the original title was employed. Changes in title are frequently made for various good reasons. "Before a Book Was Written," for example, became "The Cave Man" in the interest of brevity. Another correspondent, who remarks that the names in the magazine were not those in the film, raises another interesting point. Some companies use no names in production, and the plot and cast are sent without names. These are supplied by our authors, and do not match those which may later be selected by the company, and these, in turn, may not be in accord with the names the players call each other on the stage, to the disquiet of the lip-motion readers.

J. R. S., BRADFORD.—If you see "plenty of Lubins" you should get Arthur Johnson. You have Miss Leonard placed correctly. Most of your questions have been answered very frequently, and cannot be repeated. Send a stamped and addressed envelope for replies, if you want to be certain of being answered.

K. L. R., SALEM.—Votes received on June 8th are not counted in a contest in which the prizes have already been delivered to the winners. How far is Salem from the Philadelphia of the fun-makers?

E. E. H., BRONX.—If we answered only half of your last five questions, the other two and a half had been answered before, and could not be repeated for your especial benefit. Miss Miriam Nesbitt was the girl snowed in in Edison's "The Guilty Party." Miss Kathryne Williams was the wife in Selig's "The Devil, the Servant and the Man." Augustus Carney is always Ike in the "Alkali Ike" pictures, just as G. M. Anderson is always Broncho Billy in that series.

TWO PRETTY GIRLS, NEW YORK.—Sorry, but we cant tell two girls who are "just crazy about it" how to get into the pictures.

NO NAME.—If you have the correct title for that Thanhouser, it is more than a year old, and cannot be placed. In "The Little Shut-in" the players are cast Cruel Feet, Manly Feet, etc. Which pair of boots do you refer to? We cannot, as a rule, tell where Photoplays are made, but we believe that "As It Was in the Beginning" was made during the Thanhouser trip to Florida.

NOTAMASH.—We do not place those Selig titles.

A READER, SAVIN ROCK.—There is no fixed salary for child players. Some get more and some less, from \$3 a day when they work, to \$50 a week on salary.

L. R., WILLIAMSPORT.—Mr. Anderson appears in Western instead of romantic plays because he heads the Western section of the company which makes all of these releases, the Chicago section taking care of the rest. Mr. Costello has been pictured in February, March and November, 1911, and February, 1912, to say nothing of the June insert in colors sent subscribers only.

E. L. V., OAKLAND.—The advertisement seems to be correct. You might ask the manager for the information you seek.

MACE GREENLEAF.—We are indebted to several correspondents for the information that "The Reformation of Kid Hogan" was the first and only Lubin for which the late Mace Greenleaf posed, therefore his last picture appearance. He was Hogan's manager.

ALHAMBRA, WILLITS.—George O. Nichols was the monk in Thanhouser's "A Love of Long Ago."

L. Z. Y., FORT WORTH.—We are of the opinion you want too much for your money, but your suggestion that photographs of John Bunny in a bathing suit would be among the six best sellers, is courteously referred to Mr. Bunny and the Vitagraph.

I. C., SARATOGA SPRINGS.—Send a stamped and addressed envelope when you want addresses.

G. B. K., BROOKLYN.—We cannot obtain the Pathé information. Tom Santschi was the other rival in Selig's "The Rivals."

ART STUDENT.—We do not know where Miss Bertram studied art. Mr. Olcott is not one of the owners of the Kalem Company.

V. T., KENTUCKY.—William Duncan was the vagabond in Selig's "The Vagabonds." We have not the Bernhard cast. The author of Vitagraph's "Her Picture Idol" is not announced, but it does sound a bit like Costello, doesn't it?

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who have
intended to
but have not?



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NOTE:—This offer holds good until September 1st. All subscriptions must be received before that date.

W. H. M., CAMBRIDGE SPRINGS.—Miss Lillian Walker is still announced as a member of the Vitagraph Company. Your other inquiries have been previously answered.

VITAGRAPH LOVER.—In Lubin's "All in the Wash" the actress was Gladys Cameron, and the married couple Miss Mae Hotely and George E. Reehm. In the same company's "Just Married," A. Ellery and Frances Cummings were Lord and Lady Algy, Spottiswoode Aitken and William Louis the tall and short actors, respectively, and Mrs. Nurmaster was the landlady. In Vitagraph's "An Innocent Theft," Charles Kent was the minister and Miss Evelyn Dominicus the maid. In the same company's "Thou Shalt Not Covet," Mrs. Moore's friend was Miss Rose E. Tapley. That's an awful lot to get on one postal card. Use a letter next time, please, and let a little of the white paper show thru.

F. F., HOBOKEN.—Arthur Mackley was the sheriff in Essanay's "The Sheriff and His Man." You'll have to ask your local manager why he does not show your favorite player. The films are there, if he can get them. Jack Harvey was Tom in Vitagraph's "The Willow Tree."

J. T., LOWELL.—Awful things happen to inquirers who ask "are they married?" or want to know if players are brother and sister. Be warned in time. Brooks McCloskey was the boy in "The Choir of Densmore" (Lubin). Miss Winnifred Greenwood was the girl in Selig's "A Persistent Suitor." Miss Lottie Briscoe acts opposite parts to Mr. Johnson in the Lubin Company at present.

J. J., KEESVILLE.—Glad you like the colored inserts. Your contest idea is novel, but too limited in scope. F. Stanley was Betty's father in Méliès' "Making Good." H. T. Morey was Anse in "Beyond the Law," the final title for the story printed as "The Code of the Hills." Sorry, but we can't get hold of the list of players you want. It's ancient history now. Robert Burns is now a Lubin player.

W. E. S., PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND.—To explain fully the construction of a Motion Picture camera would tax the space at our command. In brief, it consists of a box containing the mechanism, and two boxes capable of containing rolls of 400 feet of film. These latter are the same, in effect, as the plate-holders of the usual camera, and are changeable. A pulley and spring belt from the camera crank operate the "take up," or, in other words, cause the spool in the lower box to revolve and wind up the exposed film. The mechanism is very similar to that of a projection machine (which any picture theater will let you see), except that a Lumière movement is used in place of the star or Geneva movement. In other words, the film is pulled past the opening by two prongs, one on each side, instead of being drawn down by a toothed sprocket, the idea of this being, that since the prongs engage but two of the eight perforations to each picture, there will be three perfect perforations for the printing machine sprockets to act upon. The film is drawn from the upper box, past the camera to the lower box, the camera shutter opening at the moment the film is at rest. It is operated by a crank at the side of the box.

V. M. B., LANCASTER.—William Russell was the sailor in Thanhouser's "Jilted." You are liable to hear anything if you listen to the gossip of the Photoplay theaters. The Thanhouser Company did not split, but some Western people were permitted to purchase an interest, that Mr. Thanhouser might give his time to production, and leave business to the new partners. The company is intact.

T. B., BROOKLYN.—Miss McAllister played with the Spooners. Miss Marguerite Snow was the mother in Thanhouser's "My Baby's Voice."

G. L., HAWLEY.—This is a question box, not a matrimonial bureau, and we cannot comply with your request to have the lovely young man with the white teeth send his photograph, and name, and address in exchange for yours. There are some things, G. L., that even a harassed and long-suffering Answer Man draws the line at, and we cannot play Cupid for strange young ladies, even if you do promise to come and see us when you come to town this fall; positively not.

L. S., PHILADELPHIA.—We are trying to get Mr. Kerrigan's picture, but the only one they had was a half-tone that will not reproduce. We still have hopes. Much obliged for the information as to the location of the company at El Cajon, but we believe the company when it says it is at La Mesa now.

I. E. D., NEWARK.—If you state the correct title of the Kalem, it is outlawed by age.

G. E. H., NEW YORK.—We do not, as a rule, reply to those "is he married?" aggravations, but in view of the fact that Mr. Lubin has no son, we break the rule truthfully to remark that Miss Florence Lawrence is not married to Mr. Lubin's non-existent son. Maybe, if Mr. Lubin had a son, Miss Lawrence might possibly be married to him, but what difference would this make in her acting? And just where does it become a matter of proper interest?

M. P. KID, PHILADELPHIA.—Since you "scan" this magazine each month, please continue the scanning to the point where you hit one of the numerous statements that addresses will not be published here, but will be sent for a stamped envelope. We believe that the Reliance has postcards for sale.

K. W., LA GRANGE.—See just above for addresses.



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But if you are interested in a clean, high-class position that will pay you \$5.00 per day at the beginning, with good prospects ahead—if you are interested in laying the foundation of a permanent financial advantage through sound business policy, and in a straightforward, legitimate manner with a house of character and responsibility—then I wish you would send me your name and address, and state the territory you would like to have, in case it is still unoccupied.

No charge is made for territory, and you are not required to buy a big stock of machines in order to get an agency. The essentials are that you obey instructions in the conduct of the agency, that you give your time faithfully to the business, and that you are honest. That is all.

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"The scenario 'The Schoolmaster's Courtship' I sold to the Vitagraph Co."

"I have just disposed of 'The Timber Thieves' to the Edison Co. for \$25.00."

"The Selig Polyscope Co. has bought 'His Brother' and 'The Strike Breaker'."

"I sold 'The Mysterious Letter' to the Vitagraph Co."

"The Biograph Co. accepted my second scenario."

"The Lubin Mfg. Co. has just sent me a check for my first scenario."

"Kalem has bought 'The Blackfoot Half-breed'; this makes two."

Names of above students and many other successful ones on request. If you go into this work go into it right. You cannot learn the art of writing motion picture plays by a mere reading of text-books. Your actual original work must be directed, criticised, analyzed and corrected. This is the only school that delivers such service and the proof of the correctness of our methods lies in the success of our graduates. They are selling their plays.

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M. C., CHICAGO.—Sadie Osman has the title in "Detective Dorothy."

G. H. J., CHICAGO.—Frances Osman is cast as the little girl in "The Turning Point."

M. B., HOUSTON.—You can't get a job with any picture company. Better stick to school for a while.

D. L. D., PATCHOGUE.—We know lots of things, but we do not know whether or not the Vitagraph players mentioned ever appeared in Patchogue.

A. G., NEW YORK.—A constant reader of this magazine should know the rule about obtaining addresses.

M. V. G., NEW YORK.—We do not keep track of locations, but think the Vitagraph's "The Indian Flute" is one of those made in Ausable Chasm last summer. Kotten, Jr., in Kalem's "The Girl Strikers," was Thomas Moore.

FLOSSIE C. P.—It's not the number of your questions we marvel at, Flossie, but at the number of letters you manage to write in the course of a month. With seven or eight letters, you do not equal some of the twenty to thirty questions that come in one batch, but if we do not get one of your letters about every third day, we begin to wonder if you are ill. We agree with you that it's a shame you cannot see Crane Wilbur in pictures, but that seems to be one of the things we can't help. See the local manager of the theater, and talk with him about it. Maybe he will reform, and give you a C. W. every week and Pearl White more often than once a month. With Pathé releasing six reels a week, he should be able to do it. Sure, we think C. W. is cute. Anything to be obliging. There is a player "existing" by the name of Guy Oliver. It's Guy T. Oliver, to be exact. He was with Lubin for a long time, but for nearly a year he has been with Eclair. Good character-actor, and can paddle a canoe Indian fashion, with the paddle on one side of the boat. Frank Richardson is with Selig, and there is a James Richardson with the American. Most players will write in an album if you prepay postage both ways, and provide return packing. Miss Joyce's hair is of a shade that takes light, tho it is dark. Study up the actinic value of colors and you'll understand. All out of the September issue. We are offering new magazines in exchange for that issue, but them as has 'em keeps 'em.

PEONI A., SAN FRANCISCO.—We've not been able to get the first question answered yet, but will keep on trying. Questions of relationship and religion are barred, but you might be right. If you are, and will write direct, we think you will be answered, under the circumstances.

C. W. M., POMPTON LAKES.—We can send you a list of addresses. Can you send us a stamped envelope to cover their return?

B. A., BUFFALO.—We think you refer to Miss Besserer in Selig's "The Hand of Fate." She had the second lead. The lady who looked like Miss Williams in the same company's "Driftwood" was Miss Myrtle Stedman.

THE HOUN' DAWG.—W. E. S. courteously supplied the information that the leading woman in Pathé's "The Houn' Dawg" was not Miss Handworth, but Miss Edith Bostwick, once with Imp.

D. H., PITTSBURG.—As a rule, we require something more definite than "the dandy looking six-footer," but the poet in Reliance's "His Mother's Son" was Wallace Reid, formerly with the Vitagraph. The Japanese girl in Thanhouser's "The East and the West" was a real Japanese, as were some of the men. The picture was made here in America. The "dear girl" in the same company's "The Ring of the Spanish Grandee" was Miss Flo LaBadie. Miss Jessalyn Van Trump is the dark-haired player of the American, who appears with Miss Bush. It's Pauline, not Kathleen, by the way. Greater sobriety of expression will yield the same results in answers.

A. W., SAN ANTONIO.—There is no established scale of salaries for Photoplayers, and a variance of several hundred dollars between the top price and the lowest. The average is between \$35 and \$75, with the stars in three figures.

THE SANDCRAB.—Miss Helen Marten is called the Gibson Girl because she was a model for that artist before she took to Photoplaying. Your other inquiries have been answered in the more or less recent past.

C. M. W., YONKERS.—You'll have to give titles, not plots, if you desire replies.

M. K.—We don't quite understand what you mean by "let me know if it is true that people who are not acquainted with the actors and actresses, except in seeing and bearing them, visit them?" If you mean you want to know if strangers may visit Photoplayers, most decidedly not.

J. L. M., SAN FRANCISCO.—The Kalem Company has postcard photos and numerous other pictures. Write them for the information, enclosing a reply envelope. We cannot place the player you mention.

OYEZ, NEW YORK.—Mr. Costello still lives and acts in spite of the fact that he is reported dead almost daily. He seems to have grown used to it.

D. R., WELLSBURG.—Mr. Anderson is an Essanay player. Very naturally, he did not play in the American production. The titles you mention are too old to qualify.

M. M., ROXBURY.—Arthur Johnson is still with the Lubin Company.

R. B. H., CHICAGO.—William Clifford was Maynard in Méliès' "The Stolen Grey."

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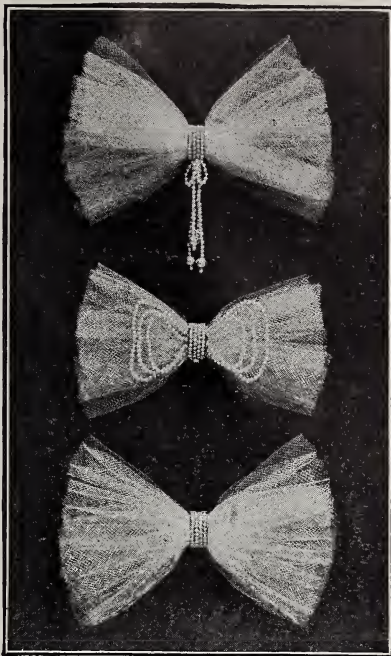
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M. G., NEW YORK.—We are all prone to error, but this time the error is on your side. The first issue of this magazine is dated February, 1911, and not 1910, as you suggest.

W. A., RICHMOND.—An inquiry of the Kalem Company should develop the information you seek. It is not in our line.

NORFOLK.—Dwight Mead was the artist in Essanay's "A Soul Reclaimed." In the Reliance "Kaintuck," Wallace Reid had the title part, and Robert Tabor was the artist.

M. J. S., NEW YORK.—When you desire a reply by mail, send a stamped and addressed envelope. The studios are besieged daily by the parents of five-year-old prodigies.

N. M., SAN FRANCISCO.—Near-sightedness is not a bar to an engagement in Photoplay.

STATEN ISLAND SUBSCRIBER.—John Halliday was the engineer in Lubin's "The Railroad Engineer." "A Spartan Mother" was fictionized in the March issue. Mr. Coxen is still with Kalem.

J. P., BUFFALO.—The implied lesson in "A Picture Idol" is that all Photoplayers are not the silly dunces some foolish girls seem to think them. The Essanay release days are Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Pathé and C. G. P. C. combined make six releases, Lubin and Vitagraph five each. The standard rate of ten cents a foot applies to all regular releases, no matter where made. The use of foreign film out of proportion is a matter of choice, not of economy.

AVAS, MEDIA.—You can get large photos of Mr. Fielding from Lubin. He is with the Tucson (Arizona) Company.

F. F., OTTAWA.—We do not conduct a postcard business, nor sell portraits of any sort.

G. H. M., WILLIAMSPORT.—Do not address the Technical Bureau when you mean the Inquiry Department. Paul Panzer was Sing Lee in Pathé's "Sing Lee and the Bad Man." We positively refuse to believe that the Vitagraph ever released "Costello and His Kids." It assuredly does not appear in their list of releases. Fred Church was the young man in Essanay's "The Dead Man's Claim."

E. B., PRESCOTT.—Miss Alice Joyce did not go to Europe with the El Kalems. Mr. Johnson is not even a member of that company. He is a Lubin, not a Kalem player.

FLOSSIE C. P.—(Second edition.) Sidney Olcott is director of the El Kalems, and so does not appear in all releases. Miss Fuller is in New York. So is Miss Joyce, so you cant plan to repeat your success with the Biograph Blonde. It used to be I.(ndependent) M.(otion) P.(ictures), but now it is plain Imp.

M. C., REDON BEACH.—Miss Ruth Roland had the title in Kalem's "Hypnotic Nell." The girl in Essanay's "A Western Legacy" is not identified by the company. She is a Biograph player loaned Essanay.

L. C., KANSAS CITY.—Justus D. Barnes was Ham in Thanhouser's "David Copperfield." William Russell was Lochinvar in the Thanhouser of that title, and had the title rôle in "The Hypnotist."

M. T. G., BALTIMORE.—Marshall Nielan was the brother in American's "The Reward of Valor." You can get a set of American players of the company, for one dollar. The Solax Company has gone into the Biograph class as regards names.

246, CHICAGO.—William Mason was William Mason in Essanay's "The Eye That Never Sleeps." Jack Standing is lost to Photoplay.

L. E. S., COOPERSTOWN.—Yale Benner was the eligible in Edison's "Is Eligible."

J. G., CHARLESTON.—Jane Fearnley and Charles Herman were the parents of Miss Robinson in Reliance's "When the Heart Calls." The player marked is not cast by Reliance.

Wow-Wow, ST. LOUIS.—You may well say "wow-wow" after that last question. The prizes in the contest were announced a couple of months ago; framed certificates and editions de luxe of the magazine to date.

V. H., B. W. and J. D., ST. LOUIS.—You will have to use your own judgment on that first question. We have consulted several libraries, but can gain no enlightenment, and Paul Dresser, who wrote "Play in Your Own Backyard," is dead, so we cannot ask him. Now will you be good? You pay a high compliment to the Vitagraph players when you suggest that "Love in the Ghetto" was played by a specially engaged Jewish cast. They are all regular players. Mr. Garwood has just returned to Thanhouser.

BERTHA C., AKRON.—Quite a number of the Photoplay theaters in Cleveland sell this magazine, and so do the newsstands. William Duncan was the tramp in Selig's "The Vagabonds," and Augustus Phillips the George Clayton in Edison's "The Convict's Parole."

A FAN, WARREN.—Miss Helen Dunbar was Graham's mother in Essanay's "Out of the Depths." Other questions either Biographs or already answered.

I. N. T., LYNN.—Sorry, but we are pretty certain that Mr. Bushman would not care to correspond with a young lady, even tho she is "very fond of his acting."

L. A.—We dislike to contradict a lady, but you did not see Miss Joyce in those Thanhouser releases.

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H. H. H., GLOUCESTER.—Marshall P. Wilder was the cobbler in Vitagraph's "The Best Thing in the World." You have the addresses of the companies. Query them as to postcards. The usual rate is 25 cents a dozen.

R. G., FLAGSTAFF.—This department is for the answering of questions of general interest. We do not regard questions as to releases older than one year as being of general interest. Some of yours are three years old.

E. E. H.—If Mr. Costello was run over by an automobile and killed he is shamefully ignorant of that fact. We prefer his information to that volunteered by your friend's aunt. Your suggestions are interesting, but the matters have been carefully considered, and we cannot quite agree with you. When you ask questions and receive no replies, it is because you have asked for information already supplied. We aim to print an answer only once. In such a case send a stamped and addressed envelope for a reply. Miss Gene Gauntier was Doris in Kalem's "Captured by Bedouins." J. P. McGowan was the lieutenant. Mrs. Julia Swayne Gordon was the duchess and Charles Kent the duke in Vitagraph's "Days of Terror." Harold Shaw was Dick in Edison's "A Man in the Making." Miss Loveridge was Mabel, and Miss Vedah Bertram, Vedah in Essanay's "Western Hearts."

B. E., FOSTORIA.—Miss Flora Finch was Bunny's wife in "How He Papered the Room." The "Mexican Revolutionist" is a Kalem subject. Carlyle Blackwell and Miss Alice Joyce had the leads. In Lubin's "The Lovers' Signal," Roy McKee and Miss Frances NeMoyer were the lovers. Write the Lubin Company for the last question.

P. W. F., COLUMBIA.—Miss Miriam Nesbitt was the leading woman in Edison's "The Corsican Brothers." Miss Laura Sawyer was the wife in the same company's "The Spanish Cavalier." Miss Nilsson does not pose for advertisements.

H. C. G., KANSAS CITY.—We do not sell photographs. A set may be had of the Thanhouser Company for one dollar. In "Dora Thorne" Miss Mignon Anderson was Dora's daughter.

S. A., JERSEY CITY.—If a Photoplay script calls for Southern scenes, it is possible they can be made up North by proper selection of location, but a picture with Niagara Falls for a background would have to be made at the Falls. Some very clever Indian pictures are made in New Jersey, and the vicinity of Atlantic City has served for more than one desert play, but you cant fake Niagara Falls. Dont ask Biograph questions, or for the ages of players.

FLOSSIE C. P.—(Third time.) We do not know if Miss Pates and Miss White are chums. The best pictures are —————s. Fill in the blank yourself, and you'll agree with us. Henry Walthall did not go to Pathé, tho it was announced that he would.

H. S. H., NEW YORK.—Mr. Myers is still with Lubin. Read what it says at the top of this department about addresses.

A. J. D., NEW YORK.—The old prospector in Essanay's "The Dead Man's Claim" was Arthur Mackley. He seems to be the "first dead man" you ask for.

L. T., BREMERTON.—Romaine Fielding was unplaced in the popularity contest. Thanks for your information.

J. H. P., KELSO.—Frank Lanning is in vaudeville and playing in your vicinity the last we heard. The list of Mr. Johnson's leading women has recently been given, Misses Ormi Hawley, May Buckley, Grace Scott, and at present Lottie Briscoe. Know nothing about the five-dollar loan, but such things have been known.

K. B., BROOK HAVEN.—A stamped envelope would have brought a quick reply and the addresses you ask for. The Solax Company is entirely reliable. All companies hold scripts for several weeks, unless they are manifestly without merit.

INQUISITIVE BETTY.—Always glad to answer questions when you do not ask about Biograph players, or ask identities already placed. The safest way, when you ask of old films, is to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

D. G., DALLAS.—No record is made by the company of the casts of the Western section of the Pathé players. Miss Pauline Bush was the girl in American's "The Reward of Valor." We know some ardent fans in the vicinity of Dallas who would tar and feather you for not liking their favorite.

C. T. B.—The Selig cast for "The Hand of Fate" gives names, and we are not certain of "the Blonde," unless it be Miss Phyllis Gordon as Mme. Z. It does not seem to be Miss Besserer as Mrs. Van Duzen. Miss Gardner will appear in a series of special releases on the State rights plan, the right to exhibit in specified territory being sold to a single person, with whom you can probably make arrangements for local showing.

G. E. B., WASHINGTON.—Miss Florence Turner is appearing regularly in the Vitagraph releases, but there are some eight or ten companies and she is not listed each week. The Biograph works in Los Angeles in the winter and in New York in summer. Their new studio is one of the most complete in the country, tho not the largest. We do not know Miss Pickford's age, and would not consider it polite to tell if we did. No company will supply free bulletins. These are for the exhibitors, not the patrons. This issue is the first number of Volume IV. There are six issues to a volume. Dont ask Biograph questions.

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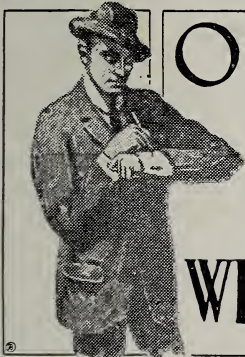
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D. M. G., PORTLAND.—The foolish questions you read are not faked. No sane person could imagine some of the questions that are asked monthly.

DIMPLED MARIE.—In Essanay's "A Soul Reclaimed," Miss Beverley Bayne is the girl who takes the veil. If you would read this department regularly you would avoid such questions as Miss Lawrence's return to the Lubin Company, and some others you ask.

INTERESTED READER.—Miss Miriam Nesbitt was the girl in Edison's "A Man in the Making." The Photoplay "The Orleans Coach," released by Pathé Frères, was originally titled "The Lyons Mail" when produced in France. Miss Elsie Glynn was the wife in Lubin's "The Compromise." Read back for answers to your first two questions.

CURIOUS SAILOR.—Ask us something easier than "Why do girls ask such foolish questions?" but remember that the girls are by no means the only offenders in this regard. As our English cousins say: "What price you?"

M. S., WEST PHILADELPHIA.—First three questions answered. Miss Gauntier writes most of the plays the El Kalem's produce. They are expected home in the fall after a summer in Ireland, but you never can keep track of those peripatetic Kalem's. Vitagraph and Thanhouser produced "St. Elmo" a few years ago. The casts are not available. The broken statuary in Vitagraph's "Days of Terror" is made in the Vitagraph shops in plaster. An artist is regularly employed. How houses are burned down is too broad a subject to be treated here. Sometimes a real house is faked with smoke pots, and sometimes a scenery house is set ablaze. It all depends on the effect desired. There used to be a company making pictures somewhere out Germantown way, but they have not been heard of lately. The Lubin players work all thru that section, tho the factory and studio is in Tioga. Dummies are frequently used in pictures when players are supposed to be tossed over cliffs and the drop is too great for a real player to take, the dummy mostly being used in trick pictures.

C. E. P., NEW YORK.—To which "The Greater Love" do you have reference, Vitagraph or Reliance?

P. M., BRADDOCK.—The title you give is not listed, and you do not even give us a hint by stating the name of the makers.

NORRINE.—There is no "Tall Puncher" cast in Essanay's "Western Hearts," but at a guess we think you mean Victor Potel. Not much market for verse. In making a scene the directors tell the players what to do, and they do it. Generally there is no study, and no dialog parts are given out. The players fake their lines, more or less appropriate to the scene, save when they enunciate certain vital speeches.

R. H. P., ST. LOUIS.—Harold Shaw was the young reporter in Edison's "The Man Who Made Good." We've told who Winsome Winnie is.

M. E., OAKLAND.—All of the Essanay Westerns are now being made in the vicinity of Niles.

W. D. W., McKEESPORT.—Cines and Eclipse are the trade names of the films handled by George Kleine, of Chicago. Kosmik is his trade name. James Morrison was the cub reporter in Vitagraph's "Lulu's Anarchist."

M. M., ST. LOUIS.—Better stay where you are. The field here is overcrowded and much jobbing is done. In St. Louis your chances are better.

E. H., TERRE HAUTE.—If you have written a play send it out, but you stand small chance of disposing of a script dealing with the early Romans. There is not much demand for costume plays.

E. P., ST. LOUIS.—The Photoplay stories in this magazine are in fiction form. Photoplay form is very different; the story being told by the action and without conversation. Photoplays must be typed, if you want to have them read. Do not send us plays. We can use only those already produced. We are not interested in scripts.

DOLLIE B., LITTLE ROCK.—Warren J. Kerrigan was the wandering gold digger in American's "The Simple Love." Miss Neason is with Kalem.

H. E. E., READING.—Read the notice at the top of this department.

C. B. W., CROWN POINT.—In Selig's "The End of the Romance" John Strong was played by Hobart Bosworth, Kattie by Miss Bessie Eyton, Jack Lee by Al. E. Garcia, Alice Gray by Miss Eugenie Besserer, and Dupree by Herbert Rawlinson.

T. R. M., LOS ANGELES.—The "dark brunette" in Vitagraph's "Stenographers Wanted" is not cast. Miss Lillian Walker was the blonde. Fergus Harcourt was the office boy. Your five-word poem, at least, has the merit of brevity and, better still, its feet are mates.

L. F., BIRMINGHAM.—Méliès' "The Cowboy Kid" was that company's release for July 4.

G. A. M., DE LAND.—Your questions are all right, but have been previously answered. Very trying situations are not rehearsed in detail, as a rule, tho we recall one time when the late Florence Wragland, of the Lubin Company, fell out of an automobile five times, just to make certain that she could. Sometimes, house-fronts are hired, but more often they are just borrowed. In more or less bird's-eye views, advantage is taken of some elevation of land, or a tower may be built. Scenes made at the bottom of a well are generally made in a scenery-well in the studio.

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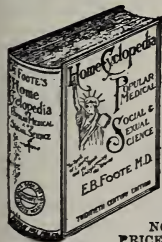
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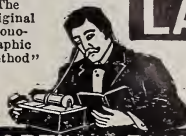
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MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 Court St. B'klyn. N. Y.

F. N., TOPEKA.—We do not find Miss Hallaren cast in "Diamond Cut Diamond." Miss Bush appears to have confined her picture activities to the American. It is Miss Flo LaBadie in Thanhouser's "Called Back," and not Miss Snow.

G. W., ROCKFORD.—In Majestic's "The Silent Call," George Brammell was the clerk, and Herbert Prior the dark-haired traveling man.

A VISIT TO THE KALEM STUDIO IN NEW YORK



From left to right, standing, Mr. J. F. Marion, Mr. V. H. Kimmelman, Miss E. M. Heinemann; seated, Miss Ruth Brewster, Miss Anna Q. Nilsson, Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, Miss Marion Cooper, and Miss Alice Joyce.

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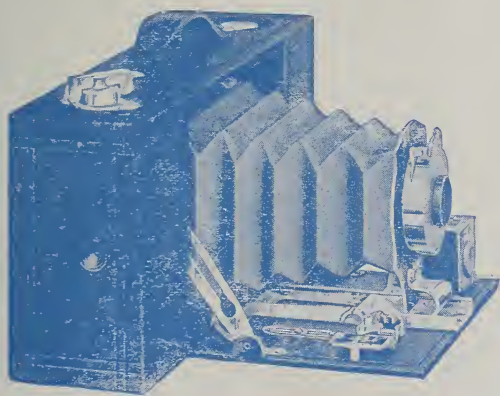
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"SAVING AN AUDIENCE"—By WILL CARLETON

AUG 14 1912

The September

MOTION PICTURE

STORY MAGAZINE

15 CENTS



"The Fall of Montezuma" (Page 77)

FOURTEEN SHORT STORIES AND NINETY ENGRAVINGS IN THIS NUMBER

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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(Vitagraph)



A Romance at Catalina Island

(Méliès)

By LEONA RADNOR

GRACE SHERWOOD stood in a garden on a slope overlooking the sparkling blue waters of San Pedro Bay, where they heaved and rolled in the harbor of Santa Catalina. Her eyes, alight with eagerness, and shaded from the sun by a small brown hand, were fixed on a rowboat that detached itself from a cluster of yachts and launches moored in the harbor. As the boat came dancing over the waves, under the impetus of strong, steady sweeps of the oars, her lips parted in a smile.

"Watching the San Pedro boat come in, Grace?" asked a voice beside her.

"Yes, papa," she answered, turning her gaze for a moment to the white steamboat that had entered the harbor. "There seem to be quite a number of people on board. I guess I'll run down to the pier and see them get off."

With another radiant glance in the direction of the bobbing rowboat, she ran down the slope to the shore. Mr. Sherwood followed with the leisureliness of his advancing years and portliness. He looked about in vain for Grace. Then, suspicion succeeding to his surprise, he hastened to where a

gangway dropped to a float at the end of the pier.

There stood Grace, smiling and dimpling and chatting, in a manner that suggested a warmer sentiment than friendship, with a man who had just stepped out of the bobbing boat. And the clear, steady eyes of this man drank in the girl's charm and words with an intentness that stirred Mr. Sherwood's wrath. Hurrying down the gangplank, he interrupted the dangerous *tête-à-tête*.

"Grace," he called. "Is this the way you obey me? I have told you that this affair has got to stop. Captain," turning to the man, "I mean this for you, too. What are you thinking of, anyway? Keep your place and leave my daughter alone!"

"Papa, how can you talk that way!" exclaimed Grace, crimson from vexation and embarrassment.

"I have to say it because you appear to have taken leave of your senses. The first thing you know, there will be a scandal about you and this fisherman. That would be pleasant, wouldn't it? Now you come right along with me, and let this end your nonsense."

The girl shot an appealing, apolo-

getic glance at the fisherman. The tan of his cheeks had turned to a copper hue at the contemptuous remarks of Mr. Sherwood, but his clear eyes met the girl's steadily.

"I guess your father's right, Miss Grace. I'm not of your class, and you don't want to waste your time with me."

"Don't mind what papa said," she murmured. "I'll go now, but—I—everything's just the same; isn't it?"

"As far as I'm concerned, it will always be the same," he answered seriously.

With a satisfied smile, she ran after her father, turning and waving gaily to the man on the float.



MR. SHERWOOD IS DISPLEASED AT CAPTAIN HERAL'S ATTENTIONS TO HIS DAUGHTER

"Waste my time!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Why, the only times I have learnt anything, or had any enjoyment on this island, were when I was with you!"

"Come, Grace!" commanded Mr. Sherwood, turning to remount the gangplank.

Grace held out her hand to the fisherman. He took it between both of his. "Good-by, little girl—remember, I'm always your friend."

"Now, see here," began her father as she joined him, "this infatuation has gone far enough. If Steve Aldrich should notice it, or hear of it, he'd drop you like a hot coal."

"Steve Aldrich!" she sneered. "That conceited, dissipated idler! I told him this morning what I think of him. I won't marry him! I know you think I'll come to my senses, as you call it, and accept him. But I won't. Why, Captain Heral is ten

times the gentleman Steve Aldrich is!"

"That will do! I don't want to hear that fisherman's name again. Mr. Aldrich told me how you behaved this morning, not only refusing him, but insulting him. Here he comes now, and I wish you to show him the proper courtesy."

Mr. Aldrich, a typical young man of the world, good-looking and natty in his yachting suit, approached Mr. Sherwood and Grace with well-bred cordiality. But she had a curt greet-

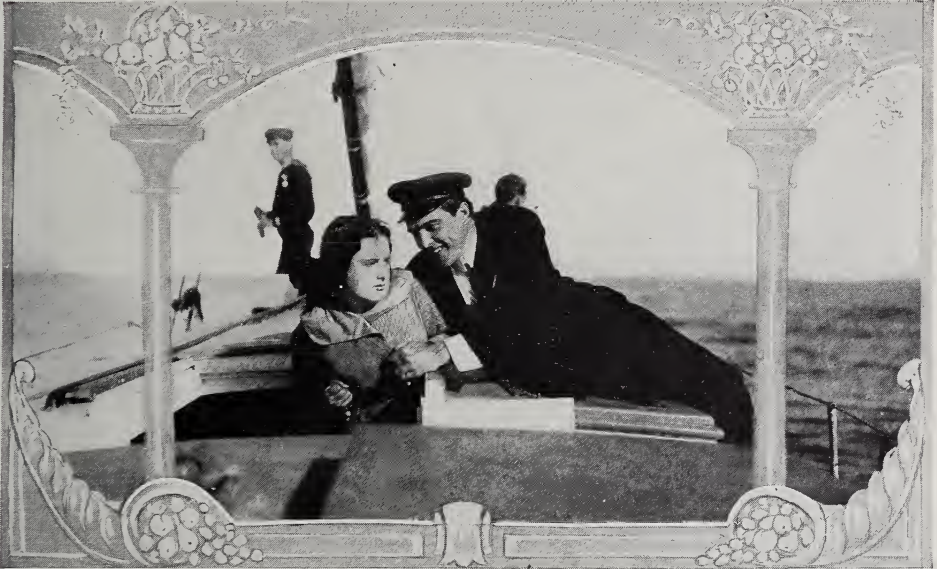
gaged, perhaps Miss Sherwood will take pity on me."

"No, thank you," answered Grace; "I have other plans."

"For instance?" queried her father, eyebrows uplifted in warning.

"Oh, some of us girls are going moonstone hunting on one of the beaches," she replied.

Steve Aldrich accepted this excuse for a snub, and doubted that Grace spoke the truth. Her disdain piqued him, and his conceit promised him that he would win out in the end.



"SO YOU HAVE ACCEPTED MY INVITATION, AFTER ALL," HE SAID

ing for him. The steamboat had docked, and the passengers were streaming up the pier. Under pretense of watching them, Grace turned and waved surreptitiously to Captain Heral, as he passed along with the crowd.

"What are you going to do this afternoon?" Aldrich asked Mr. Sherwood.

"I'm going goat hunting with a party. Would you like to come along?"

"No, thanks; I don't care for the rough climbing. I had thought you and Miss Sherwood would go for a sail on my yacht. As you are en-

When a man has youth, good looks and wealth, he certainly has the right to expect success in love. A little aversion is a good thing, he had heard; so, philosophically, he took leave of father and daughter, with a smile.

In the afternoon, he was strolling down the beach, undecided whether to play a round on the golf links, go for a swim in that crystalline blue water, or get aboard his yacht and have an afternoon of sport with tuna and black bass, when he saw Grace at some distance ahead of him. He hastened to catch up with her, just as she was shoving a boat into the water.

"Why, Miss Sherwood," he exclaimed, "you surely are not going alone!"

"I surely am," she retorted.

"But the rowing is too heavy for you, and I don't think it's safe," he continued to protest.

"I have been out alone before, and I'm not afraid," she answered.

"You would better let me go with

you, or, better still, come with me in the yacht," he suggested.

At this, she turned on him angrily. "Neither offer appeals to me; I prefer to be alone," she said. And with a leap, she was in the stern of the boat, and it was floating out on a receding wave.

Then his anger rose, and with it the determination to conquer her dislike



THE CLERGYMAN AND HIS WIFE PREPARE FOR A LITTLE EXCURSION

of him, or, failing that, to bring her to her knees for the repeated rebuffs he had suffered. As her boat went dancing over the waves of the harbor, he ran up the beach looking for one of his crew. At sight of him, a blue-sweatered figure ran to meet him.

"Bob," said Aldrich, "where's the captain?"

"He's aboard, sir; they all are but me."

"Well, get me out there as fast as you know how," commanded Aldrich.

She was lifted to the deck of the yacht and greeted with a triumphant smile from its owner.

"So you have accepted my invitation after all," he said pleasantly.

"I shant prove pleasant company, I promise you," she retorted, bridling.

"Miss Sherwood—Grace, why wont you be nice to me?" he pleaded.

"You always act as if I insulted you with my attentions and my love."

"So you do. I dont like you, and I've told you so. I know your char-



THE FISHING PARTY DISCOVERS GRACE

When he came aboard the yacht with his impatient orders, there was a scurrying around to get under way. But before the engine throbbed and the propeller churned the water, the little boat he watched so anxiously went bobbing out over the waves and rounded the promontory. Swiftly the pursuer followed in its wake, and when Grace recognized the slender, white yacht and marked its course, she bent to her oars and put all her strength into the strokes. But the race could not last long. She was soon exhausted, and, when the large boat pulled alongside, she realized that her feeble resistance would be useless.

acter and your reputation, and I dont want your attentions."

"Well, I'll leave you alone for awhile. You will have a good long time in which to change your mind," he said.

She was in the cockpit, about to enter the cabin. She turned quickly and looked at him. "What do you mean?" she asked.

"Give me just one kiss, and I'll tell you," he said, suddenly encircling her shoulders with his arm. Brusquely, she drew away and, almost without thinking, she raised her hand and slapped his face. Then she disappeared into the cabin.

Steve Aldrich rubbed his cheek, and a momentary flash of anger gave way to a soothing reflection as he called down after her: "What I meant was that I am taking you on a cruise." Smiling, he went forward and joined the captain.

Startled by his words, Grace ran up the ladder and looked out over the deck. Sure enough, they were not returning to Catalina, nor were they heading for San Pedro. They seemed to be following a southerly course.

Captain Heral sat on his locker on the pier, mending a reel. His usually cheerful face was grave, for he was thinking of Grace and, tho he knew she was not for him, he could not dismiss her from his mind. Her bonny face and figure, her breezy, charming manners, her soft voice, with a contralto note in it—all were fascinations that made it difficult for the captain to think of aught else. And he knew that she cared for him, too. That was an added difficulty. But she was not



CAPTAIN HERAL AND GRACE LOSE NO TIME

She began to fear Aldrich and his intentions. Slowly, she went down into the cabin. In a few moments, she was peering about the deck again, this time with a life-preserver tied about her. She looked back at Catalina; its rugged outlines were growing blurred and indistinct. She looked at the water and shuddered. It was so vast and terrifying, and often there were sharks in the vicinity. But every moment was taking her farther from the island, putting her more completely in Aldrich's power. She heard his voice, and in a panic lest he should return to her, she rushed to the railing and slipped over.

for him, and he must get used to the idea of giving her up.

Captain Heral was roused from his reverie by a voice inquiring for a fishing-boat. A clergyman and his wife stood before him. The captain offered his services, and, after conducting them to the float, rowed out to his launch, which came sputtering to the pier in a very few moments. For Captain Heral was quick and skillful in everything he did, and he owned one of the swiftest boats in those waters. The fishing-ground reached, the captain stopped his motor, and gave out the tackle to his passengers.

They had been fishing with great

success—the reverend gentleman had caught a couple of tuna and a bass—when they noticed Aldrich's white yacht passing in the distance. Immediately afterward the captain exclaimed: "Why, there's something in the water yonder that looks like a man!"

cried, as he gathered her tenderly in his arms and drew her over the gunwale.

When they had revived her, she told them what had happened.

"And this is the man your father wanted you to marry," said the captain, reflectively. Then he took the



GRACE'S FATHER IS AT LAST RECONCILED

He looked thru his binoculars. Excitedly he turned to his passengers.

"Reel in your lines, quick!" he said. "There's a woman out there, and we must save her!"

The nose of the launch was put about, and she went streaking thru the waves like a knife. The floating figure was reached. The captain leaned over to grasp it.

"Why, it's Miss Sherwood!" he

minister aside and spoke to him earnestly. The reverend gentleman nodded, and the captain returned to Grace.

"Now, my girl, you know how I feel about you—you know I love you. Your father thinks I'm not good enough for you, but I'll be darned if I aint a heap pile better than the fellow he picked out for you. What do you say about it? Shall we get married?"

"Yes," she answered faintly, laying her hand in his.

Then and there, the clergyman read the words that made them man and wife. Grace, wrapped in the captain's oilskins, lay back in the arms of the minister's wife, while the good launch *Heral* made a record run to port.

Many of the captain's friends were on the pier, and to them he immediately imparted the joyful tidings.

The cheering attracted Mr. Sherwood, who had returned from his hunting, and was searching for Grace. When the merrymaking had been explained to him, he raged and stormed, but as Grace gave him the story, bit by bit, he clasped the captain's hand.

"Well, Cap," he said, "I guess you're all right, after all. The girl seems to have made a better choice than I did, and as she's perfectly satisfied, here's my blessing."



Novelty

By L. M. THORNTON

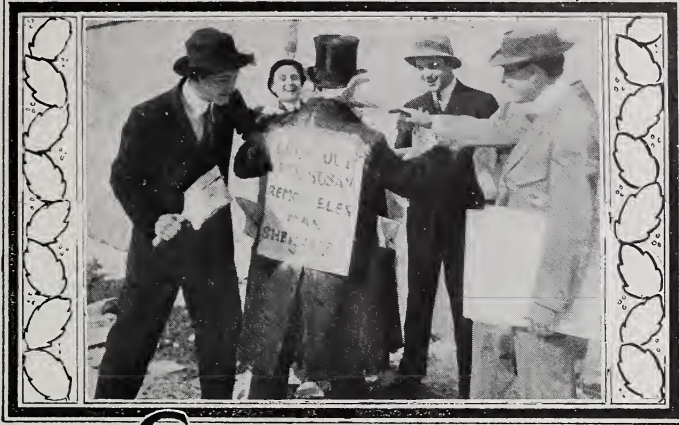
There's nothing new under the sun, he said,
Nothing new under the sun.
But he changed his mind ere he sought his bed,
As many a man has done.
For, jaded and sated, he found his way
Thru the open door to a picture play.

Out of an egg a fairy came,
Changing before his eyes
To a wizened creature without a name,
Elfin in form and size.
And then dissolved in the air away,
The while he watched, at the picture play.

Horses he saw with double ears,
Mice the size of whales;
Yellow camels and purple steers,
Cows with vermilion tails;
Maidens changing to modeled clay,
And mummies to life, at the picture play.

There's nothing new under the sun, he said,
Nothing new under the sun.
But he changed his mind, for he found instead
The wonders by science done.
And he laughed, in an eager, boyish way,
As he clapped his hands at the picture play.

VITAGRAPH



SAVING an AUDIENCE

WILL CARLETON

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Matthew.....	<i>Earle Williams</i>
Elsie.....	<i>Lillian Walker</i>
Susan B. Anthony.....	<i>Mrs. Mary Maurice</i>
Mark.....	<i>James Morrison</i>
Luke.....	<i>Frank Newburg</i>
John.....	<i>Tom Powers</i>
Suffragette.....	<i>Flora Finch</i>

THE college was neither a "large" one, nor a "small" one; it was just about half-way between the two. It was of the co-educational class, and numbered, among its students, quite a good many, of both sexes, that have, in one way and another, "made good" since graduation. Two or three of the girls married millionaires, and several of them better; and sundry of the boys are making their marks in various branches of the professions and trades. A percentage—happily a small one—are dead: and we hope they have done better than all the rest of us put together.

Six or seven of us were considered too wild for any permanent use: and as I look back over the records, I wonder how we ever managed to stay in college long enough to bag a degree. It may be because, as one of the professors mildly averred, we were not bad, but giddy; another said, not exactly that there was a method in our madness, but that there was a certain amount of balance in our giddiness. We generally had our "allowances" neatly spent before a semester was half over, and were cheerfully but apprehensively writing home for more—which sometimes came, and sometimes did not.

We have all done fairly well since leaving college, for, at that important juncture of our lives, our Roman fathers threw us into the river of trade, and gently told us to "sink or swim." We swam: but not in fulfilment of any sage prophecy that our school-life had furnished.

One night, at a meeting of the Ne'er-do-well Association, into which we had formed ourselves, we were in Pompadour Herbert's luxuriously furnished room, discussing the ever-

"I've got it! I've got it!" shouted "Cunning Claude," jumping to his feet and dancing wildly around.

"I should think you'd got not only *it*, but *them!*" remonstrated Herbert, languidly. "But divulge the sources of your eccentricity."

"We'll engage a lecturer, fill the opera-house, make a hundred dollars apiece, and pay debts enough to tide us over into next term. After that, we'll be economical."

And after telling "Cunning" that



THE BOYS ARE BESIEGED WITH CREDITORS

recurring question of ways and means.

"I wrote father that I should have to have another check, or walk home," said "Jovial Joey," "and he heartlessly wired back, 'Walk, my boy, walk, and sprint part of the way: the exercise will do you good.'"

"My dear sweet mother writes that she does not feel adequate just now to the task of disguising herself on my account and pawning any more diamonds to Mr. Cohen," murmured "Dancing Dan."

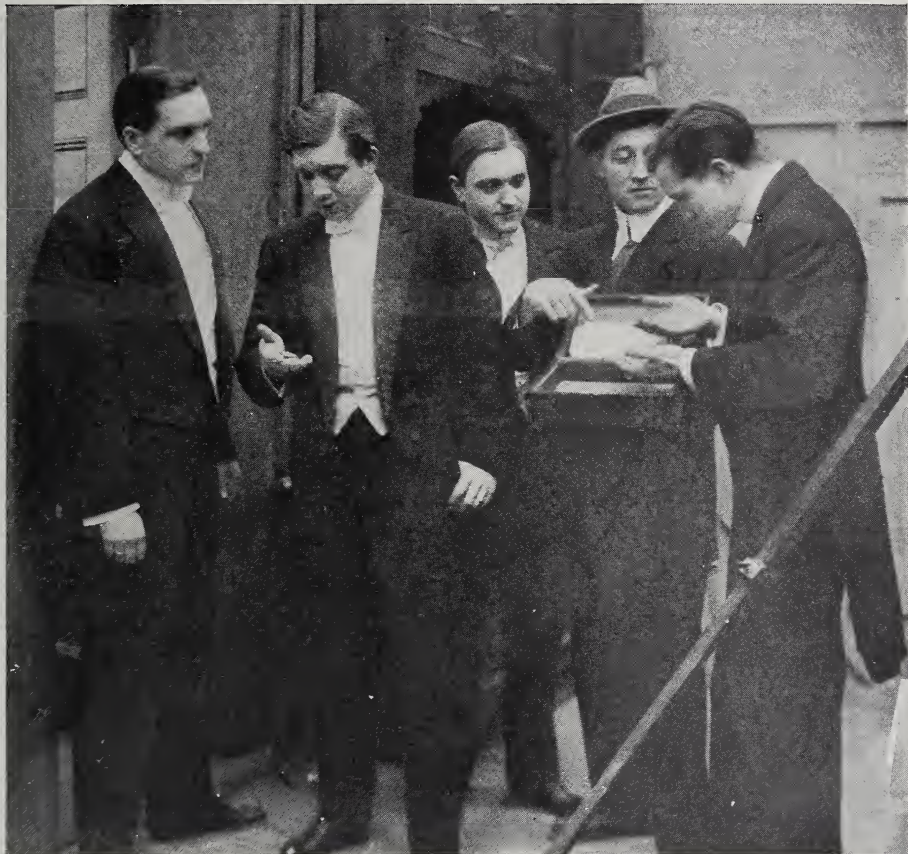
his plan was absurd, and arguing with him for a full hour against it, we yielded to him, as we generally did, and went at work helping him.

It was just after the sturdy and valiant Susan B. Anthony had made herself famous all over the world, by a series of peculiarly brilliant woman suffrage speeches, and she was now drawing large audiences as a lecturer all over the country.

Cunning Claude happened to know her agent, wired him, and secured a date, on fairly reasonable terms.

Then we went at it, and advertised the coming event, to beat all the bands in the whole vicinity. The printers trusted us, for we had never run in debt to them before. We gave them all free tickets, from editor to devil, with permission written upon them to

weeks, we moulded our little college city into a debating society on the question of woman suffrage. We made every opponent of the doctrine (among whom were some women) sit up and take notice. We placarded the walls with mottoes galore, of



THE HOUSE RAPIDLY FILLS UP, AND SO DOES THE CASH-BOX

bring along their first, second, and third-best girls: and most of them cheerfully availed themselves of the privilege. We filled the papers full of Susan B., and the heroic stand she had made against belligerent audiences. We saw that the stories of her prowess did not lose anything in our rendition of the same. For three

which "Look out for Susan, remorseless man, for she is after you!" was one of the mildest. We wrote things against her in the papers, and replied to them ourselves, with acrimony that stopped not very far short of vituperation.

In short, as I look back upon it, I can see that we created for this re-

markable and picturesquely-minded woman, just the sort of atmosphere which she loved, and in which she moved most freely and happily.

Poor Susan B. Anthony!—she is now under the sod, but she was very much alive while living. She tried to do a great work, but was able only

“opera-house,” in which had been placed uncushioned seats all carefully furnished with number-tags, and, thank Heaven, they were soon sold for this particular night. The stage was fairly neat, tho not particularly gaudy; and when the audience arrived, at eight P.M., there was an



THE TRAIN IS TWO HOURS LATE

to help commence it. But when her fame first went flashing over the world, she was a head-liner at drawing a magnificent curiosity-seeking audience!

We had hired the largest hall in town: a roller-skating-rink that had survived its glamor and popularity, and was now metamorphosed into an

assembly well calculated to warm the heart of a speaker.

But oh, the uncertainty of mundane things! In the best of situations, there is always a drawback; at the gayest of feasts, there is perhaps a skeleton. And along toward the middle of the afternoon of this ultra-eventful day, as we of the Ne'er-do-

well Association had congregated in Herbert's room, and were congratulating ourselves, and each other, that we had for once done fairly well—thanks—a messenger boy had invaded our precincts, with a savage-looking telegram in his dirty little hand.

"The game is up," murmured Herbert, as soon as the door was closed again, and he had opened and read the tiny epistle. "We are to be half-

roused Miss Anthony's intensest ire could she have seen them—sat pulling away for five minutes, in one of the intensest sorts of silences. "Hands down," we all agreed, after the silence was over. "The audience wont wait *that* long."

"Keep her in cold storage till tomorrow night," suggested Cunning.

"Cant do it," replied Herbert. "She's got a string of engagements



ELSIE HAD PROVED HERSELF A BORN ACTRESS

educated family paupers once more. We are again justifying the name and title of our Association, the Ne'er-do-wells. Turn out the glittering lights of our anticipated success. Ring the funeral-bell of our dead and buried hopes. The confounded train is two hours late, and our lady of the rostrum cant get here till ten o'clock."

The Ne'er-do-well Association—most of whom, I am sorry to say, smoked to a degree that would have

ahead of her, as long as a President's message. No hope."

"Money'll all have to be given back to buyers of tickets," moaned our treasurer—the most thriftless one of the lot.

"But she, or the bureau of which we employed her, will have to pay us damages?"

"Nope!" objected Herbert. "Contract says they're not responsible for unavoidable failure to 'get there.'"

"All over but the ruin and the

desolation," seemed to be the final verdict.

"Hold on!" shouted Cunning, with a rush toward the telephone. "The situation must and shall be saved!"

"And the money?" inquired our treasurer, meekly and hopefully.

"Every cent, if we have nerve and ingenuity to manage it. Hello, Central!"

few seconds, to find if the operator was still busy. We sat in silence, and filled the room with more and more of the nicotinic vapor. We knew there was a plan being evolved, but what it was we could not conjecture. Finally came the welcome news that the operator was again at leisure.

"Thank Heaven, it's the close-mouthed one," muttered the hard



EAGERLY AWAITING THE SUBSTITUTE "SUSAN B."

"Numbah, please?" came the return, audible to us all, in the intense silence.

"Howard, 424. Telegraph operator."

"Busy," was the reply.

"Busy!" vociferated Cunning.

"Busy giving the news away to everybody she knows, perhaps. If so, our game is indeed up."

For five minutes, Cunning paced the floor, grasping the receiver every

thinker and incipient lawyer. "If it had been the other, people would now be hunting us with bloodhounds, to demand their money back.

"Say, have you told any one, yet, that Miss Anthony can't get here till ten?"

"No one knows it in this town," replied the operator, icily, "excepting you, and any one you may have happened to tell. I am not a general information bureau."

"All the candy you can eat for yours tomorrow morning," vociferated Cunning, "unless you *do* tell it—in which case I'll kill you. Scribbly, you go over to Mr. Taylor's, and tell Elsie that she must impersonate Susan B. Anthony till she gets here."

Everybody drew a long breath. Elsie was Cunning's best girl, and a

happy home, and, fortunately, she met me at the door. We went into the parlor together. I arranged the interview as dramatically as I could. I told her of our fearful financial condition. A stage-tear or two glittered in her eyes.

"Poor boys!" she murmured, in her charming, lilting, theatrical voice,



ELSIE IS KEYED UP TO THE SITUATION

mere everyday acquaintance of mine. Indeed, I had just one claim upon her: I had written a little sketch in which she, being a natural actress, had made a great success in our college theater, and she had promised, in return, to help me any time she could, in my amateur literary enterprises.

Pursuant to Cunning's hurried instructions, I hied to Miss Elsie's

"I'll help you all I can. I have eight dollars and a half somewhere around the house"——

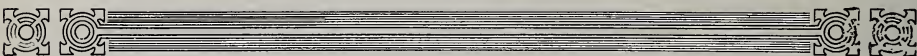
I laughed, a little sardonically.

"No, no, no!" I remonstrated. "That amount would overwhelm us with an amount of prosperity that would spoil our future careers. No, you can do something that will not cost you a cent, but will hand *us* a

whole lot of good. *You must impersonate Miss Anthony till she comes.*"

Of course, she couldn't and wouldn't, and everything else in the dictionary; but she did. Her father, a stolid, money-making banker, with about as much sentiment in him as Lot's wife contained after the disturbance at Gomorrah, was fortu-

five or six good long suffrage lectures were found in the library of the college, and extracts from them hurriedly copied; Miss Elsie and her mother, whose guest Miss Anthony was to be, it was then decided, during her stay in town, drove over to the hall, and in at the back way; and the audience, jammed to the doors, and



THE REAL SUSAN B. ANTHONY APPEARS

nately away from home; her mother, an actress at heart, with longings long repressed, joined furtively in the game; and maybe we didn't fix the young lady up to kill!—adding a few years to her age, for effect.

Cunning, a perfect fiend for system, brought to the house all the newspaper descriptions of the celebrated oratress that he could find;

almost out of the windows, greeted her with thunderpeals of applause.

Poor little Elsie did look rather formidable, as she came upon the platform, arrayed in the plain garb that Miss Anthony always assumed. There was no attempt made to caricature the celebrated militant suffrage apostle: no woman needed ever to fear the enduring of any disrespect-



THE GIRL WHO SAVED THE DAY

ful treatment in our town—for it wasn't composed of that sort of people.

And how the girl did read, and how she did talk! Elsie Taylor, under another name, is now on the stage, and has been the heroine of many a drama, and also many a Motion Picture scene: but she never has done or will do any better than that night.

The little minx had her text all ready before her to read, but she was an original elf, and said a good many things of her own, that brought down the house again and again.

But, as the gratified little girl genius stood there, bowing her acknowledgments, a sudden silence, as if Death had come, fell over the audience and the room. *Another*

Susan B. Anthony, of about Elsie's size, costumed nearly the same, and looking very much as if the two were twins, walked quietly in from the curtained ends of the stage, and stood looking at poor Miss Elsie—a quizzical smile upon her face.

The confounded train had "made up" three-quarters of an hour—and here was Susan herself!

"That's well done—and almost as well as I could do it!" she laughed—having understood the whole situation at a glance. "Shake hands, my dear! I'll have to get you to go along and help me in my glorious work!"

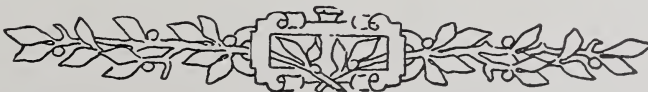
It was really one of the most psychological moments I ever saw: but Elsie was equal to the situation. She stepped toward the audience, as if she wished to embrace them all, and looked as if she were going to cry—altho she afterwards told me that she never in the world felt more like laughing.

"The train was behind time," she moaned, "and the boys were afraid you wouldn't wait here until the real lecturer arrived. I am not Miss Anthony: I have been officiating as her understudy. I—am—just—Elsie Taylor. *Will you, can you, ever, ever forgive me?*"

They could, and they did: for she was personally popular, and they all realized that she had acted her part well.

"By gracious, we've had the worth of our money, already!" shouted the meanest old grumbler in the audience.

The real Susan gave her real lecture, amid applause: the day was saved, our lives were saved, the box receipts were saved, the situation was saved, and we had enough money to make us "solid," and present a golden-colored ballot-box, set with diamonds, to the girl who saved us the audience.



Lubin



A Little Family Affair

By ALLEN STANHOPE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Peter Johnson.....	Arthur V. Johnson
Lottie Wilson.....	Lottie Briscoe
Mrs. Skaggs.....	Madge Orlamond
Reggie Mitchell.....	Howard Mitchell

PETER JOHNSON had but two diversions in this life.

The first, and foremost, was his widowed aunt, Mrs. Skaggs. This angular, sour-visaged personage lavished upon him the same care, tongue-lashings and espionage that had made her husband seek his grave with few regrets.

Peter's second source of earthly joy was a set of account books in the dingy and musty office of Marks & Dots. He liked his work so much, in fact—or, maybe, he liked it so much

more than the ascetic society of his aunt—that he was never sorry to make the mistakes in his monthly balances that kept him in the office several nights trying to find them.

For nine years Peter had obediently handed over his salary—minus twenty-five cents for “incidentals.” There had been so few incidentals that Peter now had one hundred and six dollars stored up in an old cigar-box—judiciously placed near the rat-trap in the attic, the only spot in the house that was not Skaggs-ridden.

Pleasing ways in which to spend this stupendous sum crossed his mind from time to time, hotly pursued by the threatening image of Mrs. Skaggs. Therefore, it was out of the question.

It is not hard to believe that Peter had grown seedy. His idea of clothing was that of a screen to cover one's nakedness, and not a pleasing garment of ornamentation. His aunt had expressed this view of it, too, more than once. Peter's clothing, then, was green-toned, well shined and patched like a crazy-quilt.

Peter did not attract the ladies, and bearing constantly in mind the salient characteristics of the one female of his acquaintance, his wants in that direction were gratified to the point of repletion.

This describes the serene condition of affairs up to breakfast-time of a certain morning.

Peter sat on the edge of his chair, sowing the seeds for a day of indigestion by his haste. But there are worse ordeals than indigestion.

"Peter, cant you put that coffee in your mouth where it belongs, instead of sp'ilin' my table-cover?" remarked Aunt Hannah Skaggs, amiably, looking up from a letter she was perusing.

Peter glanced at her more with pain than sorrow—his tears were due to the scalding coffee.

The next moment Aunt Hannah gave a jump, over something in the letter, and spilt her entire cup of coffee. Peter made no amiable remark. There would have been a harsh echo for years if he had.

"Your Uncle Harvey is a fool!" cried Aunt Hannah, as tho blaming Peter for it.

"But his will is in your favor!" retorted Peter, with unconscious humor.

"True. I had forgotten that," agreed Aunt Hannah, a little more soberly. "But what on earth is he sending me a minx for?"

"A minx?" Peter was thinking of a lynx in truth.

"Yes, a minx—an upstart of an orphan who has taken his sudden fancy. Might as well send me a pig in a poke!"

"It's a mark of his favor, I suppose, but mighty poor judgment, tho." For the first time in six years Peter and his aunt were agreed.

"I suppose I'm to take her," snapped Hannah, hospitably. "But she'll have to work and earn her way, and I wont stand any skylarks, either!"

Peter went away to his beloved books, for he was the bookkeeper in the town store—but figures that day plainly worried him. He could stand one woman and no more. The money in the cigar-box occurred to him and, for the first time, the idea of running away occurred to him also.

When he returned in the evening, the minx had arrived, and was being entertained by scrubbing up the kitchen.

Peter pretended to have an errand in the kitchen, altho drawn there by sheer curiosity.

He examined the kneeling figure wielding a scrubbing-brush, for a long time, and, consequently, was caught in the act by a pair of coal-black eyes that smote his heart with pity as they turned up to him. They were wet with tears, and the sight made him breathe quick and hard. Then he fled up to his room, as tho pursued.

But in his room the eyes had got there ahead of him. It was the expression he had seen in the eyes of a little stray dog that had been kicked and beaten by boys. He had picked it up and spent four cents of his "incidentals" money for bones in a nearby butcher shop. When he went by the shop that night he had inquired after his little canine friend, and was told that the dog had been run over and killed about noon. Peter wept.

It all came back to him now, and he thought over whole lots of things, and he wondered what he could get the minx to make her happy, in place of four cents' worth of bones.

The minx's name was Lottie, which his aunt pronounced half-angrily, as tho she was saying "Let-that-alone!"

Lottie waited on the table that night and Peter was a little amazed to see a smile occasionally twinkle over her

pretty face. His aunt noticed it, too, forbiddingly. To her, smiles were evidences of godless effrontery.

Peter compared Lottie's face with his aunt's. The contrast shocked him. He preferred to look on Lottie. His aunt noticed this, and took it out on the minx.

One night, nearly a week after Lottie's arrival, Peter made his clandestine visit to the cigar-box with nineteen cents. A sound made him

Lottie smiled thru her tears.

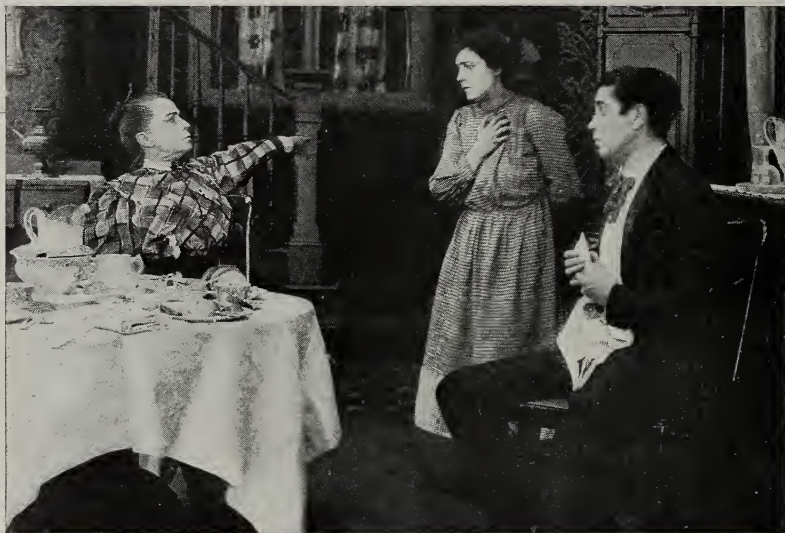
"Yes, I think I am," she said.

"Well, I've got nineteen cents here," confided Peter, looking fearfully about, "and I'll go out and buy you something!"

"Oh, but I'm not so hungry that way—it's here, mostly." She laid a hand over her heart.

Peter did not quite comprehend yet.

"Well, I'll soon fix that up," he assured her. "I'll be back in about



AUNT HANNAH SENDS LOTTIE TO THE
KITCHEN

pause at the attic door. He felt, rather than heard, it. Some one was weeping in soft, pleading sobs.

Peter had never heard a woman weep before, and it made him feel about the saddest he had ever felt. Aunt Hannah had never made him feel anything but mad.

He stood there, sighing like a big, soft-hearted boy, when the door suddenly opened, and Lottie peered timidly out.

"Are you hungry?" asked Peter; her eyes again bringing back the episode of the little dog.

ten minutes—and *please* don't cry any more."

He slipped out and bought a pie and a can of corned beef with not the slightest feeling of incongruity.

That's how the little clandestine festivals began, and the first thing Peter knew he was delving in the nine-years' hoard to defray the expenses of the food over and above his weekly twenty-five cents.

From that moment, a change began to take place in the entire household. Lottie was no longer sad and despondent, no matter what Aunt Hannah

foisted upon her. Her bright, cheerful personality began gradually to be felt.

Peter was the first to feel and reflect it. In a subtle way, Lottie made gentle suggestions that resulted in Peter's demanding an entire new-clothes outfit. He exhibited such unusual determination that Aunt Hannah wisely decided to comply with his request.

The house was tidied up by Lottie,

the case of her marriage to her late husband. For when she had despaired of ever getting the man of her choice, his family began to nag him about it, and he took Hannah on the spot. She must find another way. And she did.

She began her diplomacy by admitting the girl into new privileges. Next, she arranged that the Mitchells, their next-door neighbors, should call one evening, and bring their son.

Just as was expected, Reggie



AUNT HANNAH DISCOVERS THE YOUNG
FOLKS TRANSGRESSING

who let sunlight into the darkened rooms. Most marvelous of all, Aunt Hannah set about to imitate some of the girl's comely and pretty arrangements of hair and attire, with grotesque results.

With woman's intuition, Aunt Hannah had sized up two important situations. Her nephew, Peter Johnson, was plainly attracted by the girl, altho, in his stupid way, he was not, as yet, aware of it. To resist him would precipitate him in love with her. She knew this for certain, since the identical thing had occurred in

Mitchell fell head over heels in love with Lottie.

This stroke, Aunt Hannah argued, would enable her to keep and manage Peter; to please Uncle Harvey, and to get rid of the minx.

Lottie was pleased with Reggie's attentions. Reggie came oftener and oftener. Aunt Hannah encouraged the match; so did the Mitchell family. So did every one, except Peter.

Peter had taken to smoking cigars, just because Lottie had asked him why he didn't enjoy himself in some such way as this, the same as other men

did. He now spent fifty cents a week on "incidentals!" But he had so brushed up his former shabby appearance that one would scarcely have taken him for the same man. Then, for some reason he could not readily account, his employers raised his salary two dollars a week! He confided this only to Lottie, and proceeded forthwith to spend the entire *two dollars weekly!*

But, despite all the healthy and happy events that had come to change

She was looking at him again in that queer way. "He's going to marry me."

Peter jumped up and threw a fancy box, that Reggie had given her, across the room, breaking it into bits.

"No; he aint!" roared Peter.

"Everybody says he is—I'm going to give my consent tomorrow night." Again she looked at Peter shyly.

"Well, you're not!" said Peter, after spending several seconds analyzing that look.



REGGIE FALLS HEAD OVER HEELS IN
LOVE WITH LOTTIE

his life, Peter Johnson felt worse and worse every day. Just exactly where he felt worse he could not say. But he was failing, and he knew it. He confided his condition of health to Lottie one evening after young Mitchell had left unusually late.

Lottie looked at him queerly, and then held out a pretty little hand, on which a ring appeared.

"Where'd you get that?" demanded Peter, with a feeling of anger he could not restrain.

"Reggie," replied Lottie, simply.

"Why not?" asked Lottie, softly.

"Because I'm going to marry you!" said the new Peter, grabbing both little hands.

And all Lottie said, as she laid her head on Peter's broad shoulders, was, "Peter!"

But Reggie was a domineering young man, and the preparations for the nuptials went right along, everybody giving their aid and consent—except Lottie and Peter.

Peter only smiled.

Early on the evening of the forth-

coming wedding of Lottie and Reggie Mitchell, Peter went up in the attic and emptied the contents of a cigar-box into a stout canvas bag.

The ironical part of it was that Peter, being the nearest male "relative," was to give Lottie away at the wedding. He was to take her to the church, where all the people were waiting, including the restive groom.

They waited and waited until a half-hour after the bride was expected, and then Hannah Skaggs suddenly rose from her seat, and made her way out with a pale face.

beauty. The second thing she did was to read the letter thru again.

"Well, for lan's sakes alive," she twittered, winking at the rate of three winks a second; "if them young heathens aint done gone and sp'ilt all my plans. What'll poor Reggie say?"

Then a bright thought occurred to her. Perhaps they had not gone yet! Perhaps she could yet catch them!

So Hannah Skaggs rushed upstairs and from one room to another, but no trace of the lovers could she find. Not only had they gone, but what they had left behind was so insignificant



WAITING AT THE CHURCH

She ran all the way home.

Stuck in the top of the lamp-shade, where it could not escape her notice, was a letter. It said:

AUNT HANNAH—Excuse us, but we are going to have a little wedding of our own. You take care of your wedding, and we'll take care of ours.

Your affectionate nephew,
PETER,
and niece,
LOTTIE.

The first thing Hannah Skaggs did, after reading the note, was to draw her eyebrows down over her eyes in a scowl that did not at all add to her

as to leave no doubt in her mind that they had gone to stay.

Nothing remained now but to go back to the church and break the sad news. Sad news? No, not *sad* news, because Hannah Skaggs was of the sort who finds pleasure in breaking any kind of news. And so, all excitement, she hurried back to the church, eager to spread the delicious scandal over the peaceful assembly.

At the little church all was quiet and reposeful. Some were even dozing. But, as Hannah Skaggs, all forlorn, rushed in, wildly gesticulating, everybody woke up and was alert.

"It's all off, folks," she shrieked.

"Reggie, it's too bad, but you've lost your bride—Peter's got her, and they've gone off and got married together!"

"Goodness gracious!"

"Dew tell!"

"For mercy sakes!"

"Well, I never!"

"Land o' goodness!"

And so the bridal party and village gossips buzzed, and exclaimed, and argued the matter, until it was discovered that poor Reggie, the disappointed groom, had fainted. He was

sad affair, and not until the disappointed pastor ordered the sexton to close the church and lock the doors did the crowd disperse and wend their respective ways homeward.

As for Hannah Skaggs, that lady was the last to leave. With a reluctant sigh, she bade good-day to the last departing neighbor, and went to her own home.

Perhaps she had a pang or two of regret as she went about her work. Perhaps she thought that she might possibly have made things just a little



THE BLOW IS TOO MUCH FOR REGGIE

a tender youth, at best, and he had put great reckoning on making this occasion a great social event. He had bedecked himself with all the finery of which the village haberdasher could boast, and, with his hair parted in the middle and plastered down upon his brows with geometrical precision, he was indeed a bridegroom of whom any village could be proud. But the blow was too much for him, and he wilted.

Willing arms caught him, however, and, with the aid of divers fans and smelling-salts, he was revived. For fully an hour groups of sympathizers were clustered about, discussing the

more comfortable for poor, simple Peter. Yes, she actually sighed for Peter, but for Lottie, not a sigh.

"The little brat!" she muttered; "she's the cause of all this, the minx!"

Two days later a letter came that did not add anything to Hannah's cheerful disposition.

DEAR AUNT HANNAH: Sorry we broke up the wedding. Give Reggie our regards. Uncle Harvey has made me his new bookkeeper, and Lottie his heir.

Your affectionate nephew,

PETER,

and niece,

LOTTIE.



From the Photoplay of W. A. Tremayne

CAST OF CHARACTERS

François Vian, an old musician.....	Mr. Charles Kent
Pierre Le Noir, his neighbor.....	Mr. William Shea
Oscar Mulbach, a German spy.....	Mr. Earle Williams
Bertha Le Noir, Pierre's sister.....	Mrs. Kate Price
General of the German Army.....	Mr. Ralph Ince
Infantry Officer.....	Mr. E. R. Phillips
Gendarme.....	Mr. Harold Wilson
".....	Mr. Frank Mason

THE war clouds that were casting shadows across the political horizon, in the spring of 1870, making all Europe apprehensive, and plunging the good people of Trounon into a state bordering on nervous prostration, caused but little annoyance to François Vian, *Maître de Musique*.

The daily task of this amiable old gentleman consisted in the dispensing of musical knowledge to the rising generation of the little French town, and he performed his duties conscientiously. But when the last pupil had de-

parted, life's true pleasure began for the master, for then he took his 'cello from its resting corner, and played and practised until the cathedral bells chimed midnight. While the bow moved over the strings, pupils and politics were forgotten, and the troubles of the outer world had no existence.

He prized his 'cello not alone as a rare old Amati, but as a faithful companion. For years it had been the comfort of his existence. A childless widower, François knew no other love, and was happy when its mellow voice

led him thru all the wonderful domains of toneland.

The old-fashioned music-room, with its wide window, its comfortable window-seat, the door leading to the lane, the huge square piano, the stacks of music piled high on table and shelves, all gave appropriate setting to the old man's classic features and flow of long, white hair.

He did not care for social intercourse, and whenever neighbor Pierre dropped in to discuss the latest news from Paris, or to expound the probabilities of a war with Prussia, he listened absent-mindedly, if at all.

One day, however, François' interest was aroused to an unusual degree. That was when neighbor Pierre brought with him his new lodger, a fine, energetic-looking young man, named Oscar Mulbach. He introduced him as an artist from Alsace, who had come to picturesque Trounen to gather material for his paintings.

"And," added Pierre, "monsieur is a musician, too. Monsieur can play the piano, and, I am sure, would love to accompany your 'cello music."

"Yes, indeed," said Oscar, "I am passionately fond of music. Last week I heard Davidoff play his 'cello concerto at Strassburg."

"You did?" exclaimed François, grasping the young man's hand, his kind eyes flashing with ardor. "The A Minor Concerto? I have it here! I have been studying it! It is beautiful, but immensely difficult, I assure you! Will you play it with me?"

"I shall be very glad to try," said Oscar, smiling, "but please be indulgent—I am only an amateur."

"Let us play it by all means," François replied, placing the score upon the piano, and taking up his bow.

The concerto began, and Oscar proved a clever reader, following the 'cello solo with musicianly skill. François' face beamed with delight. Pierre listened, but having little taste for classical music, soon grew tired of it, and left the house, unnoticed by the two enthusiasts.

From that day Oscar became a daily visitor at François' cottage, dividing his time between sketching the streets and suburban landscape and playing upon the old musician's piano.

The joy of François was great, for now he had an accompanist! Now the harmonies of his melodies were no longer left to his imagination, and the concertos, sonatas and fantasias were played in their complete form. And Oscar was a good, whole-souled fellow!

A few weeks of musical companionship wove a subtle bond of sympathy between 'cello and piano, and united old François and young Oscar in sincere friendship.

"Have you heard the news?" cried neighbor Pierre, rushing into the music-room one afternoon, and breaking in upon a Beethoven adagio. "A Prussian spy is in our town! Just think of it, a spy, who is trying to find out all about our fortifications! A reward of a thousand francs is placed upon his head!"

Oscar broke off with a discord, and François looked up impatiently.

"What's that to us?" he said. "Please don't disturb us, neighbor."

"But look at this!" continued Pierre, displaying a handbill, and holding it under François' nose. "See it, black on white! The *gens d'armes* are here, and have distributed these, and pasted them on all the walls, and have begun searching for the fellow!"

François pushed the paper aside, but Oscar took it, and, as he read, his hand slightly trembled.

"I hope they may catch him," was his only remark, as he handed back the handbill.

"Catch him!" shouted the excited Pierre, "we'll catch him, and we'll string him up! This is another of Bismarck's infamies! Treachery all around! We shall be sold to the Prussians!"

"Spy, or no spy," said François, placidly, "let us continue our music. Good-by, neighbor."

Pierre marched out in indignation,

with his handbill, and the duet went on.

But Oscar no longer played well. He failed to keep time, and struck wrong chords. François, in surprise, exclaimed, "Why, Oscar! What's the matter?"

"I have a racking headache, Master François."

ter and housekeeper. He addressed her in a jocular tone:

"Ah, mademoiselle, I have bad news for you. I have just received a letter calling me back home to Strassburg. So here's the rent for the last week, and many thanks for all your kindness."

Bertha, a comely, middle-aged



OSCAR FAILS TO KEEP TIME, AND STRIKES WRONG CHORDS

"Ah! then dont play any more," said François, rising, and full of solicitude. "Go home, my dear boy; go home, and lie down. You will feel better tomorrow."

"Yes. I think I will go home. Adieu, Master François, adieu." And Oscar clasped the old man's hand with uncontrollable emotion, embraced him, and was gone.

At the door of his lodging, Oscar met Mademoiselle Bertha, Pierre's sis-

woman, followed him into the house, her hands raised in astonishment.

"So suddenly must you leave us, Monsieur Oscar?" she asked.

"Yes, my good mademoiselle; a family affair requires my presence. I can get a train at five, so now I'll pack up my belongings."

Whereupon he mounted the stairs leading to his room.

Immediately afterward, Pierre returned, muttering imprecations on

Master François' indifference to the nation's welfare.

But when Bertha had told him that their lodger was about to leave, he shook his head in thought, strode up and down the room, then suddenly struck the table with his fist, exclaiming:

"He's the man!"

"Who's what man?" cried Bertha, startled.

"Oscar Mulbach! He's the spy! We might have known it! For weeks he's been prowling about, making himself familiar with every part of the town and surroundings, and I'll bet that his so-called art sketches are road maps and plans of the fortifications! Ho! ho! my fine fellow, your game's up! I'll get that thousand francs!"

And, with much gesticulating, he proceeded to explain the handbill to his sister.

Oscar, meanwhile, having fetched his coat and bag, came softly down the stairs, intending to leave the house unobserved. But Bertha, catching a glimpse of him, uttered a loud cry, which caused Pierre to turn. In a moment he had rushed past Oscar, closed the door, with a bang, and locked it.

"What's the matter? What do you mean by this conduct?" cried Oscar, in assumed indignation.

"What do I mean?" roared Pierre. "I mean that you are the cursed Prussian spy, and that I'll have you arrested, you rascal!"

Oscar laughed loudly, as tho he considered Pierre's words a good joke; but when the latter pulled a pistol from his pocket, and began to shout for help, he realized that temporizing was out of the question.

He saw the muzzle pointing at him—he knew that in a few moments the neighbors and the *gens d'armes* would come—the door was locked—he glanced at the open window—then, quick as a flash, hurled his traveling bag at Pierre, turned, and sprang out. A second later, Pierre was at the window, discharging his pistol, with what effect he could not tell. Then he un-

locked the door, and, followed by Bertha, plunged out to give the alarm.

As fast as his feet would carry him, not heeding his bleeding arm, Oscar ran to the house of Master François, and into the room where his venerable friend was continuing the Beethoven adagio, unaccompanied.

"Save me, master! For the love of heaven, hide me somewhere!"

"What! Oscar? Bleeding? What has happened?"

"Dont ask now. The *gens d'armes* will be upon me any moment—help me, or I shall be put to death!"

The old man's face underwent a change. A severe light shone from his eyes, and his lips straightened. He rose, almost solemnly, and turned a penetrating look upon Oscar.

"You are the Prussian spy!" he said. "You!—my Oscar—you of all men! O shame!"

"I admit it! I am a Prussian lieutenant—I am serving my country! But I love you, François, and you love me! Save me!" And, falling on his knees, he continued: "For the sake of the memory of our music, for the sake of that one sweet bond between us, save me!"

"France!—my duty!" muttered François. Then, as the young man's eyes looked, pleadingly, into his own, his expression softened. He gazed fondly at the 'cello, then at the piano. His face melted into a sad smile.

Now a roar of voices, growing stronger, was heard from the street.

"Hide in there! Crawl under the bed!" cried François, throwing open his bedroom door.

In rushed neighbor Pierre, with Bertha, two *gens d'armes*, and a score of people at his heels, and as they crowded over the threshold, they beheld the old musician sitting in his chair, his 'cello between his knees, playing Handel's Largo, with evident relish.

"Where's the spy? Where's Oscar?"

François looked up in mild astonishment.

"What are you talking about? What do you all want?"

"The Prussian spy!" a chorus yelled.

"Is he in here?" added Pierre.

François shook his head. "I don't understand you, neighbor Pierre. I am alone in my house, and would prefer to remain alone."

With that, he turned a page of his music and resumed the Largo.

Pierre and the *gens d'armes* looked at each other in doubt.

"He cannot be in here," said Pierre, "or the old man wouldn't be so calm about it, and while we waste time arguing, the Prussian will make his escape."

"Search the house, anyhow!" urged Bertha.

To the strains of the Largo, the two *gens d'armes* rushed thru kitchen, bedroom and attic, looking about in a hasty, careless manner. Not finding whom they sought, they left the house, and all the crowd went clattering down the street. Their noise soon died away, but the music of the Largo kept on.

Never had Master François played with greater expression.

Midnight had come. The spy had not been found. Pierre cursed, and drowned his disappointment in wine. The people were in bed. The town was silent. Slowly and softly, Master François' cottage door opened. Two men stepped out. One, whose lower arm was bandaged, peered up and down the lane, then turned and kissed the hands of the other, who whispered, "Good-by, my Oscar—God be with you."

The door closed. With noiseless footsteps, Oscar sped along the lane.

The most brilliant and strategic of modern wars was drawing to a close. Strassburg and Metz had fallen. A circle of artillery held Paris in an iron grasp, and the border fortresses capitulated, one after another, to the German victor. The bells of Trounon cathedral had rung in the new year 1871, over a town still free from

bloodshed, but during the last week of January the long-dreaded news spread, "The Prussians are coming!"

The sound of distant cannon heralded their approach. Then the remnants of a flying French army arrived. The artillery's thunder grew louder. Shells exploded in the streets. A brave sortie was followed by repulse, and surrender to an enemy whose knowledge of the Trounon fortifications was frightfully correct.

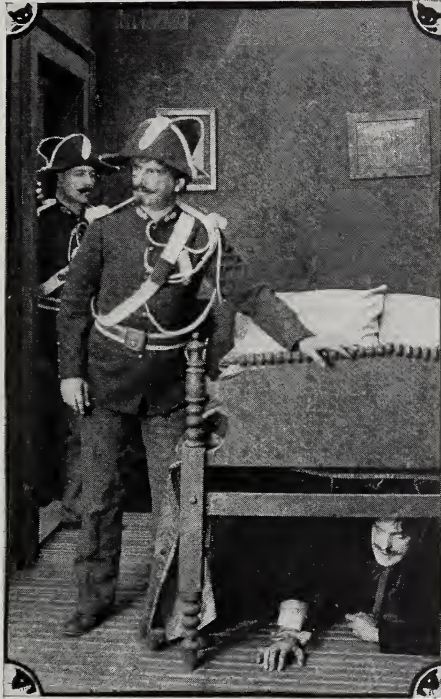
A cavalry troop rode thru the

gate, turned into a side street, and drew rein. An officer gave the order to dismount, and take possession of a row of cottages.

Five men, who noisily entered the front room of the first cottage, were confronted by the sight of an old, white-haired man, playing upon the 'cello, heedless of their intrusion.

The unconcern of the solitary musician amused them, and they greeted him with loud laughter.

"Hello, old fellow! Put down your fiddle! This is no time for music!"



A HASTY, CARELESS SEARCH IS MADE

Clear out of here! We have better use for your house!"

François looked up, more annoyed than frightened, and waved them off with a motion of his bow.

"Do you understand?" cried the corporal, snatching the bow from his hand, and hurling it across the room.

"We want this house for our wounded—you must get out! Hurry, now!"

"What! Leave my house," ex-

A shriek of agony rang out.

"My cello! Broken!"

An uncontrollable rage came over François. With unexpected strength, he wrenched himself from his captors, snatched a shotgun from the wall, and discharged it at the man who had wrecked his 'cello.

The soldier staggered back; the others fell upon François, disarmed and bound him, and, with curses, pushed



FRANÇOIS SHOOTS THE MAN WHO WRECKED HIS 'CELLO

claimed François, "my music, my treasures, my 'cello?—never!"

"Oh, bother your music! We have no time to parley—throw the old fool out of doors, quick!"

Two soldiers seized François, and thrust him toward the door.

"And throw his music machine after him!" laughed a third, giving the instrument a brutal kick, and smash-ing it to pieces.

their prisoner along the street to headquarters.

Martial law is swift and severe. Master François was declared a non-combatant who had taken up arms, and, tho he had inflicted only a slight wound, the penalty was the same as it was for killing a man.

Within an hour the sentence was pronounced, and the unhappy musician was marched up to a brick wall,

and placed with his back against it. A platoon of soldiers, under command of a lieutenant, was lined up to fire.

Master François gazed at the gleaming gun-barrels in a stupor. He thought of nothing but his shattered instrument, and its melodies were surging madly thru his brain.

An officer on horseback, evidently bent on an errand of speed, came dashing along the road, and waved to

other, "I have orders from court-martial. Be good enough not to interfere."

"But listen, comrade!" exclaimed the first. "This man saved my life—this man enabled me to carry the fortress plans to our army, and I will not stand by and see him shot!"

"Lieutenant Mulbach," spoke the other, in stern tones, "you are opposing the decree of court-martial. I or-



A PLATOON OF SOLDIERS IS LINED UP TO FIRE

the executioners to wait till he had passed. The guns were lowered. When the rider reached the spot, he cast a glance at the victim, uttered a cry of astonishment, and sprang from his horse.

"Lieutenant Kronau," he cried to the officer in command, "this execution must not go on! Dismiss your men—let me explain!"

"Lieutenant Mulbach," replied the

der you to stand aside!" And to the men: "Get ready!"

Old François had roused from his lethargy at the sound of the newcomer's voice, and now stared at him in amazement.

"Can this be Oscar," he stammered, "my Oscar, my musician?"

"It is!" cried Lieutenant Mulbach, standing in front of him, and protecting him with his body. "And I say

to you, Lieutenant Kronau, this man must not be shot!"

Lieutenant Kronau stroked his mustache in embarrassment. This was a clear case of violation of discipline; still, he dared not give the order to fire while his comrade stood between the soldiers and the condemned man.

At this moment a group of superior

mand rang out: "Shoulder arms! Right about face! Forward, march!"

Down the street passed the platoon, while Mulbach stood in rigid salute as the general and his suite galloped off in the opposite direction.

"Now, my dear old friend and master, step back into your home. I cannot tell you how glad I am! I have His Excellency's word that you shall



"MY 'CELLO—ITS MUSIC GONE FOREVER!"

officers appeared at the street-crossing. Kronau breathed a sigh of relief.

"There is His Excellency, General Werder. Present the case to him, comrade. I will wait. Lower arms!"

Oscar bounded toward the group, and bent his knee before a distinguished-looking officer, who bade him rise, and listened to his pleading, with growing interest.

The interview was brief. The general sent an orderly to Lieutenant Kronau. Clear and crisp his com-

mand rang out: "Shoulder arms! Right about face! Forward, march!"

Oscar's words came like sweet music to the ears of François, and he returned the young man's fond caress.

But when his gaze wandered around his dear old music-room and revealed the fragments of his beloved 'cello, hot tears rushed to his eyes.

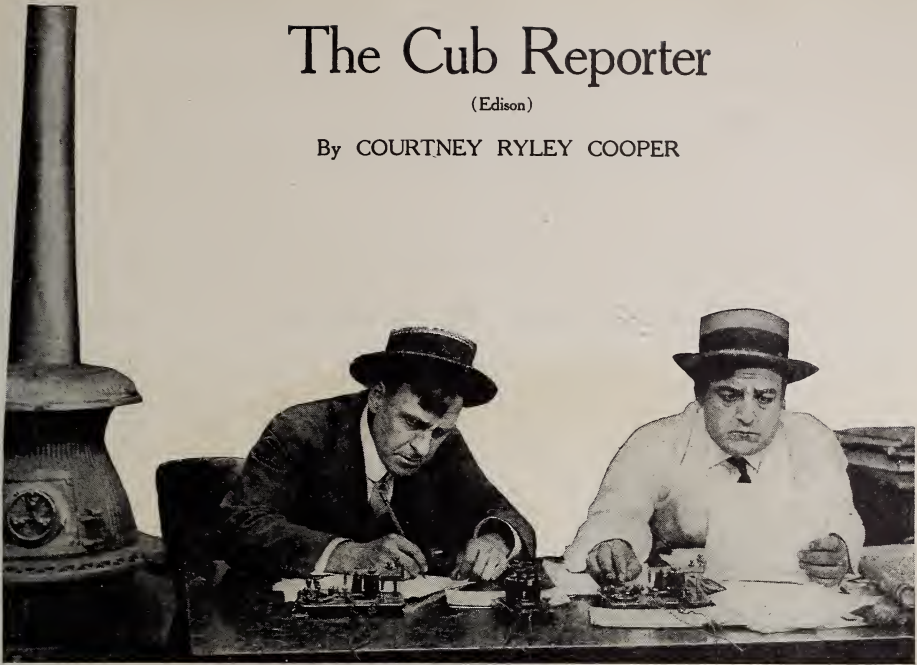
He took up the pieces, one by one. Hopelessly he gazed upon them.

"My 'cello," he sobbed, sinking into a chair; "its music gone forever!"

The Cub Reporter

(Edison)

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jim Masters.....	<i>Charles Sutton</i>
Molly Masters.....	<i>Mary Fuller</i>
Jack Denning.....	<i>Willis Secord</i>
Johnson, the star reporter.....	<i>Augustus Phillips</i>
Graham, the city editor.....	<i>Robert Brower</i>

THEY stood by the little sand-boarded station, a man and a girl, their eyes in the faraway, down toward where the shining lines of steel stretched on and on into nothingness. Neither had spoken—for ages it seemed. From behind them there came the rattle of telegraph instruments in the depot, where a gray-haired man sat at his sending-table, looking now and then with more than common interest at the forms without. Across the way, where the regiments of corn sent their tasseled skirmishers to the very yards of the few houses which comprised Pierce Junction, a crow gave forth its croaking call, then flew slowly away. The afternoon was lazy, beautiful in its haze of half-heat, restful and calm in its peace—but the man and the girl did not notice.

There was a light of happiness in their eyes, yet a shimmer of great sadness. There existed between them a bond of something that was greater

than words—the silent giving of promises; the wordless taking of them. At last the girl turned, and, with a quick little motion, laid her hand on the man's arm.

"Twenty-seven's clearing out of Lexington, now," she said; "I just caught it off dad's wire. I hate to see it come, Jack——"

The man found a laugh.

"Let's dont think about it that way, Molly," he answered. "The sooner I get there, the sooner I'll come back for you, you know. Remember what I said over the wire?"

"Do I?" The girl looked up into his face with a laughing light in her brown eyes. "Will I ever forget it? That's just like you, Jack, to jump to a conclusion, and then think that a girl should know all about it—with-out a word of explanation. I had just come in from taking some pictures, and was relieving dad on the wire when I got your call. And all in one sentence you told me you had

quit the dispatcher's office; that you were going to New York and get a job on a newspaper, make good, and marry me in six months. Just as tho I had known it all my life," she added, with a coquettish turn of the head.

The man laughed again.

"Well, you didn't seem worried. You told me to hurry up, because you were getting older every minute. If you deny that," he bantered, "I'll show you the telegram. Molly," he added, more seriously, "'you'll never grow old to me. You'll always be just the same sweet little brown-haired, brown-eyed girl you are now. You will always be the little girl I want, the little girl I love. That's why I'm going to the city to make good for you. You know that, don't you, girl?'"

"You know I do," she answered slowly. Then she fought the sadness out of her eyes as a filmy trail of smoke showed in the distance.

"Here comes twenty-seven. Now, remember what I told you. Work hard. Just make them see what you've got in you, Jack! Don't take 'no' for an answer. Go in and win; you can do it, I know."

He had folded her in his arms.

"Win?" he asked. "Win—for you? Who couldn't do that, Molly?"

Ten minutes later, a lonely little girl stood on the graveled space, watching the fading outlines of the train as it whirled away. Then she turned and walked into the station.

"Jack's gone," she said simply as she seated herself beside her father

at the telegraph table. The gray-haired man looked up with a twinkle in his eyes.

"So I should judge, from what I just saw," he bantered. "Never mind, Molly. The city's the place for him. He never would have gotten anywhere down there in the dispatcher's tower. He's got too much brains for that sort of a job. That boy's going to amount to something."

Molly clasped her hands. There came a light of happiness and expectation to her eyes.

"You bet he is, daddy!" she beamed. "Why," she continued, almost as tho she were defending him, "show me another boy who has the spirit to go right from the country into the biggest city in America and demand a place as a reporter on a newspaper. That's what he's going to do. And he'll get his place, too—just watch!"

Jim Masters turned from his work of filing messages to smile at his daughter.

"That's the stuff, girl!" he exclaimed. "I never saw a man yet who amounted to a hill o' beans when he hadn't been spurred on by some little girl who thought he was the greatest fellow in the world. Keep it up!"

And in the weeks and months which followed, Molly Masters did keep it up. More than once did she detect the note of despondency in the letters which Jack Denning sent her. After that first glaring, triumphant message in which Jack flashed the information that he had succeeded in getting his place as a cub reporter on the biggest daily in town, things had



JACK LEAVES FOR THE CITY

settled down to more of a pulling climb. Despite the glamor of newspaper work, its mysteries and its excitements, there is many a moment when disappointments crowd overwhelmingly on one. Ten dollars a week is the beginning—and a long road ahead to stardom. Within the rushing city rooms of metropolitan newspapers men have waited out their lives for the big chance that would show their power to do more than the humdrum, prosaic things of news-gathering. And for the cub, there is more to discourage and to dishearten.

It was by seeking beneath the veneer of cheeriness in Jack's letters that Molly discovered this. Often, as she sat in relief at the telegraph-key, she would take the missives from her blouse and read and re-read them; looking beyond the gloss and into the drab. And there surged within her heart a greater, a deeper affection for Jack for what she knew he was trying to hide from her—the roaring of the copy-desk, the browbeating of the older reporters, the clattering noise and rush of the city room, the tireless whirl of catching editions, the jeers, the jibes, the sarcastic "pleasantries" to which the new man on a paper is subjected. Beyond all this, there was the city to learn, the maze of streets and directions, a hundred persons to meet and their friendship to gain. And Jack had done this; he had taken the jibes and the slurs, he had labored after hours, he had begged for the harder assignments—he was fighting his way up, up beyond the level of cubdom, discouragements and low salary. Some day the big chance would come, some day—Molly stopped to think of all she had written in her last letter, all the little motherly instructions, all the encouraging—.

"Letter from Jack, honey!"

It was the cheery voice of Jim Masters as he entered the office and approached his daughter. Almost before the words were out of his mouth the letter had changed hands, and the envelope was being ripped to pieces.

"What's he say——. Now, isn't that a fine thing to ask a girl?" he becudged himself immediately. "Jim Masters, you're an old fool. Cant you see a couple of young folks in love without mixing in? What on earth——"

"Why, you can see, daddie," broke in the voice of Molly. "I guess he was mighty busy. He just said that it's a long, hard climb up the grade, but that some day the chance would come. And it will come, daddy." She clasped her hands and looked far ahead. "Some day the chance will come and——"

She halted. There had come a choking, gasping ejaculation from her father as he almost leaped from the table. His face was ghastly. From the door there came the sound of staggering steps, the anguished notes of a voice:

"The Limited! The Limited!"

A broken being faced them. Blood showed on his countenance. An arm hung limp. Jim Masters leaped to him and with grasping hands supported him.

"The Limited?" he gasped. "Why, it hasn't cleared from Moulton, yet!"

"It went thru without orders—making up time," came the agonized answer. "Down by the big curve it——" He sobbed hysterically.

The office seemed to whirl for Molly. The Limited wrecked! Dazedly she saw her father rush for the telegraph-key and begin frantic calls for the chief dispatcher. Her mind went blank for a moment; anxiously, she started for her father's side—then stopped short. Her little camera was on the desk—there came the thought of Jack in the newspaper office, miles away—there flashed into her brain the stories he had written of what the first pictures of anything mean to a newspaper. The chance! A turn, a grasp at the camera, a call over her shoulder, and she was gone.

In the city editor's room, where Jack Denning formed a small part of the rushing life, it was one of those

days that newspapermen hate and love. Everything had come at once. Out in the town, old men of the reportorial game were scattered here and there, handling noonday political meetings, interviewing, watching the workings of the police as they weaved in and out the threads of evidence which would force a confession from the lips of a murderer; a dozen good stories were in the making, all interesting, but none of the nature that would startle the city. Graham, of the city desk, watching the copy as it plowed thru the hands of the readers, stopped to glance hurriedly about the desks before him.

"What's Johnson working on?" he asked his assistant.

Roberts turned to the assignment book.

"Nothing. He ought to be around the office somewhere."

"A fine bunch we've got to handle a real yarn, if he isn't," Graham growled. "A bunch of cubs, and that's all." He looked toward where Denning and several others, new men like himself, were discussing the ever-broadening mysteries of newspaper life. Then he settled down to his reading again. "A fine bunch," he repeated. "I never saw a lot of stuff break like this that there wasn't a grand wind-up to it. Where the dickens is Johnson? If he's gone back to the booze——"

The sentence was not finished. From the telephone booth, Akers, the telegraph editor, had rushed with a face that bespoke only one thing—an extra.

"Graham," he shouted, and his voice was crisp, "who've we got to go out on a story—a real one?"

Graham jumped from his chair.

"I knew it!" he exclaimed. "Boy! See if Johnson's around the building. Tell him to come here, and come quick! What's the row, Akers?"

"Row enough," came excitedly. "The Limited is wrecked at Pierce Junction!"

"Pierce Junction?" A new voice had entered. Jack Denning, his face tense with excitement, had spoken the

words involuntarily. Then his voice had ceased. Within his soul was a craving—a wild desire—a hope which he knew he could not wish for. Anxiously he watched the city editor as he made out the voucher for expense money. Almost with a prayer on his lips he heard Roberts telephoning for information as to the leaving time of the newspaper special which would carry the reporters to the scene of the wreck, Pierce Junction.

Graham was muttering to himself. He looked up anxiously. An office boy was before him with the message:

"I can't find Mr. Johnson——"

"Of course not!" There was a snap of anger in the city editor's tone. His sharp, searching eyes surveyed the room and the reporters there.

"Denning!" he called. A wave of seeming fire shot thru Jack's heart. With a bound, he was before his chief and awaiting the orders, couched in staccato sentences. "You know telegraphy, dont you? You may need it. The Limited is wrecked at Pierce Junction. Fifty people killed. Here's money to carry you thru. Get the camera there and take pictures. The newspaper train pulls out of the X.R. depot. Get to a wire as soon as you can, and dont stop sending until we tell you to stop. Now, beat it!"

Twenty minutes later, veterans of the newspaper game winked to themselves as they saw Jack Denning hurry into the station and join them on the rear platform of the car that was to carry them to the wreck. They smothered a laugh as Jack asked the time of leaving.

"Three o'clock," one answered, putting the time ahead. The train was due to go in forty minutes. It was 1.20. Jack turned and sauntered away. He did not hear the mocking laughter of the men who had sought to trick him, nor did he care how much they laughed, for a scheme, born of his old railroad experience, was burning within his brain. That train could not get out for a half-hour, at least. In that time he would have a start that might mean everything to him. Slowly he walked around the



THE NEWSPAPER MEN DECEIVE JACK

corner of the building. Then, sure of not being seen, he ran—as he never had run before. A motor car was in front of the station. He leaped into it.

“Get me out to Ridge Crossing as fast as you can,” he ordered, looking at his watch. The engine was shot into high speed. A reckless journey thru the crowded streets, regardless of gesticulating policemen, and clanging cars, began. Then, as the machine bumped along, Jack formulated his plans. The Lexington freight had cleared at one o’clock. It laid on the siding twenty minutes at Ridge Crossing. If all went well——

Soon they were on the country roads. On—on—on—whirling around corners, dashing over culverts, the machine went, Jack leaning forward like a jockey in the home stretch of a race. Far ahead showed the smoke of an engine. The freight was at Ridge Crossing. If he could get there in time——

A spurt of steam shot into the air as the automobile began to slow down. Jack heard the starting whistle of the engine. Closer the automobile came. Jack opened the door of the machine, and, throwing some money to the driver, ran for the caboose of the train. Twice he almost grasped the rail as the train went on. His breath grew shorter as he pursued the speeding cars. Once he almost fell. Then, with a great effort, he sprang forward, and drew himself aboard.

This would give him an hour’s start of every one else, he figured, as the freight rattled along. And an hour’s start meant——

He stopped his thinking to hasten to the rear of the platform. The train had ceased its forward progress, and was backing in on a side track. With a sudden fear in his heart, Jack sought the conductor.

“Some kind of a special going thru, and we cant afford to take chances,” that person explained. “We’re lay-

ing over here. Probably be a half-hour or more. Cant tell."

Red flared before Jack Denning. His scheme had failed! The train he had caught, hoping that it would get him to the scene of the accident first, had been side-tracked for the newspaper special—and he was not half way to Pierce Junction. Wild schemes flared thru his brain of flagging the special when it came—then were discarded as useless. Anger, resentment against himself, was surging in his heart. Here he was—lost practically to the newspaper-reading world, away from the place he should be—out of touch with everything—He almost leaped forward as he caught sight of the name of the station. He ran within.

"Burke!" he called to the man at the key. The other looked up, and started forward with a glad smile.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "What are you doing down this way? Thought you'd gone to the big city to —"

Jack had almost rushed past him.

"Burke, old man," he exclaimed, "will you let me have the key? I'm working on the wreck. I've got to get the dope on it—that's all there is to it! Let me have the key, old man, will you?"

The other did not answer. With a gesture of friendliness, born of many days of wire communication, he motioned Denning toward the telegraph instrument. Jack leaped into the chair, and his sending hand began to fly up and down as it delivered its old, snappy Morse:

"Pj—Pj—Pj—Pj."

He waited a moment. There came no answer.

"Pj—" he called again. "Pj—Pj—"

A second. Then the rattle of reply:

"I—Pj—I—Pj."

Jack leaned forward in the chair. Pierce Junction had answered. It seemed to Denning that he recognized the spacing of Molly Master's sending.

"This—Molly?" he asked in dots and dashes.

"Jack?" came the answer.

A little cry broke from the reporter's lips. A flash came into his eyes. Again his sending hand snapped out the words:

"The bunch put up a trick on me. What do you know about the wreck?"

He leaned back and waited. Then he almost sprang from his chair as the instrument talked to him.

"Burke!" he called. "Can you help me? Molly's got the story. She's got it, old man! Take the sending chair, will you? Call S—t. That's the paper. I'll relay the yarn as fast as I get it!"

Burke, his face showing surprise, had come from behind. Hastily the men arranged themselves at the telegraph table. Then, as the instrument streamed on with its story, Jack Denning, writing as he never had written before, copied the words as they came to him, and passed them, sheet by sheet, to the older telegrapher. His heart was beating like a trip-hammer. He knew that his eyes were staring, that his hand was cramping as he wrote line after line—but he did not care. Away down the line a little girl was giving him, in her simple language, the story of the biggest wreck in years—the story with no detail missing, with every railroad techni-



JACK IS UNABLE TO GET A TRAIN
FOR PIERCE JUNCTION

cality in its place, as no reporter could ever have put it. A girl was giving it to him in dots and dashes—a girl he loved, and who loved him!

Paragraphs, a column, came in over the wires, to be transferred into writing by Jack's nervous fingers, and hastily passed on to Burke. More—more. There began the names of the list of injured. There came a little interview with the engineer of the wrecked train, nor was there lacking

Jack. "Ask them how the stuff's coming."

A wait, while the copy piled up in front of Burke.

"Great stuff, they say. Keep it up."

There came to Jack the picture of the city room—the hurrying telegraphers, the rushing copy-boys, as they carried sheet after sheet from the instruments and to the copy-desk. The "head" writers showed before him,



MOLLY KEEPS THE WIRES BUSY.

the description of him as he lay, groaning, on the stretcher, in the baggage-car of the relief train.

Thrill after thrill shot thru Jack Denning's heart. He had forgotten to think of what all this meant to him. He was thinking only of that little girl in the station far away, who was doing this because she loved him, and because she would some day be his wife.

"Bless her!" he mused, half to himself. "Bless her!"

"What did you say?" Burke asked, hurriedly, over his shoulder.

"Nothing," came shortly from

their bodies shunted low in their chairs, as they struggled for the most striking words to fit the top of the glaring page—the city editor, watching here and there, rushing now and then to the composing-room to see that the make-up men were doing their duty; downstairs, the bulletin men, hanging the sheets of paper in the windows for the crowds without to see—everywhere excitement, excitement, the groundwork of which was being furnished by a little girl and himself. He thought, too, of the hopes of the days of the past, when he had sat aimlessly in that big room, watch-

ing just such a scene as his message was now causing, wondering whether the time would come for him, whether—

"Copy!" came the crisp voice of the older telegrapher by his side. Jack shoved him a pile of closely written pages, and bent to his work again.

The instruments streamed on. Line after line came in, to be written and then sent out again. At last a break. Jack reached forward.

"What's the matter?" he asked, over the wire.

"Nothing," came the cheery answer. "Just rubbing my hand. It was cramping. I'm ready."

"Take your time," went back, as hard as Jack's fingers could send it. "You're doing great! You're the best little girl in the world!"

"How shall I get the pictures to you?" came the flash. Jack's face broke into smiles. Pictures! In the rush he had forgotten that.

"Bring them yourself," he answered.

"They're yelling for copy," came the voice of Burke again.

"Say, they're trying to get all the stuff in the second extra. Rush it."



JACK TELLS THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

An hour later, Jack Denning stood on the platform of the station, looking at a telegram from the city editor of his paper.

"None of the other papers in the city have a line of the stuff yet," he told Burke, with pride in his voice. "There's no other girl in the world like Molly, Burke."

"I guess that's right, too," said the older man. "I—"

A rush of noise interrupted as a train whirled past. Jack raised his camera and, with a laugh, snapped the figures on the rear platform.



HOW HE GOT THE BIG "SCOOP"

"The Newspaper Special," he laughed. "They'll get there about the time I get back to town. Rather late, dont you think? By the way, Burke, we'd better send them a telegram at Pierce Junction. Tell them to try it on the dog next time instead of the cub. Gee, I wish that train would come with Molly!"

"It cant come until this one passes it at the Point. It's on a siding there. What are you so anxious about?"

"Anxious?" asked Jack, with still some of the nervousness of his ordeal

showing in his face. "I've got a right to be anxious. That train's carrying the woman who's going to be my wife this afternoon. I've made good at the paper, Burke. You know what that means. And when Molly gets here, I'm going to tell her—and ask her to go back with me."

Late that afternoon, in a room where the floor was scattered with papers that showed staring headlines, a group of interested men were crowded around a man and a girl, listening to their story. A man entered the

room, and sought the throng.

"Were you looking for me, Mr. Graham?" he asked.

"I was this morning," the one addressed answered. "We wanted you on a wreck story. Where were you?"

The man hesitated.

"Well, to be frank," he answered at last, "I was off the wagon again."

"I thought so," was answered. "I'm sorry, Johnson, but you know what I told you the last time. I'm afraid that a new star reporter must fill your shoes. But come to think of it," he added, with a smile, as he



THE REPORTERS HEAR FROM JACK

turned to the happy-eyed little girl whose arm rested within that of the

man at her side, "I don't know but what we will have to add still another star besides you, Jack."

"Er-er," came from Jack, too embarrassed and too happy to articulate.

"I'm thinking," resumed Graham, "that your new wife is just about as good a newspaper woman as ever was invented."

Molly smiled happily.

"That's what dad said this morning," she answered.

For a brief moment a vision of a stellar girl reporter flashed before Graham.

"But I guess Jack's good enough for the two of us." Her voice brought him to earth.

"Oh, I guess so," Graham replied, with a broad wink; "anyway, we'll pay him the salary—just for luck."



A Gay Deceiver

By GEORGE W. PRIEST

He could all people's traits assume,
 In tongue a polyglot;
 At morn was in a Moslem's room,
 At eve a Hottentot.
 He wooed a comely Indian maid,
 Amid the airs of June;
 With winsome Scottish lass he strayed
 "Beneath the harvest moon."

Tho baffling were his moods, and strange
 And endless in their flow,
 Nor place nor trouble could him change—
 No older did he grow.
 At noon he wed an Arab girl,
 A dusky desert rose;
 But soon, with dog team, faced he peril
 Among the Arctic snows.

Did retribution overtake
 This gay Lothario?
 Nay, gentle reader, you mistake—
 Still joyous doth he go.
 With fame increasing more and more,
 He acts his parts, and so
 He always plays as hero for
 The Motion Picture Show.

THE DARLING

OF THE

C.S.A.

by Edwin M. La Roche.



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Agnes Lane.....	Anna Q. Nilsson
Captain Hunt, C.S.A.....	Guy Coombs
Lieutenant Walker, C.S.A.....	J. Barton Budworth
Brigadier-General Morton, C.S.A.....	Hal Clements
Colonel Phillips, C.S.A.....	Storm Byrd
Major-General Prentiss, U.S.A.....	Henry Hallam

SPRING had opened her soft young hands in northern Mississippi fifty years ago, and had scattered her blossoms and buds, her arbutus and wood violets, with the prodigality of other years when lazy calm watched over the opening cotton-plants, and the blossom died in giving birth to the snowy boll in the clearings.

For him who would enjoy even a deeper solitude, unsoiled by man's fingers, the roads strayed forth from the towns and hamlets to be swallowed up in a piny wall of forest. For unbroken leagues these green walls stretched, with tiny ribbons of black road threading in and out.

On a certain sun-kist morning in April, a solitary rider, in long, flowing skirt and cavalier's hat, could have been seen working thru the tongueless forest. That she had been on the road

from an early hour was shown by the dust of some distant clearing, clinging to her shoulders, and that her errand was a serious one was evidenced by the determined manner in which she spurred on her tired horse in this land of time eternal.

Suddenly a patch of white on a roadside pine caught her eye, and she drew rein in front of it. Her serious gray eyes traced out its message.

"\$500 reward," the poster stated, "will be paid for delivery to any U. S. officer of the person of the rebel spy, Agnes Lane, alive or dead."

"Agnes Lane—Agnes Lane," she mused; "alive or dead. It is certainly generous. If anybody had told me a year ago that the mighty United States Government would go to all this trouble about a little girl, I reckon I would have claimed the reward."



THE SPY SMILES AT THE REWARD

She pushed back the broad, flapping brim of her hat, and mischief darted into her eyes.

"Mr. Government," she said, reaching out and tearing off the poster, "I'm going to accept the invitation to your party."

A girlish laugh, fresh as rippling water, echoed thru the forest, and for an instant she tilted back her head to give play to a slender throat, exposing teeth and lips as cleanly white and red as a hound's.

Then, as if fleeing from a too persistent suitor, she put spurs to her horse and continued her flight thru the green and silent cleft.

After some two hours' hard riding, the woods gave way to clearings, half swamp, half field, with crescent-

shaped pools of stagnant water, where the streams had overflowed.

But her eyes were above the dead level of this mixed pestilence and fertility, searching for the church spire of the town in the bottoms.

"Dear old Corinth," she sighed, as the far-off, familiar steeple glistened in the noonday sun, "your old maid's heart does not realize how close war and hatred and lust have crept to you, nor ever will, perhaps, until it is too late. May nothing more red than your rambling roses," she prayed aloud, "redden your walls, and nothing more fearful than the call of a wild gobbler in the woods disturb your morning's sleep."

Rows of distant shelter-tents, white, like lines of breaking surf, began to

unfold before the girl's eyes, in the fields.

The camp of these men in butternut from Louisiana and Missouri made a huge circular frill around the skirts of the peaceful town. And into it she rode, turning her horse down a long company street of tents, at the end of which the wall-tent of a general officer stood.

The tent-flaps parted at the sound of her coming, and the tall, indolent form of General Morton stepped out before her.

"My dear little wanderer," he said, with inimitable Arkansas drawl, "it makes me feel right glad to see you back safely. There has been an affair of outposts on the Good Ridge Road, and Corinth is nursing its first wounded. I know how determined you can nurse," he added, "and I natch'llly wanted you back."

"I'd certainly love to nurse the 'Pelicans,'" she said, almost wistfully, "and those ramshackle, funny giants from Arkansas, too, but I reckon from now on you-all wont see much of me."

She paused, with the serious, far-off look in her eyes again, and handed a dispatch to her listener.

General Morton's face grew even soberer than hers as he read the brief instructions:

SIR: You will at once capture the Federal works commanding the passage of Yellow River, in order that much needed ammunition wagons may cross to me.

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

"I reckon my brigade is in for it," he said, "and it looks pretty ticklish for Beauregard and Mississipp' if we dont trounce the Johnnies. No ammunition—no army, when that 'painter' Grant is around."

The girl bent low in her saddle and whispered a few earnest words to him.

"No; you cant do it!" he said, with determination; "it's unnat'r'l and foolhardy, and—and—beyond the limits of your sex."

"I've made up my mind."

"And I command you to unmake it," ordered the officer.

She looked at him an instant, quizzically.

"Then, General," she retorted, "you will have to send an orderly to General Beauregard to find out why *his* orders are to be overruled. And that will take two precious days," she added with seeming malice.

"I submit," said General Morton, "tho I wash my hands and feet and my whole swamp-aching body, of the consequences."

"I thought there was a superstition," she began, "over in the Ozarks about washing—— Well, I'm off," she finished abruptly, "and somewhere tonight I'll pray a man's prayer for the dear 'Pelicans'." She turned, and, as her horse sped thru the ranks, the simple "good boys" from the bayous and canebrakes could not resist a cheer for the mysterious and lovable girl who had endeared herself to them all.

That "evening," as Corinth reckoned time, the peaceful town saw its regiments hurriedly break camp, and as swiftly march down the road, to be swallowed up by the pines. Each picket fence, and gate arch, or cool portico, held its handful of kerchief-waving, tear-eyed maids; for Corinth was both full of sorrow and of pride at the brigade's departure.

What their soft eyes did not see, and what would have filled them with immeasurable speculation, was the riding forth of their former demure little companion, Agnes Lane. She had walked her horse out of town by a side road, and, on gaining the open, had put him to a sure-footed, tireless canter. After the fashion of the day, she wore a full-skirted habit which bulged unaccountably in divers places on her slight form.

But she took no heed of fit or fashion, and as the silent, brown regiments entered the cleft in the forest, she made swiftly after them.

It is passing strange what sparks Vulcan in a rage may strike from his war shield. Agnes Lane was one of these glowing sparks. Born in the sequestered village, raised in soft Southern luxury and affection, she

had grown to the borderland of womanhood as a gentle, care-free girl. Suddenly the war switched down on placid Mississippi, and Agnes, her form swelling with love for her State, became fired with a man's daring.

Twice she had penetrated the Union lines at Shiloh, and brought back invaluable information for the Army of Tennessee. An invisible something seemed to hover over the invading army and thwart its moves to cut the railroads, or to penetrate deeper into the Southland, even before they were started. At last, stung to anger, the innocent-appearing girl was tracked, and the leak discovered. Thus a price came to be set on her head.

Agnes rode into the forest. Miles back of her the drawn-out wail of a locomotive whistle seemed to bid her a warning farewell.

In an hour she had caught up with the Confederate column and pushed quickly by the marching men. A mile or so in advance she came upon a scouting party under command of that daredevil officer, Captain Hunt, who, Dame Rumor whispered, had not "a new mistress held: the first foe in the field," would have bent all his fiery energy to the conquest of the little Corinthian girl.

But their encounter was as one warrior meets another, and, with a few hurried words from her saddle, she passed on toward the Union lines.

An hour afterward, she was led under guard into the tent of General Prentiss. That officer, as much the scholar and thinker as the trained soldier, on listening to her opening words, ordered his staff to withdraw.

"Have no fear," he said to the apparently frightened and embarrassed girl; "I am extremely interested in your plan to capture the female spy, Agnes Lane."

"Oh, sir!" she faltered, with face shielded by the wide hat-brim, "what can you think of me? But I hate her passionately—at times, and—and the officer that——" Her voice trailed off into nothingness.

"She loves, you love," finished the general. "It's the old story."

"At first I thought I dare not take the reward," she went on, "but when I saw that she was heartless and cruel, and—and a cat, I made up my mind to come to you."

"And you have done very well," he said, reaching into his army-chest and setting on the table a little bag which gave out chinks and squatted like a fat toad before her eyes.

The girl eyed it wistfully. "Is it very much?" she asked.

"It is gold," said the tempter slowly, "and a fortune when converted into rebel money."

The girl sighed, and stretched out her hand appealingly toward it. Then, at the sound of a distant shot, her downcast eyes widened and sparkled.

An officer thrust into the tent. "Outposts attacked," he said; "rebels are reported gathering in numbers."

General Prentiss sprang up, and caught the instant's gleam in the girl's eyes.

"There is deviltry here," he shouted. "Push back your hat and show me your face."

But she shrank away from him.

"Needs must," he said, and grasped her slender wrists in powerful hands.

She flattened her head against his chest. A spirited volley, coming nearer, rang out from the covert.

Suddenly her head was forced back, and her face, with its deep gray eyes and flushed oval, stood framed in the rumpled cavalier's hat, before him.

The division commander gave her one searching look of triumph, then dropped her wrists and dashed from his tent.

Agnes heard him shout: "Guard that woman," evidently to the sentry outside. With that, a bedlam of confusion seemed to break out from everywhere. Mounted officers rode furiously by, hoarse commands were given, and the air was thick with the dust and scuffle of men forming ranks.

In an instant she had shed her riding-habit, and stood a slender lieutenant in blue before the general's mirror. Her hat was cast aside, and



THE FIRST ATTACK

tucking up her telltale hair, she deftly placed a forage-cap over it.

The metamorphosis from a charming girl to a pale, resolute officer was startling, sudden and complete.

On the general's table, pinned down by the bag of gold, was a sheaf of official papers, and these she thrust into her coat pocket. "Oh, gold, gold," she murmured, "what crimes are committed in thy name!" Forthwith, she slipped the unearned reward into her pocket, too, where it served as an excellent paper-weight, and crept to the flaps of the tent.

Even here, too, almost touching the sentry's arm, the spirit of mischief swam serene over her sense of peril, for she picked up a bit of charcoal and scrawled the words "Thank you" on the canvas.

With that she stepped out, and the sentry wheeled, with his gun leveled at her breast.

"Guard that woman," she commanded, and, as if by magic, the menacing weapon was brought to attention, and the sentry resumed his beat.

A half-hour afterwards the skirmish line of powder-grimed, bullet-driven Confederates was almost paralyzed into the state of non-combatants to see a young Union officer riding helter-skelter toward their thin line.

A tiny handkerchief fluttered in his

hand, and his mouth was open in a delightful grin, as one who treats war as the most veritable joke of all.

Suddenly some one shouted out, "The Lane girl," and she swept, untouched, thru the cheering, waving line.

General Morton's division stood drawn up, deployed in line of battle, a few hundred yards back of the skirmish line. The news of Agnes' coming seemed to have gone down before her on the wind, for as the slight figure in blue rode like the wind down the brown ranks, the hardest veteran could not restrain his "rebel yell" at her approach. An army of eyes seemed to bore thru her, now that danger was past, and she slid from her horse before the general.

"These papers are of great value," he said, glancing thru them; "a complete detail of the Federal forces, and what is even better, information that their relief is unable to cross the Tennessee today."

If the daring girl had blushed to the roots of her hair with modesty as she had run the battery of eyes, her flush of pure happiness at the general's commendation more than outdid her former color.

"I regret to report, General," she said, standing at attention, "that by force of circumstances I was compelled to inform the enemy about the



GENERAL MORTON REWARDS AGNES

malicious habits of Agnes Lane. And that General Prentiss," she continued, "after a bloodless skirmish, left the reward in my hands."

"My dear little girl," said the general, "it is yours, honestly fought for and wrested from the enemy. My only regret is that the South is unable to reward you many times as well."

"And can I do with it as I like?" she questioned, holding out the bag gingerly, like a truant boy caught red-handed with a string of fish.

"Yes; certainly."

"Then I am going to distribute it among the men," she said promptly, and proceeded to walk down the ranks, flinging the gold pieces as she went.

"Little girl," mused the watching general, "if I was twenty years younger, and wasn't married, and you'd have me, I'd battle for you; you have more minted gold in that capacious little heart of yours than you could ever spend or squander."

A shell from the gunboats on the

Tennessee flew screaming over their heads and cut short the officer's musing. A foam and mud spattered orderly rode up and delivered a dispatch to General Morton:

My powder almost exhausted. The Federal position *must* be forced, no matter at what cost.

BEAUREGARD.

"It's slaughter, pure and simple," Morton muttered, crushing the message in his hands; "the Pelicans can never cross the fields in front of the Federal works."

He turned to his aides and gave the order to advance. Instantly, the brown ranks galvanized into life, and a silent forward movement commenced thru the sheltering forest.

There, on its rim, they were halted and formed for a charge across the fields to the earthworks beyond.

"Charge!"

The shrill, falsetto yell, not in chorus like a battle-cry of the North, but singly, persistent, wailing, and

almost sad, burst from the ranks as they broke cover and started a scattering run across the field.

When they were half way across—it seemed a small body of men, out in the flat clearing, to attempt so desperate an assault—the silent earth-works suddenly rimmed with fire. A sickening hail of bullets fell on the advancing Pelicans, and at first slowly, then rapidly, the line crumpled up. To add to their torture, the boats in the river, in range of the field, began throwing shrapnel, which literally burst men asunder as its fragments struck.

Agnes, when the opportunity had offered, had quickly changed to a white muslin dress, which she had packed in her saddle-bags. Her task had been well done, and, like other



THE COWARD SEEKS SOLACE

girls, perhaps her duty lay back in Corinth. But the silent march of the Pelicans thru the woods, and their cry as they entered the clearing, had aroused her fighting blood, so that, as she followed, it fairly blazed in her cheeks.

"There will be wounded," she thought, "and no field-hospital or equipment to take care of them."

The thought spurred her on, just in time to see the charge across the clearing, and the stand at bay under the fearful fire.

She clinched the nails deep into her palms, and wept that she was a frail, useless woman, in this hour of carnage.

A soldier, a half-grown boy, suddenly broke from the ranks, and fled back across the field, his eyes staring with terror.

"Coward!" yelled the infuriated



THE CONFEDERATES ARE DRIVEN BACK



THE UNIONISTS HOLD THEIR POSITION

girl, "why do you not die with the others?"

He ran toward her, quite insane, pleading for protection. As if in answer to her call, a shrapnel shell described a graceful arc, and fell on the field at her feet.

She stared at it, fascinated.

It was then the Pelican boy, with the look of a grateful hound, cast himself in front of her, just as the shell exploded.

He lay a torn mass at her feet—one whose courage had come at the eleventh hour, and had blown its soul from him with its violence.

The girl knelt and took the shattered boy's head on her knees—in time to catch the flicker of a smile, which stayed even as he left.

She covered him with her shawl. "What have I done like this?" The thought sped, shell-like, thru her. She surged like one in a death agony at the thought of how close death had gripped at her skirts, and started back, running thru the woods.

But the picture of the remnant of men huddled in the clearing would not blot from her memory. It stood out before her as something tangible and unforgettable even as she came to her horse. So she stood for an instant before riding away.

An idea came to her, crushing back

her terror, for it was noble and big if she could summon the courage to carry it thru.

She grasped her horse's bridle and led him thru the woods to a spot on its edge, some distance beyond the scene of attack and repulse.

All was quiet, now, in the clearing, and the Confederates had retreated to the shelter of the woods, where they lay like cudgeled dogs, panting and cowed.

With shaking fingers, Agnes scribbled a note which she stuck beneath her horse's bridle. Then she drew his head down and stroked it fondly, as he nuzzled to her touch. A sharp cut of her riding-whip followed, on his flank, and the animal bolted out into the clearing, turning to give her one last reproachful look.

Then he jogged along the edge of the woods, grazing as he went, toward the Pelicans' position.

Agnes walked boldly across the clearing, a tiny figure in white, toward the Federal works. It seemed as if she would never draw near to them—they appeared to be retreating, mockingly, before her.

An officer stood up and leveled a field-glass at her. What he must have said caused a row of heads to pop up and to survey her as a marvelous curiosity.

All the time that she was under scrutiny she kept waving her handkerchief frantically, and, at last, two soldiers dropped down from the works and came toward her.

When they had approached near enough to hear, she said simply: "I am Agnes Lane—please take me to General Prentiss."

The three figures walked back across the field, and disappeared over the ramparts.

An hour afterward, as the sun was sinking across the broken and desolate country, a stray horse was brought into the Confederate camp. General Morton looked earnestly at the animal as if in recognition—but then, he reflected, Agnes Lane must be safely back in Corinth.

The patch of white under the bridle caught his eye, and his hand slipped out the girl's parting note:

"I am a prisoner," he read, "in the enemy's lines. They are going to shoot me. Good-by.—AGNES LANE."

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "I would rather have been shot in the back on the clearing today than to have this thing happen to the sweetest and bravest little woman in this here Confederacy."

"Lieutenant Walker," he said, turning to one of his officers, "you can make this public—it wasn't written to me, but to you all."

The message swept down the dispirited ranks, like a prairie fire. In

disregard of orders, the Pelicans formed in excited groups and discussed this new catastrophe.

Suddenly the tall form of Captain Hunt stood out in front of his own remains of a company.

"All Pelicans this way," he shouted. "I'm going to ask the general's permission to lead a charge—I just know he's going to give it. Recollect, I want only volunteers."

This last was superfluous, for on Captain Hunt's return from the general, with the fire of a born fighter in his eyes, the entire regiment of Pelicans volunteered.

"Now, boys, this is to be a surprise party," the captain shouted; "no yelling till you're out of the woods—do you understand?"

The Union troops had withdrawn their gunboats with the deadly shrapnel, and were making their homely preparations for supper, counting the day as won, when the formidable rebel yell came down the wind for the second time that day.

The surprise was complete and electrical. Prentiss's troops were swept back from the defenses and thru their camp, a disorganized and panic-stricken mass, without organization, and driven to the Federal second line of defense near the river.

The camp, its guns and supplies, were captured, including General Prentiss's tent. But what it contained was more precious to the at-



THE LAST CHARGE OF THE CONFEDERATES IS SUCCESSFUL

tacking party than even the flush of victory. For Agnes had stepped out from it, at the flight of her guards, and stood blushing and paling by turns before the Pelicans.

Captain Hunt came up, and her

blush from his ardent look became so fixed that old Corinthians say, in that land of constancy, that even to this day she carries the pink in her cheeks, beneath the white and gray of her cap and hair.



Try It

By MARIE EMMA LEFFERTS

As I sat last night 'mid the crowded
throng
At the Motion Picture Play,
I wondered how any could deem it a
wrong
To pass an hour that way.

I gazed at the faces—a glad smile
Was seen wherever I turned,
Sorrow and pain were forgotten a while
In the happy hour they'd earned.

A weary mother was there with her child
Who had teased her "Please to go
To see the cowboys and Indians wild
At the five-cent Picture Show!"

I watched her a moment with troubled
eyes,
Till the band began to play;
Then I heard one or two contented sighs,
As tho wafting care away.

And soon, like her child, she laughed with
delight,
And I heard her whisper, "Joe,
We sure must get Daddy, tomorrow night,
To come to the Picture Show!"

Oh, such a simple thing to bring content
To those who have toiled all day;
A show for a nickel was surely meant
To cheer them on their way.

Now, you who sit home discouraged and sad,
Go see if it doesn't pay;
Take your neighbor along, it will make her glad
At the Moving Picture Play!



The Range Rider's Lament

By HARRY E. WEBB

Of all the old frontiersmen
That used to roam the plain.
There are but very few of them
That with us yet remain;
For day by day they're dropping off,
They're going, one by one;
Our clan is fast decreasing,
And our race is almost run.

And tho these homeless riders
Had never worn the blue,
They faced the bitter storms of life
As brave men, tried and true;
And all would be forever gone,
To haunt us in our dream,
But for the gift of Nature's hand—
The Motion Picture screen.

Our fighting days are over, boys;
The pistol shot resounds
No more along the border,
In the little western towns;
And it caused us pain, old comrades,
To live and see it die,
And, only for the picture show,
Could bid our West good-by.

But our lives will e'en be brightened,
Till the silent reaper gleans,
By the prairies and our comrades,
When they're flashed upon the screens.



The Street Beautiful

(Edison)

By GLADYS ROOSEVELT

If you have built your castles in the air your work has not been lost; that is where they should be. Now build foundations under them. THOREAU.



LITTLE Gabriel Tonetti, hobbling thru life on his little wooden crutch, had probably never heard of Thoreau, nor of castles in the air. Had you mentioned the subject, his imagination would instantly have pictured the great cloud-billows he had seen on those treasure-full trips to the country with the children from his settlement, but the only foundation he could think of would, doubtless, be a street of tall pine trees set one above the other, their interlocking boughs forming a sort of ladder to the skies. But had you been one of the elect—had you been, for instance, Rosa Palmieri, with dark, shining, sympathetic eyes, and a capacity for clasping your hands ecstatically against your patched pinafore with a delicious, thrilling intake of your breath—then you would have been shown what a *real* castle was!

For Gabriel, cut off from most of the games of the children in the street, had lived in a world of his own imaginings, where only the beautiful held sway, and he had built a castle for himself, not out of thin air, but on the solid back-fence. A marvelous building it was, with massive colonnades and many mighty turrets. It shone pure white against the weather-worn boards, like the out-give of an artistic soul, against a background of sordid

surroundings. And before it a miniature public square was laid out, paths and terraces and garden-beds, little seats and bridges and rude statuettes—all the work of a spade, a knife, and an artistic instinct.

For days he had worked on this castle of his, but as yet no one had seen it. It was so much a part of himself that he could not bear to show it to alien, unappreciative eyes. His mother would have called it rubbish, because, to her, the most perfectly satisfactory thing in life was a steaming, soapy washtub: she could not understand how much more solid joy was represented by a mud-bespattered blouse at night than by a stiffly starched one in the morning. But Rosa—he might show it to her! Rosa's apron was always patched and always spotty. Yes, Rosa would understand!

He hobbled thru the dingy passageway and out into the street, looking for his little friend. A group of grown people stood in front of the house, looking around the street, and jotting down notes in their books. They were the members of the Civic Betterment Committee.

"What a perfectly disgraceful-looking street!" exclaimed one of the ladies. "Such filth! It is positively unhealthy. The committee had better

begin and do some work down here first, I think. This part of the city certainly needs to be improved, if we are ever going to have a City Beautiful. Shouldn't you think the people would take a little pride in keeping it up?"

Gabriel stopped and looked about him. The street was littered with paper and rubbish, the lamp-post was bent and the lantern smashed, and the houses needed painting. Broken window-panes were plastered up with

"Id is thad id is ogly; *si*, mos' ogly," he admitted to himself, shaking his head deprecatingly.

Just then Rosa came out of the house opposite, the one bright spot in the condemned street—Rosa, the Queen of the May! Her familiar patched and dirty apron had been replaced by her one white dress, coarse but clean, and plentifully starched. Gay ribbons decked the dress, and on her head were the crowning wreath and veil.



THE CIVIC BETTERMENT COMMITTEE MAKES PLANS TO BEAUTIFY THE STREET

newspapers, while, at the end of the street, torn theatrical posters hung from the walls of a deserted factory building. Never before had the street seemed so ugly and dirty to its little tenant. It had always oppressed his beauty-loving soul, but he had endured it, as one does that which cannot be bettered. Indeed, it had been one of the things which had driven him to take refuge in the little castle of his own building.

Gabriel's eyes gleamed. He thought he had never seen so angelic a vision. For a moment he was a little awed. Would this wonderful being care for his beloved castle?

She caught sight of him and smiled brightly, her same old friendly smile. Then he was sure. What more fitting than that this beautiful one should see his castle, the work of his hand, the one beautiful thing he had?

"Rosa, I gotta ona secret!" he

whispered close to her ear. He hoped the veil-thing would not make it hard for her to hear him.

Her eyes grew big and round.

"*Dio mio!*" she breathed excitedly. "You tella me, pleze, Gabriel. You tella me 'boud id? Nevaire will I led anybodee know."

"*Si, si,*" he promised, taking her hand. "Come wid me. Id is in my garden. Id is a mos' beautiful thing thad I maka, Rosa!"

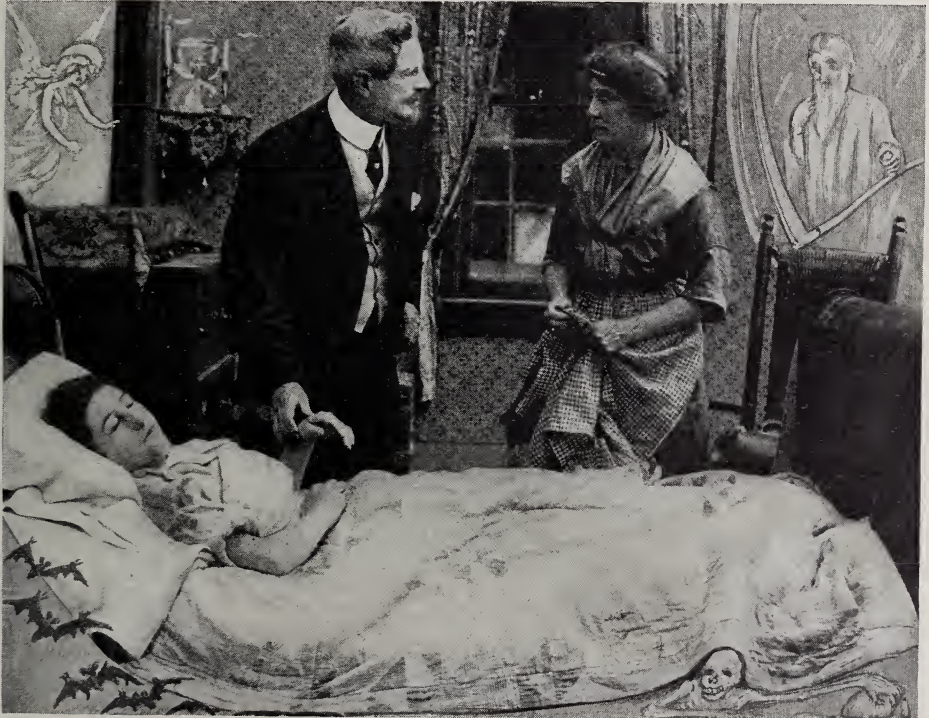
Already she was half-way across the

"Looka, Rosa. Id is my castle—the castle whad I have thought about sinze so—so long, the castle thad I have maka."

He turned to watch her intently. Her hands were clasped tight against her heart, her bright eyes wide with wonder.

"Id is so—so beautifuller!" she breathed at last.

A glad smile spread over Gabriel's serious face. He was satisfied. She understood!



GABRIEL IS STRICKEN WITH A MALIGNANT DISEASE FROM THE FILTHY STREET

street, fairly dragging him after her. "Queeck, queeck!" she begged. "Mos' nevaire haf I seen ona secret. I can nod waid, Gabriel, I can nod!"

Thru the dark passageway they stumbled, and out into the little yard. Then Gabriel took the lead. He was trembling with excitement—nay, almost with fear. Would she come up to his expectations?

Before his precious work they stopped.

Down upon his knees he dropped and proudly described each part in detail, pointed out each pathway, named each clump of bushes, waxing eloquent and breathless with so sympathetic a listener.

"See how beeg park there is. Id would be mos' nize eef they maka beeg park on thees streed, elze planta beeg trees and playnta pritty flower. Our streed, Rosa, id is nod nize; id is nod cleana lig id mighd be. Thees

day a ladee of the *Società*, she stoppa in our streed and she say thad nevaire will we have mos' beautiful city wid street lig thees. I can nod helpa the street, Rosa; but I hava the garden. Id is then for you to playa in too, also, Rosa. I maka id alla same lig I mos' lofe id.

"And the castle," he cried in climax, "see id is white, mos' beautiful alla white, same lig—lig you ees, Rosa, in thad May-queen dress."

He got up slowly, hobbled out to the front of the house and leaned against the door.

"Some day you will be gran' man!" The words rang in his ears as he watched the merry children march off under the May-pole, Rosa, rosy and excited, at their head, waving good-bys to the little comrade left behind in the doorway. It was hard to miss the May parties, especially this one when his little friend was queen. The pros-



THE CHILDREN AID IN BEAUTIFYING THE STREET

Rosa awoke with a start.

"The May-party! Gabriel, I forgetta! I haf to go or id is thad I will be late. A queen mus' nevaire be late. Bud, Gabriel, I will nod forgetta the castle, the mos' gran' nize castle you maka, and nevaire will I tella nobodee.

"Some day you will be gran' man, Gabriel," she called back to him.

pect of being a great man was too distant to allay the disappointment of the present. But the children never guessed his sadness. He waved to them gayly until they were out of sight, then went back to his garden.

But the first foundation-stone of his dream-city had been laid. He had shared his secret, his ambition, his inmost heart, with another.

And the building was to go on far faster than he dreamed, and to go on without him—for Gabriel fell ill one day as he was working in his garden, and his mother found him lying unconscious before what seemed to her unappreciative eye a pile of dirt and a fence spattered with white paint, and for several days he lay in bed with threatening symptoms.

Rosa felt very sorry for her little playmate. It was hard enough to be crippled, without being sick besides.

"If you people would clean up your streets and your houses," he went on, "you wouldn't have to call on me so often. How do you expect to keep well when you live in such filth? Look at those banana peels and that watermelon rind thrown out in the street to decay, and draw flies! But there's no use in talking—what you need is example. If somebody would clean up your street for you, maybe you'd be inspired to keep it clean—but even then, I doubt it."



THE TENEMENT HOUSE OWNER POINTS WITH PRIDE TO THE IMPROVEMENTS IN THE STREET

She hung around the doorway, waiting for the doctor to come out, determined to hear the latest report.

"Doctor, pleze, meester, whad is id thad Gabriel haf gotta?"

"Got!" exclaimed the doctor. "It's a case of unsanitary living conditions, that's what!"

Rosa was a little mystified. She had never heard of that disease before. If he had said smallpox or cholera or scarlet fever, she would have understood.

Rosa watched him pick his way down the crowded street, in and out among the boxes and ash-cans, babies and children, dogs and cats. She didn't quite understand how *she* was responsible for it all. *She* never threw banana skins on the sidewalk—for it was a banana skin which had made Gabriel a cripple, and she had never forgotten the day it happened. Mechanically, she picked up the banana skins and the watermelon rind and threw them into an ash-barrel.

Then she went home and burned a candle for Gabriel which cost her five *centesimi*.

The foundation was progressing!

So was Gabriel. In a few days he was pronounced strong enough to sit up, and Rosa was invited to come and amuse him for a little while. She found him sitting with his back to the window, looking woefully unhappy.

"Gabriel!" she exclaimed. "Why you nod watcha the *bambini* in the streed? Alla time the *bambini* maka the fun for you. Tomaso, he gotta the hoop for jumpa lika ladee whad jumpa in the circus. The nize man wid the monk he maka the musique, and Carlotta she danca lika mos' pritty peeecture on the fenze. Looka, see!"

But Gabriel only shook his head, and kept his back to the window.

"Whad is id, Gabriel?" she asked. "You no lika? You no lika the monk, you no lika the *bambini*, you no lika Carlotta?"

"Oh, yas; I lig," he said half-heartedly. "Bud our streed id is nod nize. I no lig to looka. Thees houses alla dirty, nod ona flower in ona winder. Ach! Id is nod nize. The ladee she say thees city nevaire be mos' beautiful city wid our streed same lig thees."

Rosa stood still, thinking hard. The lady said the street was not nice, the doctor said it had made Gabriel sick, and Gabriel was unhappy because it was not pretty—Gabriel, who loved beautiful things; Gabriel, who could build wonderful buildings and parks; Gabriel, who would be a great man some day—therefore, he must have what he liked.

Quickly the little May-queen sped down the dark flight of stairs and called her subjects around her in the street.

"Gabriel, he is seek. The docter haf said id is of the streed he is seek. Looka, id is nod nize. Sinze long time id is full of the paper and the box. The ladee from the *Società* haf said id, and Gabriel he is sad becaus' our streed id is nod mos' beautiful."

The children gazed around with a

first-time look. It was as tho they had never seen their street before. Then they turned back helplessly to their leader.

"What cher goin' ter do about it?" demanded fiery-haired Paddy Byrne, an especial admirer of Rosa's dark tresses.

"Eef we wanta thad Gabriel be no mor' seeek we mus' cleana the streed. Alla *bambini* mus' helpa. Is id nod so?"

"Sure," said Paddy, obligingly, beginning to collect papers in a dilapidated tin boiler lying on the curbstone.

The other children followed his example, for all liked Gabriel—the gay Neapolitans, the plodding Germans, the fighting Irish, the solemn Greeks and the talkative Jews; and soon every available broom and barrel was pressed into service. The unusual activity and clatter brought the grown people to the doors.

"Sure and what's 'got inter the childer?" exclaimed good Mother O'Brien. "Is it paid they be to worrk so harrd? Begorrah, if they clean up the street loike that 'twill be loike the ould countree sure, except fer the front yard with the grass and the posies. Beloike I kin foind a bit ave a curtain fer the front winder and a slip ave geranier ter make a bright spot, fer ould sake's sake," she muttered, and went shuffling back into the house.

Into the midst of this mob of Lilliputian street-sweepers, there drove a handsome automobile and stopped before the tenement opposite Gabriel's window. Rosa knew the man well—he was the owner of the building and had come to see about some repairs. She determined to press him into her service.

"Meester, pleze, sir," she said, popping up over the side of the car, "I'm Rosa, and we cleana the streed for maka look nize. I theenk eef you painta the house id looka nizer. Whad you theenk?"

The landlord gasped.

"Well, I'll be switched!"

"Nos-sir, no sweetcha. Everybodee

lika, and Gabriel he lofa. He seeck," she said, pointing up to the window across the street. "The streed id maka him seeck. Alla *bambini* cleana mos' nize so he getta well queeck. Bud Gabriel, he lika thees pritty thing for to look ad. Meester, pleze, sir, eef you painta the house, we hava mos' beautiful streed, and Gabriel he getta well mos' righd away."

The man looked at the eager, up-turned faces gathered about his machine.

to throw papers and refuse into the street any more!

But all this time Gabriel, lacking fresh air, mended but slowly, and would not even look out on the street so distasteful to his artistic little soul.

At last all was finished to Rosa's satisfaction, and the time was ripe for the grand surprise. The children clustered in the street, the grown-ups gathered at the windows, and Rosa went up to see Gabriel.

"Gabriel, jus' ona time will you



GABRIEL RECEIVES A SPECIAL PRIZE

"By Jove!" he thought. "If these youngsters care so much and can do their part, I guess I can do mine." And so he promised.

In a surprisingly short time the street was quite transformed. The landlord on the other side took his cue from his rival and painted his tenements, too; the neighbors began to follow Mother O'Brien's example, until every window had its curtains and its flower-box, and nobody *dared*

looka oud of the winder?" she pleaded. "Alla *bambini* they have nod seen you now sinze long time. Ona time, Gabriel *mio*," and he yielded.

Long he drank in the picture of the merry children waving to him, the smiling grown-ups, the freshly painted houses, the clean, uncluttered street, the curtained windows, and, best of all, the flower-boxes, with old Mother O'Brien behind her geraniums, wiping her eyes with her apron.

"*Quanto è bella!*" he whispered softly, relapsing into his native tongue, his eyes shining with unshed tears sprung straight from his sensitive little heart.

"*Quanto è bella*—much id is beautiful," he repeated tenderly. "Only a miracle could gif id to us!"

Only the miracle of dreams come true—because foundations were built under them!

So the practical structure was builded and lacked only the crowning finish, which came also by way of the faithful Rosa.

For ere many days, when Gabriel was well enough to be brought down into his beloved garden, the Civic Betterment Committee came to visit the "disgraceful street" again. They stood amazed at its spotlessness.

"Who is it that has done this wonderful thing?" they demanded, and the fresh-aproned children pointed proudly to Rosa.

But Rosa shook her dark head wisely.

"No, id is nod me," she declared. "Id is Gabriel, liddle cripple Gabriel. He lofe the nize things. He waz seeek and he sigh about our streed becaus' id waz ogly. So alla *bambini* we cleana the streed, and Gabriel he is now mos' well."

The committee conferred together.

"We must see this Gabriel," they declared.

"Id is now thad he is in hees garden," Rosa informed them. "He maka mos' beautiful castle wid parks around. He showa to me—id is lika mos' beautiful city."

"We must see him—this builder of beautiful cities!" they cried.

They found him in his tiny garden, his eyes bright with the joy of out-of-doors, altho he was still too weak

to make the improvements and additions in his park which he had planned during his illness.

Gabriel was a little distressed that outsiders should come to see his palace and his park. He had not meant to show it to the world. But he was soon put at his ease by their exclamations of delight and wonder, their praise and interest and kindly suggestion. They promised to send him books and tools, and when he grew older, they said, he should study in some large university and make a great name for himself.

As they left, one of the committee-men placed a document in Gabriel's hand. It read:

For valuable assistance a special prize of one hundred dollars is hereby awarded to Gabriel Tonetti.

THE CIVIC BETTERMENT COMMITTEE.

When the two children had recovered from their astonishment Gabriel said:

"Ona half of thees id is for you, Rosa. Nevaire would I haf earna id widout you."

"No, Gabriel, I will taka id nod," she replied. "Alla—id is yours. Me, I runa for you the errands"—and no amount of persuasion would make her have it any other way.

And so they went into partnership, and Gabriel's childhood dream-castle was complete.

Would ye seek the land where Dreams-Come-True,

O ye who have lost the way?

Would ye have new hope, tho your heart be gray?

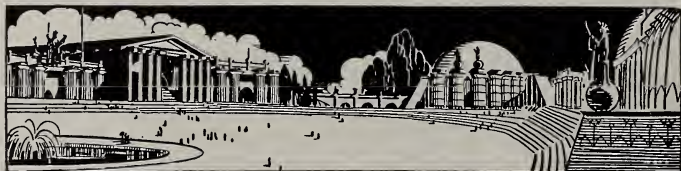
Come list to a little child at play.

Come share his joys and his laughter gay,
And learn the lilt of his merry lay.

And watch the tread of his feet in May;
For he knows the land where Dreams-

Come-True,

O ye who have lost the way!





The Fall of Montezuma

(Essay)

By FELIX DODGE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Montezuma, Emperor of Mexico.....	<i>Frank Dayton</i>
Cacamatzin, his nephew, the usurping prince.....	<i>William Walters</i>
Guatemozin, his brother.....	<i>William Bailey</i>
Huitzil, High Priest of War.....	<i>Harry Cashman</i>
Quetzal, High Priest of Peace.....	<i>Howard Missimer</i>
Second High Priest of War.....	<i>Roy Tyrrell</i>
First Priestess of Quetzal.....	<i>Florence Levy</i>
Second Priestess of Quetzal.....	<i>Elaine Hayman</i>
Montezuma's envoy.....	<i>Milton Newman</i>
First Aztec woman.....	<i>Luvena Buchanan</i>
Marina.....	<i>Nadine Seron</i>
Hernando Cortez, the great Spanish invader.....	<i>Francis X. Bushman</i>
Alvarado, his first officer.....	<i>E. M. Sincere</i>
Bernal Diaz, second officer.....	<i>G. D. Faulkner</i>
Padre Olmedo.....	<i>A. D. Gibbs</i>

MONTEZUMA, Prince of the Aztecs, was not a man of blood and war. Both were loathsome in his sight.

His achievements consisted entirely in the benefactions of the heart and the fruits of peace.

But it had taken perpetual strife to accomplish every forward step in his magnificent career of empire-building. The Aztecs were a warlike people. For centuries, conquest had been both their occupation and its reward. But their battles had sapped all their energies. They had had no time to stay at home and cultivate the soil, or to study their internal improvement and to build cities and palaces worthy of their dignity as the Pearl of the South.

With the accession of Montezuma had come the change that had made Mexico, the Royal City, the magic center of wealth and luxury. There was to be found a royal palace, the very walls of which were made of pure

silver, the fixtures of gold, the draperies of precious skins and rare feathers. The poorest subject was rich in his own right, and the meanest slave lived in an atmosphere of luxury.

Children traded with precious stones as tho they were pebbles, and the public water-bearers carried their burdens in richly painted earthenware.

At length had Montezuma reached the zenith of his reign, and now was he prepared to lie back and enjoy—with his beloved people—his hard-earned conquest.

Then thought he, for the first time, to take unto himself a woman.

Thereupon began the first serious murmurings that had been heard within the kingdom for many years.

Two factions had never ceased to oppose each other. One, the Peacemakers, under the guidance of Quetzal, the High Priest of Peace, with Montezuma ever ready to lead and protect them. The other was incited by Huit-



THE LANDING OF CORTEZ

zil, the High Priest of War, and fostered by Prince Cacamatzin, Montezuma's nephew, who was secretly known to have designs on his uncle's throne.

The war party's voice had been raised, not because the King would choose a wife, but, rather, because Montezuma selected a woman who had truly touched his heart with affection.

Sentiment was an unknown quantity to Huitzil and his followers. They had settled upon the royal-blooded sister of Cacamatzin. Marina, the woman of Montezuma's choice, came of a subjugated tribe, and was scarcely more than a slave in rank!

Marina was beautiful and had a voice of running water and the eyes of the evening stars. She would grace the palace of any prince.

Montezuma decreed a festival in honor of the God of Peace, which brought the two factions face to face, in the courtyard of the Royal Palace, where were set up the two opposing shrines.

Montezuma sat upon his golden throne, filled with joy at the sight of his people's fabulous prosperity, which he was now on the eve of enjoying with them.

The festival procession entered by way of the silver gateway, singing. They approached the golden shrine of Quetzal and strewed garlands of

flowers and fruit at the feet of the benign god. Then came girl dancers and made a votive offering of their best performances. Incense-bearers made their way hither and thither constantly, leaving the air sweeter for their passage. Then all the assembly, including Montezuma, rose and chanted a hymn to the God of Peace.

Then Montezuma suddenly bethought himself of a sublime idea that would, he felt, propitiate both gods and bring the factions together.

"Now," he commanded the assembled host, "make ye a peace offering to the God of War!"

Cacamatzin, who had remained nearer the shrine of Huitzil all the while, gave a look and an exclamation of horror, which was taken up by all his followers.

The unheard-of offering of peace to the God of War was made, nevertheless.

The fierce god's altar was fairly covered with garlands and fruit and grain.

Suddenly Huitzil, the High Priest of War, burst out of the throng like a threatening cloud and stood for a moment with right hand upraised in protest, quivering with rage.

"Hold!" he roared. "Ye have wrought a sacrilege! Ye have cast flowers on the black altars of Huitzil, that know naught but burnt blood!"

All was consternation.

A messenger, dispatched by Montezuma, informed Huitzil that it was the will of the King.

But Huitzil only roared the louder, demanding of the Aztec people a blood sacrifice to propitiate the now infuriated God of War.

Two of Huitzil's followers dragged a boy from the crowd, stripped him of his blanket and laid him upon the crimson-stained sacrifice stone. The youth was being fastened to the rock, when the dignified figure of Quetzal was seen forcing his way thru the excited group.

"In the name of the God of Peace, whose festival this is, stop!"

Huitzil made no protest. The boy was released, and the festival proceeded. There the matter seemed to rest.

That night, be it known, did Marina disappear from her home in the city. Secret agents of Huitzil and Cacamatzin, pretending to be hirelings of Montezuma, carried her far away to a coast village, wherein what seemed a conspiracy of fate—the downfall of Montezuma—had already begun.

A fisherman from that same coast town had observed a strange sight the very night before Marina arrived.

In two stiff-looking crafts he had

seen nearly one hundred curiously dressed and appearing men land upon their beach.

Instinct told him that these were warriors, for they bore strange weapons of metal. They were clothed in silver from head to foot, and, instead of spears, carried long, sharp knives in their hands.

But, in telling the tale to a group of frightened villagers, he laid greatest stress on the fact that the strangers' skin seemed to gleam in the moonlight as tho it were *white*! Of a truth, these creatures were gods!

Marina was among those who listened to the tale. She lay awake all night, thinking more about this strange thing that had come to pass than the more personal one of having been practically offered a queenship—and then having been banished. She laid this all at the door of the King. For so her abductors had told her:

"Montezuma, the King, would rid himself of thee!"

Then a happy thought came to her. She rose and dressed. It was just daylight. She slipped by the sentinel set to guard against an attack by the strange men.

She made straight for a thin wreath of smoke rising from behind a mound on the beach. Those strangers



MONTEZUMA IS WARNED NOT TO ALLOW CORTEZ TO ENTER THE CITY



MONTEZUMA WELCOMES CORTEZ TO HIS PALACE

might like to learn where the King of the country lived.

She would try to tell them.

When Montezuma sent for Marina and found that she had been spirited away, he knew in his heart that his enemies had done him this great injury. Being a man of peace, however, he declared war on no one. He still believed in the virtues of Marina, and waited.

But since the day of the festival to the God of Peace, Cacamatzin and Huitzil had been active in secretly gaining adherents. They now bided their time to declare their cause, the moment a fitting opportunity should offer itself.

It was less than a month later, as Montezuma sat in special session with his lords and high priests, that a breathless messenger arrived with the intelligence that a strange band of men, with dazzling flesh and heads of hair upon their faces, were approaching.

The assembly listened with consternation upon their faces. Then rose up Huitzil and Cacamatzin almost simultaneously.

"We must make war on these strange marauders and drive them from our land!" they cried.

"Nay, not war," said Montezuma, gently. "But we shall forbid them

entrance to our sacred city, and warn them in time to leave the country."

Huitzil and Cacamatzin left the hall, in a great rage. That night these two insurgents addressed the people and urged them to arm against the invaders. This most of them secretly did.

The next morning, early, came envoys in the persons of Aztecs picked up by the mighty white men. The messengers brought rugs, idols, jars of pottery and skins, as peace offerings from the white commander.

Montezuma was greatly pleased at this show of peace, and cast triumphant glances at his nephew, who stood scowling in the foreground of the gathering of people.

Then came another envoy forward with a splendid piece of silver hammered.

"Is it a basin?" asked the King, overjoyed.

"Nay, Your Majesty, it is a cap such as these men with dazzling skin wear upon their heads. The mighty white commander sends it as a special gift to the Ruler of the West, and asks that he may have audience with him at once and delight his eyes with Your Majesty's presence."

The King was as pleased as a little child. He commanded that the helmet be filled with sparkling jewels and

many bars of pure gold, and returned to the courteous white stranger. Then he gave the envoys this message to deliver to the man encased in silver:

"Bear my words of greeting to this stranger. Tell him the way is open. He shall feast in splendor with the ruler of men!"

No sooner had the envoys departed than Huitzil came forward, solemnly, to the center of the hall. There was that in his face that showed his words were not his, but those of the God of War, who spoke thru him.

For a long moment King and Priest gazed into each other's eyes.

"I feel upon my brow the hot blowing of fate!" said Huitzil, in an impressive voice. "I hear the roaring of black waters under the world! The fate of the King is set!"

Then, in a heat of fury, the War Priest dashed madly from the room, followed by Cacamatzin and many of their loyal followers.

Montezuma stood for a minute, transfixed with amazement. Then he smiled, tho there was something pathetic in that smile. He turned to his people:

"Now prepare ye a gala day for the reception of the strange king and his courtiers. They are my friends, and who is my friend, is yours also. Go and make sweet the visit of the white-fleshed people!"

So came Hernando Cortez, grandee of Spain, into the city of Montezuma, Prince of all the Aztecs!

Maidens danced and sang, and strewed flowers and sweet-smelling herbs in their path. A canopy was sent to keep the sun's burning rays from the white commander's head, and under this came he and his lieutenants and Padre Olmedo.

At the door of the palace they were met by Montezuma, in person, who insisted on being their special escort to the royal audience-chamber.

A chaplet of roses had been placed by some unseen hands about the helmet of Cortez. A woman who mingled in the crowd later had done this. She wore her hair in such a fashion that she could not be easily recognized. She kept her eyes on two people only—Cortez and the King. In those mingled the soft light of Love and the gleam of Hatred.



CORTEZ MEETS MARINA



CORTEZ USURPS THE THRONE

All the extreme politeness of the Spanish court was showered on Montezuma and his courtiers. The King informed Cortez that he and his retainers might occupy the palace of Quetzal during their stay.

Cortez shook his head in a half-distressed, half-displeased manner, and made the King understand that he and his body-guard preferred to have the joy of the near-presence of the King himself, that they might carry away with them that pleasant recollection.

Montezuma was pleased, but Cacamatzin told him plainly that he considered such unguarded hospitality as this equal to the suicide of the nation. Those nearby approved, and, for the first time, very evident marks of hostility were shown by the Aztecs.

Montezuma consented, however, trusting the God of Peace, before whom that very day he had made propitious offerings.

Then came a feast, the like of which had never been equaled in the kingdom.

This was the happiest hour in the life of Montezuma. He sat back and watched the eyes of the distinguished visitors glow with envy as he had brought forth the dishes and pots of solid gold studded with precious stones.

Montezuma sat by in his proud hour, feasting not on luscious fruits and savory viands, but, with his heart of hearts, on the sweet thought of having men of other nations and races see and taste of the glorious reign of peace of Montezuma. They would return to their countries and tell their kings to emulate his example and spare the blood of their subjects, that they might grow fat and happy in peace.

He would give these strangers their choice of rich gifts to take home with them. They might each take a piece of gold as much as he could carry—or whatever he liked. But one thing he asked of the strangers: that they leave peace behind them in the land. And he would promise them that not a hair of their heads should be harmed.

THE USURPING PRINCE ATTACKS
CORTEZ

One thought only saddened his triumph—where was his queen, his Marina?

But just outside the palace gates sat Huitzil and Cacamatzin, their heads close together. Now they talked in low tones; now they looked on suspiciously at several of the white strangers, who were setting two strange-looking metal tubes on the palace walls.

"They mean no good," grumbled Huitzil; "tho the metal tubes look harmless."

longer pollute the palace of the Aztecs! We will sacrifice them all on the altar of the God of War!"

"And then?" asked Cacamatzin, significantly. "My uncle may turn upon us?"

"You shall be made king in place of Montezuma! Cacamatzin, I salute thee—king!"

"I go to stir up my people," cried the King's ambitious nephew. "Tomorrow we will crush the pale invaders!"

The Spaniards on the wall con-



THE FIGHT AT THE WAR SHRINE

"They carry not even a hatchet with them for self-defense. One of our warriors could overcome three of these white-skinned weaklings!" boasted Cacamatzin.

"Their leader carries only that thin wafer of metal to protect himself. You could break that over your knee and then brain him with your stone hatchet?"

"Easily," Cacamatzin assured the High Priest.

"Then let us go at once among the people and stir up a feeling of unrest. This washed-out stranger shall no

tinued their laborious work of mounting two six-pounders that could clear the space for a quarter of a mile in front of the palace. At intervals they ran little piles of gold thru their fingers, and then, looking at the groups of curious onlookers, laughed boisterously.

The Feast of the Strangers was continued far into the heart of the soft summer's night. Pleasure was its keynote, unmarred by a single untoward event. Montezuma himself escorted the pleasing stranger to his suite, divided from the royal apartment by a



THE BATTLE ON THE CAUSEWAY

solid stone wall. Even tho there was need to fear, it were wasted. Before his door was the royal body-guard, armed with sharp javelins and massive hatchets of the hardest flint.

Montezuma lay on his couch for hours, his soul saturated in his own sweet thoughts. He had suddenly conceived an idea for increasing the prosperity of his beloved people and extending his kingdom. These strangers could assist him to that end! Indeed, he could not help but think they were the very messengers of the benign God of Peace.

Suddenly the sweetest sound fell upon his ear that he ever recollected hearing. It was the voice of a woman calling!

He rose and went to the casement, his ears intoxicated with the ravishing message:

"O Ruler of the World, I come to thee on the soft petals of the night flower. My soul sings to thee thru the song of the starling. My heart craves thee thru the soft light of the moonbeams. O King, admit thy slave who desires thee!"

"Marina! Marina!" called Montezuma, softly, overcome with emotion.

"Yes, yes, O my King," came back the eager voice from the night.

"I go to give orders to admit thee."

"Nay, dismiss thy guard. Their

eyes will but burn and mock me with unholy light!" pleaded the voice of his beloved.

Montezuma dismissed the guard, and waited. This was the end of war and the consummation of peace. The King, the chosen one of God, was denied nothing. Peace in his kingdom; love from his queen—blessed is such a King!

Montezuma had arrayed himself in a rich mantle, and with eager steps approached the dividing curtain.

The curtain fluttered for a moment as some one touched it, and then it was slowly drawn aside.

Montezuma sprang back with a cry.

The person before him was Hernando Cortez, grandee of Spain. In his eye was a soft, cruel smile, in his hand a drawn sword!

"Marina!" breathed the King, his sweet vision not yet quite dispelled.

"Marina!" called the Spaniard, sharply, and the curtain moved again, and Marina slipped softly in and laid a gentle hand on his arm.

"Marina!" This time all the joy had gone from the King's voice.

Montezuma moved gropingly back to his couch, with the heart, that had swollen the moment before with streams of sweet joy, now broken into fragments by grief.

Cortez called, but he was answered only by a sob.

That moment the two cannons on the wall of the palace boomed almost simultaneously, and the downfall of the Aztec Kingdom began.

The Spanish plot had not been carried out with quite all the ease that they had expected. In fact, the first blood was shed by the followers of Huitzil, who seized a Spanish sentinel and butchered him forthwith on the sacrifice stone of the God of War.

Immediately, hundreds of Aztecs sprang up around the causeway leading to the palace gate.

For a half-hour a fierce hand-to-hand battle raged, that would have given the Aztecs the victory had not the cannons been loaded and discharged into the ranks of the now terrified natives.

But ten Spaniards had been killed and horribly mangled. Several others were severely wounded. But the golden palace of Montezuma was theirs, with all its priceless contents—in the name of His Majesty King of Spain and Protector of the Holy Church!

Both Huitzil and Cacamatzin were killed—their followers had now fled. The conquerors were alone with their conquest. Cortez surveyed the prospect with satisfaction. There was a soft murmur at his side, and a warm hand touched his.

"Ugh! the greasy blackamoor woman again!" he exclaimed dis-

gustedly, turning toward the timid Marina, who had stolen to his side. "From my sight, slave, or I'll have thee taught thy place at the end of a pike. Away!"

There was no mistaking the order.



DEATH OF MONTEZUMA

Marina drew away like a wounded doe.

Near the altar of the God of Peace, whither he had stolen to offer up his broken heart and life, she found Montezuma, the Prince of the fairest kingdom in all the Western world, the man who had desired her for his queen—with a Spanish pike thrust thru his great, peace-loving heart!

The Photoplay Immortal

By MRS. D. H. ROSENBAUM

Oh, Photoplay! Thou art immortal;

Thy popularity shall never die.

When forms of men, that are but mortal,

Have gone, and deeply buried lie,

Thy beauty shall live on forever,

To gladden eyes of souls to come.

From thee no one thy power can sever,

For thou give understanding, tho thy speech is dumb.

Oh, thou most wonderful! We feel thy spell;

Thy charm has drawn our souls to thee.

Thy subtle power steals over us, we love it well.

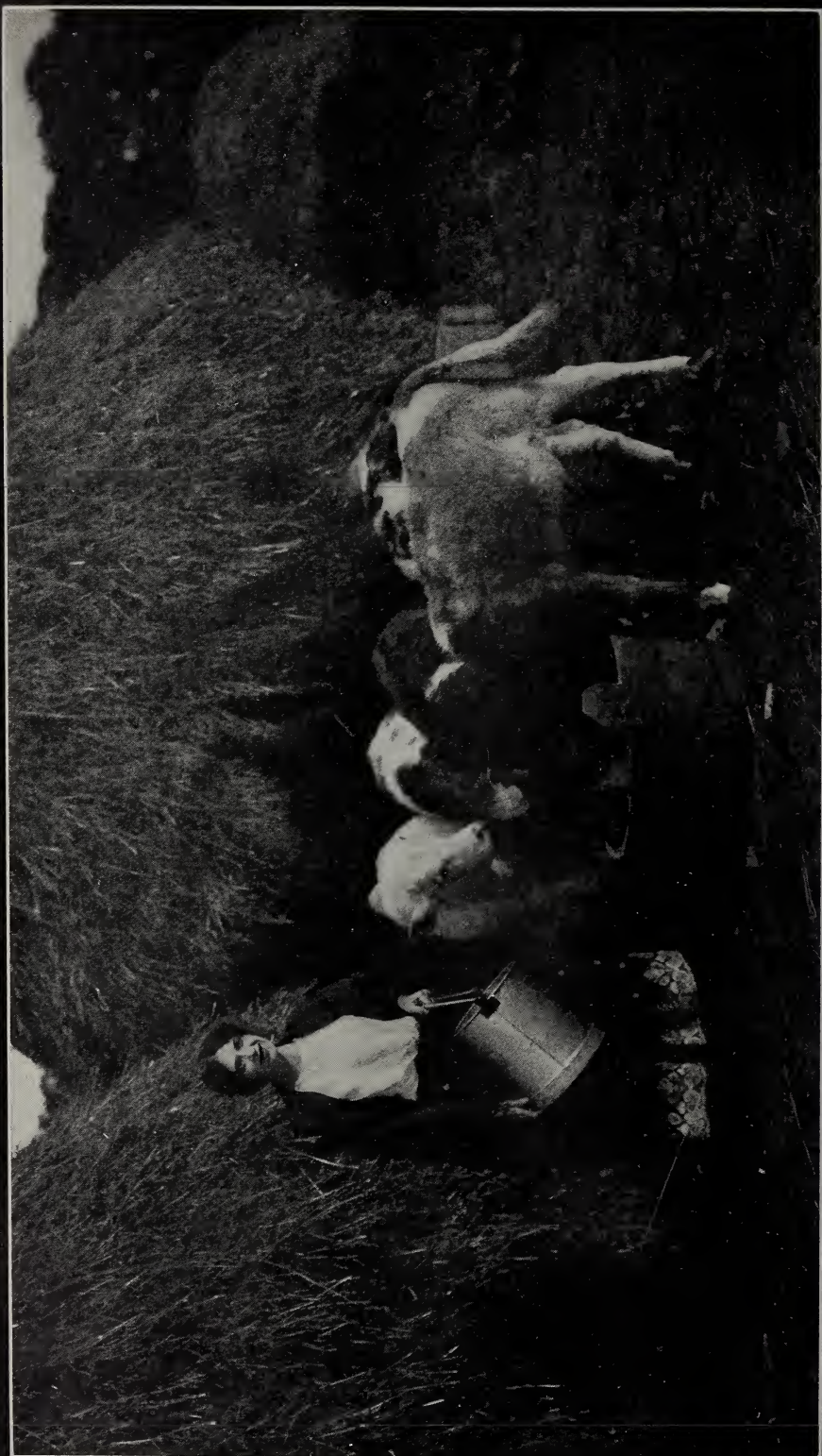
With thee we roam, in our imagination, just as free

As does the bird of passage when in flight;

Thy magic power does cause all care to flee.

Oh, Photoplay! How well we know the greatness of thy might;

We would our homage pay to him who first invented thee.



GENE GAUNTIER IN IRELAND (Kalem)



A Pueblo Legend

(Biograph)

By MARION C. LANGDON



IN ancient Isleta was happiness. It was spring, and from everywhere about the great pueblo there echoed the sound of the tom-tom, the chanting of the singers, the swishing rhythm of the dance, as file after file of braves pranced along, their bodies swaying to their weird songs, their eyes now toward the heavens, now rolling from side to side. It was spring in Isleta—day of happiness, day of the Dance of the Green Boughs, day of rejoicing. It was spring, day of love, and Taóa, the Great Brother of the Pueblo tribe, had heard the call.

He stood a bit apart from the great court, where lines of panting racers struggled on and on toward the goal-mark, spurred by the cheers of squaws and braves and children. For a moment he watched the file of dancers, their decorations of green branches swinging and waving in the air as they trailed along. Then he turned and, descending the ladders which led from their heights of the pueblos, hurried thru the bushes and shrubbery to where the glaring reflection of the sun told of the Lake of the Great Spring. The Great Brother allowed a little exclamation to come from him as he hastened forward. Beside the crude little altar of stones and twigs at the edge of the lake, there stood a form of a girl—a form he knew.

"Little Stranger!" he said, and there seemed to enter a tone of softness into his guttural voice, "Little Stranger!"

She looked up into his face, her snapping, black eyes shining with that something which has existed ever since the world was made.

"I was lonely, Taóa," she answered. "Old Miji would not let me stay up there. She said I did not belong; that I was just a Hopi. She asked why I did not go back to my own tribe."

"Miji is walking toward the setting sun," the Great Brother laughed. "She is looking with jealous eyes because you are young and fair!" Suddenly his face grew serious. "You are not going away," he added slowly. "It is I——"

Little Stranger started.

"You?" she asked, "you?" Then suddenly: "The Sun Priest!"

Taóa nodded his head.

"You heard him tell the story of the sky-stone, how it fell ages ago and broke into little bits, how we all have some of them, but how the great piece still is out there, waiting to give us all happiness. It will bless the city, Little Stranger. I must go—and go until I find it."

He turned his eyes toward the far-away mountains, stretching on in a great blue line of silhouette in the distance. He stood still, nor did he turn at the quavering voice beside him.

"And the wedding blanket——"

"Must wait until I have found the sky-stone."

He was speaking now with a forced stoicism. His face was hard; the muscles of the jaws protruded. "The



THE GREAT BROTHER REVIEWS THE GAMES

Sun Priest has shown me the way. I must go."

The Little Stranger held out her necklace of turquoise from her throat, the Pueblo symbol of happiness.

"It gives and it takes away," she mused in a voice that was low and choking. "It——"

A shout interrupted. The sound of many voices. Laughter. Calls. Chanting. The Sun Priest was before them again, his great feathers waving in the wind, as of some bird of omen, his face a gleam with the magic of imagination.

"See!" he exclaimed, pointing to those who followed, "your companions! They and the Great Spirit go with you. I, in my kiva, shall say the prayers that will guide you! On—on!"

Another great shout. Shield grated against shield as the warriors danced about the man who was to lead them in their quest of a rainbow. Years had the myth of the great turquoise

existed, yet none had ever sought it. Years had the Sun Priest, sitting in his kiva and offering up his prayers in that place of worship, dreamed of the day when some one would be brave enough, fair enough to seek the great sky-stone. Today he had made his plea again—and the Great Brother, brave and young, had heard. He raised his arms to the sky, and, in his chanting voice, called to the Great Spirit for aid. His eyes gleamed. His quivering lips echoed the thrills that shot thru his heart. He did not see the face of the Little Stranger as she stood by the side of her brave. He did not see, and he did not care. His heart was in the distance, in the barren stretches of those deserted mountains, where some day the wanderers would come upon that which would bring eternal happiness. His eyes were turning away the years; they were looking into the future of a dream realized.

"On!" he shouted. "On—on!"

A rush. A shout. Twenty minutes later, Little Stranger stood alone by the Altar of the Great Spring, her lips tight pressed, her hands clasped. Far away in the distance, a filmy line of Indians showed now and then as they threaded their way along on a mission that might never end. And at the fore, strong, determined, with never a glance back, strode Taosa, the Great Brother. The little Hopi maiden thought of the wedding blanket which hung in the pueblo above. A sob caught in her throat. She sank to her knees beside the altar. Moonlight, as it changed the darkness of the lake to shimmering brightness, found her there and gave her a halo of silver. But she did not know. Thru the hands which shielded her face a tear fell now and then. Her body swayed slowly from side to side.

"Taosa!" she crooned, "Taosa!"

Some way, in the day that followed, even old Miji, shrew of the city of Isleta, could not find it in her heart to chide the little girl who had taken up her abode by the entrance to the estufa, or kiva, where the Sun Priest said his prayers for the seekers of the sky-stone. She could not find it in her heart to do more than stop to watch, now and then, as the Little Stranger, on bended knees, said prayers that went as high as those of

the Sun Priest. She had builded herself a little altar, and to the God of All Truths she whispered that one thought which had obsessed her heart. Feathers from the wings of life she had placed before him, sweet offerings of honey and meal and the sheaths of corn. Bound sticks of yucca she laid before him, too, and prayed that some day their significance might become reality—the joining of heart and heart, man and woman.

An hour went dragging its slow way along. Two—three. Still the Little Stranger knelt before her altar, making her offerings and praying to the little toy Sun God the priest had given her. Again she placed the feathers from the wings of life before him—and halted.

Perhaps it was only imagination. Perhaps—

They seemed to wave, even as those had waved in the headdress of the Sun Priest when she had sobbed out her sorrow by the Great Spring. They seemed to wave and bid her go—to follow where Taosa had led. Something seemed to whisper to her:

"He needs you—he needs you!"

She rose. Hastily she ground the meal that was to be her food on the journey and fastened the thongs of the heavy water-basket across her brow. Then she turned her back to



LITTLE STRANGER BEFORE HER OVEN

Isleta, stopped at the Altar of the Great Spring for one last prayer, and then turned her eyes to the hills. Blazing in the fierce light of the noon-day sun, they seemed to beckon her, and to dare her to brave their dangers. She went on. The cactus held forth to her its spiny arms and seemed to mock her. But still she persisted. Something within her told her that she was going in the right direction and that——

A weird cry came to her as she crossed the first range and started down the other side. It was the cry of a man—that of an Indian, and of an enemy. Again—again—there came the war-whoop of the Apaches. The Little Stranger started forward. Far to her right she saw a waving, hurrying line of men, who dodged here and there among the tumbled rocks, shouting, singing now and then, and shooting their arrows toward where the rising hills made a series of caves. Instinctively, Little Stranger knew. Hiding herself as best she could, clinging to the side of the ledge, she rushed forward. Again the war-cry. A spent arrow struck the rocks above her and fell harmlessly at her side. Then there came something which caused her breath to leave her lungs, and her arms to stretch spasmodically forward:

The Death Song of the Pueblo—and in the voice of the Great Brother!

A lithe Apache faced her, but the Little Stranger did not falter. There was a struggle. Some way, she strained her fingers around his throat

and clutched them tight. Some way, she tripped him and, leaping over the fallen body, ran on.

Arrows sang about her. She did not heed them. Dazedly, she saw the faces of men stretched on the ground in front of the caves, and recognized them as braves of the Great Brother's band. The cries from the distance redoubled. Little Stranger saw an arrow speed forth from a little cleft in the rocks, and, with all her strength, she ran there.

"Taoa!" she called, "Taoa!—Taoa!"

Two great arms reached forth and dragged her to safety. A husky voice answered hers:

"You've come—here?"

She started to answer, then stopped. She looked at the staring faces about her, and, instinctively, she knew the story: the attack by a wandering band of Apaches, the escape to the cave, the killing of those who sought water—and then slow

death thru thirst. Hurriedly she swung the water-basket from her head and pressed it for a moment to the lips of the man she loved. Then, from one to another she went, dispensing that which would give them new life to stave off the attack of the men without. The band had dwindled. Five now remained where fifteen had been before. Outside, hidden in the sage and the cactus, a band of a half hundred awaited.

"Some one must go—back to the city!" urged the Little Stranger.

"We've tried," was the answer, and there came a stoical little smile with it. "There——"



THE SUN PRIEST TELLS THE STORY
OF THE SKY-STONE

He pointed to the forms that lay without, with staring, unseeing eyes.

"Try again!"

The voice of the Little Stranger was harsh. It was the command of a woman who ordered the man she loved to save himself—even at the cost of the life of another. A cry came from beside her. Jua, the boy of the party, lay groaning, an Apache arrow in his breast.

"Try again!" she ordered.

On and on, while the arrows clipped the rocks around her. On and on. A pursuing form showed behind her. She eluded him. Again. She sped for the bank of an arroyo and dropped to her knees. The Indian hurtled over her and down to death. She whirled and was gone.

Five hours later, a shrill scream broke over the pueblo city of Isleta. Warriors rushed forth to find a little girl, her hands to the heavens, her



GREAT BROTHER AND HIS PARTY ARE ATTACKED BY THE APACHES

"Sia!" ordered the Great Brother, crisply. Sia stepped forward and listened to the instructions. Then, like some lithe-muscled animal, he slid forth from his protection.

They watched him with fevered eyes as he crept along the cliff. Little Stranger shrank back as she saw him lurch forward and roll lifeless to the ground, his body pierced with arrows. Then, eluding the grasping arms of the Great Brother, she gave one spring and was gone. If men had failed, then woman would win!

eyes wide stretched, crying out the dangers of the Great Brother and his band. The tocsins sounded, there echoed the whirring war-cry of battle, and the relief party was off.

Thru the hills and around the cliff. A rush—toward a squirming, writhing mass of humanity that was making its last approach to the cave where five persons awaited death. The war-axes crashed thru the air. The battle-line of the Apaches wavered and broke. One by one, the warriors sought the safety of the farther hills.

But there was sorrow in the winning of the battle—sorrow which gripped the heart of the Great Brother as he thankfully took the Little Stranger in his arms. The Apaches had at least won in one thing—they had taken his comrade, the man who had faced the worst of the battle beside him at the mouth of the cave, into captivity, and to torture. The cheers of the warriors and the mourning cries of those who had

Apaches carried away their dead, the Great Brother and the Chief of the Apaches laid hand on wrist, and wrist on hand, in token of peace. The rescue had been made. The great battle between Apache and Pueblo had gone from glaring sun into twilight, from twilight into night, finally to end in victory for the greater numbers of the reinforced braves of Isleta. Warfare between Apache and Pueblo was over now. Taoca's course



THE APACHES SURRENDER

found relatives among the slain, did not seem to touch him. He struggled not to look into the face of the Little Stranger, that her sorrow might not lure him back to the city.

"I must go on," he said; "I must save Cochi, and then go on—on to the finding of the sky-stone."

He whirled and was gone. A few of the warriors followed him. Others rushed toward the city, again to sound the tocsin and again to come forth for battle. This time it was to be to the end.

That night, while vanquished

ahead was free from danger. The hills lay beyond; he could search them at will, free from the arrows of the roaming tribes, free from all save that sting of conscience which would keep him from turning back until he had exhausted every effort to find that which he sought. Again Taoca, the Great Brother, turned his back upon his people, and threaded his way into the distance. And again, a tear falling now and then, her eyes downcast, her heart as of the stones which formed the foundation of Isleta, the Little Stranger heard the glad cries



THE PUEBLO ARMY CELEBRATES
ITS VICTORY

of the warriors, as they announced the news of their victory, and looked in vain for the man she loved. Again she returned to her little Sun God. It seemed that the smile on the image's face mocked her. But she found again the heart to pray—to pray for success, to pray for the return of the Great Brother.

Long days and long nights followed the return of the warriors. The seasons came and went. The storms of sand and wind tore away the pigment from the face of the Sun God and whipped the feathers of the wings of life into bedraggled shreds. Winter came, and spring. Again the glad sounds of the Dance of the Green Boughs echoed thru Isleta. But they brought no joy to the heart of the Little Stranger. Somewhere out there, where the rising forms of the mountains piled up, one behind the other, finally to fade in the blue hazes of nothingness, wandered the Great Brother. Time was passing. The world was large, and the sky-stone still remained hidden.

Again the seasons whirled around—again—again. Slow-passing time began to number the years in tens, and still Taosa remained away. And still, also, before her little altar; breathing her prayers as she laid the sweet offerings of honey and corn and the bound sticks of yucca before her god, the Little Stranger kneeled and hoped for

the day when she would see the man she loved. The Little Stranger had passed from girlhood now. The lines of age and of suffering had begun to show in her face. Here and there, in the dark hair, a line of white had made its appearance. No more did she listen to the railings of old Miji. The shrew had found the setting sun. Down in the kiva, where chanting songs echoed before the altar, another Sun Priest made his worship in the place of one who had joined his fathers. Life was traveling on—life was traveling and losing in its winding trail the happiness of a man and woman who loved.

It all came to the Little Stranger that day as she knelt before her god. All the bitterness of it flooded thru her heart—all the loss, all the dross of life. Long had she prayed and been faithful. Long had she laid her offerings at the feet of this smiling, smirking little god who neither heard nor cared. Faith was false after all! There was no sky-stone, there were no gods! Angrily, the Little Stranger swept her hand forward and knocked from their position the feathers of the wings of life. All was—

Then came the reaction, and she



GREAT BROTHER IS STILL DETERMINED
TO FIND THE SKY-STONE

shrank back from the sacrilege. Tenderly she raised the feathers, and then gathered into her hands some of the loose dirt to plant about them and support them. Her fingers struck something hard. She looked downward and beheld a glint of shining blue. A moment later and a great matrix of turquoise lay uncovered before her. The sky-stone of happiness!

She started to her feet. A wailing cry, a half chant, as of some one mourning his dead, had come to her ears. She started, and there flooded into her eyes a light she had not known since the days before the Great Brother had left on his lonely mission. She knew that voice, yes, knew it after all these years of waiting, all these years of praying, of slow aging—Taoa!

Slowly the form approached as she ran to meet him at the Altar of the Great Spring. The head was swaying slowly. From the lips, in measured accents, were coming the heart-breaking sounds of the Song of Despair. She rushed forward, to throw herself

into the arms of the man who, like herself, had aged from privations and from heartaches. A look of gladness came into his eyes, then faded. The half-raised arms dropped.

"I have failed," he said slowly.

"Failed?" The voice of the Little Stranger was soft and low. "No—for

I was with you in spirit, and you were with me. I have found it, Taoa."

She held up the turquoise. Taoa half staggered. His voice grew hoarse.

"The sky-stone of happiness!" he burst forth, "the sky-stone! You've found it!"

"I found it where we should have looked for it in the first place," was the soft answer, "where happiness should always be found—at our own doorstep."

A chorus of singing came from above. The tom-tom burst forth in its muffled rhythm. Vague forms showed on the ledge of the pueblo. A new generation of Isleta was threading the steps of the Dance of the Green Boughs. These two, in their hearts, grew young again.



GREAT BROTHER RETURNS AND FINDS
THAT LITTLE STRANGER HAS
FOUND THE SKY-STONE

Discontent

By GEORGE W. PRIEST

Oh! man is ne'er contented with his lot, so sages say;
In summer's heat we long for March, in winter time for May;
Our hungry hearts cry for romance when skies are dull and gray,
We'd follow bold Aucassin, and with Nicolette we'd stray.

We long for other landscapes, new labors and new loves,
And will not be contented tho the inner voice reproves;
Forgotten dreams and vain desires the vagrant winds arouse,
With call to wander, dreamy-eyed, beneath the arching boughs.

But childhood's far behind us, and scant is our time for play;
With work at hand, and mouths to feed, we cannot roam today.
Yet romance is always near us, and small's the price to pay—
A Motion Picture Show, my friend, is just across the way.



In Old Tennessee

(Imp)

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

No matter how thrifty, strong and ambitious a man may be, his earning power down in the heart of the Tennessee Mountains amounts to next to nothing.

This discouraging fact might never have occurred to Jim Howard, had it not been for his cripple brother, little Ted. Little Ted had fallen from his rough cradle, when a baby. Whatever had happened then had not seriously developed until about a year ago. Then one of the delicate little legs began to wither and become gnarled. Even then, Jim might never have known the accompanying agony had not the brave little fellow begun to moan all night long in his sleep. But thruout the day, there was always a bright smile that belied the tears in his voice. When he found that he really had to sob, and give way to terrible pain, he sought a secluded dell in the woods, where he buried his pinched face in the moss, and sobbed out all the agony in his pain-racked body.

Jim came upon him unawares one day, and that's how he came to realize his little brother's distressing condition.

That afternoon he carried the little fellow to Picketown, an uphill grind of five miles. The local doctor confessed the case was beyond his powers of treatment. He suggested a crutch. Furthermore, he acknowledged he knew what the trouble was, and promised to write to an eminent specialist in Memphis. It took Jim's earnings for two days to pay for this unsatisfactory advice.

Jim was a woodsman, and could

make 'most anything out of wood. He made a crutch for little Ted that was the pride of his life. The crutch did not alleviate the pain, tho, so Jim waited impatiently for news from the specialist.

At last it came. The letter was most encouraging. It guaranteed to cure the little fellow, if treatment was not delayed too long. The eminent specialist, as a matter of fact, had never lost a case or failed to cure one. His fee was usually three hundred dollars. He would be glad, however, to make a special rate in this case—two hundred dollars.

Two hundred dollars!

This appalling figure made Jim cry out in the anguish of his despair. In two years Jim had saved eight dollars, which he had spent last Christmas for a suit of clothes for little Ted and a couple of new axes for his work.

Two hundred dollars!

Why, nobody in all Splitrail County could muster as much money as that!

He dejectedly abandoned the whole project. Every time he got a chance, however, he put away a quarter in the trunk of a rotten tree.

And little Ted kept getting worse and worse. Jim would have sacrificed his life just then to have made his little brother well. He had even wondered if it might be done.

But he had never yet considered sacrificing his honest principles. And when Jed French came one day and offered him a "third" share in his illicit still for making moonshine whisky, Jim was on the point of shooting the wily old moonshiner on

the spot. His antipathy to moonshine stills dated several generations back, to a Howard, who was a Methodist minister.

Jed French proceeded to speak of profit, and Jim's quick mind figured out that he might be able to eke out two hundred dollars in a year. But, at the point of decision, he turned abruptly on his heel and walked away.

the existence of a still in the vicinity of Hemlock Ridge. But every effort to learn its location had failed.

Then it was that they decided to send Amy Hayes, the sharpest woman in the Secret Service, on the case.

Jim Howard had been a moonshiner something like two months when Amy arrived in the village of Hemlock Ridge. On account of his dauntless



THE MOONSHINERS MAKING A TEST

At his shack he found little Ted groveling in the agony of a paroxysm. He relieved the child as best he could and then hurried over the hill to Jed's cabin.

He arranged to stand guard by day over the two still-workers, and to purvey the contraband liquor to customers by night.

The Revenue Service was especially active in its efforts to blot out moonshine at this time. For some time past they had had secret information of

intrepidity and persistent energy, the former woodsman had been able to put away nearly fifty dollars already.

Amy rented an old shack, and let it be known that she would endeavor to earn a livelihood from the sale of notions and little odds and ends for women, a fair stock of which she had brought with her. She put up a shingle outside her door which was almost humorous in its flattery of local needs:

AMY HAYES
Dressmaker

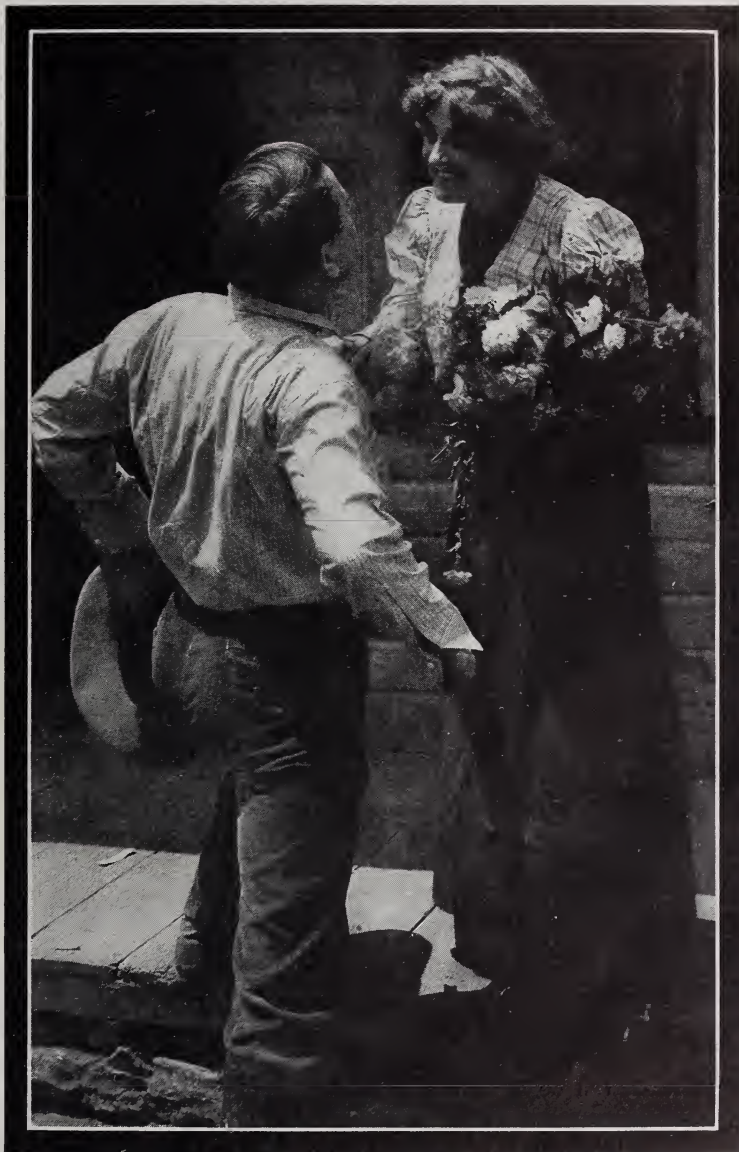
The dresses of Hemlock Ridge, for the most part, were cheap, ready-made wrappers. The women of this community made use of the single charm to their men, of being able to slave for them. Bare feet and tattered rags among them was a sterling sign of industry.

Amy Hayes' pretty face had anything but a pleasing effect among them. They looked upon her with hatred and suspicion.

On the other hand, the men, whatever their inclinations, held aloof perforce. At the end of six weeks, Amy had made but one friend in their entire village.

Little Ted once stopped to rest on Amy's rickety porch. The moment his eyes and those of the pretty girl met, they were friends. The little fellow's shrinking limb had never experienced a tender touch such as hers before,

and her gentle, caressing ways soothed even more than did his brother's. Every day he went to visit the "nice, pretty lady," as he described her to his big brother at supper hour.



JIM AND AMY BECOME FIRM FRIENDS

At length Jim and Amy met. The girl was taking her daily stroll with Ted, that enabled her gradually to cover every foot of the surrounding

countryside, which held somewhere the illicit still.

Jim, as a matter of fact, was returning to the still after a hasty visit to his shack. He was bashful to the point of rudeness. But it did not take him long to discern the bond between them in their mutual love for little Ted.

The next thing Jim knew, he was head over heels in love with Amy Hayes! Ted served as an excuse for everything, and soon he was paying an almost daily visit to the girl, between his hours of vigil at the still.

As for Amy, she almost forgot the object of her visit to Hemlock Ridge. Her thoughts were delightfully occupied with Ted—and Jim. She was polishing them with a woman's gentle touch and sympathies. Ted picked flowers for Amy by the hour, and Jim saw that she got rare flowers, too, from the heart of the wood that he daily penetrated.

The village was talking, and calling the girl most unsavory names, and looking upon Jim as the veriest fool.

No word of love had passed between Amy and Jim, but the tenderness of tone, and gentleness of touch, and constant desire for each other's presence, told the tale.

At length, Amy received a rather urgent letter from her chief, demanding action. Action meant separation to her. For as soon as she could send the authorities detailed information as to the location of the still, personal safety dictated that she depart instantly. With a multitude of sighs, she set about the now distasteful work.

Jim, too, felt that by working harder he could sooner complete the fund for little Ted's treatment. A new regard, too, for his future had begun to make him uneasy.

Within ten days of the time Amy had received word from headquarters, she made a discovery, by means of her tiny telescope, that enabled her to make all but a positive report. She saw a man walk thru a distant clearing, carrying a gun and two demi-johns.

The following Sunday, she and Jim set out for a long walk. With a

woman's intuition, she felt that the man by her side was going to declare his love. Then it flashed over her, filling her soul with a mingled torrent of joy and sadness, that she loved this big, handsome woodsman.

As for Jim, his demeanor was troublous. For a long while they strolled along in silence. They came to a fallen tree, forming a natural bridge across a stream. He seized the girl in his arms and carried her safely across. On the other side he held her a moment in a crushing embrace before setting her down.

"You're an awfully rough man," she pouted, on receiving no apology or acknowledgment.

"I'm a fool," he replied, almost fiercely. "I didn't mean to do it!"

"Oh, didn't you?" she asked, looking at him half disappointedly.

Then he sprang toward her and caught her up again.

"Yes, I did—yes, I did, Amy," he cried; "and I can't stand it any longer. I want you, and I've got to have you!"

"Jim," was all she said, and he put her on the log as gently as a child.

"Kin I kiss you, Amy?" There was such a mournful expression in his wrought face, that the girl chuckled in her own joy.

"Yes, just one, Jim—now."

And Jim, without even trusting himself to touch her with his hands, leaned over restrainedly and pressed his lips with hers.

"Now give me your hand, Amy, and let's walk along that way—jest you and me. Walk and walk and walk."

"Just us two," echoed the girl, dreamily, and they strolled thus in sweet oblivion for nearly an hour.

At length the girl heard some one hallooing.

"There's some one calling nearby, Jim."

"Callin' me?" He sprang away from her in dismay.

She looked at him in alarm for a moment before she spoke.

"Listen; there it is again. There's smoke rising. Don't that seem odd?"

Jim seized her arm roughly, and began to draw her away from the spot.

"Come, let's get away from here," he half muttered.

She, too, was serious, and was making a mental note of every landmark of the return route they were taking. Suddenly, Amy paused with a shudder, laying an imploring hand on his sleeve.

"Jim, you *are* a woodsman, a guide and a wood-chopper, aren't you?"

She looked him squarely in the eye.

He hesitated, and then said quickly, "That's it, Amy."

At her door, Jim prepared to stop awhile.

"No, Jim, please, not today. I must go right in."

Jim went home a little puzzled, but very happy, withal. He felt his soul charged with new and heavy responsibilities. He and little Ted told each other all they knew about the dear woman who now enthralled their lives.

And all the while, Amy lay outstretched on the bed, more unhappy than she had ever been before, torn by apprehensions. It was nearly midnight before she could bring herself to write this brief note:

I have located the still. I shall send you diagrams tomorrow. I will meet you here with the names of the men, if possible.

She set out early the following morning, with pad and pencil, retracing the path they had taken the day before. She sought a nearby

knoll, and soon found herself looking down upon the still itself, at which two men were busily engaged. Suddenly, a third man, apparently on guard, crossed her vision.

It was Jim!

She cast herself miserably on the ground, and wept. At the end of twenty minutes, she rose to a sitting posture, a look of determination on her face.

Duty had won.

She could not bring herself to love a mountain moonshiner, anyway. It was abhorrent to her.

But she changed her mind a dozen times on her way back to her cabin to make out the diagram that would not only destroy the still, but throw its operators in peril, and, finally, in a United States prison.

Amy Hayes had been shadowed herself, however. Jess French, one of Jed's seven wild daughters, was on her way to the spring, when she saw Amy stealthily making her way

along. When Jess had convinced herself that the woman was a spy, she quietly stole away to apprise the female of the species, revenge burning white-hot in her breast.

These women were fiends when once aroused.

Twenty minutes later, with old Mother French at their head, the whole brood, armed with pieces of iron, axes and clubs, went chattering off toward the village. Their ranks were recruited on the way.

Amy had shut herself in her cabin,



"COME, LET'S GET AWAY FROM HERE," HE HALF MUTTERED

and Ted was just hobbling away, disappointed, after receiving only a tearful hug and many kisses. The little cripple met the savage band of women, and sat down along the road to watch curiously what they could be up to.

He was not long in finding out. They reached Amy's cabin, and surrounded it, beginning to beat in the wooden shutters and smash the glass.

Before the little body had gone thumping half the distance, the child began to stumble from semi-exhaustion. He fell. But he dragged himself to his feet and struggled on and on again, with a sob of despair now and then passing his lips. Then he became dizzy and was obliged to creep, his poor little leg getting cruelly buffeted by every obstacle in the path.



AMY DISCOVERS THAT JIM IS A MOONSHINER

Once Ted thought he saw his benefactress standing by the window, with a revolver in her hand.

His first impulse was to rush to her rescue. Then he realized how pitiable this would be. He must get Jim—his Jim, and Amy's.

Then the little fellow set out on the most heroic effort of his frail career. It was a long, rough way to the still. On a crutch, with a tender, aching leg dragging one back, it was equal to miles and miles.

Now he was down on his face, panting, and calling for Jim. The brave little fellow saw that he could go no farther. He could no longer breathe or see, and everything began to fade. He rose to his knees for a final call, and then fell forward, unconscious.

But Jim had heard him. For the child had miraculously got within a hundred yards of the still. With his gun in his hand, and a desperate look on his face, Jim knelt beside him, and shook him desperately, yet tenderly.

"Ted! Ted! Can you hear? For God's sake, say something! Is it Amy?"

The child's eyes opened, and he nodded his head.

Without another word, Jim seized Ted in his arms and began to run back to the village, with the fear in his heart that the woman he loved was dead or dying.

He found her cabin half demolished. Jess French was trying successfully—after many futile efforts—to set fire to the building in the rear.

With the cry of a wild beast on his lips, he set the boy down, and ran forward frantically, throwing the fiendish women aside like so many straws. He put out the blazing boards, and then turned savagely to the angry mob:

"I never went back on my word yet. You cats, git! If one of you is here when I count ten, I'll shoot, I swear to God!"

"She's a spy! She's told the Revenue on yo' and yore still!"

"Git!" cried Jim, hardly able to stand from exhaustion and this added intelligence.

The women slunk away, and he went into the room, now a mass of sticks, splinters and stones, and found her lying senseless behind her bed, with a revolver clutched in her hand.

He laid her tenderly on the bed, and sat down beside her, muttering: "A spy! My God! Amy a spy!"

She was looking up at him now, and nodding her head.

"I've a good mind to shoot you!" he cried in anguish, springing up and leveling the gun at her breast.

"Jim!" screamed a voice at his side, and little Ted toppled forward, grasping the gun-barrel.

Jim picked the child up and set him in a chair, and then turned, miserable,

looking far away out of the battered window.

Suddenly he strode out. It was nearly an hour later when he returned. He found Ted and Amy sitting in the twilight, locked in each other's arms.

He surveyed them a moment before he spoke.

"You wont have to call the Revenues down on this job now. I gave 'em back every cent of their rotten moonshine money for their still."

"You?" queried the girl, quietly, yet with resignation.

"Yes, an' I burnt it up—the whole of it."

"Ah!" murmured Amy, and the cloud fell from her brow in tears.

"Now you kin go back to your Revenues, an' tell 'em you done it. For you did. I knew I was wrong when I took it up. Go, I say, and tell 'em you done it, if it'll do you any good!" There was no bitterness, only discouragement, in his tone.

"I have already written a letter to them, giving up my place. Ted has been telling me about the operation."

"Oh, please, dont—dont speak of it," said Jim, miserably. "Come, little Ted."

"For my work here I shall receive a thousand dollars. I have just made Ted a present of half of it," resumed the girl, quietly. Then she said, even more softly: "Jim!"

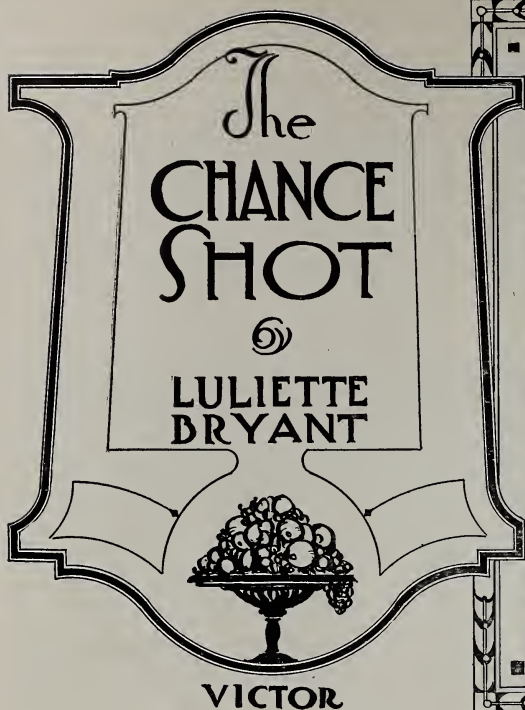
Jim did not move, except his broad back, which heaved convulsively.

"Jim!" she called again, and this time he came and knelt by her side, his head in her lap, with her hand and Ted's resting on it. "Could you walk to Picketown tonight, dear?"

"I could walk to Memphis, little girl!"

And they stayed thus till darkness hemmed them in, with their happiness.





THE jagged rocks, where the old Marblehead fort stood, were bathed in white moonlight, and the waves which curled lazily around them, as the tide ebbed slowly out, were crystal clear and topped with the daintiest flecks of foam. In the distance, Baker's twin eyes winked sleepily; on the Beverly side, the vari-colored lights of the *Mayflower* were twinkling mysterious messages to the five grim battleships that had anchored in the harbor, to pay their respects to the nation's chief executive. Music from the Corinthian Club stole across the bay, and fresh young voices, from the multitude of pleasure craft, caught up the orchestra's strain until the waters rang with melody.

The girl lifted her head, with quick pleasure, to listen. She had been sitting silent, on a great rock which the receding tide had left bare, her eyes fixed broodingly on the sea, as if her spirit had withdrawn into far spaces, and the man beside her had waited patiently for her soul's return. She smiled faintly now, and the fleecy scarf, falling away from her upturned

face, revealed dark eyes which glowed with strong feeling.

"I love it so!" she exclaimed; "all winter, I look forward to these days by the sea; there is nothing like the ocean—always changing, always old, yet always new. It fits into every mood, and my moods are many, Owen."

She broke off, laughing lightly, with one of her swift transitions from gravity to lightness, and the man smiled indulgently.

"What would a woman without moods be like?" he queried laughingly. "Like pictures without color; dancing without music; firelight without glow; champagne without sparkle!"

But the laughing mood had left her, as swiftly as it came, and she was gazing across the waters again with the brooding, bitter expression that always brought a gripping pain to the man's heart. He bent over her suddenly, turning her face to him with gentle force.

"What is it, Florence?" he pleaded, his strong voice thrilling with intensity; "what do you think of, when

your soul goes suddenly off into distant places, and you will not let me follow? Something troubles you, my sweetheart, and I, who would give my life to make you happy, do not even know the reason for these darkling thoughts. Can you not tell me—cannot I help you?"

"No one can help me," she answered, with sad finality. "Can you recall the past, and blot out its sins and misery? Can you bring back dead days, that they may be altered?"

She paused, her flashing eyes daring him to meet her challenge, but the man did not waver. He drew nearer, looking steadily down into the eyes, which softened gradually, until a mist of tears quenched their fire.

"Listen, dear," he said, then; "twice I have asked you to marry me, to forget this past which haunts you, whatever it may be. I ask nothing, claim nothing, save your love. Whatever life has held for you, I know that you are good and true, and that for me the wide world holds no other woman. You ask if I can recall the past—I have no wish to recall it; let the dead days sleep in peace, my love, and turn your thoughts to the future, with me."

"But I must tell you——" she began.

"Tell me nothing," he interrupted decisively. "I want no dwelling upon the things that have grieved you; no looking back over dreary paths and desolate days. My faith in you is absolute; only say that you love me, and my joy shall be full."

Lingeringly, longingly, the dark, brooding eyes searched his strong, tender face. Then at last, the white lids drooped, two hands stole up to his shoulders, and the lovely face was lifted; but the words that the red lips whispered were drowned by the soft-splashing waves.

The acres of Owen Davenport's country estate stretched away for miles from the beautiful bungalow, with its surrounding park, which nestled in the foothills of the Berkshires. For three summers the place

had been unoccupied, save for brief hunting parties in the autumn, and the servants, who were making it ready for occupancy now, bustled about with smiles of happy anticipation.

"To think that Mr. Owen is bringing home a bride at last," said the cook, deep in the mysteries of Owen's favorite pudding. "If she's half good enough to deserve such a man, every one on the place will love her."

Florence satisfied even the critical eyes of the cook when she appeared in the doorway of the great hall, clinging to Owen's arm, and looking with pretty, half-shy interest at the beautiful home and the lines of bowing servants. In the happy weeks that followed, it seemed as if her somber moods had been washed away forever by the splashing waves on the rocks of the old fort.

All day she flitted about the house and the gardens, singing among the roses like some glad bird that had flown from prison bars to pour out its soul in sheer delight at the sunshine. It seemed as if she could not bear to leave her lovely home for a day even, lest some dark enchantment should whisk her happiness away from her, and leave her soul to wander again in the far, lonely spaces.

"No," she answered, when Owen begged her to come with him for a hunting trip in the hills, "I do not want to go away. Have your old chum come up for a few weeks. You two can hunt to your hearts' content, and I will stay at home to receive the piles of game you drag in each night!"

"Don't be saucy, young lady," laughed Owen. "I admit that I seldom hit anything; when I do it is only a chance shot. But George is a real hunter; some of his feats remind me of the Leatherstocking tales of my childhood!"

"Then let him come, by all means. I am tired of being disappointed when I expect a game dinner."

When Owen and George started for the first day's hunting, Florence walked with them to the hedge which bordered the park.

"You're sure you won't be lonely nor afraid?" Owen questioned, as she was about to turn back.

"Afraid!" she exclaimed, "with the house full of servants! And you know I am never lonely since I came here—you and the hills are my chums."

"She deserves to be happy, if ever a woman did," answered Owen, a great gladness springing into his eyes at his friend's words. "Look," he added, turning at the top of the hill, "we can see her from here."

They stood for a moment, looking at



FLORENCE AND OWEN AMUSE THE SERVANTS WITH THEIR ATTENTIVENESS TO EACH OTHER

"What a radiantly happy woman your wife is," said George, as the two men walked rapidly up the hillside, toward the borders of the forest. "I'd get married myself, if I thought I could bring that look to any girl's face."

Florence, who was walking back toward the house, pausing now and then for a flower to add to the armful of blossoms which she carried. Suddenly Owen gave a startled exclamation, and was off down the hill at a breakneck pace, followed closely by George.

They had seen a rough-looking man step out from a summer-house and address Florence—had seen her shrink back and throw up her hands as if in terror!

"Dont be frightened, dear, I'm coming," shouted Owen's voice, and an instant later he burst thru the brush, hurling the intruder to his knees with one swift thrust. Then, as his gun was upraised to strike the cowering fellow, Florence interposed, tremblingly.

"Dont, Owen," she begged; "he did not hurt me—I was only frightened—there is no harm done—let him go, I beg you."

"What business had he frightening you?" thundered Owen. "Why did he speak to you—he deserves——"

"No, dear," she broke in eagerly, "you dont understand; he is—that is, he was—he only asked me the nearest way to Lenox. It was silly of me to be frightened—but he came so suddenly. Indeed, that was all, Owen. Let him go."

"Go, then," said Owen, curtly, and the fellow slunk away down the path, as if thankful to escape so easily. But if Owen had seen the malicious sneer that covered the repulsive face, and the huge hand which was waved exultingly in the air, as soon as a turn in the path hid him from view, he would not have left his wife again. But she begged them not to spoil their day's pleasure, so they left her on the piazza, seemingly quite recovered from her fright, and were off to the hills again.

For a while Florence sat quietly upon the piazza, her eyes fixed brood-

ingly upon the distant hills, and little by little the old look of pain and doubt and mystery crept back to her eyes. She rose at last and walked slowly down the steps, along the graveled drive to the stone gates by the roadside, where she stood quietly waiting.

A few minutes dragged by, then a head was thrust out, cautiously, from some brush near by, and as she continued to wait, a man crept into view

and slouched forward, gazing around, fearfully. Convinced that she was quite alone, he dropped the cowardly air, and advanced with bolder gait.

"I was waitin', you see," he began. "I figgered that you'd be smart enough to know I'd wait 'round some place, even if we didn't have time to make a reg'lar appointment. What's the matter? You dont look as glad to see me as you oughter!"

With a face from which every trace of joy and

hope had fled, she waited till he had finished speaking. Then, steadying herself by the gate, she asked, "What do you want?"

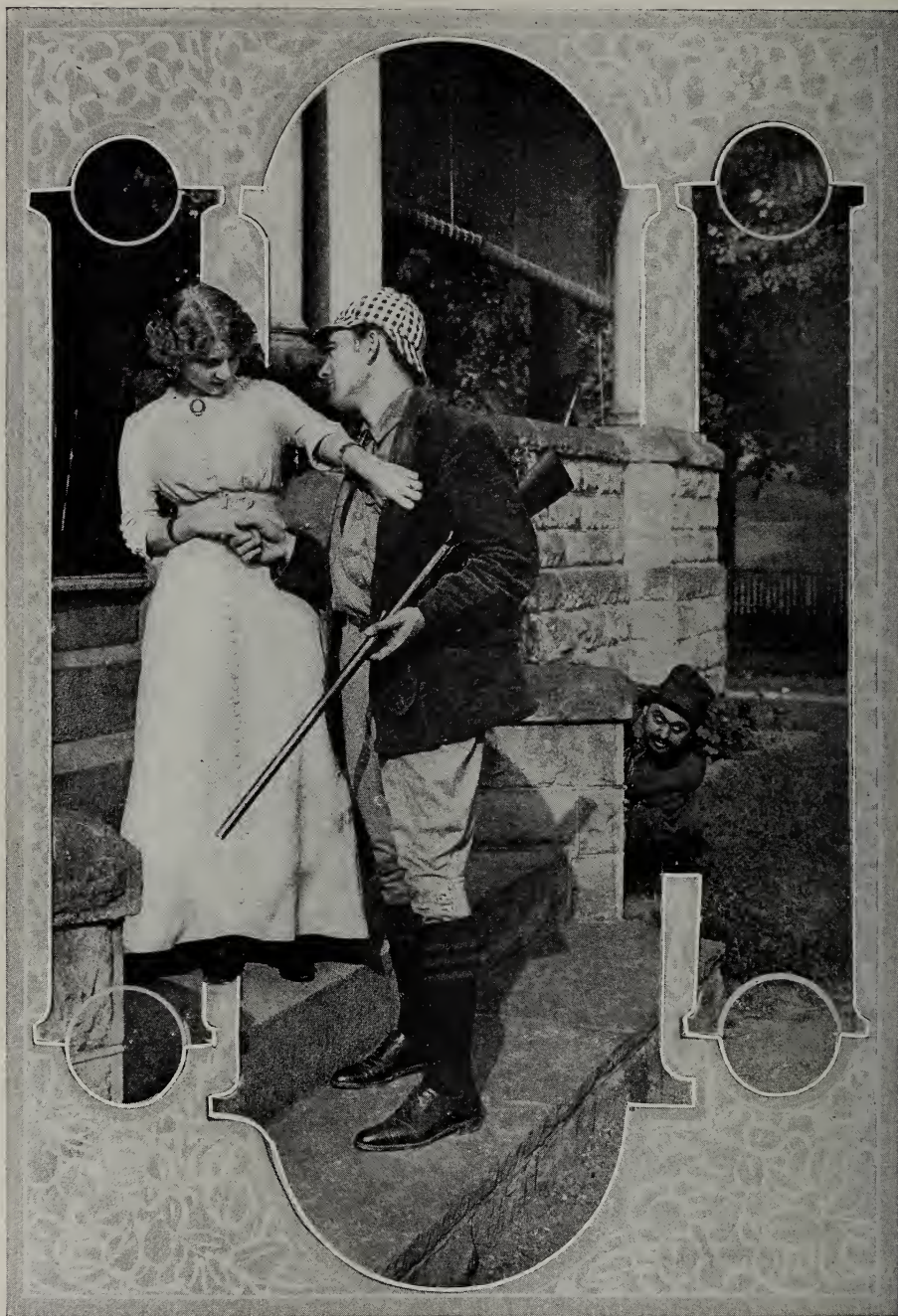
"Want?" he leered. "Why, I wanted to see you, of course. What does a gentleman always want when he meets an old friend—and such a handsome, prosperous lady, too?"

"What do you want?" she repeated evenly. "You must be quick; the servants were warned to watch closely today, lest I be frightened again; if we are discovered, there will be nothing I can do for you—you can gain nothing by ruining me."

"Well, then," he snarled, "I want



"DONT, OWEN," SHE BEGGED



money. If I keep my mouth shut and go away, I must be paid handsome for it. Why should I be tramp-in' the country in rags, and you livin' here in luxury, when a word would tell your fine man just what you——"

"Wait!" she interrupted. "How much do you want?"

"I want a good lot, I tell you——"

Footsteps sounded up the graveled path, and a man's voice called anxiously, "Mrs. Davenport!" Flor-

ence sprang forward and thrust a handful of bills into the man's eager fingers.

"Go, quickly," she breathed, "and as you hope for Heaven's mercy in the end, have mercy upon me and let me alone now."

Without a word, he vanished into the brush again, and Florence steadied her voice to call out cheerfully, "I'm just here by the gate, Michael; I'm all right."

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the servant, coming up anxiously, "but Mr. Owen told us to watch you today—he was so afraid you might be frightened again."

"He loves me so," moaned the girl, softly, as she went swiftly up the path and fled to the seclusion of her own room; "he loves me so—and I love him! Oh, why did I marry him—what shall I do—can I tell him—what would he say? Oh, Owen, my husband! I was so happy!"

When she came from her room, in the dusk of the evening, Owen and George were just returning from the hunt, empty-handed. In her light railleury at their expense, George detected no false note, but Owen followed her with anxious eyes, as the evening wore on, and she wandered restlessly about the rooms, chattering ceaselessly of the day's events.

"You are nervous and tired, dear," Owen said. "I am afraid that fright you got this morning was serious."

"No," she assured him hastily, "but I had a headache afterwards, and have been lying down all day; I am all right now."

If the glorious autumn weather had not continued, luring the men daily to the hills in quest of game, Owen would have noticed the change in his wife's face and manner, as the days went by. But she was always bright when he returned, always full of merry laughter and jokes about his lack of skill with his gun, and he failed to see how the dark eyes filled with terror and the slender form quivered with quick dread at the sound of a strange footfall or the note of a strange voice. He never dreamed

that while he trod the mountains with happy, care-free heart, Florence was enduring such days of terror and anguish as only a fond, tender-hearted woman can know.

"You surely are the worst shot I ever saw," declared George as they approached the house one evening. "I don't believe you could hit a barn door at twenty-five yards!"

"I'll bet a box of cigars that I can hit a bull's-eye in the middle of a barn door, at that distance," retorted Owen, with mock indignation.

"Done! Come on around to the barn right now, and try it."

"But I haven't seen Florence yet," demurred Owen.

"Nonsense—you're trying to crawl. You can wait a few minutes to see Florence—besides, think how proud you'll be to tell her you hit something, if it's only a barn door!"

"All right. See that big knot-hole in the center of the door? Just watch me hit it."

He raised his gun, took careful aim, and—to his own astonishment, no less than George's—he sent a bullet directly thru the mark.

"There!" he exclaimed gleefully, "poke fun at me again, will you?"

"It was a chance shot," declared George; "luck and not science—but it was a daisy!"

Laughing at his luck, Owen ran into the house, wondering why Florence did not come to meet him as usual. The place seemed strangely quiet, and he ran up the steps to his wife's room, with an unaccountable fear tugging at his heart.

"I'm getting as fussy and nervous as an old woman," he told himself, as he tapped at the door, but there was something in the smothered "Come in" which answered his rap that set his heart to beating more rapidly as he hastily entered the room.

Inside, he paused in astonishment, for Florence stood in the center of the room, facing him, with a look of such pain and terror upon her face that he paused for an instant, in speechless dismay.

(Continued on page 154.)

GREENROOM LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM JOTTINGS EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERS'DOM

Note to the film manufacturers: News intended for this department must be received at the editorial rooms of this magazine on or before the 25th of the month. To insure freshness, it should be received on or about that date.

GENE GAUNTIER sailed for Ireland on July 25th. She left her company for a brief visit to her home in Kansas City, Mo.

Miss L. Lawrence, of Montreal, is busy in a campaign to prevent stenographers being ridiculed in the Photoplays. She objects to seeing stenographers represented as having bad manners, chewing gum, playing with their hair, flirting with everybody, etc. She says that about 3,000 members of her organization intend to protest against excessive kissing, hugging, and eloping in the films. Our best wishes!

Mabel Loveridge, who played Mabel in "Western Hearts," and in other Essanay plays, is not a member of the Essanay Company, and was simply loaned by the Biograph Company, to fill the temporary absence of Vedah Bertram. Miss Loveridge is now with the Bison Company.

The Lubin Comedy Company, which is headed by the popular Mae Hotely, is now in Quebec and Montreal.

The Edison Company now has four companies, one of which is in England, headed by Marc McDermott and Marian Nesbitt.

Romaine Fielding is now director, as well as a player, of the Lubin Company at Tucson.

George Hall, who has had a varied career as actor, director and manufacturer, is now editor of the Imp Company, and says that that company is running the largest scenario department in the world, with twenty-three plays a week. The Imp Company consolidated with the Universal Company, which accounts for this large number.

The absence of Gladys Cameron from the Lubin Company is due to the fact that she is now Mrs. Robert Lackey.

W. D. Emerson, formerly with the Selig Company, is now one of the directors of the American Company.

Those who have been sending to England to get photographs and names of the Biograph players, are informed that the names are all fictitious, with one exception.

Flora Finch, the eccentric and always entertaining Vitagraph player, first went on the stage thirteen years ago.

Lubinville is very proud of their baseball team, also of its manager, the famous "Benny of Lubinville."

Those who have been wondering who will take Alice Joyce's place as leading woman opposite Carlyle Blackwell, in the Kalem Western Company, will be glad to know that the fortunate young lady is Lillian Christy, formerly of the Bison and Vitagraph companies.

Anna Q. Nilsson has just recovered from a very serious operation at Dr. Bull's sanitarium.

Before Tefft Johnson, of the Vitagraph Company, became a Photoplayer, he was for twelve years with David Belasco, part of the time playing with Mrs. Leslie Carter.

Starlight, one of the Indians employed by the American Company, recently played the hero in real life. On the way home from the picture field, he saw a fire, climbed up the fire-escape, and rescued a young woman.

The Kalem Company is now producing four plays every week.

The vacancy caused by May Buckley leaving the Lubin Company has been filled by Ethel Clayton. Miss Clayton is very well known, indeed, in the theatrical world.

The Lubin Company at Portland, Me., required two Pullman coaches, one day coach and three baggage cars to get them there. Besides three touring automobiles, a yacht and a yawl, this extravagant company required, and ordered, no less than ten complete sets of interior scenery.

John Bunny has at last planted a solid foot on British soil, which makes another fleshy burden for that buoyant isle to carry. However, he was interviewed nearly into skinniness by the British press, which received him with open arms. Under the directorship of Lawrence Trimble, Bunny will portray a series of Photoplays from the life of Mr. Pickwick, using the actual localities of Dickens.

Laura Sawyer has joined the Western forces of the Edison Company, under the direction of J. Searle Dawley.

Jean Acker, known as "Little Billie," has returned to the Lubin Company, after spending her vacation on Long Island, N. Y.

Gene Gauntier is having two theaters named after her: one in Kansas City, and one in England. They made a great fuss over her in Kansas City, recently, when she returned from abroad. She is very popular in her home town, and everywhere else.

The Athletics, champion baseball team of the world, recently spent three or four hours at the Lubin studio, where they were entertained at a smoker, a Moving Picture show, and had a general good time.

The American Company has encamped a company at the famous Starved Rock, in Illinois, where they purpose making a series of historical, two-reel subjects.

Clara Williams is a crack rough-rider of the Lubin Company. In "It Happened in the Hills," she does some terrific riding.

Arthur Johnson is the latest to be killed, or nearly killed, by Dame Rumor. This time there was truth behind the rumor. He was acting in a canoe a few hundred feet above Wissahickon Falls, when the canoe broke loose, and nearly plunged over the falls. But Arthur jumped, knowing that Howard Mitchell, an expert swimmer, was near, to save him. Result, the canoe was smashed, and Arthur was wet, but saved.

William Wadsworth's friends are proud of his character-work as Pickwick in "Pickwick's Predicament."

Ruth Roland recently won a loving-cup in a beauty contest given at Venice, Cal.

From now on, Florence Turner will be seen in a great many plays with Maurice Costello. Perhaps there never has been a more popular team on the screen.

Some of the M. P. cowboys are still talking about the exhibition of horsemanship given by Benjamin Wilson, of the Edison Company, in "The Close of the American Revolution," and in other plays. It seems that there are others who can ride horses, besides cowboys.

Harry Lonsdale, who, for thirty years, was prominent on the stage and played with Richard Mansfield and Nat Goodwin, has joined the American Company.

Anna Lehr, formerly with the Biograph and Pathé Frères companies, has joined the Majestic Company, and will be featured with Mabel Trunnelle.

Alice Joyce recently acquired a new leading man. First it was Carlyle Blackwell, then it was Guy Coombs, and now it is Rube Marquard, the famous baseball twirler. Unfortunately, Mr. Marquard is not on the regular Kalem pay-roll. He prefers to play with the Giants Company.

Robert McWade, Sr., who, next to Joe Jefferson, was estimated by many as the best Rip Van Winkle on the stage, has just played the same part for the Vitagraph Company.

Many thousands of Photoplay patrons who patronize the Licensed houses, shed many tears when they learnt recently that Florence Lawrence had joined the Independents. But the Licensed people got even. For, about the same time, Mary Pickford left the Independents and joined the Licensed forces. Which is the greater star? Bless your hearts, who knows? It is like comparing a reindeer with a race-horse—both are fine, but different.

If the Edison Company should claim that Robert Brower was the premier "wealthy merchant" and "banker" player; in the business, there would be few, if any, differences of opinion. If Mr. Brower is not important and wealthy and dignified, he certainly looks as if he were.

The Boston Association for the Relief and Control of Tuberculosis has finally come to the inevitable conclusion that Motion Picture theaters are the thing. The association has a trained lecturer, who goes from house to house delivering seven-minute talks.

Earle Williams has just returned from California, where he has been visiting his father, who was ill.

The Kalem Company asks on one of its advertising circulars: "Do you know of any one else doing so much for the uplift of the Motion Picture industry?" We don't know, but, if we did, we wouldn't tell.

Octavia Handworth sailed for Denmark, her home country, the middle of July. She will return the latter part of August. She will be missed in the Pathé Frères plays, particularly when they do another play like "A Nation's Peril."

Edith Storey seems to be showing great versatility with the Vitagraph Company, and, while she has done clever work as a queen, a princess, society lady, etc., many who remember her as the brave and vivacious cowgirl of the Méliès Company, would like to see her in a Western uniform again.

Charles Kent, of the Vitagraph Company, is one of the oldest theatrical men in the Motion Picture industry. He has been on the professional stage since 1875, and has played nearly everything, from "Hamlet" and "Shylock" down to "Black-Eyed Susan's" father.

Robert Goodman, formerly of the Méliès Company, is now a director for the Majestic Company.

Rose Coghlan is the latest stage celebrity to enter Photoplay, and the Vitagraph Company is her captor. She will be featured as Rosamond in "As You Like it."

Helen Gardner is still busy with her new company, preparing "Cleopatra."

Dolores Cassinelli is gaining popularity as well as she is gaining experience. With both beauty and talent to start with, she will, no doubt, become still more popular.

Billy Quirk is still the star laugh-producer of the Solax Company. His work with the Biograph and Pathé Frères companies first made him popular.

Francis X. Bushman plays in every conceivable kind of a part, except an old woman. In one play he is an old man, in another a young man, in another a tramp, in another a burglar, and in all he is good.

Judging from the number of letters and inquiries received by this magazine, concerning the player who took the part of Dick in "The Cowboy Kid," of the Méliès Company, Ray Gallagher is rapidly becoming a favorite.

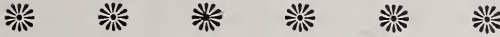
J. Stuart Blackton is not exactly a player, altho he has been seen in the films more than once. He is principally the leading spirit of the Vitagraph Company, and originator and president of this magazine. He is commodore of the famous Atlantic Yacht Club, and an officer and leading spirit in many other organizations. Were this paragraph written a month or two later, we might, perhaps, have added that Mr. Blackton won the International Motor Boat Cup.

As we go to press, the sad news comes from Niles, Cal., that Mr. Anderson's popular leading woman, Vedah Bertram, is hovering between life and death at the Samuel Merrit Hospital at Oakland.



Prize Puzzle Contest

A New Contest, for All Readers, in
Which Sixty-Eight Popular
Players Take Part



In *A Tale of the First French Settlers* we are presenting a contest which we think will prove entertaining and profitable to our readers. The idea for this contest was sent to us by Master Maurice H. Kafka, of Washington, D. C., who has been rewarded for his cleverness.

Each blank space in the story should be filled with the name of a Photo-player. In every case it is the surname, or last name, of the player that is required. When the correct names are inserted, the story will be a connected and pleasant little narrative. To the persons filling in the largest number of names correctly will be given the following prizes:

First Prize—Five dollars in gold.

Second Prize—One volume of Popular Player Portraits, bound in limp leather.

Third Prize—A two-year subscription to THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

Fourth Prize—A one-year subscription to THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

Fifth Prize—One copy of Talbot's "Moving Pictures, How They Are Made and Worked."

Sixth Prize—One Big Ben Binder, for binding THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

Anybody is eligible to compete. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded to those who are tied.

This puzzle contest will be repeated in the October issue, and the contest will close on October 2, 1912.

This is the Puzzle Story:

A TALE OF THE FIRST FRENCH SETTLERS

IN the olden days there lived a king, who was known to his subjects as King One day, as he walked in the of the palace gardens, his was filled with as he gazed about him at the of decay and desolation.

"Ah," he sighed, "what a change from the days when the land was and my forefathers were and! Somehow, I must redeem the of the royal family, or our will be at an end."

Aftering many books, and dreaming many dreams, a journey to America was decided upon as a means of enriching the royal family, and

preparations were made for a A large party of adventurous volunteers, eager for gold and glory, accompanied him. Many a left his ancestral; many a said tender good-bys in humble Of course, the king's accompanied him, as well as his

"We shall need men who know useful trades," said the wise king; "let a, a, and a be included in the party. In order to preserve decency and religion, we will take a devout man of the, and, lest life be dull, find me some roistering who can sing a good and tell a good"

. to this time, the king had

never sailed the seas, so it chanced that as he was on deck one day he became violently ill.

"I am for," his Majesty groaned; "I must pay the price of my folly. did I think, when I this morning, that ere the sun sank in the I should"

Every courtier turned with alarm, but the ship's doctor only laughed heartily.

"Re.....," he cried, "no man since time has died from *mal de mer*!"

"Very well," replied the king, "I feel better, already. Come to a game of cards; I will deal them. What is my?"

At last they stood in the wilds of America, with the stretching away for miles. A guide with an had accompanied them. Once he had been a in darkest Africa, and he spoke in a queer dialect.

"I will be tonight," he declared, "and sit upon while a bright fire; dar might be..... around, or a, for dis country is and of dangers dan my own."

They composed themselves to rest in a clear space by a shining Suddenly a was heard in the bushes.

"I will the peril!" ex-

claimed the king, rushing forward with his gun, but instead of a furious beast, a frightened scurried away from him.

Day after day, the party pushed onward, until, to the king's delight, they came to a rushing river with broad along either bank.

"Here will I dwell forever," he cried. "A delightful spot does not exist. Why should I return to my native land? We will the stream, and upon the further bank we will build a solid and to hold our crops against the winter's The shall employ his art in the; the shall cause the to blossom where we now see the This needs only a cleaning to cause it to give forth pure water. And hark to the, singing in yonder as if to rejoice at our coming!"

"But our families!" exclaimed the courtier.

"Send for them," responded the king.

"The best shall return to the coast and equip a ship to bring them hither. Your wives and little ones shall come, accompanied by my queen"

So endeth the tale of the first French settlement in the valley of the Mississippi.

'61—'65

By FRANK W. STERNS

The years rolled back—my age again was seven and a score;
I heard the voice of Lincoln call, as in the days of yore,
And 'neath the rippling Stars and Stripes I marched to meet the foe—
Last night, in fancy, as I sat and watched the picture show!

Again I faced the cannon's mouth, and saw the sabers shine!
Again I smelled the battle smoke, and heard the bullets whine!
The shouts I heard again, the cheers, the dying whispers low—
Last night, in fancy, as I sat and watched the picture show!

Beside the campfire gleaming bright once more I, musing, lay,
My thoughts of loved ones left behind the morn I marched away;
Once more I heard *her* whisper: "John, kiss me good-by, and go!"
Last night, in fancy, as I sat and watched the picture show!

Days long gone by I lived again—with Grant I wore the blue,
And for the cause I thought was right I fought and bled anew;
Beneath the dear old flag I marched once more with eyes aglow—
Last night, in fancy, as I sat and watched the picture show!



A Game of Chess

(Majestic)

By STELLA MACHEFERT

LOUISE settled her father comfortably in his arm-chair on the lawn, then arranged the black and white chessmen on their board on the little rustic table.

"There, now," she said, as she placed the last pawn on its square, "we're all ready for Mr. Jason."

"I do hope he won't keep me waiting," remarked the old man, querulously. "If there's one thing that annoys me more than another, it's waiting."

"Here he is!" cried Louise.

Over the lawn came a wheel-chair, propelled by a tall and handsome young man. In the chair sat a gray-haired man, with a delicate face, marked with furrows of pain.

"Ah! Good-afternoon, Mr. Armstrong!" called out the newcomer. "Good-afternoon, Louise!"

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Jason," responded the old man at the table. "How d'ye do, Jack? Be careful with that chair, and don't bump into the table. There we are. Feeling in pretty fine fettle for a game, Mr. Jason?"

"Well, I think I can hold my own, Mr. Armstrong," he replied.

"Shall we draw for color?" asked Mr. Armstrong.

"Let us waive that. We'll play as the men are set. You have the white—it's your move."

These old cronies, tottering feebly, with many twinges of pain, in the Valley of the Lengthening Shadows, engaged in this daily game of chess with all the enthusiasm and passion left them. They bent over the board, and the young people, side by side,

watched them interestedly, tenderly. They had greeted each other with the cordial smiles of friendly neighbors and comrades, and as they watched the absorption of their fathers, Jack's hand closed over the girl's round, white arm.

"Let's go," he whispered. "They don't need us now."

But Louise hung back. The game had begun auspiciously, with evident satisfaction on both sides. Mr. Armstrong had moved a pawn.

"Ah, the king's gambit!" exclaimed his adversary, appreciatively, as he duplicated the move.

Another white pawn was advanced. The black pawn captured it. "The first blood!" exclaimed Mr. Jason.

With one hand thoughtfully caressing his chin, Mr. Armstrong brought a knight into the open.

"Ah!" said Mr. Jason, warily, looking over the field.

"Come on!" urged Jack. "They don't know we're in the world now."

Louise yielded her hand to him, and softly, with backward, unheeded glances, they stole away over the lawn. Beneath the shade of the elms they passed, laughing gaily, treading springily, the joy of youth and the soft summer air playing upon their vibrant spirits with subtle, insinuating touch.

At the door of the conservatory Jack paused. "I want to see those new orchids," he said. "Father was very enthusiastic about them."

"Oh, yes! You must see them!" acceded Louise. "Father is very proud of them."

Then, when they stood before the mysterious, odd-shaped flowers, she explained to him their individual points.

"Now, this one, shaped like a butterfly, is of the *Habenaria* species, and this one, with the musky odor, is a *Herminium*."

Jack bent to sniff at the waxy blossom, and, as he did so, a loose strand of the girl's hair brushed his cheek. The enervating fragrance of that glossy, waving hair went to his brain like fumes of wine. The orchid was forgotten, and Louise was very much startled to find herself in Jack's arms, with his lips pressed to hers.

"Why, Jack Jason!" she gasped, indignantly. Then she grew shy, as he told her how he loved her, how he thought of her constantly, and how he would never be happy until she was his little wife. She felt about the matter just as Jack did, but she also felt that an immediate surrender would mark the moment as flat, lacking in spice. So, with a mischievous toss of her head, she evaded a direct answer.

"I'm afraid the heavy, moist air in here has affected your mind, Jack," she said, demurely. "I'm going to see how the game is getting on."

"No, don't go," he pleaded. "We've got a more interesting and important game of our own to play out."

"What are you playing for—a

mate?" she asked, with an audacious smile that showed a flash of pearl-like teeth between the carmine bow of her lips.

"Yes," he answered, yearningly, "if you want to put it that way."

"Well, you've got it," she cried, tauntingly, as she sprang toward the door. Then she looked over her shoulder, and, with a dare in her sparkling eyes, she flung back the one word, "Check-mate!"

"Why, you little minx!" Jack called after her; but she was speeding across the lawn, laughing softly to herself. Reaching an aged sycamore tree, she stopped to take breath and look back. Jack was only a few yards away, making straight for her, with amiable determination. Louise dodged behind the huge trunk, circled it as Jack followed, then made a bold dash forward. But he was prepared for those tactics, and, with a bound he had her again captive.

"Check to the queen!" he exclaimed, trium-

phantly, as he held her face up to his, and extorted kiss after kiss. "There!" he said, "that is the penalty for your false move."

"Oh! I'm tired of this game!" whimpered Louise, wriggling away and smoothing her tangled hair.

"No, you're not," he contradicted. "You like it just as well as I do." And she covered her burning cheeks, and dropped her eyes, for she knew he spoke the truth.



THE PROPOSAL

Jack drew a tiny box from his pocket. "Do you care for this, sweetheart?" he asked.

She peered sideways, covertly, but at the flash of a jewel in its white velvet bed she clasped her hands and turned eagerly to examine it.

"Oh! how beautiful it is!" she exclaimed.

He took her hand, and slipped the ring upon the third finger. Then he raised it to his lips.

"We'll be married soon—wont we, dear?" he asked.

"If you wish," she answered, meekly, all the roguishness gone, and a soft light of happiness shining in her eyes.

At that moment there came to them the sound of voices raised high in dispute. They looked at each other in consternation.

"Surely, they cant be quarreling," said Louise. "They've never done such a thing before."

Higher and shriller rose the voices. "Why, I actually believe our respected parents are having a spat! We'd better try our hands at peacemaking," said Jack, as he and Louise hurried over the lawn.

"It's outrageous, sir, that you should take that stand!" Mr. Armstrong was saying, as the young people arrived.

"Why, father!" exclaimed Louise. "What is the matter?"

"Matter?" he sputtered. "Why, my adversary here fell asleep—fell

asleep!—while I was making a move. I had to prod him with my cane to wake him up, and now he denies that he was asleep."

"I was not asleep," insisted Mr. Jason. "I merely closed my eyes, to rest them, while you made the move. And let me tell you, sir, that I could claim the game on the grounds of the unreasonable length of time you took for your move."

"You claim the game, sir!" shrielled Mr. Armstrong, choking with rage. "Why, you ceased to play when you fell asleep, and you'd be asleep yet if I hadn't prodded you. What right have you to talk of unreasonable length of time?"

"Father! father!" pleaded Louise. "Dont excite yourself so. Mr. Jason will admit, when he grows calm, that he was hasty. You mustn't excite yourself."

Here Jack's voice broke in: "I dont know why you should say my father was hasty, Louise. It appears to me that the admission

should come from the other side."

For a moment she stared at him in wonderment.

"I have never been so insulted in my life!" declared Mr. Armstrong.

"And I wish to say emphatically that it is the first time in my life that any one has dared to give me the lie!" said Mr. Jason, fiercely.

"I certainly think an apology is due my father," asserted Jack, warmly.



THE ACCEPTANCE

"And I certainly think father knows whether Mr. Jason was asleep or not," retorted Louise, with flashing eyes. "We have no apologies to make, and I wish to return this to you." She drew the ring from her finger, and held it out to him. Infected with the virulence of the discussion, he angrily took the ring and thrust it into his pocket. Then, turning his father's chair, he rapidly wheeled it across the lawn. The old men, in the meantime, had kept up a running fire of accusations and denials, passionately expressing their disappointment in each other.

"There, there, father," said Louise, trying to soothe him, as his adversary disappeared around a bend in the shrubbery.

"It's abominable for a man of his age to act so!" he declared. "And such a fine game as I had developed, too! Bah!" In his anger, he struck down the chessmen with his cane, and sent them rolling to the lawn.

"The nasty little things!" exclaimed Louise, tearfully, thinking of her broken troth and the sparkling pledge she had forfeited. With a sweep of her hand she cleared the board, and sent the remaining men toppling from the table. Then, noting that her father was still agitated, she put her arm about him and stroked his gray head, the while crooning affectionately. Gradually his excitement abated, his eyes closed drowsily,

and in a short time he was sound asleep. Spreading his handkerchief over his face, Louise left him, to wander sadly toward the wall that divided the two properties. She leaned disconsolately upon the ivy-covered stones. Her romance was ended. Her iridescent bubble had burst, and life would henceforth be dreary, as it is for all who have loved and lost.



THE RE-PROPOSAL

Jack had wheeled his father thru the gate in the wall, the old man still recounting, with diminishing wrath, the incidents of that ill-fated game of chess. Jack listened, with a sore heart. His hot partisanship had died a quick death, and now he wondered miserably if Louise would ever speak to him again. The ring seemed to acclaim its presence in his pocket. He took it out, and shook his head over it. He was very wretched.

"Jack," said his father, drowsily, "instead of going right up to the house, I would like to rest here in the shade a

while. I always did like this little grove. It's very peaceful and cool—and—and——"

His head nodded, and wobbled, then lay back against the chair. Jack bent over him. He smiled. "Dead to the world," he said.

Looking about for some source of amusement, he saw something moving down the wall. A second look assured him that it was a small brown head. Tiptoeing along the wall, he reached

over and placed his hand on a smaller one that was aimlessly plucking at the ivy.

Startled, the girl tried to draw away, but he held her fast.

"Weren't we foolish to mix up in that quarrel?" he asked.

"One has to be loyal," she answered, loftily.

"If I remember right, we started out to be peace-makers," he said, smiling. "Now, sweetheart, it's all over, and we're not going to let it affect us. My father is sound asleep, and he has probably forgotten about it."

"Father is asleep, too," said Louise. "The excitement exhausted him."

"Well, whatever they do about it, we are sweethearts, now and forever," he said, slipping the ring back on her finger.

"But," she objected, pouting, while she turned the ring about, admiring the fire of the diamond, "we ought to do something to reconcile our fathers."

"Oh, they'll come around in time. They'll hanker for their chess, and then they'll make up."

"I'm not so sure," said Louise, shaking her head. "They are both proud and obstinate. I think we will have to find the way." She pondered for a moment, then burst out with, "I have it!"

"Well, what?" eagerly queried Jack.

"They are both sound asleep. You

wheel your father up to the table. We will arrange the chessmen on the board as they were—I know their positions—and then we'll wake up your father and mine, and laugh at them for going to sleep over the game. They'll think the quarrel was a dream, and everything will be lovely!"

"Capital! Hush!" said Jack.

Together they wheeled Mr. Jason back to the rustic table on the lawn. Mr. Armstrong was snoring behind his handkerchief. Louise and Jack picked up the chessmen and placed them on the board. Then, with gentle shakings, they aroused the sleepers.

"What an intensely interesting game you two are playing!" laughed Jack.

Mr. Armstrong yawned, stretched, looked across at his adversary, then down at the board. There were the pieces all in order, as he remembered them after his last move. He darted a suspicious glance at Mr. Jason, but that

gentleman was intent upon the chessmen, and thinking, "It must have been a dream."

"It was only a dream," thought Mr. Armstrong. Then, aloud, he said: "Your move, Mr. Jason."

Jack's arm was around Louise, and he pressed her to him ecstatically.

"It worked!" she whispered, joyfully. With one accord, they stole away in the direction of the aged sycamore.



THE GAME RESUMED

THE CHARMS OF TOWN

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

We're going back to nature; dad's tired of city ways,
And mother wants to go out on a farm, you know, and raise
Potatoes, cabbages, and such; and then she says, you see,
The city aint no place to bring up little boys like me.
And so I got to leave the bunch, and I dont think it's fair;
There'll never be no circuses or baseball games out there.
I *could* stand that, but, worst of all, what makes me hate to go,
Dad says they haven't even got a Motion Picture show.

He says there's lots of room out there, but what good will that be
When there aint no kids for miles around, exceptin' only me?
And there aint a thing to see, or any place you'd like to go;
And I'll have to spade the garden, and weed the things, and hoe;
And I cant go roller skating, or anything like that;
And now I know, when Hamlet said that life was stale and flat,
Just what he meant by it, because dad says in Hamlet's days
They never had a chance to go to Motion Picture plays.

The farm is full of vacant lots, where you can play baseball
But if there's no kids to play with, what good is it, after all?
There wont be any candy stores, or popcorn wagons—gee!
The way that any feller can live there, I dont see!
It must be awful quiet, and lonesome sort of, too,
Without the crowds and noises and the things you like to do.
I can do without the street cars and the taxicabs, you know,
But what's the use of livin', 'thout a Motion Picture show?

I'll sit around the porch at night, and get to thinking how
The gang is playing baseball, and kicking up a row,
And, gee! but I'll get lonesome, and be wishing I was there,
Instead of out with nature and a lot of swell fresh air.
The worst, tho, will be thinking of the things the rest will see
At all the Photoplays, and fun they'll have there, without me.
And, say! I can just see the gang, all sitting in a row
Away up on the front seats, in the Motion Picture show.

I've got a plan, tho, up my sleeve, that I am going to try—
I'll work, and save my money, like you do Fourth of July,
So I can spend a day in town, and say! I want to, bad!
When I told ma about it she looked around at dad,
And said, "He's so affectionate. He wants to come to see
His cousins in town, some day. How pleasant that will be!"
But dad, he only grinned at me. I kind o' think he knows
I want to come to town to see the Motion Picture shows.



UNTO whom shall be given immortality? Can Signorio, Prince of Verona, took the issue of fate boldly in his own hands, and the gables of his tomb bear the carven images of Faith, Hope, Charity, Prudence, Justice and Fortitude. So would he cheat posterity—he who made light of these things, in life.

Nor can Bartolomeo della Scala, his ancestor, lord of Riva, Castel d'Arco, Reggio, and Parma, and, furthermore, overlord of Este, Vicenza, Feltre and Belluno, lay claim to a greater catalog of virtues.

Which leads us to believe, from scanning those pages of close-writ lust and intrigue, flattery and sudden death, that those things which we have, we deny, and those which fail us, we shout lustily to heaven as being the possessors of, even to this day.

So reasoned the plausible Luigi di Porto, who, when virtue failed in the Veronese, and went a-begging among the high and low, dug deep, until he found the most pellucid record of love that their vaunting, lying, blood-smear'd chronicles could show.

And so the poor novelist blew his feeble spark into a flame, which the copyers nurtured, and penned as many as ten score copies, some engrossed on vellum and illuminated with tinctures and carmine, for the delectation of fair courtizans who made great claims to virtue, and virtuous, dowdy princesses who denied everything but that they were not beautiful.

And in so doing, Luigi di Porto was stricken with a malignancy and died, and his work was like to have died along with him—a passing, gossamer tale, had not a poor playwright and hanger-on to my Lord Southampton, one William Shakespeare, come upon a stray copy in his master's library.

Now, a short time before this, Master Will, grown desperate by the niggardly pay of half-actor, half-playwright, was grown moody and slender, and fallen on bad company. He received as little as ten shillings for the works of his pen; but now, thanks to my lord, he ranged the shelves of rare volumes, with the flush of a hunter in his eyes and cheeks. He read the tale of La Guilietta, cramped and florid as

then set forth, and the inspiration for *Romeo and Juliet*, the most romantic and exalted love story ever conceived, was breathed into his frame.

The tale is couched in that very Verona of the peace-loving Bartolomeo, with its fortalices, its fountains, and its tombs; its narrow, crooked streets; its love and hate, frowning and playing, glooming and burning thru it all.

Whatever had started the feud between the houses of Montague and Capulet, perhaps no one knows. It may have been a step closer to the Prince's throne, a chance whisper that this one or that one was courting secret favor with Church or Emperor, a castello given to one or the other—any one of these.

From its beginning, the breach widened, until Montague or Capulet might not pass upon the street, nor meet in the Piazza dei Signori, without the accompaniment of frowns, haughty looks, and a guard of armed retainers.

With this outward smoldering of hate, within the palace of the Capulets was being reared a young daughter, scarce fourteen years of age, upon whom her faction staked high their further hopes of advancement, and the shoving into the mire, in consequence, of the Montagues.

To the confusion of the rival house, her hand had been publicly pledged to Paris, a nephew of the Prince. For some unaccountable reason, tho—maybe a question of dower—the date of the marriage had been put off; it might be, too, that the Capulets could enjoy the more keenly the slower discomfiture of my Lord Montague.

If there was one who chafed more than another at the rising star of the Capulets, it was Romeo, the son and heir of his house. A goad he was, too, in the side of the Capulets, for no one stood higher in the Prince's favor, or could excel him in agility, grace, or the art of thrusting a rapier.

So it came about that, when the house of Capulet announced a grand "curia," or celebration, in recognition of the coming alliance, Romeo resolved upon a desperate adven-



ture, in keeping with his character. For he decided, upon this night of high festival and strewn roses, to disguise himself in the Capulet colors, seek out their palace, and, once within, to see what he could see.

The fates seemed to favor his foolhardy adventure, for he passed the guards stationed at the gates, and mingled with his sworn enemies. In a gallery of the palace, surrounded by portraits of her ancestors, he came upon a beautiful and innocent young girl, so exquisite that he must needs tarry under the spell of her voice and eyes. She was Juliet, the jewel of Verona, whom he had never set eyes on before.

And as he lingered, the shadow of death crept close and around him, for the merrymakers had, at last, discovered his presence.

But where a dozen daggers would have sought him out, my Lord Capu-



let counseled caution: the bleeding corpse of a Montague dragged thru the torch-lit palace would ill consort with the beginning of a marriage.

Romeo, unharmed, but in the first throes of a pure and overmastering love, left as he had come. But the spell had fallen on Juliet, too, and it was not until she had poured out the warmth of her blossomy heart to him, that she was warned that he was a loathed enemy.

It was in that still hour which proclaims the shading of night into morning, when Romeo, having again thrown caution to the winds, mounted the orchard walls of the Capulet garden, and appeared under a balcony leading to Juliet's chamber.

Here, above him, but blending in spirit, she appeared to his call, and the sweetest, most exalted love that pen has imprisoned was allowed to voice itself.

It was then, too, in that trembling hour, that they decided to risk all on another meeting.

While the day was still young, Romeo, sick with his love as with a fever, sought the good counsel of his friend and ally, Mercutio. They met upon a street, and, as fate would have it, Tybalt and other Capulets there found them. There were a few words of banter from the gay Mercutio, a few sour sneers from Tybalt, and rapiers were out and searching for a bosom. Mercutio fell, thrust thru by Tybalt, and Romeo, his composure gone at the sight of his dying friend, slew the sneerer, in the face of a gathering crowd.

The news spread quickly thru Verona, so quickly that before nightfall the Prince had issued a decree banishing Romeo forevermore without the principality.

It was a sudden and crushing blow to his own high hopes and the cause of the Montagues, and Romeo, the outlaw, hastened to the cell of Friar Laurence, a Franciscan skilled in intrigue, potions, and, at odd times, dealing with souls.

At his wits' end, the wily friar could counsel nothing better than an immediate marriage of the unfortunate lovers; their later destiny to be left in his hands.

And so 'twas brought about. In the privacy of his cell, the twain were wedded, and a potion secretly given to Juliet to swallow when the occasion pressed.

As the lark sang a warning of the break of day from her garden, Romeo bade farewell to his bride of a day, and set forth to Mantua, his abode of exile.

And now, all impatient, and the city become quiet again, my Lord Capulet would hasten on the alliance of Paris and his daughter by immediate wedlock. The distraught girl, guarded while she feigned sleep or walked, unable to disclose her secret, got word to Friar Laurence of her difficulties. It was then he advised her to take his potion, a powerful drug, which would cast her into a

deathlike sleep for the space of days. When she had been given up as dead, and carried outside the city walls to be placed in the Capulet vault, 'twas then, in hot haste, Romeo was to be sent for to join her, and bring her out of her trance to dear life again.

The beginning of the elaborate scheme went off beautifully. Juliet, having swallowed the drug, lay composed, her fair, young body stiffened into marble. One by one, the house of Capulet, servants, retainers, kinsmen, passed before the bier of the stricken jewel, their forms shaken with weeping. A cortège slowly carried her thru the gates, and laid her in state at the final bourne of high and low, under the banks of the Adige.

On the road to Mantua two messengers had been dispatched, one with news of state and sundry gossip, and the other, a sure-fellow and mendicant friar, one Friar John, whose words were for Romeo's ears alone.

But the courier had barely arrived, carrying tidings of the fair Juliet's death, among other things, when a pestilence broke out in Mantua, and the gates were shut against further entrants.

Juliet's death was reported to Romeo. He would not believe it at first, but as night drew on, the sinister fact had sunk deep into his mind; his last and most precious link to life was broken. It was then he sought out a vile apothecary's den and purchased a sure poison, which, this wretch assured him, would blot out the souls of twenty men.

To horse then, and, while the lights

of Verona were veiled, and the last grave-diggers had left the place, Romeo entered the churchyard, with a torch to find the vault of the Capulets.

Another watcher had come before him, tho, Paris, to mourn his bride of the morrow. In amazement, he beheld Romeo strive to tear apart the bars of the tomb. This seeming desecration by the hated Montague enraged him, and, drawing his rapier, he fell upon the half-mad husband. Again was it fated that Romeo must slay a valiant Veronese, but, in his passion of agony, he left Paris where he fell, and again attacked the tomb.

At last, he broke entrance, and there, in virginal white, as if sleeping, lay his young wife and pure loved one, the jewel of Verona.

With his head across her knees, he breathed his last earth-weary sigh, and swallowed the draught that would carry him quickly to her.

As his spirit soared away forever, hers came gently back to life, and she awoke to pink consciousness, and the sense of a weight across her knees.

A few terrible moments told her all: Romeo, believing her dead, had set out upon the long road to join her. And even so, so great was the love of these two, she plucked his dagger forth, and sheathed it in a heart that was ready to follow.

And so, on the morrow, Prince and Capulet and Montague found them; and what hate nor lust could not bring about, this grievous love accomplished to end the long feud in the streets of Verona.



The Moving Picture

By GEORGE B. STAFF

Gay childish eyes, by wonder glorified,

Accept this modern miracle they find;

While those who long have lingered on Time's tide,

Look on this product of a modern mind

With thoughts of future things they shall not see,

And dreams of man's achievements yet to be!



A SONG OF JOY

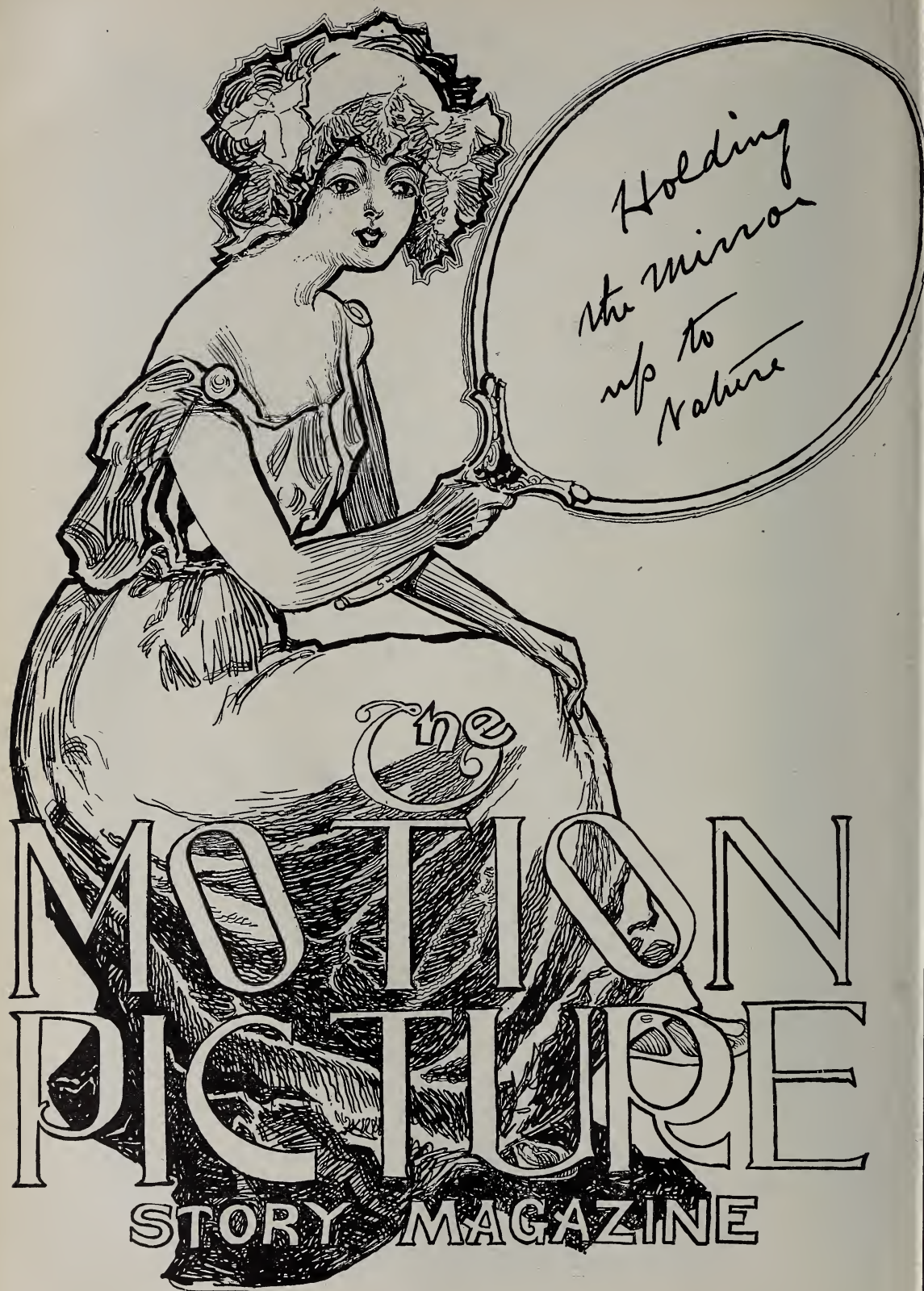
(As told by Moving Pictures)

By HARVEY PEAKE

On the screen flashed a forest, and in it a lark
A hymn of thanksgiving was singing;
Then a woodsman, whose life had been bitter and dark,
Found the lark's song from out his heart springing.

Next, a view of a smithy, with anvil and stand,
Where the heart-lightened woodsman was flinging
His message of joy to the blacksmith, whose hand
In response set the anvil to ringing.

And then came a child, who carried the strain
To a woman to whom care was clinging;
And she, in her turn, to another in pain,
Till to God all the town was thanks bringing!





Favorite and Plays Players.

By Our Readers.

JUST a little foreword to the readers of, and contributors to, this department. It is an invariable rule, and almost a platitude to repeat, that "Unto those that hath shall be given, and from those that hath not shall be taken even that which they hath not." There are some Photoplayers more popular than others, perhaps deservedly so, and, as a result, the bulk of our mail is mostly devoted to the favored few. In fairness to the some two thousand other talented artists now posing in picture plays, this is not right, especially from the publicity standpoint. And, without attempting to "boost" the littler ones too hard, we trust to father their interests impartially.

Then, again, too much praise of the planetary stars, and a disregard of the smaller, and sometimes brighter, ones, would surfeit even the most biased partizan. We feel sure that Messrs. Costello, Johnson, Anderson and Bushman, or Miss Joyce or Miss Turner, feel that while they have taken a big grip on public affection, they are too humane to pre-empt all the limited space at our command and to crowd the many others away from the hearthstone.

In this spirit, then, do not look for a feast of one dish, be it ever so sweet. We have thousands of letters and verses of deserved praise and not a little proper criticism of the "stars." As far as possible these will all be published in time; so please be patient.

The subjoined heart complication of "Kaintuck's" has never been solved successfully by outside interference:

TO TWO LITTLE GIRLS

There are two little girls named Mary,

I'm devoted to both, you see;

If I had to choose between them,

I hardly know which it would be.

Mary Pickford is a darling.

But Mary Fuller is one, too.

Can you help me in my dilemma?

Which one is the sweeter, think you? M. C. "KAINTUCK."

James Cruze, of the Thanhouser Company, had better take notice of a rival who appreciates him, and who is a patient "sitter out":

Oh, dear James Cruze, must you refuse
To listen to my anxious muse?
Of course it's true—unknown to you—
I'm playing the little game to lose!

But even so, so poor a show
I'd make beside Virginia Snow.
I'd fain retreat before we meet,
And love by proxy—in the show.
"Fairhaven." L. GWIN.

Touching on "troubles," the following eloquent tribute (unsigned) to Costello's mail is too good to let slip by :

When Costello sees an auto loaded to the very brim
With admiring epistles, and he knows they're all for him,
Lo, the neighbors, as they watch him, see his face grow wan and pale,
For the female of no species is as weighty as his mail.

When the other photoplayers see the carrier drawing near,
Tho he staggers 'neath his burden, his remarks they do not fear;
But poor "Dimples" flees in terror when he hears him rant and rail;
E'en a female of the species would be staggered by his mail.

When the good old Brooklyn Fathers built the office, long ago,
They did not stop to reckon what all postal clerks now know,
Else they'd built a vast extension, barred and guarded like a jail,
For no female of the species needs more room than "Dimples'" mail.

The postman's heart is bursting with the things he dare not say,
For the mail to him intrusted is not his to throw away;
But when postal clerks foregather, each confirms the other's tale
That no female of the species makes more trouble than his mail.

Letters that cajole and flatter, thus it is the young maid writes;
Odes to dimples and to eyebrows, these the widow, coy, indites;
Missives perfumed and alluring, adoration all exhale,
For the female of the species sends her heart in "Dimples'" mail.

So it happens that Costello, when the carrier comes nigh,
Lifts his eyes toward the ceiling, heaves a gentle, tired sigh,
Gazes at the heaped-up basket, gazes at his ink-stained hands,
Searches for some place of refuge—yet no woman understands.

And he knows it—knows, moreover, that where'er his face is seen,
Whether he be prince or pauper, on the Moving Picture screen,
Maidens old and young will write him, telling him the same old tale,
And no female of the species will be heavy as his mail.

Here is a confession (not wrung out) that we are improving with age, and a thirst for another contest :

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN: I have purchased your MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE since it has been published, and I enjoy them immensely, but I have never read one as interesting as your July issue. I read of the success in the Popular Player Contest, and I will now wish you luck in the future. Altho I have answered several contests, I have never been lucky enough to win, so would like to try again. Have you received a satisfactory contest yet? If not, kindly advise me where to send a suggestion for one.

Baltimore, Md.

ELISABETH WEINER.

This sort of praise is dainty, convincing and, we might add, gracious and modest:

The Moving Picture Show, I've heard some say,
Is vulgar—the chief evil of the day!
These critics I would like to gather up, and take
Them all to see "The Lady of the Lake."

Entrancing in its beauty, a marvel of the art,
A living, breathing poem, it goes right to the heart;
A power for good, a precious privilege to see.
Accept, "Mr. Vitagraph," sincerest thanks from me.

St. Louis, Mo.

A. R.

According to Henry L. Lush, of Hackensack, N. J., the most unpopular subjects on the screen in his town are mosquitoes. Why unpopular? we ask. Do they not always have a smart following? Stung, Henry!

If the following charming verse should catch the eye of Robert Gaillard, of the Vitagraph Company, he should know where to spend his vacation:

HIS DIXIE GIRL

You ask that I attempt to paint a picture
Of "Dixie," your little Southern Rose,
One that will be true in every detail,
A portrait, yes, but not a studied pose.

Perhaps she has red hair and lots of freckles,
Is burned an unbecoming coat of tan;
Lives on a ranch, goes out and drives the cattle,
Ropes and ties them down like any man.

But no; it's true she lives down south in Texas,
Where life is free, where roses sway and curl;
What is she like? I hesitate to tell you;
She's just a true, old-fashioned Southern girl.

Two eyes of brown, hair just a trifle wavy.
Lips made for—well, you'll have to guess for what;
A heart that beats for "Someone," and him only,
And never could be happy where he's not.

You're such a great, big, strong and manly fellow,
With such a smile, and twinkling, roguish eye.
A dimple, too; what girl could e'er resist you?
And "Dixie"—well, I'm sure she wouldn't try.

I wonder if you'll ever come to see her,
Will your pathways in life e'er meet and blend?
I hope so, Bob, don't you? But always count her
Your "Dixie girl," your little Texas friend.

Dallas, Texas.

H. H. F.

Another cheerful word, from the canebrakes this time:

DEAR EDITOR: I have just received my July number of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and noticed a new department, under the title of "Greenroom Jottings." I have read it with a great deal of interest. It keeps one in touch with the players as well as "Chats with the Players," and I assure you that your readers will appreciate it, without speaking of the rest of your very interesting magazine. I have never met any one yet that got one copy and did not continue getting them.

Yours sincerely,

MISS YVONNE BARBAY.

Plaquemine, La.

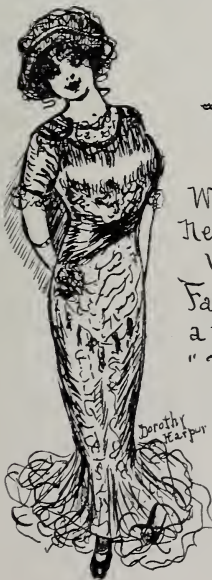
L. M. Read, Gulfport, Miss., alliterates tunefully to "The Unknown Biograph Goose-girl":

TO THE UNKNOWN BIOGRAPH
GOOSE-GIRL.

Description per alliteration

Her cheeks are flushed and fresh and fair.
Her eyes are deep and dark and dream.
Her chin is smooth and soft and sweet,
Her hair is gold and glint and gleam.

Her hands are tender, tinted things,
Her form is slim and svelte and straight;
Her lips?—her lips! Ah, me! forsooth,
'Tis useless to alliterate!



—No Name—

Love of mine
With wistful mien
Near, yet far,
Upon the screen,
Fate doth hide thy name
and laugh:
"Thou art cruel,
Biograph!"
Dorothy Harpur.

"E. E.," of N. Y., was evidently inspired by the exquisite creative work of Gene Gauntier, of the Kalem Company, in "The Colleen Bawn," when she sent us the following:

A LESSON

"Alas," said foolish Polly, "my life is full of woe;
What a fate to live in Oaktown Center all my days!
I'm not so unattractive, and it really is a crime
To keep me in this horrible old place."

"Come, put on your hat," said brother Bill,
"And I'll treat you to the Pictures."

And there they saw an Irish seacoast village,
Where fisher folk were leading quiet lives;
A sweet-faced colleen dreamed, with glowing visage,
Of the New World, with unrest in her eyes. . . .
Years later she came home, all bruised and broken,
The city's cruel trace upon her face;
With footsteps weak, that trembled, and eyes wet with emotion,
She gained her heart's desire—the home once thought so base.
Perched on a rock upon the frowning seashore,
Her childhood lover's arm about her bent,
She heard the restless waves break far beneath her,
And, smiling, felt at last a deep content.

"Oh, Bill," said saddened Polly, "how very, very true!
It's terrible to leave your own dear home!
How pleasant Oaktown Center is, and really, it's absurd,
To think you're only happy when you roam."

We will try to do Crane Wilbur justice next time.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

A picture of Crane Wilbur recently adorned the pages of your valuable book, but *why* did you not give him a pair of *eyes*? I wish you *would*, and give a person of so much talent a show with the others. He certainly has beautiful eyes, and ought to show more of them than a *daub* of black, as in his recent picture. *Please* give us a better picture of him, and confer a favor on a delighted reader and subscriber.

12 West 109th Street, N. Y. City.

MISS EVELINE PRICE.

Florence Turner has come back to Picturedom; she receives this greeting from "A Sincere Admirer":

TO MISS FLORENCE TURNER, FROM A SINCERE ADMIRER

Here's to two starry, shadowy eyes,
Like purple violets opening to the sun,
Dainty, wistful, girlish, alluring,
And loved by every one.

She is like a sparkling brooklet
On the desert sands of strife,
That refreshes the tired pilgrim
In his weary march thru life.

May Heaven smile upon her
Thru the changing scenes of time,
And may she look with kindness
On this little tribute of mine.

Laughing, loving, weeping, wondering,
Onward thru life she goes.
What's her name? Why should I tell?
Everybody knows.

This is the sort of letter we like: we want to know what *you* want, readers!

LOS ANGELES, CAL., July 10, 1912.

DEAR SIR: I am an interested reader of your monthly magazine. I think it is great, and think it was a great addition to your magazine by adding that department entitled "Greenroom Jottings," as it keeps us in track of long-lost favorites. The interviews are certainly fine, and I hope to read an interview with Alice Joyce, Crane Wilbur and Harry Meyers. I think that everybody would be so pleased if you would print an interview with the beautiful Alice Joyce very soon.

Wont the Picture Magazine please, please, print Mr. King Baggott's portrait?

Hoping to see the much wished for picture appear, and the much wanted interview, as an interview with Alice Joyce would be worth the price of the book alone.

Wishing "the Book" the greatest of success, I remain,

Yours truly,

MISS GLADYS LUNDY.

A Modern M. P. Showman

By ROBERT GRAU

Author of "Forty Years' Observation of Music and the Drama," "The Stage in the Twentieth Century," etc.

To become a multi-millionaire from one's own efforts, is always regarded as a great achievement; but to accomplish it within a period of six years is rare indeed.

Six years ago a middle-aged man, whose previous career had been along mercantile lines, was operating a penny arcade in Harlem. Tho he had prospered, he began to observe that the craze for Motion Pictures was reducing his receipts, so he quickly shifted his policy, dividing his auditorium into two parts, in one of which he presented Photoplays, at five cents admission.

That man was the Marcus Loew of today; in just six years he has become by far the wealthiest showman in this country. He has converted one-third of New York's playhouses into temples of the silent drama, has completely changed the theatrical map, and has erected several million-dollar playhouses where the Motion Picture is the compelling attraction, and where from noon to midnight the vast auditoriums are crowded to the doors.

Marcus Loew owns, leases, or controls, forty theaters in or near the greater city, in none of which is there a seat that costs more than twenty-five cents, while in some of the larger ones ten cents is the highest price of admission. Among the theaters whose problems have finally been solved in this manner, are The Herald Square, The Plaza, The American, The Yorkville, The Circle and The Lincoln Square, and not one of these theaters involves fixed charges of less than forty thousand dollars annually, while the three first named are among the costliest in New York.

In the majority of Mr. Loew's theaters, vaudeville is combined with the silent drama, and it is generally conceded that the entertainments provided are not much inferior to those presented in what are called first-grade theaters of vaudeville.

The theaters are all of modern construction; the audiences are not much different from those we see in the best.

The sole item of expense in The Herald Square Theater is a Motion Picture machine and operator, and the weekly bill for films shown on the screen. Seven thousand persons are estimated to enter this theater on Saturdays and Sundays. This means fourteen hundred dollars for two days, one of which is Sunday, when the regular theaters are dark.

There are many Broadway theaters housing vast and expensive organizations, whose managers would gladly accept fourteen hundred dollars as their average business for two days, and in some that the writer can name, there was not one whole week during the past season where this total was taken in for eight performances.

It certainly required an intrepid individual to erect a million-dollar playhouse in Delancey Street, New York; yet the new Loew house, seating about 2,500, is crowded at least twice daily, while on Saturdays and Sundays the attendance reaches ten thousand on each day. It is quite the same in Greeley Square, where this twentieth century showman has built as handsome a theater as any in New York. Here the crowd begins to come at nine o'clock in the morning, and a show is constantly presented for fourteen consecutive hours.

Mr. Loew does not impress one as a great magnate. In his office he is far easier to approach than are some of his employees. He never seems to be busily occupied, and he transacts his business wholly without fuss or ostentation. Every day he can be seen at Fleishman's restaurant, on West Forty-second Street, taking his luncheon, surrounded by a group of his intimates. Usually, he remains from one and a half to two hours, all the time listening intently to all that is said, but himself rarely uttering a word.



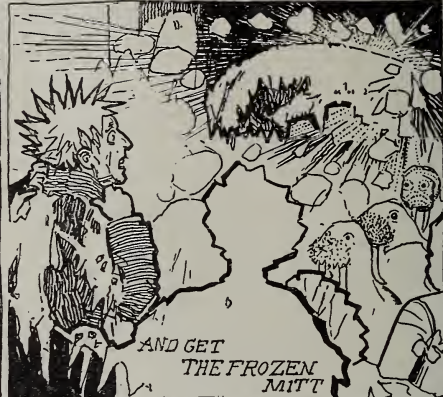
THERE IS NO HOPE ~ FOR COOLER WEATHER



AH! RELIEF AT LAST BUT IT IS SO SUDDEN



NO! NO! DEAR I CAN'T STAND THESE NORTHERN BLASTS



AND GET THE FROZEN MITT



HERE THEY COME CRYING FINDING FAULT WITH OUR WEATHER HEY! AND SO MANY BRAVE MEN HAVE SUCCEMDED, WIFE WHY! SHE'S TURNED TO ICE! ICICLES BREAK OH



YOU HAVE BEEN DREAMING. DEAR YOU'VE SLEPT FIFTEEN MINUTES NOW! YOU'LL SEE THE BEST OF THE PICTURE'S

A. B. S. 7025

A COLD PLAY FOR A HOT NIGHT



CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS



HAZEL NEASON, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

THE life of the interviewer has its ups and downs. Sometimes an interview is hard work, other times it is simply amusing; sometimes it is interesting, again it is deadly dull. And then, to lighten our weary way, occasionally we get a thoroughly delightful hour which makes us forget our troubles, and return thanks to the managing editor who assigned us the interview.

I knew I was going to have a good time as soon as I stepped into the library of Miss Neason's apartment on Seventy-ninth Street, and seated myself near one of the big windows looking toward the Hudson. For it was a charming room, everything in it seeming, somehow, to express its owner's personality. Heavy Mission furniture, lovely rugs and pictures, all blended into a harmony which was as restful as it was unusual. There was a piano in one corner, with quantities of music; a typewriter in another, with a desk piled with neat stacks of manuscripts and letters; books aplenty, among which a fine set of Dickens stood out conspicuously; and everywhere there were roses, great vases of stately, deep-red American Beauties. How I hoped that the girl, when she appeared, would fit the room!

And my hopes were realized, for the girl who entered, presently, and stood for an instant looking at me from under her long curling lashes, in a half-shy, half-frank, and wholly charming manner, was a girl who blended perfectly with the room and the roses. She is very young, with a beautiful, fresh complexion, a mass of dark, wavy hair falling far below her waist line, and clear, frank eyes, which instantly mirror her thoughts.

"I don't know how to be interviewed," she announced, naively: "let's just talk, comfortably."

I expressed myself as delighted with this idea, so she settled herself comfortably in her great leather-cushioned reading-chair, one pink-slipped foot peeping out from the folds of her white silk kimono, and tapping the floor thoughtfully—but she didn't talk!

"You were going to say——?" I ventured finally.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I was wondering what I could talk about that would interest any one."

It seemed not to occur to this unspoiled girl that the public would be interested in her personality or her doings. I promptly decided that the usual stereotyped questions were not for her, and we drifted into a cozy talk, in the course of which I learnt something of Miss Neason's life and work.

She was born in Pittsburg, Pa., but her parents removed to Chicago when she was still a babe, so she remembers nothing of that smoky city. Her childhood in Chicago was very happy, and she remembers the primary schools there with much affection. Then the family came to New York, and the days in the public school at Eighty-fifth Street are among her pleasantest recollections.

Miss Neason has a beautiful voice, and the opera was the goal of her ambition; so for several years she studied diligently in a private school, which was conducted by a famous Italian teacher, remarkable for her strict discipline.

"Oh, how hard I had to work," sighed Miss Neason, reminiscently: "it seemed there was never a spare moment. When it was not singing, or the piano, it was Italian study or conversation! Madame was so stern, so strict, so exacting; a fault was never excused or condoned—everything must be perfect. Now, I am thankful that I had the training, but then, it seemed very hard. Then, when I wished to begin my work, she insisted that I sign a long contract with her. I refused, for I did not wish to bind myself for so many years. At last I practically ran away from her, and secured an engagement with Belasco for my first attempt in stage work."

"But you did not remain long on the regular stage?" I queried.

"Two or three years; then I began to alternate that with the pictures: soon I was doing nothing but the picture work."

"You like that better?"

"Much better, for myself. I love my home, my family, my friends, all the things one has to give up if one travels with regular companies. Then, too, in the Photoplay work, the salary is regular, and advancement is sure to come as soon as it is deserved.

The directors of the pictures are absolutely fair—I feel that I will get whatever I deserve, and that is a great incentive to good work. Since my father's death, a few months ago, I need to help my mother and sister, too; so the good salary, and the home life, more than compensate for my dreams of the opera."

"But you still sing?" I questioned.

"Yes, indeed; a singing lesson every week—I love it, and shall never give up my music."

"And you are a writer, too?" I said, glancing at the typewriter and the manuscripts.

"I write a good many Photoplays," she answered; "in fact, most of the plays in which I am appearing now are written by myself. Sometimes I work until two o'clock in the morning, finishing a play."

"Will you tell me some of your favorites, among your Photoplays?"

"I like 'The Patchwork Quilt,' and 'The First Violin,' which I wrote when I was with the Vitagraph. Since I came to the Kalem Company, three months ago, I have done 'Two Little Sweethearts,' based on Whittier's 'Barefoot Boy,' and I am much pleased with it, because I dearly love little children. Then I have written 'When the Tide Rolls Out,' 'Politics and the Press,' and 'The Penalty of Intemperance.' I guess that is enough to mention. Most of my plays are taken from some incident in real life—everywhere, I watch people closely, trying to read character and find interesting situations to work up. When I was only ten years old, I started my literary career by writing a little Christmas story for a newspaper, and to my great delight they sent me a 'brevet of authorship,' which I have always cherished."

Miss Neason is fond of the country and of sports, particularly horseback riding, in which she is expert. But her chief delight lies in her work. She is ambitious and untiring, a failure only spurs her to renewed effort, and she criticizes herself unsparingly. It is not to be wondered at that she is rapidly winning success and fame.

M. P.

FLORENCE HACKETT, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

WHEN I was ushered into the presence of Miss Florence Hackett, at the New Hotel Hanover, Philadelphia, I required no introduction. I knew her at once. I had seen her pictured on the screen hundreds of times, and she looked like an old acquaintance when she stepped forward and held out her hand. I came near saying, "Hello, Florence," but I caught myself, and was very formal.

I judged her to be about five feet five in height, and about one hundred thirty in weight, and I afterwards learnt that this was a good guess. She dresses well and presents a very pleasing appearance. She made me at home at once, and we sat and chatted for nearly an hour. Miss Hackett was born in Buffalo, N. Y., on ——— (I'll have to leave this blank, for I really did not have the boldness to ask, but I'll wager that it was not earlier than the late eighties). She was educated at St. Cecilia's Academy in New York. Her favorite line of work is character parts, but I am sure that she is very versatile, for I have seen her in a variety of rôles. I remembered seeing her as a village gossip, and in other parts where she was supposed to be anything but a pleasant personage; and this led me to put her down as a rampant suffragette, a politician, and a very mannish woman. I was wrong. In the first place, her real personality belies any such conclusions, and, in the second place, the lady herself denied the allegations and defied the alligator.

"No, indeed," she said, "I know nothing of politics, and care less. I am not interested in the least."

Neither does she care for society, dancing or receptions, and would rather read than go out to be amused. She loves the seashore, is fond of walking, and is almost a crank on fresh air, all of which shows her good sense. When she does go out of an evening, it is usually to see a good drama or a Photoshow. Of course, she likes to see the Photoplays in which she has taken part, and, as is the case with most players, she is a severe critic of her own work. I am convinced that she admires the work of Arthur Johnson as well as that of any other player, altho she had kind words for several other favorite players.

Dickens and Goldsmith are Miss Hackett's favorite authors.

"Of course, you were on the stage before entering the Motion Picture world," I ventured.

"Yes; for eight years," she replied. "I was with Olga Nethersole, 'The Traveling Salesman' and several other companies."

Miss Hackett is of English parentage. She loves her work and never tires of rehearsing. She has a good speaking voice, and, as everybody knows who has seen her on the screen, she has a good speaking face.

HECTOR AMES.

LEAH BAIRD, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

HAVING been presented with a card of admission to the Vitagraph plant, I became possessed to seek out and to interview Miss Leah Baird, their latest "find" from the West.

I had previously literally stood in awe of the doorman to this film fortress—let him whose business is only idle curiosity, or an eye for the fair sex, take notice—but my card, with the magic signature, unbarred the way, and let me pass into the big Vitagraph yard.

Here, about two hundred men, in Saracen uniform, were assembled, under command of Lieutenant Shiebler, N. Y. N. G., and if the haiks, bernouses, spears and Arabian steeds with their trappings did not deceive me, they were about to attack some other nation—perhaps the Spaniards of long ago.

At one side of the yard, in front of a picturesque little eighteenth century cottage, a happy domestic scene, in which the Costello children figured, was being enacted. They and their company were entirely oblivious to the marching, countermarching and clash of weaponry of the aforesaid black-and-tan army. But I wasn't. If Miss Baird herself had not stepped down from the indoor studio above, and plucked me from the fray to lead me to a quiet corner—I think it was the porch of a Southern plantation homestead—I would still be very much in everybody's way, and the only civilian, except the shirt-sleeved camera men, to blot the landscape.

Miss Baird was in costume, tho not rigged for what is called a costume play, for she wore a tailor-made gown, evidently for some outdoor scene. I imagine it was her own, as it certainly did not look like a costume at all.

When we had sat down on the porch, the first pleasant impression I had was that she did not appear to have the slightest trace of stage manner, and if she ever has any I have not noticed it in the pictures I have seen her in. In other words, she has cultivated naturalness to a high degree, even in emotional work, which tends to exaggerate pose and expression.

I should say, without flattery, that she is a very attractive-looking girl. Her eyes, to begin with, are large, dark hazel, and full of animation, and they seem to fit her face, which is oval and regular. I think her white and regular teeth, including her open smile, is her next best feature. For with fine teeth, and their companion in health, red lips, generally goes a happy disposition, a good appetite, and fine health. Miss Baird, or "Lea," as she is called, has all of these, and something else that is appreciated in pictures: a really beautiful figure. This I am not going to harp on, because it speaks loudly for itself any time you've a mind to see her posings on the screen.

She told me that she was particularly fond of tragedy, but liked a good comedy for a side-dish occasionally, and that she gets a lot of fun out of posing, especially if Wilder or Bunny are in the comedy cast. By the way, the first Photoplay in which she appeared, "Chumps," was co-starred by these two mortal enemies of the blues.

Among other Photoplays in which she modestly thought she had done good work were "Counsel for the Defense," "Mrs. Carter's Necklace" (title rôle), "Working for Hubby" and "The Spider's Web."

"Lea" confesses stoutly that she is fond of both reading and writing, her favorite authors being F. Marion Crawford, Hall Caine, and Sienkiewicz. She has written a bit of everything, but is now devoting herself mostly to scenarios, her latest being "Sir Walter Raleigh," an elaborate historical costume Photoplay, with original treatment in many of the scenes.

Miss Baird had a long course of stage training before coming to the Vitagraph Company. She was the "heavy" in the Toronto and Buffalo Stock companies; was with the Morton Snow Stock Company, of Troy, N. Y., for a season, also with the Arthur Byron Stock Company. For two years, as a fitting climax to her earnest work, she was featured by William Brady in "The Gentleman from Mississippi."

Asked as to whether she preferred the seaside, the mountains or the farm the best, she said there was no choice as to the first two, as she enjoyed herself anywhere—but on a farm. Her German parents had brought her up on a farm in her early days, and I notice, as with her, people who have been raised on a farm have had all the farm they need for a lifetime.

Her first rebellion from a rustic life was the time she ran away to a nearby town and volunteered to perform a skirt-dance at an entertainment of the townsfolds. She performed very successfully, so she stated, but father laid on the heavy and merciless hand afterward in no applauding frame of mind.

She has had two exciting experiences since coming to Brooklyn that are well worth recounting. The first was the bolting of a vicious horse with her, out of the yard and thru the streets of Flatbush. She is an excellent and trained rider, but the animal was panic-stricken and completely beyond control. She was finally thrown, but was fortunately unhurt, beyond a few bruises. Her second experience was with that cute little insect, the elephant. It seems that Powers' elephant troupe from the Hippodrome was quartered in the Vitagraph yard, very recently, waiting to be exploited in

a picture. Miss Baird was seated in an open window, overlooking the yard, and reading at the time. Suddenly, the trunk of "Jennie," the largest animal, popped into the window, and wound around her waist. Then, without the slightest exertion on Jennie's part, she was lifted from her seat, out thru the window, and held aloft above the elephant's head. Very fortunately, Miss Baird kept her presence of mind and did not scream, nor make a move to irritate the beast. After what seemed hours, in reality a few minutes, she was discovered by Jennie's keeper, who, by sundry prods and much elephant talk, succeeded in having her laid on the ground. "It's good sport to submit to the embraces of the stage villain," she admitted, "when you like his work, and even a whilly-whaw tenor in cheap opera will do, but an elephant's embrace is barred, even in stage society."

E. M. L.

FRANCES E. NE MOYER, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

I was told by the Chief that by going to Atlantic City I could kill a whole flock of birds with one stone. He was right. Among my victims was little Frances Ne Moyer, whom I met on the board walk, and recognized at once. I introduced myself, and got down to business without delay. Noting in her arms three books, I begged leave to take a peek at them. They were Shakespeare, Tennyson and Burns, and this made me feel at home right away. I also noticed, folded in between the books, a copy of *The Christian Science Monitor*.

"I judge that you are a Christian Scientist," I ventured.

"Yes," said she, "I am very much interested in the wonderful theories of Mary Baker Eddy."

"You are also fond of poetry, I see; perhaps you are a writer yourself?"

"Yes," she replied, "I am a poet, but expect to outgrow it."

Miss Ne Moyer weighs about 125 pounds, and is just five feet three in height.

Her parents are French and German.

During the course of our pleasant chat, I learnt that Miss Ne Moyer was born in Westfield, N. Y., was educated in Miss Nardin's Academy, of Buffalo, N. Y., and still lives in that city. She has been on the stage since childhood, and spent several years in stock company work with her parents. She was with the Anson Gilmore Stock Co. for some time.

"Do you like the regular drama or Photoplays best?" I inquired.

"Photoplays, of course," came the answer, "or I wouldn't be in them."

I then asked all the questions I could think of, and I found my subject one of the most delightful listeners and answerers I have ever met. I learnt that she loved the seaside, the mountains and the farm, that she is passionately fond of music, that she both sings and plays, and that she is very fond of pets, and loves all dumb animals. She is a good swimmer and walker, and, bless her heart, she is a baseball fan! I asked her to name some of the great Photoplays, and she named two, "A Tale of Two Cities" and "The Last Parade." I then inquired if she had any favorite players, and what do you think was her answer? Not Maurice Costello, or Arthur Johnson, or Gilbert M. Anderson, but, "I dearly love Miss Florence Turner, Florence Lawrence and Mae Hotely, and think their work is inspiring."

I learnt that Miss Ne Moyer had an experience lately that came near ending disastrously. She fell thirty feet, on the coast of Maine, and was rescued, badly bruised. Curious to know if this interesting young lady was fond of politics, as so many young women are, these days, I made haste to inquire, and found not only that she was very much interested in politics, but that she was a suffragette.

And now comes the most interesting and exciting part of this interview. Bracing myself for one last inspiring effort, hoping to gain something that would be interesting to Miss Ne Moyer's hundreds of admirers of the sterner sex, I boldly asked:

"Are you married?"

The young lady did not draw herself up haughtily, and bid me good-day, as I feared, but she beamed on me, and said:

"No, I am not married, but I want to be some day."

This last remark is doubly interesting, because it was followed by another, in which she said she was fond of home life, and was "*considered quite a good cook*." Now, boys, here is the chance of a lifetime!

THE TATTLER.

"DOWN WITH MOTION PICTURES"

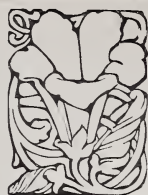
The writer has just been informed that the saloon-keepers of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., are not in sympathy with the Motion Picture theaters, because "they injure the saloon business materially." There are many nickels and dimes that do not now find their way to the saloon cash register. Many, who formerly spent their time and money in the saloons, are now wasting them in the Photoplays. Down with Motion Pictures. They are running the rum-holes out of business.

W. S. C.



The Spark of Genius

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT



IT has been estimated that ten thousand ambitious writers have entered the field of Authorship since the advent of the Moving Picture. It is the spark of genius fanned into flame. Any one can write, you know. There is the individual who reads the short story, with a sort of pitying smile. "If I wasn't so busy I might write a little something much better than that," thinks the reader. Those, unsuccessful in other pursuits, turn to the pen. They dash off an article or story and are greatly surprised when the effort fails to find its way into print. "It's favoritism, that's what it is!" Ahem!

The ten thousand, more or less unsuccessful in the field of short fiction, turned to the Moving Picture scenario with eagerness. The greater portion of that ten thousand have as yet failed to appreciate that heart-breaking effort, talent, and brains are as essential in the new field as in other walks of literary endeavor. Blithesomely they attend the picture show, and blithesomely they go home and dash off the Photoplay. It is returned. Nevertheless, they remain undiscouraged. "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," is a saying apropos to the would-be Moving Picture playwright.

Ten years ago, the art of writing Moving Picture plays was comparatively unknown. Then, with the popularity of the picture, came the ever-increasing army of playwrights, until now the field is, Biblically, pressed down and running over. The field has ignited the spark of American genius, and "Everybody's Doing It."

According to leading Photoplay editors, about one manuscript in every one hundred is available. What of the other ninety and nine? Why, the ink continues to flow freely, and the clatter of the typewriter's keys is heard thruout the land.

The position of Photoplay editor to one of the great film-producing concerns is no sinecure. Primarily, the Photoplay editor turned out the simple plots then filmed. These pictures soon ran their course, and better stories and plots were demanded. The scenario editor ran out of novel ideas. It is said that the art of Cinematography has advanced with more rapid strides than any other industry in a century past. With larger capital, a demand for more elevating pictures, clearer photography, and the engagement of former theatrical stars, came more decided demands upon the editorial department.

Then it was that the Photoplay editor advanced from the hack-writer's class and became a literary editor, with duties closely akin to those of the magazine editor.

Advertisements were inserted in various periodicals, offering the sum of ten dollars for Moving Picture plots. These advertisements attracted hundreds of writers, unsuccessful in other literary pursuits. Later, complete scenarios were requested, and the number of writers rapidly increased. The majority of the manuscripts were crude, and an era of education for the new authors was inaugurated by the film manufacturers.

The Photoplay editors issued instruction sheets. These gave the new writers the proper form for the manuscript, what ideas and themes to avoid, where to submit their plots. The output improved and the prices advanced.

Some of the large concerns receive now, on an average, five hundred Moving Picture stories weekly. It was impossible for the editor to individually read and consider all these manuscripts, and so the first and second manuscript reader became necessary. These assistants now cull out and re-

turn the impossible manuscripts, and pass the meritorious ones to the editor-in-chief to read. If he likes them, they are, in turn, submitted to the director. If a story appeals to the director, it is purchased. If not, the story is returned to the writer. The stage director is the final arbiter.

Within the past two years some hundreds of excellent Moving Picture playwrights have been developed. They come from all stations in life. One picture playwright, who averages \$2,500 yearly from the sale of his manuscripts, was formerly a farmer. Another successful writer once earned two dollars daily as a carpenter. He read an advertisement for Moving Picture plots, tried his hand at the game, during long, winter evenings, and so discovered an inherent talent. Many newspaper men have achieved more or less success in the new field of authorship.

Strange as it may seem, the magazine and book writer have not as yet gained much success as picture playwrights. Scenario editors say the two branches of literary work remain far apart. Many of these authors have not been attracted to the field, because of the prices heretofore paid, but prices are advancing, and within another year authors of world-wide fame will probably be actively engaged in writing Moving Picture plays.

One year ago the sum of twenty-five dollars was a topnotch price for a Moving Picture scenario. Today as high as one hundred dollars is paid for an original, striking plot of about three thousand words. A year ago

the name of the author of the scenario never appeared upon the picture screen. Today a majority of the film manufacturers accord due credit to the author of the plot, and before many months every film concern will give prominence to the scenario writer, both upon the poster and upon the film.

There were many problems to be solved in this new literary profession. The copyright law was confusing, and remains so, for that matter. Some editors drew freely for ideas from back files of magazines and from popular novels. A copyright infringement suit or two settled this problem in favor of the publisher, and at present nearly every scenario editor has a "detector," or reader, whose duty it is to see that no plot goes thru that in any way resembles a copyrighted story or book.

Within the past two years the Spark of Genius has been trimmed and is burning. Schools, text-books, expert readers, sales bureaus and manufacturers of films, all seek to foster the new author. "Protective Societies" are in the course of organization among members of the guild, and there may soon be called conventions of the "Amalgamated Profession of Scenario Writers," as there are conferences of manufacturers, exchange men and exhibitors.

Ten thousand writers in the Moving Picture scenario field, and one in one hundred fairly successful! We can all write better than the other fellow, you know! It looks simple. But is it as simple as it appears?

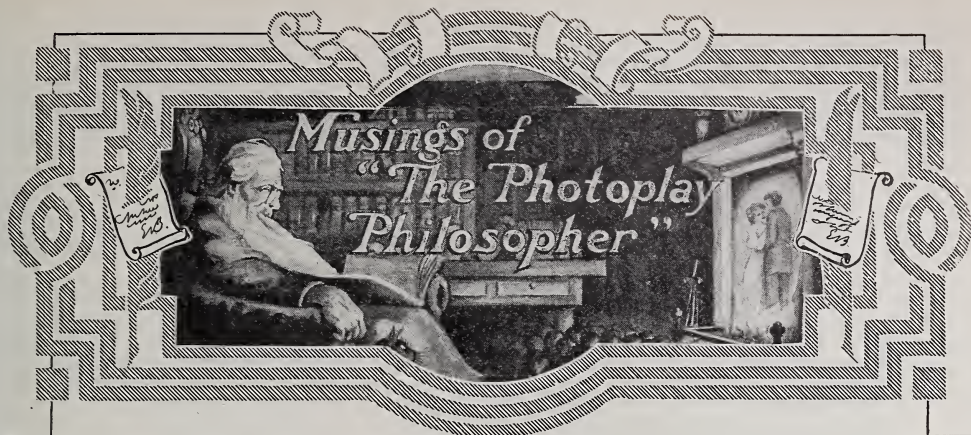


The Artist of the Films

By MRS. HARRY MICHENER

You may talk about the masters
Of the canvas and the brush,
Who immortalized the rainbow,
Or a maiden's fleeting blush,
Michael Angelo, and Rubens,
All the famous artist-clan,
But not one of them is in it
With the Moving-Picture man.

For their figures, stiff and lifeless,
In a changeless landscape stand,
Fixed, immovable, fast forever,
Never stirring foot or hand,
But, behold! the forms created
On the film's enchanted span,
Live before us by the magic
Of the Moving-Picture man.




Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel. Half of the best that is in the world came because men craved or expected appreciation. The Photoplayer needs encouragement, applause and appreciation more than most people, but he gets least of any. Therefore, if you see a particularly good Photoplay, or one in which a player has done particularly good work, write us about it, and we will see that your appreciation is made known.

A month or so ago I had something to say regarding the danger of superstitions. In glancing thru a book the other day entitled "Current Superstitions," I came across these two paragraphs in different parts of the book: "If a girl gets the last piece of bread on a plate at table, she will have a handsome husband.—*Massachusetts*." "Whoever eats the last piece of bread will be an old maid.—*Pennsylvania*." Does not this show the folly of being guided by superstitions? Certainly, what is true in one State is true in another, so far as luck is concerned, and the maid who hopes for a handsome husband, or fears that she will have none at all, will not change matters by eating bread when she is hungry, whether it be in the State of Massachusetts, the State of Pennsylvania, or the state of matrimony.

We do not believe the one thousandth part of what we believed one thousand years ago, which proves that we are progressing. Yet, some of the ancient superstitions still cling, notably fortune-telling. The only reliable fortune-tellers are Bradstreet and Dun. Other fortune-tellers are those clever charlatans who are able to tell a fortune when they see it, and to get as much of it as they can.

How quickly the pictures in the great film called "Life" come upon the screen, and how quickly they go. How dramatic, how soul-stirring; yet, a fortnight, and they are forgotten. How many can remember even the name of the young murderer in a Southern State whose wicked female consort still lives, all of which horrible tragedy was on every tongue a few months ago? Who remembers the incidents of the Allen gang shooting up a whole court room? Yet, but a few weeks ago we were all reading nothing else. And how long shall we remember the tragedy of the Titanic? Only a short time ago it happened, yet we hear nothing of it now, and soon it will be buried in the forgotten past.



Several exhibitors have asked me to write a set of rules for the guidance of the public at Photoshows, and I cheerfully comply with their request:

ETIQUETTE AT THE PHOTOSHOW.

1. Always manage to enter during the middle of a reel; it is much better than standing in the back and waiting till the end of that film. The other spectators will not mind the interruption.

2. If you are a man, keep your hat on till you are comfortably seated. There is no reason why you should remove it in the lobby; besides, it is a sure sign of bad breeding.

3. If you are a lady, do likewise. Those sitting behind you will appreciate the privilege of inspecting your millinery. After adjusting yourself leisurely, remove the pins one by one. The whole operation should consume not less than four minutes.

4. Ladies should wear their own hair, and their other hair, as high as possible. It is also considered good form to have it project some distance at both sides. There is nothing more admirable than a large, full head of hair; the people in the rear are great admirers of it.

5. It is an excellent idea to move in your seat from side to side as much as possible; never keep in the same position over one minute. The muscles need exercise; besides, those in back of you will take more interest in the play.

6. Tall gentlemen should sit as high in their seats as possible; and, by leaning first to one side, and then to the other, they will cause those in the three rows behind to lean in the opposite direction, which makes a beautiful rhythmic motion thru the room, and keeps the air in motion.

7. The best society now favors the use of strong scents on the handkerchief; the stronger the better, and it is best to saturate the handkerchief and to use it frequently.

8. Those who are fond of garlic and onions should make a practice of eating them immediately before going to the Photoshow. There is nothing that so excellently purifies the atmosphere.

9. Conversation is now quite the vogue. It is very fashionable to disregard the screen and to show an indifference to the plot.

10. In conversing, always speak in a rather loud tone of voice; otherwise, those around you will not be able to hear what you are saying.

11. As the prominent players appear on the screen, never fail to announce their names. Everybody around you will be glad to know the players, even if it prevents their paying attention to the play.

12. If you happen to know the plot, never fail to tell your neighbor, in a loud voice, what is coming next. It may take away some of the interest, but it will eliminate the suspense, and prevent those thrills that are so injurious to the nerves.

13. Never fail to mention, for the benefit of those around you, what company you think is best and what the poorest; and, if you happen to have seen that particular film before, you should so announce, and you should then state that the management does not know how to run a show.

14. Always manage to leave in the middle of a reel. It is a pleasure for the others on the row with you to stand to let you pass, and those in the rear will gladly wait till that film comes around again in order to see it all.

15. Men should not smoke, but they may hold in their hands their pipes, cigar butts and cigarets; the aroma of stale tobacco is most delicious, particularly to the ladies.

16. Always put your feet well under the seat in front of you. If a gentleman's hat, or his trousers, are in your way, he will gladly remove them.

17. If there is a crowd at the boxoffice, always tarry long, asking questions; and if you have nothing less than a \$10 bill, so much the better; those behind you are probably in no hurry—there's lots of time.

18. It is important to impress those around you that you are not accustomed to "cheap shows," and that you usually pay \$5 a seat at the opera.

19. Criticise the plays as much as possible. If you pretend to be pleased, people will think you are no critic. Always find much fault.

20. Women should always bring their infants with them.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

THOSE who read the great Rex Beach story, and the thirteen other fine stories, in our August issue, have been wondering, "What next? Can they keep it up?" Yes, reader, we can and will. After you have read "Saving an Audience," in this issue, by

WILL CARLETON

and "The Cub Reporter," by

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

you will be pleased to learn that you are to be treated again by these two great writers. In fact, we have contracted with Mr. Cooper to write one story for us each month for the remainder of this year. Those who have read his gripping stories in Collier's, Ainsley's, People's, Smith's, Blue Book, Green Book, etc., will make sure of getting The Motion Picture Story Magazine every month. Those who have not read Mr. Cooper's stories in those magazines need only to read "The Cub Reporter" in this issue to be persuaded that they **must** make sure to get the next number, which will contain Mr. Cooper's next story.

Furthermore, we are pleased to announce that our readers are again to have a story from the great

REX BEACH

entitled "The Great Temptation," which will appear in this magazine as soon as the Vitagraph Company has finished making the Motion Picture from the play by Mr. Beach, of the same title.

These are not all of the great writers we have secured, and our readers have learnt to look forward to reading stories by our regular staff, which includes:

MONTANYE PERRY
EDWIN M. LA ROCHE
EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL
ALLEN STANHOPE

JOHN OLDEN

STELLA MACHEFERT
FELIX DODGE
LOUIS REEVES HARRISON
HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

and others

LEONA RADNOR
GLADYS ROOSEVELT
PETER WADE
LULIETTE BRYANT

Besides the stories, don't forget the engravings (about one hundred in each issue) and the various departments, including "Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher," "Greenroom Jottings," "Chats with the Players," and "Answers to Inquiries."

If you are not a subscriber, order **now** from your newsdealer. Ordering in advance is the only **sure** way of getting

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE



COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

Strictly Confidential and Not for Publication

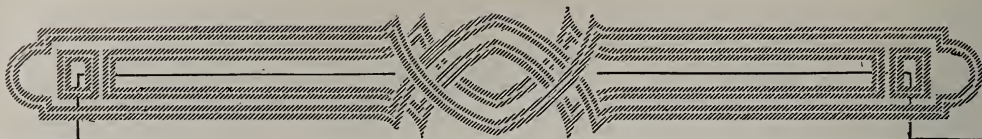
Dear Mr. Brewster:

The enclosed wild animal was captured off the coast of Madagascar in the year 1911 and has been eating raw meat ever since. You will notice the classic dome which rises above his eyebrows. A deal has just been closed whereby a rental of \$5,000 a year is to be obtained for it as a skating rink for flies. The eyebrows are his own. The freckles are anybody's who wants 'em.

Seriously, this is the only "pitcher" I have. I got it one night to give to a fellow who was going West, so he wouldn't be afraid of the Indians. Hope she'll do.

Yours sincerely,

COOPER.



21. Workingmen should never bother to dress up a bit before attending a Photoshow. Shirt-sleeves, overalls, and soiled clothes are very picturesque, and the ladies like to sit alongside of them.

22. Never laugh at a comedy. It is undignified; then again, people will think you are enjoying yourself.

23. If anybody in your row wants to get out, always refuse to stand, or to make room. Make their exit as difficult and as slow as possible, for the benefit of those sitting behind.

24. In passing out of a row, never stoop; stand your full height. If you stoop a little, and move quickly, those in the rear would be able to see part of the play, and that would be too bad.

25. Any fault you have to find, always tell those around you: never tell the management. It is much better to get in a quarrel with somebody than to have the fault corrected by the proprietor.



Anger is punishing ourselves for the faults of others. Better boil within than to boil over. Keep cool.



Our youths must congregate somewhere, of an evening. The Y. M. C. A.'s have taken thousands of them from the street corners, from the saloons, from the card tables, and from the pool rooms, and they are now holding them by means of Motion Pictures. Religious papers please copy.

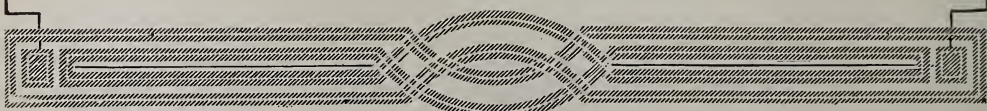


During the past month, I have read more than one hundred articles and editorials from as many periodicals, all bearing on Motion Pictures. Most of them were critical, some being commendatory, and some denunciatory; and it is very clear that if a jury of ten thousand leading men and women were to pass judgment on the Photoshow, they would finally come to these conclusions: (a) Photoplays are both good and bad; (b) they have their merits and their demerits; (c) they do a great deal of harm, and a great deal of good; (d) less harm grows out of the films themselves than out of the places where they are exhibited; (e) there are no evils that cannot be corrected; (f) vastly more good is done to society by reason of Motion Pictures, than harm; (g) even greater good can be made to come from the Photoshow than has yet appeared.

Very few, if any, will differ in these conclusions. That being so, is there any excuse for the existence of the person who seeks to *destroy* the Motion Picture? Given a thing that has both good and bad features, what is the natural and proper course?—to destroy it, or to correct it? We do not destroy the leaking ship—we stop the leak.



I think that the chief thing for a person to remember is that genius consists in a mastery of details. To attempt one thing at a time, not to attempt to learn or to do too much at once, to do everything thoroly, to strive to know all of the thing in hand possible, to stick to it till it is done, not to divide attention with too many other things, to be patient and persevering, to work for love and to love to work—these are the secrets of success.



MOVING PICTURES

HOW THEY ARE MADE AND WORKED

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

No person interested in Motion Pictures can afford to be without it
LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED



THE OLD METHOD

340 pages; cloth bound; size 6 x 8½; nearly 2 inches thick; full of drawings, engravings, portraits and diagrams

Altho the rage for Moving Pictures has spread like wildfire all over the country, so that every township has its Cinematograph Palace, the eternal question, "How is it done?" is still on the lips of the audience. It is an extraordinary fact that this is the **FIRST BOOK EVER PUBLISHED ON CINEMATOGRAPHY** suitable for the layman. The author has had the help of all the great originators and inventors, and he has managed to make the Romance "behind the scenes" of the bioscope as alluring as the actual performance. He tells us how, for instance, a complete company of players and a menagerie were transported to the depths of California to obtain sensational jungle pictures; how a whole village was destroyed in imitating an Indian raid; a house erected only to be burned down realistically in a play, and a hundred other exciting and bewildering incidents.

The author deals with the history of the invention, its progress, its insuperable difficulties which somehow have been overcome. He gives, too, a full and lucid description of the cameras, the processes of developing the long celluloid films, the printing and projection, etc. He takes us to the largest studios of the world, where mammoth productions costing \$30,000 are staged, and explains how they are managed—the trick pictures among others, some of the most ingenious artifices of the human imagination. He describes in detail Dr. Commandon's apparatus for making Moving Pictures of microbes; M. Bull's machine, which takes 2,000 pictures a second, thereby enabling us to photograph the flight of a bullet through a soap bubble, or tiny insects on the wing. The combination of X-rays and Cinematography which can show the digestive organs at work and the new color processes such as the Kinemacolor have received detailed attention. So much that is new appears as we read, so wonderful are the powers of the invention, that we have a whole new world opened up before us, with possibilities the like of which the most of us have never even dreamed.

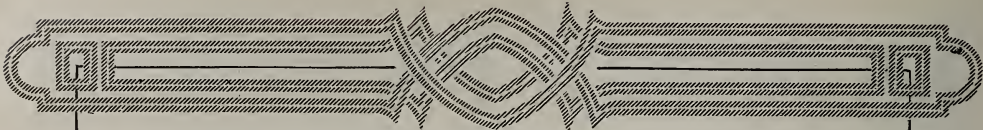
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THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

26 COURT STREET,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.



A great number of letters come to this magazine every week asking our opinion of certain "Scenario Schools," and asking why their plays are so often refused by the manufacturers. I have made some little study of this subject, and I gladly give my opinion. All schools are helpful. Some may be better than others, but I know of none that is not worth while. It is important for every playwrighter to learn the rudiments, and I think that any of the schools is competent to do at least this much for its pupils. As to why so many plays are returned to the writers, I think the principal reason is *want of novelty or originality*. It is extremely difficult to think out a plot that has not been done before. You may not have seen it before; you may have invented the whole thing out of your brain, but the probabilities are that the manufacturers have done the same thing, with slight variations, time and time again, and that the same idea has been submitted to them dozens of times. You may think that you have worked out something entirely new, but you should remember that the regular writers employed by the manufacturers have been reading and thinking for years in an effort to devise something new, and that they have been trained to do this very thing. I know one man who has twenty leather books, each containing one hundred index cards, on which are written brief plots, properly classified, which he has collected from the newspapers and from his own experiences. Even with all these, he has great difficulty in working out something that has not been done before. Therefore, O ye scribes, do not be discouraged if your play comes back, for it may be one of the best that has ever been done, only it may have been done before. Don't be discouraged. First, learn the technique of Photoplaywriting from some school or instructor; next try to think out something original; next have the play neatly typewritten, and then send it out till all the manufacturers have passed unfavorably on it. Then, put it away on the shelf, and try another.

✱

There are times in every person's life when friends are needed, friends are wanted, and friends are appreciated. There also comes a time, in some lives, when we feel that we have risen above our old friends; that we do not need them; that we must make new friends, who will be in better keeping with our new environment. Perish such a thought! Those, tho in the highest places, who slight and disoblige their old friends, invariably come to know the value of them by having no friends when they most need them. The prosperity friend is usually a transient parasite. The adversity friend is the friend to keep and to honor.

✱

Mr. Harry Heiss gives the following reasons why Motion Pictures should be shown in the schools:

"The works of almost every great author and poet are now portrayed in Moving Pictures. Every corner of the world is put before our eyes, and we can see the scenery and study the habits, characteristics and manners of the peoples of all other lands. English, ancient and American history is shown with the minutest accuracy. The lives of great dramatists, musicians, playwrights and tragedians are also put before our eyes. Industries of every kind, both foreign and domestic, even the complete metamorphoses of useful, interesting and dangerous insects and microbes in microscopic forms, current events and almost everything known to mankind, are shown by Motion Pictures. On account of the severe censorship, most of the films are clean, moral, and would not offend even the most refined taste. More could be taught by pictures in a very short amount of time than could be taught by our greatest professors and teachers in a much longer time."

If you want to know anything

Ask the Technical Bureau

Owing to the large number of requests for information of a technical nature that will not interest the general reader, The Motion Picture Story Magazine announces the establishment of a

BUREAU OF TECHNICAL EXPERTS

whose services will be at the command of the readers of this magazine.

ANSWERS WILL BE PROMPT, BY LETTER OR WIRE

Among those included on the staff are:

Epes Winthrop Sargent, who is an accepted authority on the details of House Management, Advertising, Road Management, etc. Mr. Sargent has been actively engaged in the amusement business since 1891, and has been identified with the Motion Picture business since its inception.

Will C. Smith will answer questions relating to the Motion Picture machines, their installation, use, etc. Mr. Smith is a veteran lantern man, his experience dating back of the development of the Motion Picture, and is regarded as the most expert writer on the subject in this country, tho his varied interests do not permit him to devote much time to this branch of the work. He was the projection expert for the Film Index, and we regard ourselves as fortunate in being able to offer the services of this authority.

Mr. George C. Hedden, for many years in charge of the film renting service of the Vitagraph Company of America, and one of the best informed men in the world on all questions of film service, will have charge of this branch of the service.

Electrical matters will be handled by an expert whose name we cannot now announce, but this branch of the service will be as well looked after as those already mentioned.

By special arrangement the Bureau is able to announce the purely nominal fee of one dollar for each question that does not involve extended research. No charge for addresses when a stamped return envelope is sent.

Arrangements can be made for special service by correspondence.

PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

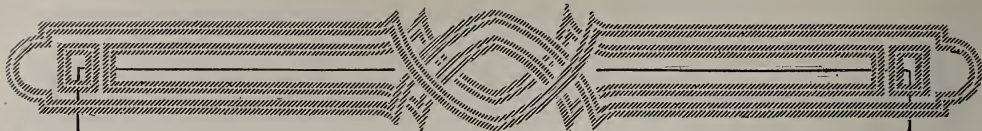
The Bureau will also act as Purchasing Agent for out-of-town exhibitors, and is in a position to command the lowest terms and quickest service. Correspondence is solicited. *Address all communications*

TECHNICAL BUREAU

The Motion Picture Story Magazine

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTE.—Scenario writing is not regarded as being within the scope of this department and those desiring service in this connection are referred to the various pages of the advertising section.



A recent Motion Picture program at the fashionable Montauk Club, of Brooklyn, is worth noting here. It included views from "A Model Farm in Argentine," the story of "The Moth and the Butterfly," "The Daily Life of the Bee," "Carl Hagenbeck's Animal Park," "Pocahontas and Captain John Smith," "From the Egg to the Chick," "On the Banks of the Ganges," "Interesting Scenes in Bird Life," "On Board a Danish Training Ship," "Whaling in the North Atlantic," "The Wonders of Plant Life," and "A Day in the Life of a Snowdrop."

❧

It is impossible to satisfy everybody. We are never quite satisfied with our lot. The poor crave the food of the rich, and the rich crave the stomachs of the poor.

❧

I must take issue with my friend, *Motography*, which says, in an editorial concerning the publishing on each film a cast of characters: "The most apparent place for a cast of characters on a film is following the title." I know of no place, where it is less *apparent*. When a play begins with a cast, it is sometimes not seen at all; and even if it is, very little of it is remembered, for the reason that the interest of the spectator has not yet been excited. The aforesaid article objects to placing the cast at the end of the film, because the observer must see the whole play without knowing the characters. This is a trifling objection. As a rule, we are not much interested in who is *going* to appear in a play; but when we see it, and the acting of some one appeals to us, we want to know who it is. The same with the title. We care little for the title of the play, and usually forget it in a moment; but, if we like it, we are eager to know all about it. This suggests that the title and the cast should appear at the end of the play, for reference. I am not sure that I am speaking for the majority, but I think that most people decline to read very much of the printed matter that is shown at the beginning of a Photoplay. It is decidedly uninteresting, at that time, and those who try to memorize it usually fail. It is trying enough to have to read long letters, subtitles and other printed explanations at any time, but it is quite out of the question at the start, when we know nothing about the characters and plot. As *Motography* says, the best place for the cast is on a program held in the hand. The next best place is on a card, alongside of the screen, or on placards hung in the lobbies. If all manufacturers would print the cast of characters on their advertising matter, the exhibitors would probably be only too glad to hang these announcements in the lobbies where all could see them after witnessing the plays. Perhaps the time will come when the film, like the stage play, will contain nothing but the action, the programs telling the rest.

❧

Alas, alack, we have come to the bottom of the last page, and must write, regretfully, FINIS.

HOW TO HAVE EYES THAT FASCINATE

Famous Professor of Chemistry Offers Free, Secret How to Have Strong, Healthy, Beautiful Eyes

Many With Weak Eyes Can Throw Away Their Glasses

Eyelashes and Eyebrows Can Also Be Made Beautiful

Without beautiful eyes, no one is really beautiful, while even a homely face is made attractive by eyes that please or appear forceful.

Without strong eyes no one can enjoy life to the utmost. Those whose eyes are weak and who have to wear glasses are greatly handicapped in life's race.



Through the wonderful discovery and free advice of a famous Professor of Chemistry at an English University you may have eyes as radiant as the Evening Star—eyes that attract and fascinate—eyes that have the power to influence others—eyes that people call wonderful.

Better still, Prof. Smith's scientific discovery enables many with weak eyes to throw their glasses away and make their vision stronger and more capable. Neither operation nor dangerous drugs are necessary.

His secret will also enable you to secure long, silky eyelashes and thick, well-arched eyebrows, which are to a beautiful eye what a fine setting is to a brilliant diamond.

In addition, this remarkable discovery makes weak eyes strong, and quickly overcomes smarting effects of wind, dust and sun, besides cleaning the eyes of "bloodshot" and yellow sear. If you wish to make your eyes bright, healthy, and beautiful, write to-day, enclosing 2 cents in stamps for reply (please state whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss) and address your letter to Prof. A. P. Smith, Dept. 139C Pine St., Providence, R. I., and you will receive the secret free.

Motion Picture Plays, Plots and Ideas Wanted

education is not necessary; all you have to know is how to read and write. This book, by Leona Radnor (writer for the Motion Picture Story Magazine), tells all that anyone can teach you on the subject. It contains a model scenario and list of film producers—tells what they want and how to reach them. Coupon calling for free criticism of your scenario with each book. Price 50c. by mail postpaid.

Leona Radnor, 118M East 28th St., New York City

"The Photoplay Writer" tells you how to write and sell Motion Picture Plays, Plots and Ideas. Big demand and big pay for them. Advanced



Reduce Your Flesh

Let me send you "AUTOMASSEUR" on a 40 DAY FREE TRIAL BOTH SEXES

So confident am I that simply wearing it will permanently remove all superfluous flesh that I mail it free, without deposit. When you see your shapeliness speedily returning I know you will buy it.

Try it at my expense. Write to-day.

Prof. Burns, 15 West 38th Street, Dept. 92, New York



Exact Size Regular Bottle

Trial Bottle 10¢

THE daintiest, sweetest, most refined perfume. Just flower fragrance—no adulterant added. 50 times more concentrated than any other perfume. A drop lasts weeks.

Rieger's Flower Drops comes in \$1.50 bottles. Odors: Lily of the Valley, Rose, Crabapple, Lilac, Violet.

Send for miniature bottle today and you'll know what to give to those you like to give to and what to use always in the future. We'll send it for 10c—if you mention dealer's name.

Write now—the sensation will remain with you forever

PAUL RIEGER

285 First St. San Francisco, Cal.

Maker of High Grade Perfumes

PARIS NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO



Discouraged About Your Complexion?

Cosmetics only make it worse and do not hide the pimples, freckles, blackheads or red spots on face or nose.

Dr. James P. Campbell's Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers will purify your blood, cleanse and beautify the skin, and give you a fresh and spotless complexion.

Use these absolutely safe and harmless wafers for 30 days and then let your mirror praise the most wonderful beautifier of the complexion and figure known to the medical profession. Used by Beautiful Women for 27 years.

\$1.00 per Box. (Full 30 day treatment.)

We guarantee as freshly packed and of full strength, only when boxes have blue wrapper, bearing our printed guarantee. Sold by all reliable druggists or sent by mail prepaid in plain cover from **RICHARD FINK CO., Dept. 34, 415 Broadway, New York City**

Sent 10c. in stamps for sample box.



I will send as long as they last my 25c **BOOK**

STRONG ARMS

for 10c in stamps or coin

Illustrated with 20 full-page halftone cuts, showing exercises that will quickly develop, beautify, and gain great strength in your shoulders, arms, and hands, without any apparatus.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER

1291 Barker Bldg., 110 W. 42d St., New York

Independent Non-Leakable Fountain Pen



Can be safely carried in any position. New idea cap locks pen when not in use. All pure rubber and 14 kt. pens.

No. 202 with No. 2 gold pen, \$1.50
No. 205 with No. 5 gold pen, \$2.00

FREE CATALOG

J. M. ULLRICH & CO., 27 Thames St., NEW YORK

CLIP This Coupon It Means MONEY TO YOU

"The Most Important Journal of Its Kind"
THE PHOTO PLAY DRAMATIST
A Snappy Journal of Pungent Criticism and Comment
A Treasury of Suggestions of Inestimable Value to Writers
If you are a writer—or contemplate becoming one—you cannot afford to be without this valued medium. 3 Mo. Trial subscription 25 cents, Silver or Stamps.

The Photo Play Dramatist

Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio



Letters to the Editor

News and Comments from Our Readers

DEAR SIR: Being a regular reader of your valuable magazine, I have read the interesting articles about the enormous and rapid growth of the Motion Picture industry in America, and thinking it will interest you to know about the progress of this industry in Turkey—the least civilized nation in Europe—I am writing you this letter.

A typical example may be taken from my native city, Salonika, Macedonia. To my knowledge, Salonika is the first city in Turkey to have a M. P. theater, this being due to the enterprise of two Frenchmen who lived there.

I well remember the excitement among the peaceful citizens of that city when the first announcement was made of a "Wonderful, fascinating, etc., etc., exhibition of the cinematograph, or writer of movements." The theater, an old warehouse, was packed from the first night to the last (it was demolished after one year), altho the entrance fee was 5 piasters (20 cents), a great sum for there. The exhibition was a crude affair, a few farces, and that was all.

This happened three years ago. Those two Frenchmen made quite a big fortune. Anyway, they built two of the best Motion Picture palaces, besides which there are four more new ones, not two years old, and they are all prosperous, judging from the fact that their owners were the first to introduce automobiles in Salonika.

Other cities are doing equally well. In Constantinople there are a dozen or more, and new buildings to be devoted solely to the "Silent Drama" are being erected in many cities, towns, and even villages of from 200 to 2,000 inhabitants.

The first films that were produced there came from France and Italy, Pathé, Gaumont and Cines being the first, but lately, American films have been introduced, with the Vitagraph as the pioneer, which proved very successful. The first show was "The Journalist's Conscience," in which Mr. Costello was the leading man, and, needless to add, he was, and is, very popular (the young ladies falling in love with him, as usual). However, only three American film companies are represented there, being Vitagraph, Biograph and Edison. I wonder why the other companies dont do the same thing? There is plenty of money to be made. Let us hope they will soon do so.

In summer, the plays are produced in the open air, in parks, or on the roofs of the picture palaces, which are specially built for this purpose. Why dont they do the same thing here in America? It is more pleasant to be out in the fresh air than in the close, stuffy halls. I dont see why it could not be done. Surely, what they have done, Americans can also do.

I have already taken too much of your valuable time, and I desist writing more. Begging you to excuse me, and wishing great success and prosperity to "our" magazine,
Care Y. M. C. A., Montreal, Canada. E. YANNOPOULOS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

I received the magazine for which I subscribed, and the lovely colored portrait of Maurice Costello. It is just splendid, giving those pictures, and I am to mount all of them for framing. I was delighted with the result of the contest, and so glad that Maurice Costello won. But I was just a little bit disappointed with one or two of my other favorite players. I think Florence Turner and Lillian Walker are two of the sweetest girls I ever have seen on the screen.

The magazine is really very interesting, and there is not one single page that I miss reading. I was just reading about there being another contest. Am sorry I cannot give any idea what kind it could be, but hope it will be as interesting as the other one.

I will close with best wishes for the further success of your splendid magazine. Long may it reign.

From a sincere and faithful reader,

15 Sawin Street, Natick, Mass.

(MRS.) MARY ROBERTSON.



A Fly in the Milk May Mean a Baby in the Grave

Flies are the most dangerous insects known. They are born in filth, live on filth and carry filth. Flies carry millions of death-dealing germs and leave them wherever they alight. Flies are attracted by milk. A fly, alighting on the mouth of a milk bottle or falling into the milk, leaves a trail of disease germs. Germs multiply with appalling rapidity in milk at a temperature of 50 degrees or above. Thermos keeps infant's milk cold, clean, germ and fly proof. Bacteria cannot develop in cold, pure milk. Ask your doctor. Thermos is sealed so flies cannot get near the contents. It cannot collect germs and dust from the air. Thermos keeps liquids ice cold for 3 days or steaming hot for 24 hours.

Thermos Bottles \$1 up. Thermos Carafes \$5
ON SALE AT BEST STORES

There is only one genuine Thermos. If your dealer will not sell you products plainly stamped Thermos on the bottom of each article, we will ship you express prepaid upon receipt of price. Write for catalog.

American Thermos Bottle Co.
Thermos Bldg., New York
Thermos Bottle Co., Toronto, Can.



THERMOS

Plots Wanted

:: FOR MOTION PICTURE PLAYS ::

You can write them. We teach you by mail in ten easy lessons. This is the only *correspondence course* in this line. We have many successful graduates. Here are a few of their plays recently released :

"A Picture Idol"	Vitagraph
"The Furs"	Biograph
"Never Again"	Kalem
"The Sheriff"	Edison
"The Dressmaker"	Imp
"The Torn Letter"	Nestor
"The Thief"	Rex
"The Continental Spy"	Solax
"The Strike Breaker"	Selig
"The Plot That Failed"	Melies
"Jim Dou!"	Bison
"A College Spendthrift"	American
"The Lineman's Hope"	Essanay
"The Stolen Bride"	Champion

AND MANY OTHERS

Names of above students and many other successful ones on request. If you go into this work go into it right. You cannot learn the art of writing motion picture plays by a mere reading of text-books. Your actual original work must be directed, criticised, analyzed and corrected. This is the only school that delivers such service and the proof of the correctness of our methods lies in the success of our graduates. They are selling their plays.

No experience and only common school education necessary. Writers can earn \$50 a week. Demand increasing. Particulars free.

Associated Motion Picture Schools
699 SHERIDAN ROAD, CHICAGO



A practical solution to the liquor question

DEAR SIR: I am tempted to say a word or two in regard to Civil War Pictures, and especially the Kalem's. I once saw a picture (not a Kalem) of the surrender of General Lee to General Grant, at Appomattox, 1865. In this picture, the surrender took place beneath a tree in a forest, and General Grant refused to take General Lee's sword when General Lee offered it. Now, it is a historical fact that the surrender took place inside the McLean homestead, at Appomattox, and that General Lee *never offered his sword to General Grant*. (See General Grant's Memoirs.)

Altho I was not born until nearly thirty years after the close of the war, I have kept myself posted in regard to the uniforms, equipment, etc., used by Southern troops, and it appears rather ridiculous to me to see a Confederate major with United States shoulder straps, denoting captain, shoot his opponent with an up-to-date, six-shot, breech-loading pistol.

Confederate officers never wore shoulder straps. The rank was designated by stars or bars on the collar. Breech-loading pistols were not used in the Confederate army at all. They were not invented until about 1869. These little details are so noticeable, and often spoil the effect of a good picture. Many old soldiers, Confederate and Federal, have remarked to me about these defects.

But I have noticed that Kalem's War Pictures are different. Kalem pays more attention to details, and the uniforms look like the "genuine article." I wish to compliment them. We will all agree, I think, that the details count for much, so here's a toast to Kalem: May your War Plays continue to bring back "Old Days" to the old soldiers.

G. L. ESKEW.

414 Broad Street, Charleston, W. Va.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Kalem uniforms and weaponry are actually of the Civil War period, having been purchased from Government arsenals.

A LETTER FROM JAPAN

DEAR SIR: Your favor of 20th March, just in hand. Many thanks for your kindness letter and April number. Please pardon me to write to you so often, because I am allways running for my bread all the day thru. To day I introduce to your Magazine Lovers, THE JAPANESE WOMAN HAIR FASTEN. And you can understand by my Post Cards herewith.

No. 1. Married fasten (Maru Mage). No. 2. Daughter fasten (Shimada Mage).

(Continued on page 150)



NO. 1. "MARRIED FASTEN"



NO. 2. "DAUGHTER FASTEN"

FEATURE FILMS



DOWN THRU THE AGES

A dramatic novelty staged in the Temples of Isis, at Karnak, and Thebes, Egypt

4 KALEMS EVERY WEEK 4

FREED FROM SUSPICION

A surveyor's transit is the medium by which a guilty person is discovered, and an innocent one freed from suspicion.

THE WANDERING MUSICIAN

The old musician tells his life story—its pathos will reach the heart.

THE LITTLE KEEPER OF THE LIGHT

Our story portrays the native courage and resourcefulness of the old lighthouse keeper's little granddaughter.

JIM BLUDSO

Adapted from the poem by the late Secretary of State, John Hay. The race of the steamboats, the fire and Bludso's heroism have been faithfully portrayed.

THE PRISON SHIP

This is one of the best of the Kalem Historical War Dramas, dealing with the American Revolutionary period.

KENTUCKY GIRL

A race-track story told amid scenes that fit the action.

SAVED FROM COURT-MARTIAL

This Civil War drama is full of thrills from start to finish.

THE FRENZY OF FIRE-WATER

Kalem Indian pictures are always thrilling and true to history.

THE LITTLE WANDERER

In this delightful story, a little girl splendidly portrays the leading character.

THE HOODOO HAT

A thoroughly interesting and amusing comedy that will keep you guessing.

THE DARLING OF THE C. S. A.

A war story new in plot and historically true in action.

"RUBE" MARQUARD WINS

Featuring the peerless pitcher of the New York Giants, who established a record of 19 consecutive victories. The best baseball picture ever made.



Your local theater manager will run these films if you ask him

KALEM COMPANY

235 West 23d Street

New York



NO. 3. "MAID AND SINGER FASTEN"



NO. 4. "UNIVERSAL FASTEN"

No. 3. Maid and Singer fasten (Cho-Cho Mage).

No. 4. Universal or High Collar fasten.

All Japanese woman marry about year from 16 to 26; therefore SHIMADA will change to MARU MAGE. But many years ago, before man brought here HIGH COLLAR FASTEN to semi civilize Japan woman. In sanitory way very nice and more airy and artistic Japanese Hair fasten.

If you visit to Japan, you can find, and you can classfy by hair fasten married or not. But High collar fasten is all years over, and there is no classfy like other fasten. Singer or Dancer, they are out of class; they can fasten for suit of caller or Customers.

I am sending your publishing to all big book seller, to secure good customer as fast as I can. Next time I will introduce you THE JAPANESE FESTIVAL.

Kobe, 14th May, 1912.

YAMAMOTO YOSHITORO.

DEAR SIR: Many thanks for your kindness in sending me your MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE. I have just finished reading your last one for the second time, and the man in the cell next to me is reading it now; and just as soon as he is thru he will pass it along; and the boys that have read THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE appreciate it. Your magazine is doing things! No one can for a moment deny that Motion Picture drama, with the vast influence it is capable of exerting on humanity, should be inspired with an elevating purpose. If picture drama is ever to become an established art, it must be worthy of it. Art without a purpose is not art, and the purpose of art should always be for good. That is the reason I am delighted to receive your magazine, for it always produces pure motives, and ones harmonious with the truth. I have gained a great deal of interesting information, as well as a few pointers which will be of actual value to me in my daily life, when I get out. It is over two years yet.

Many of the stories I have read will be of great help to me, and you can take it from me, when my time is up I will be a regular reader of your magazine, and will pay for those I have received, and will do all I can to build up the circulation of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, first, last, and always. Wishing you all the success in the world, and good health,

U. S. Penitentiary, Leavenworth, Kan.

EDWARD BELMONT.

Reg. No. 6264.

EARN A BIG INCOME WRITING PHOTOPLAYS

Read What the Edison Company's Scenario Editor, Mr. Horace G. Plimpton, Writes About the Opportunity Offered by Scenario Writing:

"The Edison Company is now crediting the authorship of plots on the film when such credit is deserved, and this should have the effect of giving the writer something to strive for. **THERE IS AN ATTRACTIVE FIELD AND A FAIR LIVING FOR THE SUCCESSFUL SCENARIO WRITER, AND THE FIELD HAS HARDLY BEEN ENTERED.**"

All of the big film companies are constantly buying new photoplays. The enormous demand for good scenarios is rapidly increasing. **THE NATIONAL AUTHORS' INSTITUTE** will show you how to earn a handsome income by writing scenarios.

The following film companies, and others, have written letters asking us to send our students' photoplays to them: **THE LUBIN, ESSANAY, IMP, CHAMPION, RELIANCE, NESTOR, COMET, etc.**

In order to succeed in photo-playwriting, positively no experience or literary excellence is necessary. No "flowery language" is wanted.

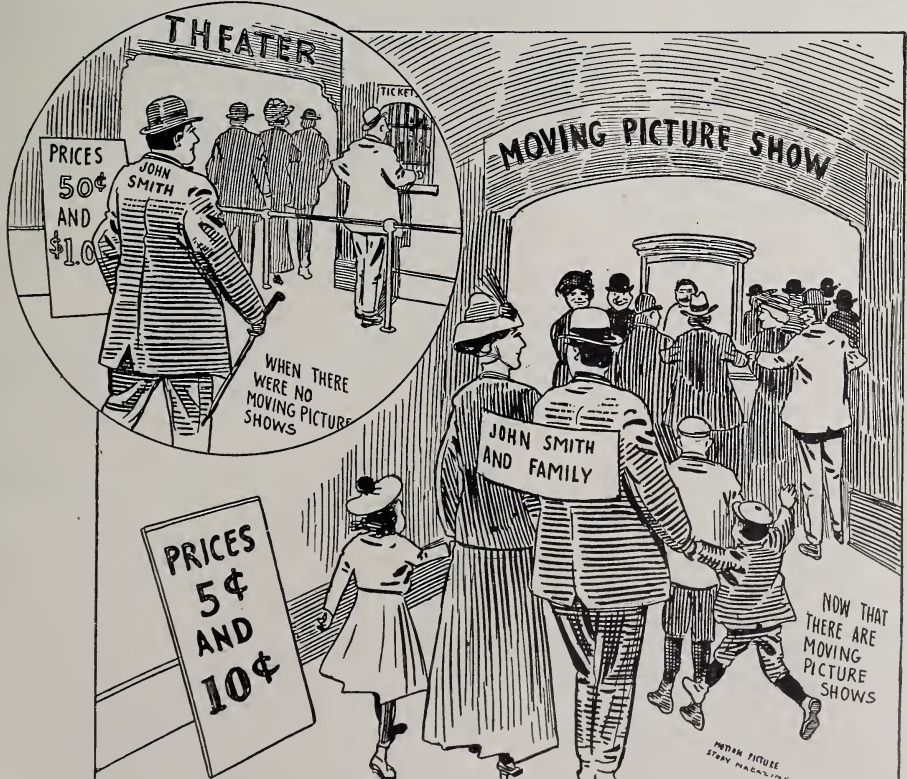
If you can read, write and THINK, you can succeed, **provided you learn the technical secrets.** **THE NATIONAL AUTHORS' INSTITUTE** will teach you all these secrets, help you write out your ideas, and will act as your **SALES AGENT** here in **NEW YORK CITY**, where nearly all of the big producers are located.

Send at Once for a Free Copy of Our Illustrated Book, "Moving Picture Playwriting."

Don't hesitate. Don't argue. Write **NOW** and learn just what this new profession may mean for you and your future.

NATIONAL AUTHORS' INSTITUTE

501 GAIETY
THEATRE BLD'G
NEW YORK CITY



TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

I should like to see in your magazine a few pages of comments on the films and the players. Fearless and truthful comments would be eagerly read and appreciated, and would have a tendency to encourage more fine Photoplays, such as "Vanity Fair," for instance.

I would gladly pay several times the usual price of admission to see a *real* "feature." The Moving Picture industry has before it a marvelous future, which has only *begun* to develop. Having traveled extensively abroad, and seen the most beautiful things in art and nature, I confidently predict the greatest artistic development of the Moving Picture.

Respectfully,

THOMAS W. GILMER,

Chief of Division, Treasury Department, Washington.

DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find check for \$35.00, and list of the subscribers to date. Have been working only afternoons, and am more than pleased with my success so far. Four afternoons of three and one-half hours' work. The nine coupons you enclosed in your last letter were used up in one afternoon's work of one hour and a half, and only yesterday afternoon I took eleven subscriptions. So if you wish me to use the blanks, kindly send more than nine. Received the three July copies, and I feel that they will arouse greater interest in the magazine. My list comprises mostly the business and professional men and women of the city of Hanford. All of these taken wish their subscriptions to begin with the July number, including the colored portrait appearing in the June number, and I would like to have one of the pictures also. Now I should like to know how I can secure one of those folios of 113 photos. Kindly let me know in your next letter. I hope, at my next writing, I will be able to send in fifty subscriptions. Hoping to hear from you soon, and also to receive the blanks,

Hanford, Cal.

(MRS.) LILYAN H. McCAULEY.

Echoes from the Player Contest

DEAR MR. BREWSTER: I received your framed certificate and set of books, for which I wish to thank you, and the entire faculty, most heartily. The books were very beautifully bound, and were much appreciated, and shall always be kept by me very carefully. Some day, when I am a gray-haired old lady, I shall take out my set of books, and with sad, yet tender and sweet memories, I shall review them all; and certain pages will carry me back to the time when I was announced second prize winner, and a member of dear old Essanay. I feel as tho I knew you, one and all, so remember me to all; and thanking you again and again, I beg to remain,

Most sincerely,

ELVERE DOLORES CASSINELLI.

DEAR MR. BREWSTER: I wish to thank you for my beautiful set of books, and also for the nicely framed certificate, which were sent to me.

I will always treasure them. Thanking you again, I remain,

MISS MAE HOTELY.

P.S.—Also received my "Popular Players" book. Thank you for same.—M. H.

DEAR SIR: Thanks for the certificate and enclosed letters. I cannot help but appreciate the sentiments expressed by people—strangers to me—who are so obviously sincere. I read them with genuine pleasure.

Very sincerely,

The Edison Studio, Bedford Park, N. Y.

MARC MACDERMOTT.

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER: In the May issue of the magazine, my name, under my photograph, was misspelled; and in the June issue the name is correct, but they had me with the Essanay Company, in the voting contest returns.

I am afraid you do not know what an awful thing it is to be saddled with a name that no one can pronounce, even when correctly spelled; but when every time it appears in print there is a new invention in the spelling, it makes the task nigh impossible, and I am afraid that, eventually, people will refer to me as "that girl with the queer, changeable name."

Now, that is my tale of woe, and will you please try to straighten it all out? With best wishes for you and the magazine, I am,

Sincerely,

MARIN SAIS.

(Kalem Co.).

Take Robinson Electric Light Baths In Your Own Home!

HEALTH, VIGOR, LIFE THRU LIGHT

Only 2c to 4c for a life-pulsing, invigorating, vitality-strengthening, Electric Light Bath in **your own home**—taken just as conveniently with this Robinson Electric Light Bath Cabinet as you would step into and out of a tub. Enter the cabinet—turn the switch and the myriad rays of light infuse your whole system with a new, lasting feeling of real life.

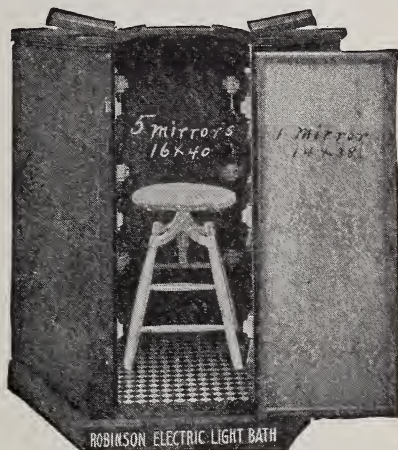
Makes a New Being of You

Gives you all the benefits of the Turkish bath with the tonic effect of electric light rays in addition—a natural health preserver, for Light is Life. Cleanses and keeps the skin clear, the body full of vigor, the brain quick and active.

A Free Book, handsomely illustrated, giving complete information about **Life Thru Light**, and describing in detail this wonderful Cabinet, is ready to be sent to **you**. Be sure you write for it—a postal card will do—today.

Robinson Electric Mfg. Co.

410 Robinson Bldg., TOLEDO, OHIO



SUCCESS SECRETS

By Eugene V. Brewster

(Editor of The Motion Picture Story Magazine)

A book that should be read by every young man and young woman in America. And it will do the older ones no harm.

Bright, breezy, snappy, full of epigrammatic expressions, replete with ideas for all who are engaged in, or about to engage in, the struggle for existence.

Second Edition now ready, 15 cents a copy

Mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in stamps

The Caldron Pub. Co.

26 Court Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Empire State Engraving Co.

Photo-Engravers

GOOD CUTS

Half-tone and Line Work
For Printing in One or More Colors
For Any Purpose

DESIGNING :: RETOUCHING

190 WILLIAM STREET
NEW YORK

(Continued from page 107.)

"Listen," she said, holding up one slim, trembling hand, before he could speak; "no, do not come to me—do not touch me. I must tell you, my darling—I must tell you the secret that I have kept from you. You will despise me, and hate me, and I deserve it all. Oh, Owen, why did you tempt me so—why did you let me marry you and never tell you of my past?"

He would have spoken then, would have taken her in his arms and silenced her words with kisses, but she held him back, and continued, her words coming slowly thru dry, colorless lips, her dark eyes staring out from her white face, with dull, smouldering fire in their depths.

"You remember the man who frightened me so that morning? It was because I knew him that I was so frightened—he knew my secret, Owen; he knew all the shame and misery of my past. He followed me home, and demanded money. I gave it to him. He kept coming back for more, and more. I have hidden it from you, fearing, trembling, wondering what to do. Today he was here. When I saw you coming, I hid him, and made a desperate resolve to tell you all; if you send me away, I must bear it—I would bear any torture if only you need not suffer, my husband."

Then, as Owen stood silent, too dazed with her sudden words to speak, she suddenly turned and ran toward the door.

"I see," she exclaimed, "you cannot forgive me—I understand, you need not speak. I will go—farewell, my beloved!"

She ran down the stairs, and the great outer door banged shut, ere Owen roused himself to realize what had happened. Then, like a flash, he was down the stairs, out upon the piazza, speeding across the lawn, where he could see a flutter of her white dress against the green of the shrubbery.

"Florence," he cried, "wait, oh, wait for me!"

But she kept on, running frantically, and the man, half blinded with grief and fear, stumbled after her. Thru the haze of his tear-blinded eyes, he saw her unbolt the door of the barn and dart inside. Then a wild, terrified scream rang out, and he bounded thru the door, to find her leaning against the wall, her wide, distended eyes staring at a man who lay prone upon the floor in a great, widening pool of fresh blood.

"Look!" she gasped. "He is dead! Who has done it? He is dead, dead!"

Like a flash, there swept over Owen the realization of what his shot had done. He bent above the still form, then turned to Florence.

"It was a chance shot," he said, his face white and drawn now with the wild strain of his emotion, "but it did its work. He can trouble you no more. Now tell me the meaning of all this. You forget that you have made nothing clear to me. You talk of sin and shame, but I do not believe it. You are pure and true—I will not believe otherwise, tho you declare it yourself. I know the woman I married, and my faith and love are unshaken. What was this man to you?"

A tender, triumphant smile swept her lips for an instant at this avowal, but the anguish in her eyes deepened as she spoke again.

"This man was nothing to me, but he knew all my secret—knew that my father was a criminal—a man of the lowest, most degraded type, who died in prison, after killing my poor mother."

She swayed forward, and would have fallen, but Owen sprang forward with a cry of relief and joy, catching her in his outstretched arms, holding her close to him, kissing her lips again and again.

"And is that all?" he murmured. "My wife, my poor darling! Did you think that I loved you so little, my sweetheart, that I would care what your father's life had been, except for your own dear sake? Forget it all, now; bury the last of your grief and care here. It sleeps, with the victim of my chance shot."



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Answers to Inquiries



This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to the matrimonial alliances of the players and other purely personal matters will not be answered. A list of all film makers will be supplied on request to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. No questions can be answered relating to the identity of the Biograph players.

Those who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. Write only on one side of paper, and use separate sheets for questions intended for different departments of this magazine.

VARIOUS INQUIRERS.—If you do not find your questions replied to here, it is because you have asked for information already given, or because you have asked for the names of Biograph players, as to marriage relationships, or matters not of general interest, or because your question has been answered by mail.

C. T. D., MEMPHIS.—We know of no film-manufacturing plant for sale. The established companies are not willing to sell, and the others have nothing to offer.

T. R. M.—Miss Alice Joyce played in "A Bag of Gold," but she is in New York now, and not with the company in Glendale.

G. L. DEV., LANSING.—In American's "The Simple Love" the prospector was Warren J. Kerrigan, and the girl Miss Jessalyn Van Trump.

G. L. C., BRIDGEPORT.—Solax is in the Biograph class, and doesn't tell about its players. Miss Edith Storey does not appear on set days. We find her latest appearance set for August 13. The Vitagraph has so many companies, and makes so many releases, that it is not always easy to find some favorite player. Before she left the Rex, you could count on seeing Miss Marion Leonard every Sunday, and Miss Lawrence now appears in all weekly Victors, but, apart from these, there are no release dates for players. Vitagraph releases five reels a week, in addition to frequent specials. It may happen that the house you patronize takes only two or three Vitagraphs, and none of these may present your favorite in the casts. Then the usher, knowing no more than you, explains that Miss Storey has left the Vitagraph, or was killed, or something nice like that, and then we have another job at answering to look after. We are answering you because there are many others who ask the same sort of question, and this answer applies to all companies.

M. H. C., OAKLAND.—"Nero" and "The Last Days of Pompeii" are both imported films, and no casts are available for these.

G. W. L.—We cannot understand why you do not get at least an occasional Méliès. There is one released every Thursday. Not even an offer to subscribe for two years in advance will tempt us to divulge Biograph names. We are not to be bribed, particularly as the publisher, and not the Answers Man, would get the money.

F. W. H., POUGHKEEPSIE.—The leading men in Essanay's "Springing a Surprise" were Howard Missimer as the uncle, and William Mason as his nephew. Comet is the only company that announced the Intercollegiate races. We'll bet the names of two Biograph players against your dollar watch that John Bunny was not among those present with the Vitagraph. Just happened that he was on a larger collection of water about that time. The man you saw probably was Hugh McGowan, who combines comedy work for the Vitagraph with his prosperous undertaking business.

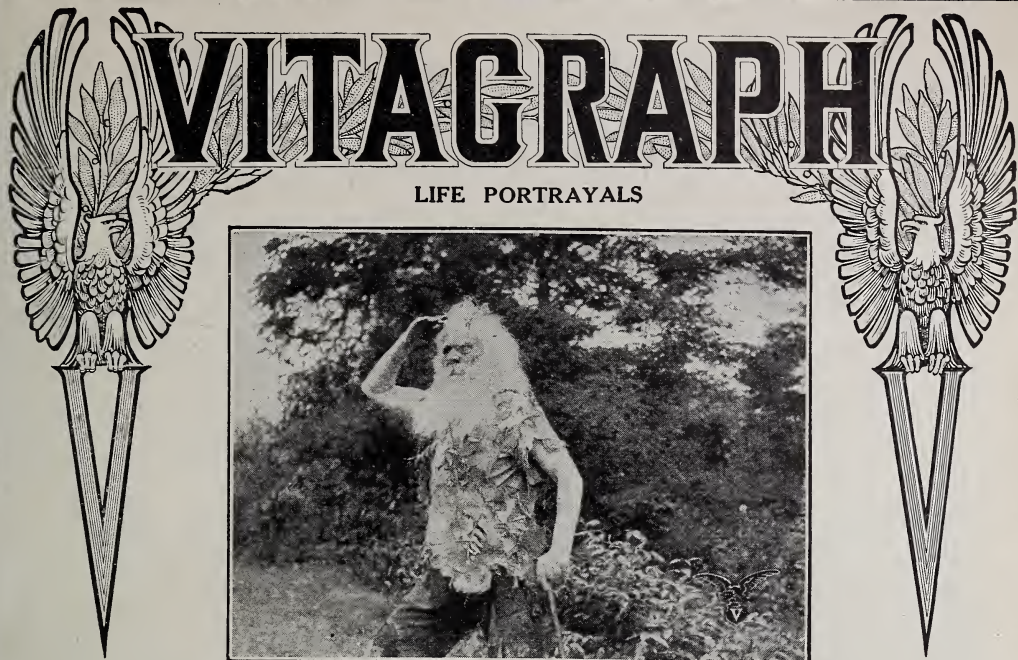
PHILADELPHIA READER.—In the developing room the illumination is supplied by a few non-actinic (red) incandescent bulbs in the ceiling so high up that the scant light has no effect on the film. In addition, some rooms have closed tanks. Behind the tank there is usually a stronger illumination, cut out, save when it is desired to examine the progress of development. The rack is raised, the light turned on, the progress of development noted, the light shut off, and the negative is either removed or returned to the tank. The Lubin Company has both daylight and electric studios, and sometimes works at night. We do not know the strength of the company employed, but would set it at between 100 and 125 players on the regular list. Extras are put on as needed. They have eight or ten camera men. It takes a lifetime to learn to run a machine "from beginning to end," but to learn to operate a camera will require from three to six months, if you can find any one to instruct you. If you mean the projection machine, you should be able to run pictures in a month.

E. L., ST. LOUIS.—George Lessey was Hamilton in Edison's "The Passer-by."

A. L. W., ANTIGONISH.—Four questions are not too many, but please ask questions that are in our line. When we say Pathé Frères release six reels a week, we mean in America, but this includes both the Americans and the C. G. P. C. See the answer in August for the License question.

Mrs. D.—In Reliance's "The Man Under the Bed," the man was Henry Walthall, and the wife Miss Jane Fearnley.

W. A. McC., PHILADELPHIA.—We do not answer Biograph questions.



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VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA

F. P., HOBOKEN.—It was Crane Wilbur all the way thru "The Texan Twins." Pathé did even better with "The Three Whiffles," where one man played three characters who are on the stage at the same time. Now figure it out, or get the Talbot book. If you are interested in such things, get the book anyhow.

M. M., ANTIGONISH.—Your little Nova Scotian town must teem with Photoplay fans. Méliès' "Danny" is known by no other name. Pathé does not identify their Buster. Pathé, like all other manufacturers, makes each scene in a Photoplay on a separate strip of film. These are cemented together with acetone, and a reel consists of as many pieces as there are leaders, scenes, inserts and titles combined. That's how it is that a film may show an American and imported subject on the same reel. Your question suggests your belief that the whole thousand feet are in one piece. As a rule, the longest uncut film is 400 feet, as it comes from Eastman.

T. S., DE SOTO.—When you want questions answered address this department, and not the Technical Bureau. Then ask questions that do not concern relationships. Gaumont is a part of the Film Supply Company. It is now Independent. Your other questions have been answered at various times, or cannot be.

H. F., BERKELEY.—We do not know, precisely, where the Vitagraph's "The Lady of the Lake" was filmed, but it was in this country. It was Miss Beverley Bayne who played opposite Mr. Bushman in Essanay's "A Good Catch." It costs anywhere from \$1,000 to \$50,000 to make a film. Companies sometimes borrow and sometimes hire their outdoor locations. Your last question relates to a purely local condition.

MISS THERESA.—The cousin in Essanay's "The Foreman's Cousin" was Henry V. Goerner. The reason Miss Buckley is not seen in Lubin films is that she is no longer with them. Read this department each month, and keep posted on these things.

B. B., PHILADELPHIA.—In American's "Wordless Message" Warren J. Kerrigan and Miss Dot Farley had the leads.

X. Y. Z., HORNELL.—That Lubin is a year old. Miss Blanchard is not cast in Essanay's "Out of the Depths."

W. H. K., WASHINGTON.—We do not recall the players you mention. Miss Louise Lester was the mother in American's "For the Love of Her Men." The sons were Jack Richardson and Marshall Nielan. In Thanhouser's "For Sale, a Life" the husband, wife and her admirer were William Graybill, Miss Marguerite Snow and James Cruze. An exhibitor can exhibit both Film Supply and Universal subjects on the same bill, if he can find an exchange that takes both programs.

MONTGOMERY.—Your name seems to have dropped off your letter. See B. B. for "Wordless Message." Bob in the same was David Fisher. The American does not identify by names. In "The Weaker Brother" the weak brother was Marshall Nielan and his elder brother Warren J. Kerrigan. We do not find that Vitagraph title. There is no Jack in Essanay's "Western Hearts." Sam is G. M. Anderson and Mabel Miss Margaret Loveridge. In Imp's "Let No Man Put Asunder" Edna is Miss Violet Horner and W. R. Daly her husband. Miss Anna Little was Taluta in Bison's "The Outcast." In Imp's "Lady Audley's Secret" William Welch was Sir Michael and William R. Daly, Luke Marks. We have no cast data for the defunct National Company.

FLOSSIE C. P.—Glad to see you've switched from Pathé questions for a time. Miss Bessie Eyton was opposite Mr. Bosworth in Selig's "The Professor's Wooing." Miss Vedah Bertram was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Gratitude." Since you like Crane Wilbur so much, be sure and see "The Texan Twins." You can see him twice at the same time.

CORRECTION.—Alec B. Francis asks that the statement that John Adolphi played Cuthbert in Eclair's "Living Memory" be corrected. He played the part himself, and directed the picture as well. He was cast as Ransome in the cast supplied, but we make the correction with pleasure.

BIG FIVE.—We have seen some very poor poetry, but— Please send poems to the editor. He is hardened to them. Mildred Harris was the child in Vitagraph's "The Triumph of Right." Miss Clara Kimball Young played opposite Mr. Costello in "Lulu's Doctor." Miss Lottie Briscoe was the college girl in the Lubin of that title. Albert Hackett and Baby Nelson were the children. They both work in the Lubin juvenile company. Miss Miriam Nesbitt was Yale Boss's mother in Edison's "The Sunset Gun." If you "must" see replies in a stated issue, do not send in your questions two days after that magazine is on the press. Get your questions in before the 25th to be answered the following month.

S. S., CHICAGO.—We cannot explain local conditions. The child bride in Thanhouser's "The Baby Bride" is the Thanhouser Kidlet, otherwise Helen Badgley.

D. F., CLINTON.—The majority of Photoplays are not the product of the studio. Not more than 30 per cent. are written in the studio.

F. E., CLARKSVILLE.—"The Cave Man" was published in our April issue under the Vitagraph's original title of "Before a Book Was Written." "The Serpents" and "The Victoria Cross" have not been fictionized. Look in that same April issue for Tom Powers' picture. James Morrison was Greeg in "The Serpents." Wallace Reid appears in the August issue as Tom in "At Cripple Creek."

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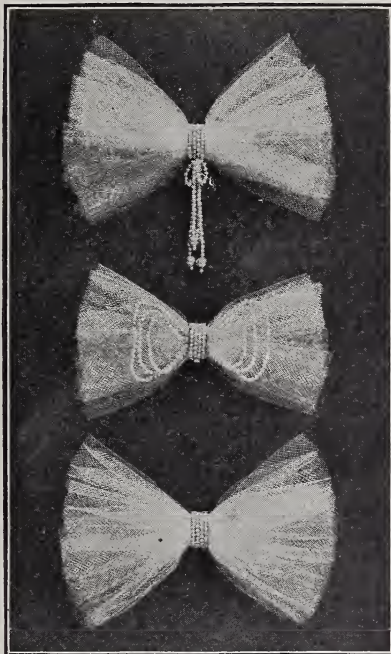
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F. O'M.,*CHICAGO.—If you saw Raymond Hackett and Eleanor Blanchard in a recent Pathé you should consult an oculist. They were not ever with Pathé.

A. H., ORLANDO.—Pathé's "A Tragedy at Sea" was made in Jamaica Bay, New York City. See the August issue for the other question.

ANTHONY, NEW ORLEANS.—Look elsewhere for "Western Hearts." We think you've seen Miss Nilsson in Kalem, and did not recognize her. Look for "Jim Bludsoe," released August 30th. She is still with Kalem. The fact that players appear in the same production does not argue matrimonial relationships. Think of the terrible mix-up that would follow were this the case. We know some people who play lovers who do not even speak, except in the pictures. Acting is a business; not one grand, sweet love-song.

F. L. R., STAMFORD.—You beat Flossie. Mr. Bunny played the part mentioned because the company cast him for it.

J. F., VANCOUVER.—Edward Boulden was the patient in Edison's "Dr. Brompton Watts' Age Adjuster" (which is not a bit like the title you give). The mother in Essanay's "Broncho Billy and the Girl" is not cast, but we think it was Mrs. William Todd.

J. S., BUTTE.—The twins, in the Thanouser of that title, are the Fairbanks Twins, lately a vaudeville act.

B. H., MONTANA.—Edison's "A Winter Trip Thru Central Park" is classed as an educational, and no cast is recorded. If we kept track of all the previous engagements of the photoplayers, we would have to hire five more typists, hire a hall, and spend a couple of months' salary for more card catalogs. If the lady looks like the lady you think she is, she probably is. The player whose picture you enclose is Miss Helen Lindroth. We do not place the Selig title.

J. H. P., KELSO.—Brinsley Shaw was the husband in Essanay's "Broncho Billy's Gratitude." The tall puncher is probably Augustus Carney. Edwin August is with Lubin now.

B. T., NEW YORK.—Raymond and Albert Hackett were the children in Lubin's "The Spoiled Child." Why do you ask Biograph questions, and you more or less a regular?

M. H., BUFFALO.—William Clifford was the sheriff in Nestor's "The Sheriff's Round-up."

E. S., MILWAUKEE.—By "written story" we infer you mean Photoplay. Send a stamped envelope for a list of addresses.

VITAPHAN.—Sometimes we get discouraged. Here we've been telling that Bunny is abroad playing "Pickwick Papers" for the Vitagraph, and you sob out that he has gone and wented from the company. Say not so. He's still on the Vitagraph pay-roll, and when you see those Pickwick pictures, you wont regret the drop in releases due to his travels. Stuart Holmes was Roost and Miss Eileen Erroll the manicure lady in Kalem's "Bucktown Romance" and "The Gent from Honduras."

F. H. N.—Miss Loveridge was for a short time with the Biograph during their stay in Los Angeles, but the Essanay needed a lead and she was loaned them. She is now with Bison, as she is a resident of Los Angeles, and was unwilling to cross the continent to New York. Your others answered before.

I. B., BROOKLYN.—Ray Gallagher was Dick in Méliès' "The Cowboy Kid."

D. S., VANCOUVER.—Here is the full cast of Lubin's "Divine Solution": Manuel Garcia, Edgar Jones; Pedro, Franklyn Hall; Juanita, Clara Williams, and the Padre, Ferd O'Beck.

D. 609.—That's lots better than "Interested" or "Constant Reader." In American's "The Haters" the sick man and his nurse were Jack Richardson and Miss Pauline Bush. In Essanay's "The Indian and the Child" Arthur Mackley was the father. Others answered long ago.

FLOSSIE C. P.—You cant fool us with a change of name. Miss White likes to receive letters, but she has no time to reply to all, or even a part. Write, but do not look for an answer. We have not the information at hand on that Crane Wilbur.

Los Gatos.—Next time sign your name and we'll use the initials only. In Reliance's "The Miser's Daughter" Miss Gertrude Robinson was his daughter and Henry Walthall her fiancé. In Lubin's "The Soldier's Return" Romaine Fielding was the soldier. His sweetheart was Miss Frances Gibson.

T. R., BUFFALO.—The rules require a stamped envelope for mail questions. A stamp is not a stamped envelope. The said envelope should be self-addressed, too. You'll have to subscribe to get the colored portrait of Mr. Anderson. That supplement is sent to subscribers only. The Anderson section of the Essanay Company is now in Niles, Cal. Here's a little suggestion. When you want to get mail, do better for an address than "T. R., Buffalo." The only T. R. who gets his mail without a street address is living in Oyster Bay, not Buffalo.

ADMIRER.—The Selig Katzenjammer Kids are two midgets, Guy Mohler and Emil Nitchberg. Mr. Bushman made his picture début with Essanay; Miss Walker with Vitagraph.

F. H., NEW YORK.—The Reids have not been pictured in our gallery. Harry Myers has not left Lubin.

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P. G., METCALF.—Ask us something hard. Motion Picture companies make their money by selling their films, and we couldn't answer this in the August issue, because you wrote seven days later than the presses were started. If you'll explain what you really mean, we'll try and give you an answer.

A. J., Mr. V.—In Majestic's "The Silent Call" the clerk was J. G. Brammall, the drummer Herbert Prior, and the girl Miss Mabel Trunnelle.

C. H., FREEPORT.—Miss Gwendolyn Pates has the title rôle in Pathé's "The Salvationist." The Pathé pressman is unable to remember the other name.

J. Mc., HUDSON.—Miss Lottie Briscoe was Mrs. Grey in Lubin's "Her Gift." Frederick Church was "Quick Draw" Kelly in Essanay's "Broncho Billy's Bible." Your fifth question indicates a film sixteen months old. It may take anywhere from one day to a year to make a picture. The average is a full reel a week from each director. "The Coming of Columbus" was started about three years ago.

K. G., SAN FRANCISCO.—See the trade papers for a list of Victor releases. There is a Miss Montrose in the casts. She appears in "Not Like Other Girls." Miss Turner is back at work after a winter in Topnago Cañon, California. Just because you do not catch Leo Delaney, it is not a sign he has left Vitagraph. He is still with them.

M. J. W., NEW YORK CITY.—It just happens that the Lubin stories we have run lately have not been those done by the Johnson section of the stock.

M. E. L., SAN FRANCISCO.—The reason your favorite was not voted the most popular player is that she did not receive enough votes.

E. J., SAN FRANCISCO.—In "Broncho Billy and the Indian Maid" Arthur Mackley was the Indian, Miss Vedah Bertram the girl, and Brinsley Shaw, Mr. Anderson's partner.

E. G. M., FREDERICTON.—The reason that sometimes photoplayers are blondes and at others brunettes could be found in their dressing-rooms. Did you never think of wigs?

R. J., CINCINNATI.—American releases two reels a week. Miss Bush plays in many of them. In Vitagraph's "The Telephone Girl" Miss Edith Storey and Wallace Reid have the leads.

L. R., PARSONS.—That Bison is too old for identification, but it probably was Princess Darkfeather. She was their lead at that time.

N. O. A., WILLIMANTIC.—At this writing, Miss Leonard's plans are not known. Her contract with Rex is ended and she has left them. What she will do next has not yet been announced.

F. S., NEW ORLEANS.—George B. Walters was Hank in Kalem's "Hungry Hank's Hallucination." As Miss Gauntier was in Jerusalem at the time this was made, we are inclined to question your identification of her in a minor part, especially that minor part.

FRISCO.—Your questions are clearly stated, but they are answered in the August issue. But listen. Never, never, never roll your manuscript. Kill a few men, if you want to, or rob a bank, but if you would remain a respectable member of society do not, most emphatically do not, roll your manuscript. The fastest stenographer in the Recording Angel's office is always put on the job when an editor gets a rolled script.

L. B.—"The Reckoning" was used as a title by Gaumont November 18, 1911, and "Republic" February 11, 1912. It is essential that a photoplayer have well marked features, but a prominent nose can be attained with make-up. It requires from two to eight weeks for a decision to be given as to the availability of a Photoplay. It all depends on the studio and its method of handling scripts.

Mrs. E.—There are three or four films titled "Honor Thy Father." To which do you refer?

FRANCES, BUFFALO.—Miss Edith Halleren was the grown-up Helen Costello in Vitagraph's "At Scroggins' Corners," and Mrs. M. Costello was the maid in "Her Crowning Glory." The Essanay Western can get all the children they need this side of Buffalo. Most of the children are related to the older players in some way.

J. K., CHICAGO.—The Selig, Essanay and American companies have studios in Chicago. David H. Thompson was Chris and James Cruze was Vaughn in Thanhouser's "Called Back." Kenneth Casey lives in Brooklyn. Billy Quirk was Fra Diavolo in the Solax version of that opera.

Mrs. E. D., SAN FRANCISCO.—In American's "The Wandering Gypsy" Miss Louise Lester was the gypsy, Miss Jessalyn Van Trump the girl, and Jack Richardson the nephew. Frederick Church was Mr. Anderson's partner in "The Dead Man's Claim."

W. T. H., CHICAGO.—You seem to have reference to Majestic's "Little Red Riding Hood." Miss Mary Pickford played the title. Your error may arise from the fact that she was previously an Imp player. Thanks for the cards. Hope you'll land your play, but you won't if you lay the scenes in Colorado.

JEANETTE, PIQUA.—William Russell was the clerk in Thanhouser's "The Night Clerk's Nightmare." Helen Badgley was Dottie in the same company's "Dottie's New Doll." Miss Kathlyn Williams was the girl in Selig's "The Girl with the Lantern."

M. L. S., AUGUSTA.—We do not give full casts. J. B. Maher was the uncle in Thanhouser's "The Twins." The latter are identified elsewhere.



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M. E. C., HENDERSON.—As long as it's a dispute and not a bet, we'll settle it. Miss Edna Fisher was Miss Bertram's immediate predecessor in the Essanay Company. She went from them to the Vitagraph.

E. L., BROOKLYN.—Ed Coxen was Tom in Kalem's "The Pugilist and the Girl."

BECKY.—It is Leo, not George Delaney, with the Vitagraph. "Tale of Two Cities" was a Vitagraph studio production. Miss Neason has not played with American, and no player is with two companies at once, more particularly when one is in Brooklyn and the other in Chicago. Sometimes, the releases overlap when a change has been made, and two companies show the same player, but this does not argue joint engagement. We did not see the picture you mention, so cannot tell you just how it was done, but when two seasons are shown in one release, the summer scenes may be made in the studio and the winter scenes out of doors, or vice versa. You must state proper titles to gain identifications. As to rains, your question suggests unfamiliarity with picture-making. It is not made on one continuous strip of film. If they want a rain scene, they probably wait until the proper sort of rain comes; one of those rains where there is a rainfall, but the clouds are breaking away where the sun is. With this for a start the rest of the picture is made, and it does not matter whether the rain scenes are in the front or finish of the film. In an emergency, the nearest fire-house can manufacture a rain that is almost as good as the weather bureau article for picture purposes. "The Crusaders" is a foreign film and we have no cast. If you mean Edison's "The Crusader" of last year, the name you mention does not appear.

W. H. S., LANCASTER.—If you read this magazine you should know that Miss Cassinelli is an Essanay, and not a Kalem player; consequently, she could not have been the leading woman in Kalem's "Winning a Widow." The player was Miss Gene Gauntier, and the picture was made in Egypt, which is some few miles from Chicago, if you want to walk, and it's wet walking, too.

M. A. G., PORTLAND.—If you desire replies, it is necessary to state the title the maker uses for his films. The Lubin and American are incorrect. In Kalem's "Ranch Girls on a Rampage" Miss Ruth Roland had the lead.

E. J. D., SAN FRANCISCO.—In Lubin's "Paying the Price" Ned, his wife and baby were Mr. Dowlan, Miss Burnbridge and Little Maxime, respectively. We cannot obtain identification of the Pathé or Rex releases. That last inquiry seems to be another form of the "Is he married?" question, and we do not answer those.

J. F. C., STATEN ISLAND.—Dwight Mead was the butler in Essanay's "Billy and the Butler." See above for "The Divine Solution," and turn back a month or two for "Darby and Joan." Radgrune is a French film and names are not available.

S. E., BALTIMORE.—We hate to wake the Rex press agent from his sound sleep to ask him questions, and we've already answered the Reliance inquiry. It was Jack Richardson who influenced the younger boy to drink in American's "Evil Inheritance." He's at the bottom of all the dirty work in American plays.

H. R. V., OAKLAND.—Miss Edith Storey had the leads in Vitagraph's "The French Spy" and "The Lady of the Lake."

U. M., RICHMOND.—Miss Helen Gardner had the lead in Vitagraph's "Arbutus." The Essanay Company does not sell pictures of its players. Mr. Bushman is with the Chicago section of the company. The illustrations in this magazine are from specially made photographs. Arthur Johnson has no financial interest in the Lubin Company. The Vitagraph Company has its studio in Brooklyn.

E. B., WEBSTER CITY.—Miss Vedah Bertram was the teacher in Essanay's "Under Mexican Skies." Harry Benham was Miss Anderson's husband in Thanhouser's "Her Secret." The old man's daughter in Lubin's "Tim and Jim" was Miss Gladys Cameron.

A. E. M., BUTTE.—Arthur Johnson was the father in Lubin's "The Spoiled Child."

Y. G., BROOKLYN.—The chap with the "beautifully light curly hair and divine smile" who dressed as a girl in Vitagraph's "Diamond Cut Diamond" is Dick Rosson, and the six-footer "who is good enough looking" to be the beautiful one's brother is Wallace Reid.

ELSIE, WASHINGTON.—Miss Betty Harte was Ysobel in Selig's "The Vows of Ysobel." Miss Bessie Eyton, of the same company, is not an Indian. She is a champion swimmer, and, naturally, her natorial diversions have tanned her up a bit.

R. F. F., NEW YORK.—William Wadsworth was the engaged man in Edison's "Very Much Engaged."

INTERESTED READER.—We "get you," Interested. "Man's Genesis" is supposed to be a tale of prehistoric times told the children by the old man. Mrs. Wallace Erskine was Jack's mother in Edison's "The Little Woolen Shoe." If you wish to communicate send a stamped and addressed envelope and ask for a list of addresses. We'll get around to Crane Wilbur and Leo Delaney in due course.

S. W., BRONX.—Miss Beverley Bayne was Mary in Essanay's "White Roses." Herbert Rawlinson was Bud in Selig's "The Girl and the Cowboy." Hobart Bosworth had the lead in the same company's "The Hobo." If the *Dramatic Mirror* gave you the answer, isn't that enough? Glad you are so enthusiastic about the colored inserts. Most subscribers seem to think them very good.

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ANTHONY, NEW ORLEANS.—The reason your reply appears above instead of in last month's issue is because your question did not arrive until after the issue dated August had gone on the press. If you'll read that self-same August issue you'll find your new question answered.

E. A. B., NEW YORK.—Arthur Mackley is the man you ask about. The Essanay Westerns are made in the vicinity of Niles, Cal.

HARRY C., NEWARK.—You've had one guess at that Selig title. You still have two left. We think that Hobart Bosworth was the padre in "The Convert of San Clemente." There's a difference between a "convent" and a "convert," both in meaning and card classification.

G. C., CHICAGO.—There's no use in trying to get into pictures, and we are afraid we are too busy doing other things to hunt up a job for a fourteen-year-old photoplayeress. Better stay at school for a while and by that time you'll have outgrown your desire.

E. J., MONTREAL.—Addresses will be sent for a stamped and addressed envelope. The Thanhouser sells its photoplayer pictures by the set. There are eight and they cost a dollar. Wallace Reid was the lieutenant in Vitagraph's "The Victoria Cross."

INTERESTED READER (Second Section).—Ralph Ince was the aviator in "The Money Kings," showing he can do more than play Lincoln. The President and his cabinet are not cast in that Vitagraph production, but we think that the President was Hugh McGowan. George Melford plays, now and then, but he is a Kalem director now, and mostly he stands alongside the camera with a megaphone and yells at the other players. In Thanhouser's "Under Two Flags" Miss Katherine Horne was Cigarette and William Garwood Bertie. Miss Winnifred Greenwood was Mignon in Selig's "The Last Dance." Vitagraph's "The Barrier" (they have cut down the title) was a studio production, made in Brooklyn. In Essanay's "Signal Lights" the station-keeper and his wife were Francis X. Bushman and Miss Martha Russell. The rest of your inquiries are not "regular questions."

W. P., CHICAGO.—Miss E. Dolores Cassinelli is the Essanay player you ask about.

W. A. G., MARBLEHEAD.—Pathé Frères is the only company we know that will buy a synopsis without plotted action. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for the address. "The Coming of Columbus" is a black and white picture, not colored. The next Edison historical has not been announced.

PHYPTZ.—Some companies now use the cast on the screen, notably the Edison, which uses a leader to introduce each character just before his or her appearance. There is no average salary for photoplayers, but the majority of them get between \$35 and \$75. The stars run into three and even four figures. The price of the average film is ten cents a foot. The cut in the Vitagraph advertisement does not picture the entire company. It is an advertisement for postcards, and in the August issue you will find both Miss Finch and Mrs. Price listed.

JOSEPHINE.—Miss Vedah Bertram was the girl in Essanay's "A Story of Montana." The mother is not cast, but probably it is Mrs. Todd. It's rather silly to rave about your picture heroes, not to say indiscreet, even though you do not sign your name.

M. H., MT. VERNON.—Miss Phyllis Gordon was the girl in Selig's "The Rivals." Tom Santschi was Tom, the one who steals the goat Bill shot. The Edison Company is not divided into sections, but the players are cast according to the plays. Miss Fuller is in two to four releases a month.

I. M. C., SCHENECTADY.—John Halliday was the shepherd in Lubin's "The Shepherd's Flute." Hal Clements was the elder and Guy Coombs the younger brother in Kalem's "The Soldier Brothers of Susanna."

N. R. LAB., HARTFORD.—Brinsley Shaw was the lover and Arthur Mackley the sheriff in Essanay's "A Wife of the Hills." Ralph Ince was famous for his Lincoln impersonation before he left the dramatic stage for the Vitagraph. We do not think that the Vitagraph has a company in the South at present.

NORRINE.—William Mason was the country boy in Essanay's "The Hearts of Men." We do not know Mr. Mackley's dramatic record, nor the record of Allen Mathes, who was the clergyman in Selig's "The Last Dance."

V. Z., ST. LOUIS.—We have no record of "The Puppet's Return." James Morrison was the nephew in Vitagraph's "On the Pupil of His Eye."

A. R. T., OHIO.—We do not think Mr. Anderson would care to correspond with you just because you admire his acting. He would probably appreciate an appreciation, but you'll have to find a better reason than that for a reply.

THE FANS.—The reason your questions were not replied to was because they had already been answered before. The reason still holds good. You should be able to tell Harry Myers from Arthur Johnson, from their published portraits. Sorry, but we do not identify that picture.

M. J. C., SCOTSDALE.—Miss Marion Leonard had the lead in Rex's "What Avails the Crown."

M. K.—That studio is a new one to us, and we thought we knew them all. We do not find the name you give in Vitagraph casts, but she may be an extra. That Bison is too old to get identities now, but it probably was Mona Darkfeather.

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE
26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

E. W. S., PHILADELPHIA.—The player you mention does not appear in the Lubin casts.

SCOTTIE.—Thanhouser has not made "A Thorn in Vengeance." If you mean the Rex of that title we cannot supply the information.

J. T.—Harry Myers is in the Philadelphia studio. We believe that Edwin August is playing opposite Miss Ormi Hawley now, tho the casts have not come in yet with his name. It doesn't hurt photoplayers as much as it does other people to fall down. That sounds foolish, but players are trained how to fall. There are certain tricks of relaxing the muscles that ease the jolt. It is not known whether Miss Joyce will winter in New York or California.

E. E. H., BRONX.—Sorry to disappoint your expectation of seeing your answers in the September issue. We do a strictly retail trade. It may comfort you to know that while you do not get replies, you get the championship belt as Chief Interrogator. Up to now the record-holder has been a man who asked 32 questions. You get 36 questions on two sheets of paper with the boss' heading cut off. We cannot give any one correspondent half or three-quarters of a page, to the exclusion of more reasonable correspondents.

NELLIE S.—That "Is he married?" prohibition goes double for the Answers Man, but if our wife ever saw your letter you wouldn't need to crimp your hair for a week. We think you want to trifle with our young affections and then coax the names of the Biograph players. It can't be done.

1044 J.—That must be your telephone number. Miss Lawrence appears in a Victor release every week now. The gentleman who generally plays with Miss Lawrence is a bit vague. Arthur Johnson, Owen Moore and King Baggot have all played opposites. Owen Moore is her present leading man. Miss Vedah Bertram is the present leading woman for G. M. Anderson, tho, as this is written, she is quite ill and may not be seen for a time. That Maurice Costello is not seen as frequently as other players is simply due to the fact that you do not get the Costello pictures. He appeared in five during July. Carlyle Blackwell has been Miss Joyce's leading man, but since she came East the only New York production cast shows her supported by "Rube" Marquard, the eminent baseball spiralist, in "Rube Marquard Wins." We do not imagine that he will be her regular support. Knute Rahmn was the tourist in Kalem's "The Organ Grinder."

GIRL SCOUT.—Miss Mary Fuller was Jean Nelson in Edison's "More Precious Than Gold." We cannot place that Imp by its story.

H. E. T., MOBILE.—Darwin Karr was the lead in Edison's "A Modern Cinderella." We have not heard of Curtis Cooksey since he left the Essanay. The date of the first Helen Gardner release has not been announced. After the first heavy advertising there was no more said in the papers, but we have seen letters from Mr. Gaskill, manager of the company, in which he states that he has laid out the first year's work. It is announced that the company will first release "Cleopatra" in five reels about September. The studio is at Whitestone, N. Y.

V. S. H., MERIDIAN.—Guy Coombs is the Kalemite and Harry T. Morey the Vitagraph player whose pictures you enclose.

G. M. H., WINNIPEG.—Miss Viola Barry was the leading woman in Nestor's "A Mountain Daisy."

C. M., CHAMPAIGN.—James Cooley was the husband in Reliance's "Bedelia as a Mother-in-law." We do not place the Reliance "The Suffragette." Do you mean their "Votes for Women"? The Thanhouser Kid is between ten and twelve. Miss Bertha Blanchard was Harry Benham's accomplice in Thanhouser's "An Easy Mark." We do not know the player you mention, and he does not appear in Nestor casts.

FLORENCE AND ELSIE.—American does not reply. Probably it is Warren J. Kerrigan and Miss Pauline Bush. The Jess question was answered last month.

JACK STANDING.—We are indebted to Miss Gladys Field (who writes from San Francisco), and two other correspondents, for the information that Jack Standing is playing in vaudeville in the Belasco production of "The Drums of Oude." Now, if Miss Field will give us the welcome news that she is working again, all will be well. If it will help her any, we do not mind telling her that we've had something like a hundred requests for her whereabouts since she left Powers.

GOOSEY GANDER.—Miss Gardner will appear only in three to five reel productions, and the latest information is to the effect that the first of these, "Cleopatra," will be presented some time in September.

E. D., GREENVILLE.—We do a retail business. Entire casts are barred. Give the names you really are interested in. The leads have already been printed.

L. H., CHESTER, contributes the information that Miss Leah Baird was the brunette stenographer in Vitagraph's "Stenographers Wanted." She is advised that Brinsley Shaw was the villain she wants and that Robert Burns, Walter Stull and Joe Reilly were the tramps in Lubin's "The Tramp Elephant."

BATON ROUGE.—Wallace Reid was Joe, and Miss Gertrude Robinson, Belle, in "At Cripple Creek." We lack the Melliès cast, but see elsewhere for Dick. Mr. Bushman's picture was printed in the September and March galleries.

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GENERAL FILM CO.

A. D. A., COLUMBUS.—Why address the Technical Bureau when you want questions answered? Look it up in the dictionary. Miss Hawley was the lead in Lubin's "The Shepherd's Flute," but she is not cast as a fairy. Read back for other questions. They have been answered.

F. H. N., TORONTO.—We can excuse the postal, but not the fact that you ask questions already answered.

ANTHONY.—You are almost as numerous as Flossie. We cannot tell a fine-built man with dark hair how to get a job as a picture-player. It would be the same if your hair was red or yellow. Cant be done, in the face of competition from trained players.

JOSEPHINE, LEAVENWORTH.—Edison offers photographs for sale. Address Orange, N. J., and not the address given on our slips. We note your request for "several" pictures of Mr. Lessey. Not in our province. Ask Mr. Brewster. He's the man-higher-up in this case.

RUTH K. P.—Guy Coombs was the Captain Faulkner in Kalem's "War's Havoc." His wife was Anna Q. Nilsson, cast as Jeannie McPherson.

VITAGRAPH FAN.—The Vitagraph was founded about 1896. Kalem some years later. Neither of the barkeepers you ask for are cast. Why this interest in barkeepers?

C. V. V. T., HELENA.—Listen! We heard today that, perhaps, pretty soon, the Biograph would give names. This is not official, nor anyway near official, but it looks like good dope, nevertheless. Miss Bessie Eyton was the blind girl and Miss Phyllis Gordon the artist in Selig's "The Price of Art." See August for the other question.

M. R. H., CHICAGO.—Francis Osman was the boy in Selig's "His Father's Bugle."

L. M. O.—Almost we are ashamed of you. The contest was announced in June and here you come to ask who won. Maurice Costello, Miss E. Dolores Cassinelli and Miss Mae Hotely won, in that order. Miss Bertha Blanchard was the mother in Thanhouser's "Baby Bride."

NELL, COSHOCTON.—Miss Snow and Mr. Cruze are not cast in Thanhouser's "Merchant of Venice." Marc McDermott was opposite Miss Fuller in "More Precious Than Gold." Miss Hawley, and not Miss Buckley, was Mr. Halliday's opposite in "The Puppet's Hour." We have explained before that Miss Joyce is now in New York.

G. M. K., LANCASTER.—We do not find the name you mention in Essanay casts.

J. N.—We have handed out the medal for numerous questions, and we take pleasure in awarding you the badge for the most foolish question that has come to us yet. We do not know the tune that was being played on the phonograph horn in Lubin's "The Talker." There is a limit to our information, and you're beyond the pale.

D. V., NEW YORK.—In almost every issue we speak of Frederick Church, of the Essanay Company. Look elsewhere in this issue for the other questions.

E. B. S., EAST ORANGE.—We have touched on this subject in almost every issue, but we may as well give the whole subject full discussion here. Film is sold or leased to the exchanges by the manufacturers. These exchanges contract for a certain supply of film each week. The number of reels bought by them depends entirely upon the number of "first runs" called for by their clients. The Licensed manufacturers have been releasing 36 reels a week, but this number is now being increased to 48. The Independents, collectively, release about 30 reels a week. If an exchange has but 28 first-run customers, it buys but 28 subjects a week. Perhaps four of these may be Vitagraphs. Suppose, for an example, that an exchange does not take the Monday Vitagraph. If the Monday Vitagraph happens to be the only Costello picture released that week, the exchange does not get a Costello, and cannot supply one to the house that wants a Costello. It may happen that for two or three weeks the Costellos fall on Mondays; then the exchange may not have one for a month. It is the same way with an Edison or other release. If the exchange does not take the full service it may not get the player you want, and there may be a run of these waits. That's when the story gets about that Costello, or whoever it may be, had left the company, or died, or anything that will cover the non-appearance. Perhaps the exchange does get the Costello, but your house only gets the Thursday first-run Vitagraphs. If Costello is on the reel released Tuesday, this reel will go to other houses first and turn up in the theater you patronize a month or six weeks later as a "commercial." You cannot order from the manufacturer all his Costellos or Mary Fullers or Arthur Johnsons or King Baggots. The order must be given in advance by release days, and not by stars. That's how it happens.

SYLVIA.—George Gebhardt is now with the Western section of the Pathé Company. The clipping seems to be true. That picture you saw was a French copy. We saw one six months in advance of the official American release. It is very often done. Abroad films are sold outright and may be disposed of as the purchaser may see fit.

D. F., BOSTON, MASS.—Send stamped, addressed envelope.

YVONNE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—See "Y. G., Brooklyn."

A. H., RIVERHEAD.—Thanks for your interest, but "Damon and Pythias" was asked for, not "A Cowboy Damon and Pythias." It seems to be a Selig. In the Vitagraph production we do not find a "Dare" cast. Curly hair and fine acting are not sufficient identifications.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

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G. M. C., BROOKLYN.—We do not find the title credited to Reliance, but it has been used by both Pathé and Vitagraph. You have leave to amend your inquiry to suit the facts. Solax names are shrouded in deep mystery, possibly because their press agent is—

NORRINE.—Harry Myers supported Miss Buckley in a greater number of plays than did Jack Halliday. We do not find Miss Talmadge cast in any recent Vitagraphs, but all names do not appear in the casts. At this late day you ask about the Biograph! Naughty!

THERESA, NEW ORLEANS.—Arthur Johnson had the lead in Lubin's "The New Physician." The hospital scenes were studio-made. In the same company's "Just Pretending" the children were Albert Hackett and Henrietta O'Beck. Miss Nilsson is still with Kalem. Cant tell a black-haired girl how to be a player any more than we can tell a finely built dark man.

R. G., FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—We cannot answer either of the first questions. Marguerite Loveridge played the part of Mabel in "Western Hearts."

M. E. W., CLEVELAND, O.—Kate Price and Flora Finch were the little twins in "Bunny and the Twins."

K. L. R.—No, Owen Moore does not pose with Mary Pickford; he poses with Florence Lawrence. Florence Lawrence is not with Lubin, but with Victor.

DAN BRADFORD, ARK.—Anna Nilsson played the part of Susanna in "Soldier Brothers of Susanna." Ormi Hawley was the Forest Fairy in "The Shepherd's Flute." Helen Costello played the part of Adele in "The Church Across the Way." Leo Delaney was Charles Darnay in Vitagraph's "Tale of Two Cities."

L. W. F.—Carlyle Blackwell plays in the Glendale, Cal., Company. Write to Kalem Company and see. We do not know what the contracts are with the Kalem Company and the actors.

H. R., BOSTON, MASS.—The picture was taken in Japan by the French Company. You evidently do not like kissing.

M. K. L., LA SALLE, ILL.—They are not related in any way.

F. R. S., PAWTUCKET, R. I.—G. M. Anderson played the part of Triggerless Jim in "A Story of Montana."

B. W., YONKERS, N. Y.—The players all make up for the parts they take.

D. M., MOBILE, ALA.—Guy Hedlund was with the Edison Company the last time we heard of him.

R. O., YONKERS, N. Y.—In most cases the costumes are supplied the actors and actresses.

E. G. R., CHICAGO, ILL.—William Mason is with the Essanay Company.

G. G. B., NEWPORT.—William Todd was the sheriff in "A Story of Montana." Florence Le Vinci was Frances in "The Will of Destiny." Edith Storey was Jennie in "The Barrier That Was Burned."

F. N. D. S.—Gilbert Maxwell Anderson is his full name. Lottie and Mary Pickford are sisters. We do not answer — questions. Vedah Bertram was the lame girl in "Western Hearts."

DOLLY JANE.—Alice Joyce is now playing in the New York studio. No, Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell are not brother and sister.

F. L., BROOKLYN.—Thanks for the clipping. You are right about "Little Mary."

LAMBDA THETA PHI.—Vedah Bertram is the leading lady of the Western Essanay Company. Beverley Bayne is not with the Western Company.

M. F. A., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Lottie Pickford was the girl you mean in "The Girl Strikers."

L. G. M. B.—Florence is the only one we know. Neither Florence Turner nor Flora Finch is Maurice Costello's wife.

I. S., CAL.—Florence Turner never left the Vitagraph. Marion Cooper was the drummer girl in "The Drummer Girl of Vicksburg."

H. M. S., NEW ORLEANS.—The reason the pictures are shown so fast is the fault of the operator, and not the fault of the Biograph Company. Speak to the manager of the house about it.

ESTHER, ST. LOUIS, Mo.—Thomas Moore played the part you ask in "The Pilgrimage." The reason Ruth Roland's picture "appears in nearly every issue" is because she has so many pretty pictures. If we receive a pretty picture of Miss Roland next month, her picture will appear again.

AN ADMIRER OF MARION LEONARD.—Alice, in "A Temporary Truce," has no other name than Alice. Laura Sawyer played the part of Helen in "For the Cause of the South." Marion Leonard has left the Rex Company.

M. M. LA F., BOSTON.—Vedah Bertram was the daughter in "The Smuggler's Daughter." Mrs. Clark was the mother in Kalem's "His Mother." Helen Costello is Maurice Costello's daughter. Carlyle Blackwell was formerly with Vitagraph Company. He is still with Kalem. Write to Vitagraph for Edith Storey's picture. Tom Powers was the son in "Cylinder's Secret." Harold Wilson was the bridegroom in "Old Love Letters." The rest of the 47 questions will be answered later—if it isn't too hot.

1912

1913

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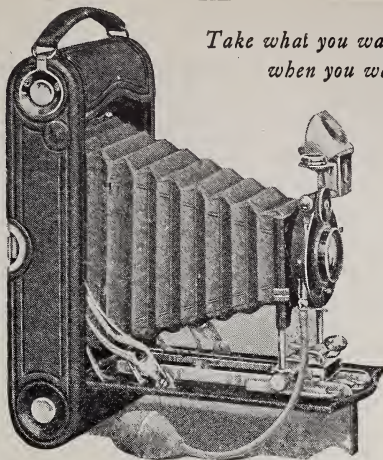
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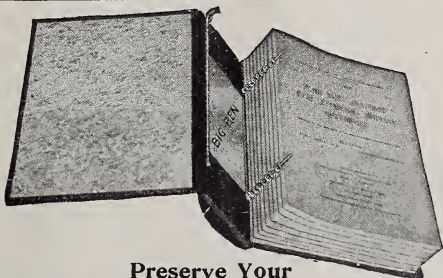
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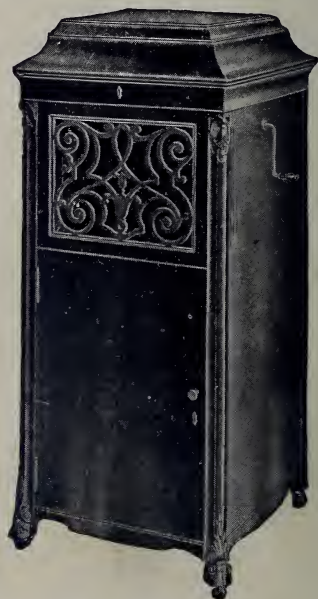
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OCTOBER, 1912

Two Daughters of Eve

(Biograph)

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

MARION MORGAN, three years old, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, and a runaway, paused before a mysterious door which led to more mysterious things beyond. Just what it all was she neither knew nor understood, for too many things had crowded themselves upon her baby brain, all in one afternoon, for her to stop and analyze each in its separate function. Marion never before had realized that this was such a big world, such a rushing, ponderous, whirling world, until now—for she never had possessed the chance. Marion was one of those born to the accompaniment of the songs of the stars, and with a silver spoon upon her tiny tongue. She was one of those to whom magnificence had meant nothing, since it always had been with her. The mysteries of the street, known to the tenement child at creeping age, always had been a closed book

to her. Even the observing eyes of babyhood can see little at close range from the tonneau of a rushing motor-car.

And so now Marion, enjoying her first journey into the world—a journey which had its beginning while her mother and father shopped and while the chauffeur dozed a minute in his seat—found the scenes along the way to be worth all the trouble. There had been windows to gaze wonderingly into, streets to explore, other kiddies like herself—but dressed far differently—to make friends with, and, lastly, there had come this door with its fairyland beyond. Marion, her exploring mood still in the uppermost, hesitated a moment, stuck one finger thoughtfully between baby lips—and then, bold with curiosity, trotted within.

And it was just at this moment of decision that the curtain of the second

act descended, and shut the stage of the Comedy Theater in a grayish, yellowish light, thru which figures rushed phantom-like, as stage-hands tightened the ropes that would hold new scenery in its place, or screwed braces to the floor, while hurrying property-men lugged chairs, tables, rugs and clinking glasses from that

vas along, show-girls and chorus men, not content with their exertions before the footlights, were dancing, singing and joking. The music from without grew louder. The figures swayed more, the sound of gliding feet grew more distinct; a few voices began to give forth the chorus of a popular air:



MARION IS TAKEN ON A SHOPPING EXPEDITION

mysterious room of the stage known as the "prop hole," while sweating electricians jumped here and there, fixing bunch lights in their places, or shouted to the flymen high on the gallery above to lower the various strings of colored globes that would illuminate the next scene.

The orchestra had just begun its lilting, between-the-acts music when the little girl entered the fairyland. Here and there about the stage, dodging the hurrying scene-shifters as they shunted the great strips of can-

Come to me, kiddo; come to me, kid,
Dont keep me waiting so long.

Swing me till I'm dizzy, till I lose my lid,
Dont you know all of life's just a song—

The voices stopped at a little exclamation, and men and women of grease, paint and powder turned to stare. Bessie Davis, comely, little Bessie, the liveliest of them all, stood transfixed, her face blank with astonishment, as she stared at the little child before her—a little child who looked into her brown eyes with frank, childish, blue ones, who held forth her

hands as tho she had selected this girl of the merry whirl as the person who was to guide her thru this labyrinth of wonders. Bessie hesitated a moment. Then, with an impulsive good-heartedness, she bent low, and swept the baby into her arms.

"You cute, little duckens!" she burst forth, "you——"

The words were lost in a great hug—the arms of Bessie of the chorus were touching something to which they were not accustomed—there was

"How dare you?" came from between cold lips. "*How dare you?*"

Marion had been folded close to her mother's breast. Bessie Davis, her face white, rose from her chair and looked squarely into the eyes of the woman before her.

"What have I done?" she asked, in that cool tone of injury which is yet more feverish than white heat. "I have held the baby in my arms—is that a crime?"

A little laugh from the crowded be-



BESSIE VOWS THAT SHE WILL BE REVENGED

a flood of feeling in her heart that she could not understand. A tear or two stood in her eyes. She did not attempt to fathom the reason.

Then, as the painted ones of the stage crowded near, Bessie held the child high in her arms; she shook her gently—with that little shake of love which only women know; she bent to kiss little Marion's red lips, and to—

The sound of hurrying feet. A half scream. Angry hands shot forth, and grasped the form of the baby from the chorus girl's arms. Bessie Davis looked up into the blazing eyes of a fashionably dressed woman.

The eyes of Mrs. William Morgan blazed with more fiery passion than ever. She sneered:

"You—a chorus girl; you hold my child—mine! And then you ask what you have done. How dared you contaminate her? How dared you allow her here with yourself—and these?" She swept a hand toward the others who formed the company. The world whirled for Bessie of the chorus. She felt that she swayed a little. Her lips attempted to frame words of vitriol, and failed. Hazily, she saw the woman leave the stage. Then she felt some one take her hand.

"Dont mind Ethel," a man's voice was saying. "She has funny notions, sometimes. Now, as for myself, I thank you a lot—and personally," was added, "I think you're a pretty decent little kid."

Bessie Davis looked into the eyes of Billy Morgan, and there came to her some of her self-control. She smiled, and lapsed into the slang of the road.

"I'm wise," she said, and pressed his hand ever so slightly.

I'll show her what it means for a contamination to enter a family! I'll show her what it is to have false pride torn apart, ripped to pieces—scattered to the winds! I'll show her. I'll make her beg and plead for mercy. I'll——" She ceased. The frown died away from a brow usually smooth. She smiled—but there was a coldness in that smile that was worse than any impetuosity. From below, there came the call of the second act. Bessie



THE DANCE OF DEATH

For with that one look, the spirit of red, flaming revenge had entered the heart of the chorus girl. Fifteen minutes later, alone in her dressing-room, staring blankly at the wall, her hands clenched, her lips tightly closed, Bessie of the chorus, her whole being crying out for retribution against this woman who had openly defiled her, her mind seared and burning yet from the taunt and from the insult, almost groaned in her intensified anger.

"Call me names, will she?" she said, between gritted teeth. "Call me a contaminator? Then, I'll be one!

Davis ran down the long stairs from her dressing-room, and jostled a scene-shifter almost good-naturedly as she hurried for her entrance.

"Gotten over the bawling out?" he asked after her. Bessie turned, and laughed over her shoulder.

"Maybe," she answered, enigmatically.

Two nights later, as the swaying figures of the "Dance of Death" rushed wraith-like about the stage, Bessie Davis looked out into the audience, and beheld, in the first row, a face she knew. She had wondered a

bit at the flowers which she had found awaiting her that night—but now she understood. She caught the light smile, the wink, the signal, and her heart beat faster. Her road to revenge was becoming smooth. Billy Morgan, beloved of the woman who had insulted her, was falling into the trap.

He met her at the stage-door, and they dined where the lights shone

"That's what a married man always says—but never shows," she answered. Billy Morgan's face grew more serious.

"Let's leave the married part out of it," he broke in. "You say they never show they care. Do you suppose a string of pearls would convince you?"

"They might," was the answer, as the crashing of an orchestra began.



BILLY PRESENTS BESSIE WITH A NECKLACE

bright, and where the singers of the cabaret strolled between the tables, where the sound of popping corks mingled with that of laughter, laughter which grew louder and longer as the hours became smaller. She dined with him, and he, leaning across the table, touched her hand, ever so slightly.

"I like you," he said slowly. The spirit of champagne was in his eyes. Bessie of the chorus smiled—but he did not know the meaning of those lips.

"And perhaps——" he begged, "perhaps when I hung those pearls around your neck—do you think it'd be wrong if I kist you, just once?"

"We'll see about that when I get the pearls," was the puzzling, smiling answer of the show-girl.

And a month later, as Bessie of the chorus stood before her mirror, there was more to show for Billy Morgan's infatuous devotion than a mere string of pearls. Bracelets were on her arms. Upon her smooth bosom there glittered the diamonds of sunburst

and pendants. In her hair shone the brilliancy of precious gems. Here and there about the room, in costly vases, were the offerings of florists—a new gown lay across a chair, the last offering which had come by the afternoon delivery. Bessie smiled sagely to herself.

"I wonder," she said slowly, "I wonder—when she'll find out?"

There came a knock at the door, and, a moment later, a man she hardly

knew—she felt that she had triumphed.

"Do you feel that bad about it?" she bantered, leaning against the table, with its decorations of flowers.

The man looked at her queerly.

"What do you know?" he asked.

"I know nothing," was the answer of Bessie of the chorus. "I am simply using my guessing powers. When did she find out and leave you?"

There was a long silence. Billy



MRS. MORGAN DISCOVERS BILLY'S INFATUATION

recognized faced the girl of the chorus. His eyes were haggard. His hands trembled a bit. In the face was every evidence of sleeplessness, of anguish and torment of mind. Billy Morgan, broken, tragedy in his countenance, stood before her. His voice was strange and husky.

"Well," he began, "I—I dont look much like myself, do I?"

But Bessie's answering voice was as gay as ever, and as pleasant. There was none of the exultation in it which surged in her heart. With her woman's intuition, she thought she

Morgan allowed his head to droop and his eyes to seek the floor.

"Two weeks ago."

"That long?" A light laugh. "You've borne it well so far. Why so excited now?"

It was then that the dull eyes opposite her flashed for just a second. Billy Morgan stepped forward. His lips were dry and trembling.

"Good God, Bess," he burst out, "dont keep up that tone forever. I cant stand it. I'm—done for," he added slowly, and then the words became more hurried again as the story

came forth. "Everything's broken for me—everything's gone wrong. There's nothing left, there's nothing——"

"There's Bessie." The voice of the chorus girl still contained its taunt. The man whirled.

"Yes, there's you, and that's all. She found us out two weeks ago. Trailed us to the Gardens and watched us there. Of course, she thought the worst; she wouldn't believe it when I tried to tell her you really were a good girl of a sort. That night she took Marion and left. I didn't care much then—I was willing to fix her up with all the money she wanted and all that sort of thing, but she said she wouldn't have it. She was going to fight her own way in the world. I knew she couldn't last at it, and that she'd come back. But she hasn't and——"

"Is that all?" Still that calm, cool voice, still that smile. Billy came closer and took the chorus girl's hand.

"All?" he asked, in his hoarse, strange voice. "No! It's only the beginning. If she were starving right now, begging me for money, I couldn't give it to her. Everything's gone, Bessie. Everything's lost. I played the game too strong—I spent too much money—I tied up things which I shouldn't have touched, and when the need for ready cash came, I didn't have it." There was a pleading in his tone now. "I don't know how I'm going to pull out of it. If I only had some money to make the fight with—if I could only get fifteen or twenty thousand, I——" He stopped and looked toward her filling throat. He thrust forth a trembling hand. "That necklace of pearls, Bess, girl—if you'd let me have that back, I could——" The look on her face stopped him. The girl clutched at the jewels around her throat. She nodded her head.

"Indian giver!" she almost hissed at him. "No, I'll not give them back to you. I'll not give you anything back. Do you think you can play that game on me—do you?"

She pointed outward, and he under-

stood. Slowly he turned. Slowly the door closed behind him. For a moment, Bessie of the chorus stood there, looking at the blank door thru which he had passed, her hands gripped, her face set. Then, like the girl she was, playing a game against which her whole being rebelled, she whirled, and, kneeling before her bed, sobbed out her anguish. When cruelty was the game, the heart of Bessie of the chorus was built only to act the part, not to feel it.

And so it was that, sad-faced, fighting with herself against a wild desire to give up all she had centered her determination upon, Bessie dragged herself to rehearsal the next morning. There was none of the old jollity about her countenance. She did not stop to joke with the doorman, she did not mingle with the little groups of actors and actresses upon the dark stage. Instead, she sought a little chair in a far corner, and retreated there, to wait the time when she would be needed. A voice caused her to look up after a long time—the sight of a face caused her to start and to stare. She saw a woman approach the stage-manager and ask something. She saw that person of growls and reprimands eye the applicant, and then point her to a dressing-room. Bessie Davis leaped from her chair. A moment more, and she was before the once fashionable Mrs. Billy Morgan.

They merely looked at each other for a long time—a study in faces. There was no need for explanation by the tired, almost hopeless-appearing woman who faced Bessie Davis. Her whole carriage, everything about her told of a struggle for work, of failure—of seeking a place in the chorus as a last resort. A little sneer came almost unbidden to Bessie's lips. Now that she had found the woman whose home she had broken, the good resolves died away, and once more exultation flamed bright and red within her heart.

"So you've decided to become a contaminator, too," she taunted, as she leaned against the dressing-room door. The woman did not answer. Bessie

waited a moment. She looked into those tired eyes. She saw the little lines about the drawn mouth—she knew that Mrs. Billy Morgan had gone breakfastless that morning, but still the taunts came. “So you’ve decided to be one of us? You’ve found out it isn’t so bad after all—when you need food, when you need something to keep a roof over your head. You’ve found out——”

An appealing look had come into the other woman’s eyes. Her lips were still

“They’re yours,” she said tersely. “They belong to you more than they do to me. Take them!”

Something in Mrs. Morgan’s eyes told that she understood. Slowly the woman outstretched her hands toward the chorus girl she once had defiled. Slowly her lips framed the words of thanks. There was no anger on them now. Mrs. Billy Morgan, aristocrat, had seen something of the seamy side of life, and her eyes had begun to look upon the world with a broader view.



BESSIE RETURNS THE NECKLACE

silent, but there was something about that tired face, something about that expression which cut, and cut deep, into the heart of the chorus girl. A second, and her old impetuosity had come back. She ripped the string of pearls from about her neck. She tore a diamond brooch from her bosom, taking along with it the rich cloth of her dress. The pendants were jerked from their fastenings, the bracelets from her arms, and into the hands of Mrs. Billy Morgan she streamed them.

“I’m sorry,” she said slowly, “for what I said that——”

A tiny hand went across her lips. The brimming eyes of Bessie of the chorus looked into hers.

“Don’t say it,” the girl of the brown hair ordered.

And so it came that, a few hours later, two women, now a bond between them that nothing could break, sat in a rather poor, badly furnished room in the tenement district. One, whose form was pretty and whose hair was

brown, had been telling a story—a story of revenge, and how she had played it. The other had listened in silence. At last their hands met.

"Perhaps," said Bessie of the chorus, "it would be best if each of us said to the other that we were sorry. Forgiveness is best when it comes from both sides, dont you think?"

that she would plead with the woman she had sworn to hate. Mrs. Billy Morgan raised her eyes.

"I've wondered sometimes," she began, and her voice was not that of the Mrs. Morgan Bessie had first known, "if it wasn't my fault—partly. I wonder if I made home all it should have been for him. I



"I'VE JUST KIST THE BABY!"

"Yes," came the soft answer of the other woman. There was no haughtiness in the tone. Bessie of the chorus went on:

"And somewhere in this city is a man whose heart is aching for that which we have granted each other. Suppose I should find him and send him to you—suppose he should ask you to forgive him—dont you think you could—dont you?"

Bessie of the chorus never believed

wonder if I was not selfish and cold and——"

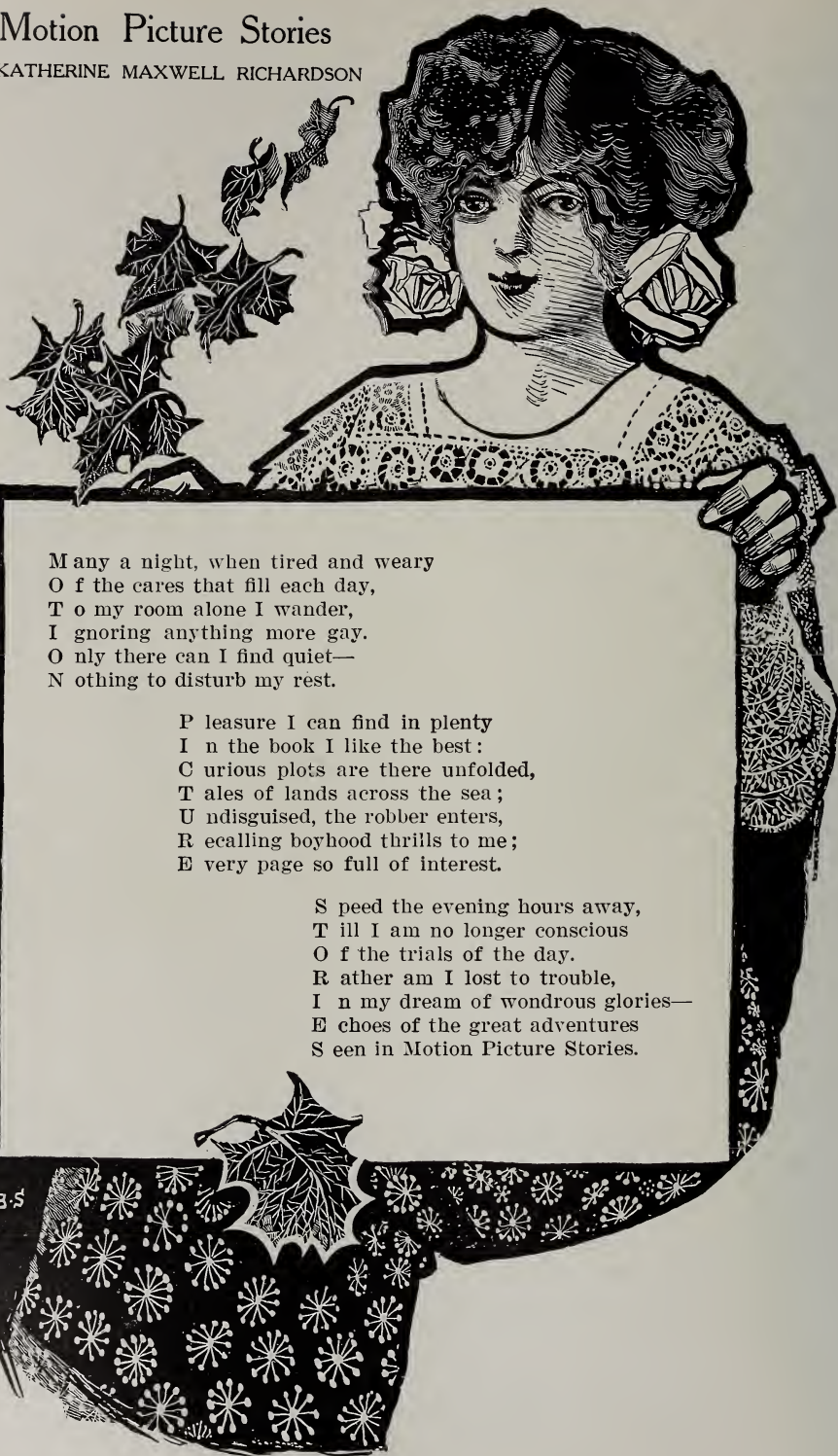
The tears came, slowly at first, then faster. Bessie of the chorus tiptoed softly away, toward the bed where a little form lay, its curly head upon the pillow. Bessie bent low, then a choking, little laugh echoed thru the room.

"I've—I've just kist the baby," came her explanation. "You dont care, do you?"



Motion Picture Stories

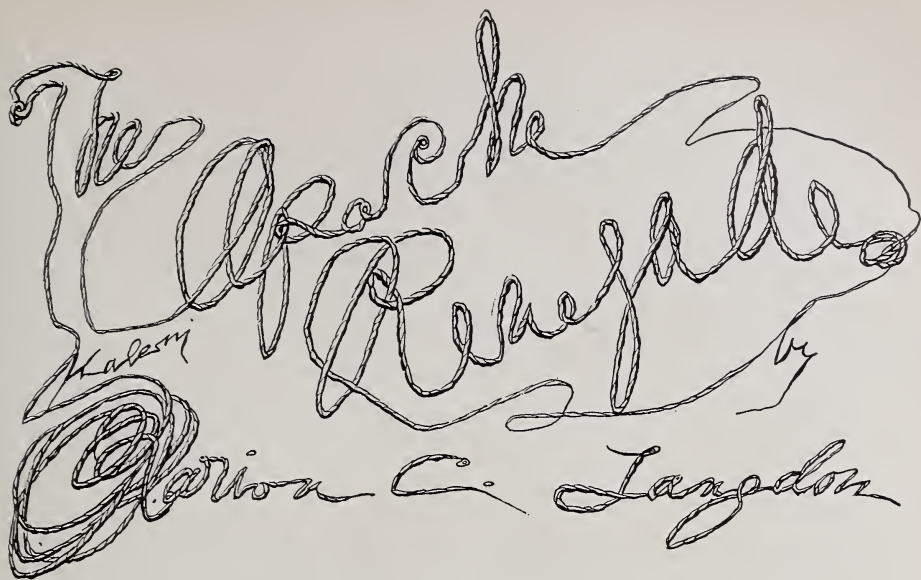
By KATHERINE MAXWELL RICHARDSON



Many a night, when tired and weary
Of the cares that fill each day,
To my room alone I wander,
Ignoring anything more gay.
Only there can I find quiet—
Nothing to disturb my rest.

Pleasure I can find in plenty
In the book I like the best:
Curious plots are there unfolded,
Tales of lands across the sea;
Undisguised, the robber enters,
Recalling boyhood thrills to me;
Every page so full of interest.

Speed the evening hours away,
Till I am no longer conscious
Of the trials of the day.
Rather am I lost to trouble,
In my dream of wondrous glories—
Echoes of the great adventures
Seen in Motion Picture Stories.



A LONE figure stood half-hidden in the sagebrush, his dark skin blending with the colors of the semi-desert about him, his hands shielding his snapping, beady eyes. There was an evil look about the swarthy countenance—Winding Snake was not one who harbored good thoughts, and now he was looking out toward something he hated with all the venom which his name gave him, with all the enmity of a race which has traveled before the rolling, overpowering, crushing influence of civilization. Winding Snake's heart was as of vitriol as he stood there, and looked far across the rolling hills, to where the white tops of a wagon train flickered in the blazing sun. He stirred a bit, and there came from his throat a guttural sound, half ejaculation, half grunt.

"Palefaces!" he said to himself, "palefaces!"

It was then that he whirled, and, with that writhing motion which had given him his name, slunk into the shelter of the sagebrush. His quick eyes darted here and there—he lay still a moment, then rose. A man was before him, not an Indian, but a tall, heavy-set, puffy-cheeked, bearded man who leaned on his rifle, and watched the wagon train below with a look as evil as Winding Snake's had been. A moment, and the Apache was

beside him. Big Bill Fordyce, renegade, a white man whose perverted mind had sent many a fellow being to death thru his trickery, started a bit, then laughed.

"Money in the distance, Winding Snake," he said shortly, then turned his eyes to where a cloud of dust, far behind the wagon train, made itself apparent. One by one, figures became visible, as hurrying horses shortened the distance between them and the white-covered wagons. The watching, almost greedy eyes of Outlaw Bill took in every movement as the meeting came, and then turned to Winding Snake.

"Well," he drawled, "more work for us, I guess, Old Serpent. Why in the devil a wandering bunch of cowpunchers just bump up with that crew just at the time we dont want them to, is more'n I can see. Just means we've got to put somebody out of the way, if they leave anybody behind to guide that gang to Santa Fé. Your eyes are sharper than mine. Winding Snake; what's happening?"

The Apache bent forward, and for a long time was silent. Then he uttered several sentences in his native tongue. The renegade smiled grimly.

"Just what I thought," he mused. "Well, I wont kill him. Jack Lane and me've got other scores to settle—some other day. But I'll get him out

of the way, long enough to hook that wagon train. Come on, Old Serpent!"

In the winding hills beyond, the object of that conversation in the sagebrush was blissfully ignorant of everything—except that he was the happiest man in the world. Life had taken on a new hue for Jack Lane, of the Flying U, and had done it all in a morning. Life had become rosy—as rosy as the cheeks of the girl into whose face he was smiling, rosy as the lips which answered his questions, rosy as— Jack gripped the pommel of his saddle as tightly as a tenderfoot with a new cayuse, and pinched himself to see if he were not really dreaming, after all.

For, to tell the truth, Jack couldn't quite figure out how it had happened. To the best of his memory, the Flying U bunch had been four days away from the bunk-house, and were just turning to begin the long trip of return, when Baldy Lewis had seen the train. Then had come the scamper across the desert, the meeting, the laughter and joking—and more serious thoughts of the Indians. And, some way, just at the moment when the thought of a guide thru the Indian country had been broached, Mary Simmons, dark-eyed, dark-haired, smiling and pretty, had looked in the direction of Jack, of the Flying U. After that—well, the rest of the bunch turned home, while Jack, looking into those brown eyes, swore to himself that redskins might come and redskins might go, but as long as he could travel in the light of that smile, he did not care much what happened to him.

And so it had come about that they were riding far ahead of the lumbering train, with its rocking prairie schooners and plodding horses. Neither had spoken for a long time—it seemed to Jack that something was trying and trying to formulate itself in his brain, and failing with every effort. It seemed to him that when he looked into those eyes—eyes that bore a twinkle in them—the sagebrush danced, and the heat-rays of the sun took on strange colors. Jack gripped

the pommel of his saddle tighter than ever.

"Plumb locoed!" he said, half to himself and half to his cayuse, "plumb locoed!"

"Bad habit you have, talking to yourself," came in bantering tones from the horse beside him. Jack turned.

"Yuh know what?" he asked, with sudden bravery—they were out of sight of the train now, far in advance around the turn of a hill—"yuh know, I——"

"Well?" Mary Simmons laughed at his discomfiture. In the many months of hardships across the plains, she had gained a sort of optimistic humor toward everything. It was her bantering which had carried many a tired man and discouraged woman thru days and nights of illness and fatigue and disheartening difficulties. Jack swung himself half around in the saddle, and forced himself to say what was in his mind.

"I know it aint th' bang-up thing t' come right out an' say it," he began haltingly, "but yuh're just th' sorta girl if yuh'd ask me fur my best pipe or my bull pup, brand me if I wouldn't plumb give 'em t' yuh!"

"You would?" Mary Simmons allowed something a bit more friendly than bantering to come into her voice. "By all of which you mean you like me. Well"—she swung her head a trifle—"I believe I like you, too. I reckon it's because——"

"Do yuh?" Jack was leaning far over now, with eagerness in his eyes. "Betcha yuh're afraid t' show it!"

"Show it? How?"

A sweep of his arm, and Jack Lane's dust-grimed handkerchief was unknotted from his neck and held forth, while his eyes fastened themselves upon the one which Mary wore about her throat, deep blue and ornamented with a horsehair amulet.

"Trade," he urged.

Laughingly she obeyed, and bowed her head that she might see to fasten the new dust protector around her neck. One attempt—two. A little pout came into her face.

"Oh, I've got to stop to fix it," she said. "Ride on ahead, I'll catch you."

"All right," came the answer. Jack went forward around a slight bend in the road. A second later Mary, her horse plunging, was in pursuit. There had come the sound of a shot, a cry, the noise of a brief struggle. Mary, her face white, and her heart beating with triphammer velocity, swung around the curve, to

prisoner, Winding Snake and the renegade were soon safe from pursuit, and bound for the Apache camp. Jack Lane, the man they had feared would save the train by guiding it into more civilized country, was in their possession now, bound hand and foot to the back of his cayuse, bleeding a little from the bullet which had seared his scalp, but still conscious. He turned defiantly toward the puffy



THE RENEGADE TAUNTS HIS PRISONER

find only Jack Lane's riderless horse. The cowboy had disappeared.

"Indians!" The thought crossed her mind like a red flash. Hurriedly, she wheeled her horse and raced back to the wagon train, shouting her warnings. Then, turning in her saddle, she saw three forms, one bound, beginning the descent of the hill she had just left.

"There!" she cried, as she came to the wagon train, "there!" A dozen men leaped forward. A dozen shots rang out. A dozen horses were urged in pursuit—but in vain. Threading in and out of the sagebrush with their

face of the renegade and the more stoical one of Winding Snake.

"Well," he asked, "up to your old tricks, aint yuh? Whatta you think yuh——"

"Some more o' yore business, aint it?" the renegade snapped. "Shut up!"

Jack, of the Flying U, asked no more questions. With his knowledge of Outlaw Bill, he had guessed the plans that were being formulated behind the evil eyes. He could read, too, in the face of Winding Snake the attack to come, the battle between whiteskin and redskin, and the trick-

ery that would be employed to lure the train into the ambush.

Stolidly he allowed himself to be led into the group of waiting Apaches at the camp, and bound. Once he struggled, but only for effect. Jack knew it would do no good; besides, he had seen one face among the red-skinned throng which had given him hope, and upon that he banked his every possibility of escape. A light came into his eyes as he saw that the little squaw at whom he looked, Waving Tree, had not forgotten a certain happening of three years before when a tall, lank cowboy had saved her from death in the freshet of the Verdigris. He raised his eyebrows. She understood, and disappeared into the crowd of scowling ones who stood watching.

One by one, the knots were tied by the renegade and his comrade, Winding Snake. The smile on the outlaw's face grew more evil than ever. He jerked the cowboy's hat from his head and replaced it with his own tattered one. He tore the handkerchief, with its horsehair amulet, from Jack's neck and wrapped it around his own. A thrill went thru Jack's heart. Outlaw Bill was preparing to meet the wagon train and offer his services as guide, that he might lead it into ambush. But in that handkerchief which Big Bill had wrapped around his neck lay hope. If Mary could only see it—if she could know, it would be a warning, at least. It would mean that the train could form some sort of a defensive position, that the Indians would not catch them unawares. In his own way, Jack Lane, of the Flying U, prayed as he stood there, watching the preparations of the camp for the ambush and the attack. If Mary could only see and understand! If she could be warned by the sight of that handkerchief and its horsehair amulet. If—Jack writhed in his agony of mind.

"Just gimme a little time!" he half groaned to himself; "gimme a little time!"

A wild shout, as painted redskin after painted redskin leaped to his horse and, under the leadership of the

renegade, struck out for the hills and ambush. Anxiously Jack waited until the last one had faded from sight. Then, with a quick nod of his head, he whistled softly. A crouching form answered him. Soon Waving Tree was beside him, her muscular fingers struggling with the knots. One after the other fell apart. Jack's arms were free. Again a knot loosened—again—again. Jack Lane, of the Flying U, shook himself clear from the bonds which had held him, and grasped the hand of Waving Tree.

"Even!" he said, with a hoarseness in his throat. "I knowed I was a-doin' for th' best that day, little gal!"

A bound and he was gone. His face was set hard. His eyebrows were low over his eyes as the wrinkles of his forehead went deeper and deeper. The Flying U bunch would go back to their breakfast camp for grub—If he could only get there—if he could only get there before Big Bill's schemes worked out!

It was three hours later that Baldy Lewis, a bit in advance of the bunch from the Flying U, let his reins fall slack and his face to go blank. Far in the distance, a minute speck was traveling toward him, falling now and then, but ever rising, ever hurrying forward. Baldy allowed a yell to tear from his throat as he sank the spurs into his bronco's flanks, and hurried forward, the others thundering beside him. Fifteen minutes more and Baldy's face was more blank than ever. "It's Jack!" he exclaimed, "locoed, or I'm a——"

He stopped. The figure had come before him, and Jack Lane's appealing eyes were looking into his. His hands were working spasmodically. His lips were moving, but it seemed that no words came. Baldy leaned far over and, with one great swoop of his gigantic arm, drew the cowboy up behind him.

"What's up, pard?" he asked shortly. "Out with it—quick."

"Indians!" came the gasping reply. "They winged me—Big Bill—they're after th' wagon train—he's guidin'——"

"Guidin', is he?" Baldy roared; "Renegade Bill? Guidin' 'em plumb t' hell, thet's what! Hol' on, pard, 'cause we're a-gointa travel!"

A roaring shout over his shoulder, and Baldy had informed the quick-triggered men behind him of the danger to the train. Another dig with the spurs, and twenty horses were plunging up hill and down, their riders laying loose in the saddle, their

young. Another hill, and Jack's straining eyes lighted with hope. The wagon train had formed in a massed ring—evidence that Mary had discovered the deception of Big Bill, and that the train had received warning of the attack. From behind wheels and wagon bodies came the flashes of rifle after rifle. Now and then, Jack could discern a woman's form. His heart leaped when he beheld Mary,



"EVEN," JACK SAID, TO WAVING TREE

eyes far ahead, searching the country before them for the smoke of battle.

At last a shout. The whirling of many horses—once more a plunging ahead. Jack, his strength regained by now, almost stood on the cayuse's back, and he attempted to look far ahead, where the rattle of rifles told that the wagon train had been surrounded and that the fight was on.

The crest of another hill, and the circling forms of Indians were made out as they rode one after another, in that long, sweeping ring which brought death to many a plainsman in the days when the country was

her eyes to the sight of a rifle, her finger on the trigger.

Suddenly he gasped. He gripped the shoulders of Baldy Lewis in clawing tenseness. His voice went hoarse in his throat.

"Quick!" he screamed. "For God's sake, quick! Their ammunition's gone!"

A roar of voices from behind. The angry beating of many hoofs. They thundered down one hill and up another. They came within range. Faintly, from the wagons, they heard the shouts of the emigrants. With a wild cry, Jack pulled Baldy's revol-

ver from its holster and fired. One of the circling Indians dropped from his horse, while the rest turned toward the new attackers, then, panic-stricken, fled into the hills. More shouts—the cracking of twenty revolvers. Cowboy after cowboy, his face alight with the glee of the chase of that being he hated, shot past in pursuit. One after another, the redskins dropped, while riderless ponies

He started forward, then turned at her look of horror. Silhouetted on the top of a hill, two figures were shown, that of a lithe, snake-like man, and that of a heavier, bulkier one, as they strained here and there in combat. A tomahawk rose and fell—and with its blow the heavy man reeled to the ground. To Winding Snake, Big Bill, the renegade, had paid the price of his failure. Jack hardly seemed to



OUT OF AMMUNITION—AND A FAREWELL

dashed here and there, aimlessly. Again—again—again the revolvers sounded, then the noise grew farther and farther away. Jack noticed that Lewis was twitching in his saddle.

"Fo' Gawd's sake, Jack," came his voice, "get off here an' lemme chase them varmints. Demmit!"

And, as Baldy's horse shot forward, Jack Lane dropped to the ground beside a little girl whose eyes, in spite of all they had seen, still retained a bit of their laugh.

see. Regardless of the men and women near him, regardless of everything, except that little girl with the laughing eyes, he thrust out his arms, and his voice was pleading.

"We do things quick out here," he said. "I liked yuh this mornin'—but —now—"

Mary Simmons answered him with a smile. She shrank back, ever so little, then, slowly, she came forward into the embrace of the cowboy's arms.

"I understand," she said softly.



Done into an hour's entertainment by the Vitagraph players, from the play of one William Shakespeare, and into a story by Scribe Edwin of Roche, from the Photoplay of Marguerite Birch.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Duke, living in banishment.....	<i>Tefft Johnson</i>
Frederick, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.....	<i>Harry T. Morey</i>
Rosalind, his daughter.....	<i>ROSE COGLAN</i>
Celia, daughter of Duke Frederick.....	<i>Rosemary Theby</i>
Sir Rowland de Boys.....	<i>James Young</i>
Orlando	{ <i>Maurice Costello</i>
Oliver } Sons of Sir Rowland.....	
Jaques }	
Charles, wrestler to Duke Frederick.....	<i>George C. Randolph</i>
Touchstone, a jester.....	<i>Robert McWade, Sr.</i>
Corin } Shepherds.....	{ <i>Charles Eldridge</i>
Silvius }	
Phebe, a shepherdess.....	<i>Rose E. Tapley</i>
Adam, servant to Oliver.....	<i>George Ober</i>
Audrey	<i>Kate Price</i>
Amiens	<i>Frank Mason</i>
William	<i>Hughie Mack</i>

Director: Mr. Kent

THE PROLOG, AS DONE BY THE VITAGRAPH PLAYERS

IN the days when Robin Hood had betaken himself to the forest, there to gather round him a company that set the King and kingsmen at naught, sending a clothyard shaft

singing into the neck of oppressors, and when it were safe only for pilgrims, journeying Canterburywards, in the clefts of the forests, to drawl their *Te Deums* mournfully thru the nose, the overlord of all that great domain of the Forest of Arden, in France, was setting out upon a ven-

ture into the heart of the greenwood, much against his will.

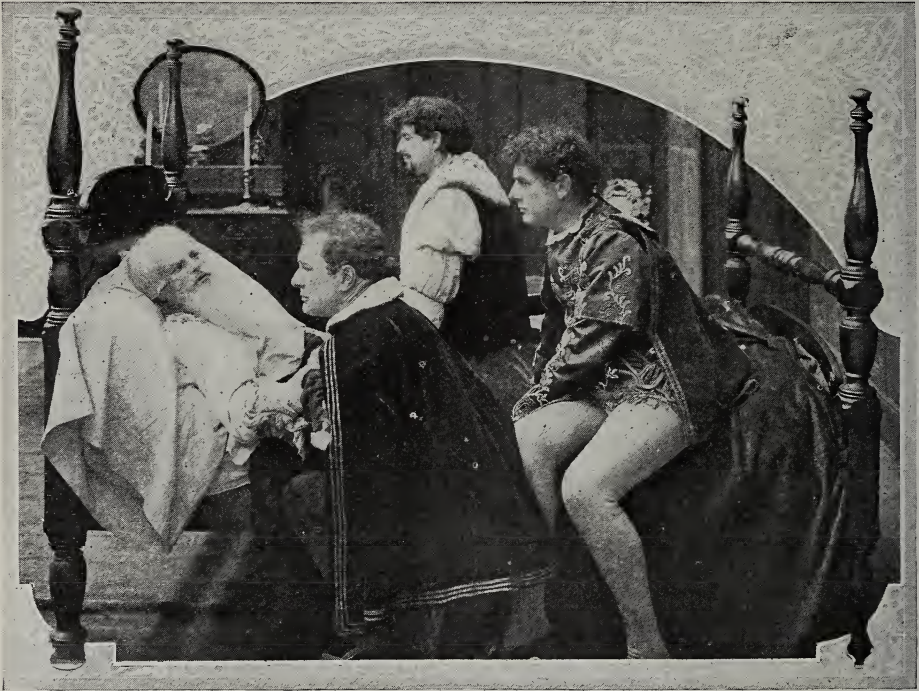
For he, whose pleasure and will was the law, and whose walled town, with its wattled huts clinging to its sides, opened to no call save the King's, had dined and sung himself, very malodorously, it appears, into the bad graces of his brother, Duke Frederick.

It came about that a heavy payment to his Suzerain had fallen into

to the gay Duke, strolled out into banishment.

Soon the forest folded them under its mantle, the gates were shut, and the courtiers, in rehearsing their cues for a reign of piety, cast out of mind the band of errant adventurers, as if they never had been.

But there was one who did not forget, nor cease to grieve, under the mask of court decorum. It was Rosalind, the witty and womanly daugh-



THE DEATH OF SIR ROWLAND

arrears, and by no manner of sweet singing of ballades would the King's collectors listen for payment. Then it was that the cold blue eyes of Duke Frederick turned inwards, and he plotted for his brother's inheritance.

And so it was, on a certain day in high summer, when the forest lay drugged with the sweetness of its silence, that the throne of the Minstrel Duke was declared forfeit, and his brother stood in his place.

The gates of the town opened, and the little band of lords, still faithful

ter of the banished Duke. In the arms of her sweet cousin, Celia, now, perforce, the first lady of Arden, she sobbed thru the long night, and so the Duke had not gone entirely unregretted.

And, lest we forget the sum of fealty, an old man, one Sir Rowland de Boys, lay dying that night, too. And with his three sons gathered round him, his eyes were turned backwards, to the vision of the Singing Duke, clad in golden armor, praying by his shrine of knighthood.

But those uncertain days were so far gone that nobody recalled them, save the old knight in his vision. And, propped by his memory, he raised himself on his couch, and laid a charge upon his sons to follow the gay Duke wherever his banishment led, and he counseled the elder brother, in broken whispers, to stand in his place of love toward the younger and youngest of his loins.

And in so saying, a look of peace

of the new Duke sulked, nor bent stiff knees under many prayers, when Oliver, the oldest of the bedside brothers, the gnaw of gain possessing him, brought forth the will of his father, and read that all had been bequeathed to him. Then did the old knight's message of love, poured upon his heart, wash away, leaving a stone of avarice and hatred in its place. So much will a small estate do among brothers.



THE READING OF THE WILL

fixed his features, and he laid himself back at rest. Just so as the moon had broken thru the clouds o'erlaying the forest, and had searched its calm heart, so had his memory and his charge lain clearly upon his sons' hearts that night.

THE PLAY OF SHAKESPEARE, AS DONE BY
THE PLAYERS, AND TOLD BY SCRIBE
EDWIN OF ROCHE

For not many days had summer blossomed and bloomed, nor the court

And as the days went by, Orlando, the younger, bereft of property and the joy of the court's fair faces, must needs mope in the stable-yard, and consort with his father's worn-out servitor, graybeard Adam. The bleak and niggardly days of the prying Oliver clove these ill-assorted twain together, as those halcyon and golden ones, gone and forever, could never have done.

But while the ancient took sear days as they came, red blood and fire and ambition swelled for an opening,

in the bosom of Orlando. He was tall, lithe, like any coursing hound, with long muscles of steel hidden beneath his jacket.

For the morrow of one of these glooming days, Duke Frederick, taking note of the dolorous countenances about him, had declared a trial of strength and wrestling-match to be held on the greensward before his palace, the wrestler Charles to meet all and sundry yeomen who were bold enough to come to grips with him.

swered; "it is the stubbornest young fellow in France. And thou wert best look to it; for if thou dost disgrace him, he will practice against thee by poison, and never leave thee till he has taken thy life."

The big fellow whistled at this villainous disclosure, with much head-scratching.

"I am heartily glad I came to you," he said. "This is too much to be borne. If ever he go alive again, I'll never wrestle for prize more."



THE WRESTLING-MATCH

No sooner had this news come to the house of Oliver than Orlando, grown desperate by ill-treatment, waylaid Charles on his way to court, and announced his intention of entering the match.

The hulking fellow laughed to the skies: it would be a slender staff to snap in his hairy arms, but, proceeding on, he bethought him best to apprise Oliver of his brother's fool's adventure.

Strange to relate, Oliver received the news calmly, with a certain gleam of cold blue in his eyes.

"Charles, I thank thee," he an-

And so he left, with Oliver's hatred and suspicion poured skillfully into him.

On the morrow, Rosalind and Celia were seated on the lawn before the Duke's palace. A flourish of trumpets announced the arrival of the Duke and the beginning of the sports.

"Sweet Rose," whispered Celia, "my dear, sweet Rose, be merry. What thou hast lost in thy father, I will render thee again in affection."

The taller girl smiled slowly, as if her pain thus escaped her.

"From henceforth I will be happy,



CELIA AND ROSALIND

coz," she promised. "Let me see; what think you of falling in love?"

"Hush! here comes the Duke and his train."

"And that tall, young man," questioned Rosalind, "straight as a spear, following after?"

"It is Monsieur the challenger."

"The little strength that I have, I wish it were with him," breathed Rosalind, so that no one could hear.

The bouts commenced, and one by one the giant Charles crushed to earth, or twisted and bent in pain, the stout yeomen pitted against him. As Charles, breathing heavily, leaned against a bending sapling, but one remained to go against him. It was Orlando, the foolhardy.

They circled round one another warily. At last they came to grips. Of a sudden, the slim youth became a mass of writhing, playing sinews, which now gave way, now wrapped around the baffled giant.

"Charles is down!"

"He cannot speak, my lord!"

"Bear him away," gasped the astounded Duke. "And you, wonderful young man, what is your name?"

"Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys."

The Duke chilled with the words. "Fare thee well," he said perfunctorily; "thou art a gallant youth."

But Rosalind, of a sudden, blushing to rival her name, called him to her, and, taking a chain of fashioned gold from her neck, hung it about him.

"Wear this for me," she said, lowly—"one as unfortunate as you."

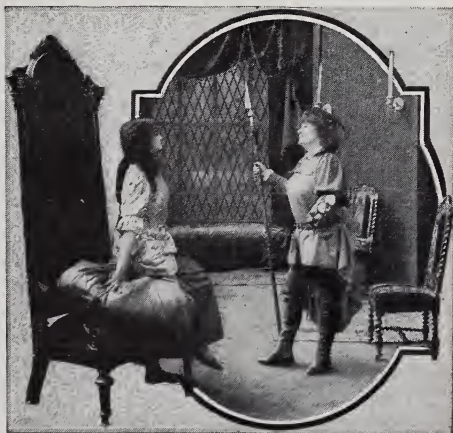
Before the young man could find tongue for such an honor, the modest Celia, frightened by her cousin's boldness, seized her hand and led her away. But she could not screen her from the mute look of gratitude that followed them even into the portals of the palace.

And now, as swiftly as a hound tracks a stag, happened those events which sent these three young creatures forth to wander in the Forest of Arden.

Rosalind and Celia had gone to a room, there to hold sweet parley concerning the stranger.

"He is of the enemy's house," warned Celia.

"And it sickens my father's child the more of this feud," sighed Rosa-

ROSALIND AND CELIA IN DISGUISE,
PLAN TO FLEE

lind. "Oh, how full of briars is this working-day world!"

"They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery. If we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them."

"I could shake them off my coat, dear Celia. These burrs are in my heart."

"Truly, thou art caught in a very bramble of love—but harken! The Duke comes, and, by his footfalls, in haste!"

"Thus do all traitors!" cut in the Duke. "Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not."

"Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor!" cried Rosalind, emboldened by injustice.

Celia clasped her arms about her cousin's waist and held her close.

"Pronounce that sentence, then, on me, my liege!" she taunted. "I cannot live out of her company."

The outraged usurper bowed a choked assent, and pointed his jew-



THE JESTER IS INDUCED TO ACCOMPANY ROSALIND AND CELIA

Egged on by phantom fears, and swollen with anger, the Duke stood before them.

"Mistress," he shrilled in the high voice of a squeaking rat, "dispatch you with your safest haste and get you from our court."

"Me, uncle?"

"You, cousin. Within these ten days, if thou be'st found so near our public court as twenty miles, thou diest for it!"

"I do beseech your grace," she faltered, "let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me——"

eled hand over the darkening Forest. As for the two, they eyed him boldly, if tragically, until his steps had died down the corridor. Then, woman-like, they burst into a swollen river of tears. And with grief abating, their fondness for one another crept in again with many pretty sayings of affection. But forever the fear of the Forest hovered over them like a sickness.

"Why, whither shall we go?" asked Rosalind for the hundredth time.

"To seek my uncle in the Forest of

Arden," answered each time Celia. And with the repetition, a scheme that startled her doe-like nature dawned upon her—a scheme of disguise and stealthy stealing from the palace, wherein she should venture as a poor country girl, and Rosa-

There but remained to don their disguises, gather up their jewels and to tread the corridor like uneasy ghosts.

"But, cousin," said Rosalind in a soft voice that echoed menacing whispers all about them, "we must have



THE FLIGHT OF ROSALIND IS DISCOVERED

lind, being more than commonly tall, should array as her swain and protector in man's clothes.

Deep into the night they talked of it.

"My name shall be Ganymede!" cried Rosalind.

"And mine Aliena!" acclaimed Celia. And so the adventure, which started in tears, came to a decision in laughter.

Touchstone, the court fool, to be a comfort in our travels."

"Let's away," cautioned Celia. "Leave me alone to woo him." And she stole down the corridor to the door of the closet wherein the clown slept.

He came forth, gouging his eyes at her knock, with his points and garters in sad disarray. But the proposal of such a startling adventure awakened

him, and he danced before them, a merry and mad volunteer.

The cool night breezes struck them as with the edge of a sword. The swaying boughs of the Forest beckoned them on.

"Now go we in content," sighed Celia under the stars, "to liberty and not to banishment."

Now, while the cousins were plotting a flight from the palace, a far different thing was happening to Orlando, who had gone straight to Oliver's house, the golden chain hanging from his hands.

Old Adam paced the courtyard in front, and, as Orlando was about to enter, he took his two hands and placed them on the young man's shoulders and barred him an entry.

"Why, what's this?" demanded Orlando.

"Oh, unhappy youth," burst out Adam, "come not within these doors! Within this roof your mortal enemy lives, and this night he means to burn the lodging where you lie, and you with it! If he fail of that, then other means. This house is but a butchery: abhor it, fear it, do not enter it!"

The chain-bearer gazed at him with lack-luster eyes. "Why, whither, Adam," he stammered, "wouldst thou have me go?"

"No matter whither; come not here."

"What shelter, then, is there for such as I? Would you have me beg my food, or with a boisterous sword force a thievish living on the road?"

"Not so, young master," pleaded old Adam. "I have five hundred crowns, the hoard of a lifetime and a store for my old age. Take them. Let me be your servant and follow wherever you may lead."

"Oh, good old man," said Orlando, overcome, "thy constant service is of the antique world. We'll go along together—into the Forest—and see what we drag forth."

"Master, go on and I will follow thee," old Adam cried, with tears of joy coursing in his furrows, "to the last gasp with truth and loyalty!"

And so these two, also bound together by an understanding of esteem, turned their backs upon the house of hatred and went into the maw of the Forest.

Now, it chanced that they wandered many days under the branches of great trees, treading upon a carpet of velvet sward where never man had set foot before. And in the misty light of day, which shone down faintly toward them, the Forest was hushed save for the voice of water running toward the sea or the song of the mighty boughs above them. And when the night walled them as in a dungeon, the voices of strange animal creatures in anger, or in love, called all about them, so that it was a fearful place to the most brave.

But strange as it happened, he whose shambling feet trembled at the postern of life trudged on with a resolute light in his hale old eyes, while he who stood with pliant muscles of steel on life's threshold faltered and sighed dolorously at every step.

But in the trackless course of things a time came when Adam could go no further, and laid him down, and said a farewell to his master. It was only then that the sigher awoke, and his muscles jumped into hardness, for he drew his sword and strode on thru the Forest toward the sound of distant singing.

And there, in a little glade, he came upon the banished Duke and his company seated before a rustic table and setting a merry song. At the vision of a pallid youth, with a naked sword, stalking among them, they left off suddenly and never ceased to wonder until he had spoken.

"Forbear and eat no more!" cried Orlando, "for if ever you have looked on better days, if ever been where bells have knolled to church, if ever known what it is to pity—forbear!"

"Sit you down in gentleness," said the Singing Duke.

"First must I carry here an old man who hath limped after me in pure love many a weary step."

So saying, Orlando vanished, to reappear with Adam on his shoulders.

"Welcome, fall to," said the Duke, beginning to understand matters. "And now that your venerable burden is set down, set us a measure, good friends, and let us troll out some appropriate music."

Having joined Orlando to the company of the eccentric Duke, it behooves us to find out how the courageous cousins are faring. We left

Touchstone jingled his bells and pranced before them.

But in the ashen gray of the Forest's morning they looked a sorry trio, spent and footsore and silent as after a quarrel.

"Oh, Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!" said Rosalind for a commencement.

"I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary," corrected



OLIVER APPEARS BEFORE DUKE FREDERICK

them under the stars with Touchstone, about to make a first trial of the blackness of the Forest.

For a space all went well. Rosalind, in her disguise of a country gallant, played her part well, tho to no audience save a frightened, sightless pair of wanderers. Upon collision with each tree-trunk, she drew her hanger and Ho, sirrah! what, sirrah-ed! it to her heart's content. Then again, as the fancy moved her, she put her arm about Celia and comforted her with robust lover's talk.

Touchstone with feeling. But Celia sank to the ground and said nothing.

Seeing that she was spent and could go no further, they took counsel, which ended in nothing save a round of abuse.

"Listen!" warned Rosalind. "I hear voices in solemn talk."

And so it proved. In a cleared space just beyond them lay a shepherd's cote, and on its lintel sat a scornful shepherdess, while over her shoulder bent a solemn young shepherd, intent on his appeal.



CELIA DISCOVERS ORLANDO, AND SOON ROSALIND

"All the world's in love—or out of it," laughed the limpid voice of Rosalind.

The girl looked up, and into the eyes of the saucy youth that Rosalind appeared. At first glance her stupid eyes were wide with admiration. On second thought she arose and flaunted off into the covert, her lover trailing after.

Rosalind laughed loud and long, like the pealing of a silver bell.

And then, struck with the sylvan beauty of the cote, its trailing roses and its sweet-smelling thatch, she beckoned up its third dweller, an aged shearer, and impulsively bargained with him for the place.

It made no difference if the doddering ancient denied its ownership. Have it, she must and would. So a bright ducat was pressed into his hand, and he was sent, wondering, on his way.

The adventurers had settled but the space of a few days in their forest home, with Touchstone as hewer of

wood and fetcher of water, when they came upon the strangest adventure of all. For Orlando, in no mood for gay company, tired of the Duke and took to wandering alone in the Forest.

Here thoughts of Rosalind, the sprightly and witty and womanly, filled him to overflowing, so that he was like to be drunk with them, and fell to sighing like a bellows and to composing ballades in her favor. The script he pinned to trees, so that the Forest might seem full of her presence.

Now it chanced that Celia, who knew nothing of the ways of love, walked in this part of the Forest, and, coming upon a ballade, pinned thru its heart, was struck with wonderment. Then she read it thru and laughed, not knowing how its author's heart had quaked and softened in the penning of it:

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste and unexpressive she.



AND ORLANDO ARE INTERESTED IN EACH OTHER

"Surely," she pondered, "yet most amazing; it must, must be our Orlando, the youth who bewitched my Rosalind, by some strange mischance come here in the heart of the Forest!"

Then a way came upon her to track him, by following his ballades, which blazed so many trees, and soon she had come upon him lying on his back and composing of still others.

"This thing, love, must be a very furnace," she thought, "that it gives a chain of gold, without speech from one to another, and then again takes to such furious penning."

And with her round face beaming with the discovery, she found her way back to Rosalind. "Orlando," she gasped; "'twas he in the wood, with your chain about his neck!"

"Orlando! What said he? How looked he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me?"

"Sweet coz, you ask too much for a mouth of my size," beamed Celia. "But come on tiptoe with me, and you shall see him in the flesh, tho

somewhat ailing from an overdose of love."

"Lead the way," urged Rosalind. "But stay! What shall I do with my doublet and hose?"

"A truce upon apparel! Let's peek at the lover."

And with such whispered discourse, they came upon the prone and industrious Orlando.

When one of his effusions had come to an end, he sighed and rose to pin it to a tree. At this Rosalind could no longer hold back her laughter, and the woods and dells rang with it.

Orlando half drew his sword and started toward the mocking, saucy youth before him.

"Stay!" cried Rosalind. "I certes behold a lover in deep distress. Would you be cured?" she asked, her voice grown earnest.

"I would not be cured, youth!"

"I would cure you," the rosy-faced boy vouchsafed, "if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me."

"Now, by the faith of my love, I will," laughed Orlando at the pretty fancy. "Tell me where it is."

"In the dell of a shepherd, one Silvius, whom you may know by such a love-sick visage as thine own."

And with such pert parley the lovers fenced at the first of their Forest meetings.

To rid herself of the glances of Phebe, the shepherdess, Rosalind went within her cote and flung herself upon a couch of boughs, there to dream of her coming tryst with Orlando.

But when night had fallen again on the Forest, hemming in the cote, and the call of the owl to his mate vied with the voices of beasts, a man came running thru the Forest, calling upon a youth named Rosalind.

In his hand he held a bloody kerchief, which ever and anon he pressed to his breast with a gesture of despair.

Celia and Rosalind, with the dew of sleep still on their lashes, called an answer to him, and soon the exhausted man, in the torn garb of a courtier, stood panting by them.

"I am he called Rosalind," said the taller Forest dweller.

"Then I cry my guilt," said the man, "for I am Oliver, Orlando's brother. An hour since, worn and sleep-sodden from wandering in the woods, I laid my head upon a stone and fell into a slumber. A lioness, with udders all drawn dry, lay crouch-

ing on the ground, with catlike watch. Then did Orlando approach the man, and found it was his brother, his elder brother.

"Twice did he turn his back, but kindness, nobler than revenge, made him give battle to the lioness."

"But—but," faltered Rosalind, grown white, "the bloody kerchief——"

"He sends to the shepherd youth that he in sport doth call his Rosalind."

"I pray you ——," sobbed Rosalind, and then most

suddenly fell into a swoon at his feet.

Just as deep night lifted the edge of its cloak, and first dawn peeped from under, the three set out for the cave where Orlando lay, stricken with his wound. Oliver guided the gentle Celia thru the mazes of thicket, and marveled much, too, at the timidity of the youth styled Rosalind.



"ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE . . . HIS ACTS BEING SEVEN AGES."—*The Sixth Age*

And now, at the cave where Orlando lay tossing and moaning in his fever, Rosalind turned sick again at the sight of his bright blood. Like the sensible girl she was at heart, she realized, tho, that unless she tended him, no more blood and no more Orlando would be left long for a spilling.

But for Rosalind remained the keen game of teaching Orlando how a lover should love. And what a famous lover she made of him—now goading him on, now holding him in check, now lashing him to anger, and anon bringing forth the sweetness that lay large within him! Such a wonderfully satisfactory love had never been made—



THE SEVENTH AGE

Oliver's heart, once touched, seemed softening beyond reason, for having protected the gentle Celia in the woods, he could not, perforce, leave off from his solicitude.

In a week of woman's care, much to be marveled at happened, for Orlando was cured of his hurt, so that he wore his arm in a sling. Oliver was become the most loving and repentant of brothers, and Celia had learnt to smile softly at his drawing near.

only Orlando lacked a real woman, in the making.

But then, the affairs of Oliver prospered so well that one day, coming hand in hand with Celia upon Rosalind in the mock embrace of her pupil, he announced to them that henceforth he and Celia would find it unsafe and impracticable to get about the Forest in any other manner; in fact, that they were on their way to obtain the sanction of the Singing Duke to their nuptials.

Nothing suited better the whim of Rosalind, who faced her lover about and joined them in their search. And so for the first time she came upon her father, the Singing Duke, in a glade of the Forest, listening to the harmony of his best quartet of banished noblemen.

Oliver knelt before him, still clasping Celia's hand, and craved the Duke's sanction to his marriage with his Forest bride. The courtiers crowded round, quizzing and laughing at a scene of such virgin simplicity. It was then Rosalind stepped forward, and bending her shapely knees, craved a boon.

"A boon!" cried the pleasure-loving Duke. "Ask it, youth, and 'tis yours for the asking."

The fearless youth measured the Duke's eye full. "Should I, by any chance of art magic or valor," he craved, "produce your daughter Rosalind here in Arden Forest, can she marry whom she pleases, with thy sure sanction?"

"Go to!" said the Duke. "This is surely a jest; but have it as you will—my promise is given."

Rosalind slipped thru the press, and signaling to Celia, who somehow had freed her hand, started on a run thru the woods. Her nimble cousin soon caught up with her, and, half laughing, half panting with effort, they raced to the shepherd's cote.

Here the packets that had lain undisturbed since their first weary night of adventure, were unslit, and beautiful court gowns were disclosed.

"I never shall forget my manly swagger," said Rosalind, slipping into hers.

"Nor I the feel of a freed hand," chimed Celia. "But haste, lest the court disbands for the night."

And so, before the drooping eyes of the Singing Duke, a marvelous vision appeared, for from the ring of trees a dainty maid, in full court costume, appeared, and stepping with the nimbleness of a curvetting horse, bowed low before him. It was the transformed Celia.

Rub his eyes as smartly as he could, and then again, he could not realize who the little maiden, breastful of dignity, before him was.

Then she cried out in a tense little voice, "It is I, Celia. Dost thou not know me?"

And still the Duke appeared in a dream.

"I have come to make allegiance," she said softly, dropping to her knees, "and to swear fealty to such a sweet singer as another I have not known."

Then Oliver, in a maze, sought her hand and

found that it was real, and so kept it. Then the Duke, looking upon this as human and not the work of fays, condescended to rub his eyes no longer, but took her in his arms and smacked her roundly on both cheeks with his lips, so that the Forest echoed like the breaking of faggots.

And then another, a taller and a more queenly one, swept slowly across the glade. Orlando, at sight of her, gave a great cry and sprang to her side. But the Singing Duke trembled in the throes of his first real emotion.

When he had held her at arms' length and knew that it was Rosalind, his child, he took her to his arms that had never hungered so.



CELIA AND OLIVER COME UPON THE
MOCK LOVERS



CELIA AND ROSALIND ATTIRE THEMSELVES IN COURT ROBES

But of a sudden a chorus came faintly from the heart of the Forest:

What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.

Then take no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wert born:
Thy father's father wore it.

Then the Duke's clear, sweet voice answered back, and those about him took up the chorus:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

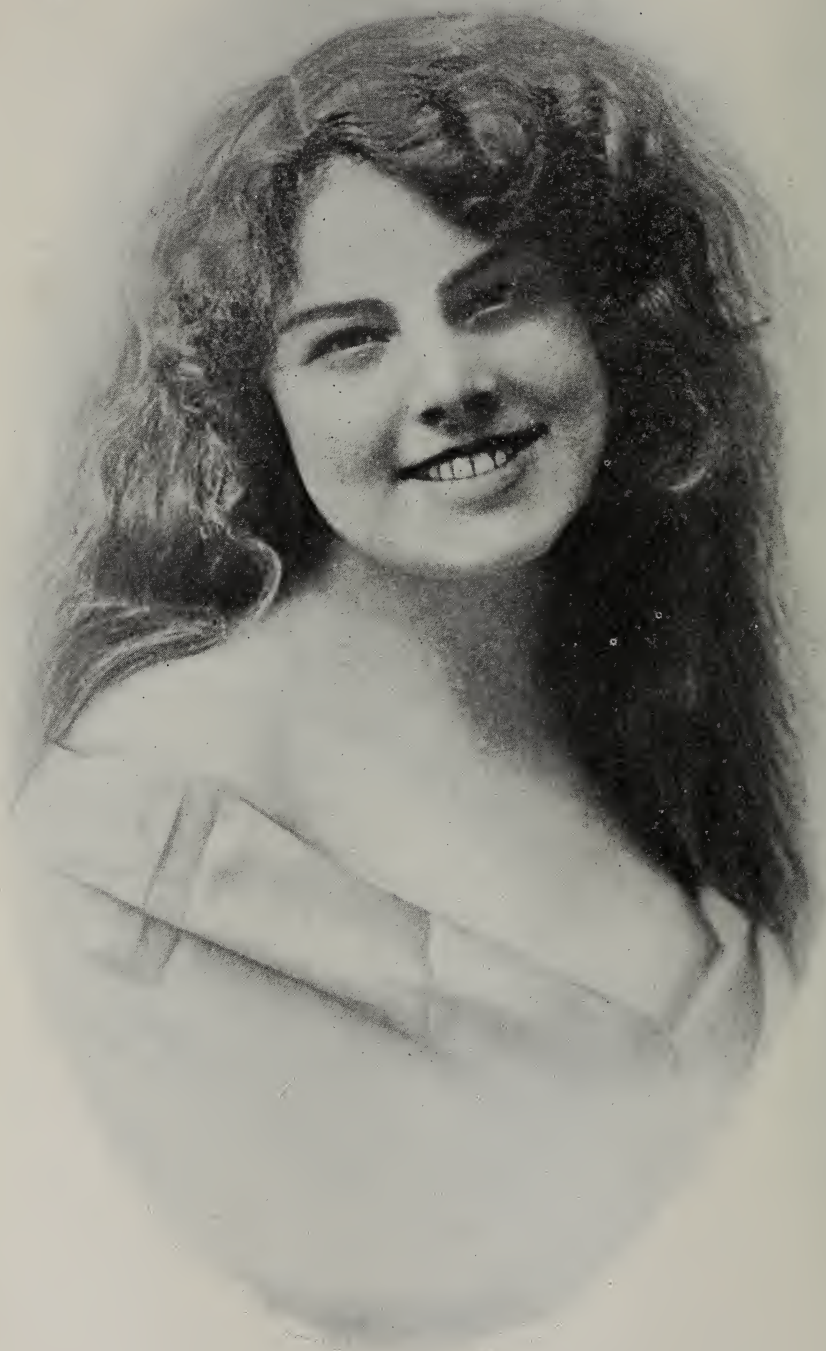
The Singing Duke's arms loosened and the far-away look filled his eyes again. But Orlando, strong as a spear, sprang into his place, calling: "Now, truly am I become a lover such as the world shall reckon of!"

THE EPILOG, AS SPOKEN BY MISTRESS
ROSE COGHLAN

"It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilog; but it is no more unhand-some than to see the lord the prolog.

"I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you. And I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them—that between you and the women the play may please.

"If I were a woman, I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not. And, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtesy, bid me farewell."



CLEO RIDGELY

The popular and beautiful player, formerly of the Rex and Lubin companies, who started across the continent on horseback, on August 26, for this magazine.



The Prisoner's Story

(Méliès)

By PETER WADE

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Grace Haywood.....	Mildred Bracken
Ross Cameron.....	Ray Gallagher
Nell Cameron.....	Evelyn Selbie
Allan Webb.....	William Stanton

IT was six o'clock when the train jolted into Paradise—three hours late.

Triggerless sat on a cracker-box in the sun of the station platform, and chewed a handful of ripe, amber wheat-ears. From the straw around his boots, he must have threshed a peck or more with his molars; but time was as nothing to him, as I had engaged himself and his team for a month in the mountains.

I grasped his leathery hand, with the pressure of a year's absence.

"Where's the team, Triggerless?"

"Hitched," said he, "fed and watered."

"Always right," I commended. "I feel that you know my undying hatred of the hospitality of the Paradise Hotel."

We jogged out of the town thru swelling fields of grain. Most of it, bearded and full and golden, lay prone and flattened, like the hair on a diver's head.

"Tornado passed thru Sunday night," said Triggerless, forestalling my questions.

"And the damage?"

"A few shacks down," he recited, in sing-song, "meetin'-house steeple missin', herd drifted thru th' railroad fences, cottonwoods all busted up, grain down——"

"Anybody killed?" I interrupted.

"Nope; except——"

He paused, to work skillfully around a couple of fallen and splint-ered trees; then, as we resumed the road, the subject seemed to have passed out of his mind.

It was poor diplomacy to press a subject with Triggerless, and poorer to ask about arrangements for the night, so I let him jog along thru the breathless dusk, undisturbed.

Presently, we struck a little creek purring across the road to join the Bitter Root, and Triggerless let his horses splash around in its sandy bed.

"Good water," he finally said, "no mosquitoes; I was thinkin' of campin' here."

As the steam from our coffee-pot scented the air, and the fire cast a soft blanket of light over the water, I was

free to agree with him—I eventually did on 'most everything.

"Beats the Paradise Hotel," I ventured, as Triggerless turned a roasting chicken over the coals.

"I forgot to say," said Triggerless, irrelevantly, "that them two fellers as was killed was sheep hands from over Mission Valley way."

He could never quite appreciate my aversion for the oilcloth and flies of Paradise.

"This here creek," he reminisced, squinting at the patch of ruddy water, "is known as Allan's Trail, tho jest how it come to git its name is forgot by most th' hay ranchers around these parts."

I settled back, knowing that a story was coming.

"Allan Webb, known as 'Dandy' Allan," he began, "used to turn his pony into this here creek, and ride it up to Cameron's—a piece of some three miles. Some said he rode th' creek 'kase it was onusu'l and pleasant, and others, that it

avoided th' regular trail and Ole Man Cameron. Howsomever, every evenin', jest at sundown, Allan turned from th' road an' rode up th' creek. Sometimes th' water takes on a blood-red color in th' settin' sun, and them as is superstitious avoids it, claimin' it's th' blood of Allan and his wife, a-floatin' on th' creek.

"And in th' dark he rode back again, hell-bent and splashin' thru th' creek fer Paradise an' th' faro-bank that he ran there. A handsome man,

for them as likes dark men, with shiny, black hair, an' a skin as white as a 'lobo's' teeth.

"It seems Ole Man Cameron must 'a' knowed his people, back in Scotland, for while he an' his son, Ross, an' exceptin' his girl, Nell, had a heap o' respect for Allan's family, they had a heap sight more o' scorn for th' soft-fingered trade he follered in th' cow town.

"A religious man was Ole Man Cameron, ropin' us all in to prayers in th' house every evenin', an' we reckoned trouble was soon to come of Allan's rides up th' creek.

"Well, trouble came, sure enough, an' young Ross Cameron was th' one to ketch it. One night we seen him come out o' th' house, with th' Ole Man's look on his face, an' cinch up his pony an' ride away.

"He never came back—leastwise, to th' Cameron ranch, an' we figgered it out proper that th' Ole Man had laid

out young Cameron pretty rough.

"A'ter that, things seemed to all go loco on th' place, an' the Ole Man didn't give a hang, jest gittin' more an' more religious an' layin' on th' prayers. An' the strange part of it all was, we could hear th' splash of water in th' creek o' nights, an' th' sound of a pony's feet gettin' a foothold on th' bank.

"As for me, there was no use punchin' on sech a place, so I starts to work at th' Haywood ranch down th' valley.



"HIS FACE, FOR A MOMENT, WAS ALL ONE BIG SMILE"

"'Hadn't been there more'n a month when I seen suthin' was th' matter with Haywood's pretty girl, Grace.

"She uster ride out to a clump of cottonwoods on the trail, turn her pony loose, an' sit and mope over letters an' sech truck all day long. Long toward sundown she us'ally walked home, with all th' spunk gone out of her, an' tear-stains on her face.

"Them was free-grass days, an' animals strayed or drifted 'bout as they pleased. One day th' outfit rode over to th' Plains to cut out some of our green stock from th' hoss herd, an' pretty soon, across th' flats, we could see first th' driftin' dust, an' then th' runnin' hoss of some 'un comin' toward us.

"To run a hoss warn't professional, jest to git across range country: a runnin' hoss aint nowhere in th' end, but it us'ally means suthin' important to make a rider lose his head.

"'It's Grace!' said Kiowa Jim, th' half-breed from th' Nations, who could see farther than any man I ever heard tell on; 'she's ridin' a strange pony.' 'Kiowa' was right. As she came nearer—a mile or so off—we caught th' shape of her flying skirt, an' her hair streamin' loose in th' wind.

"'Boys,' she cried, in a queer, throaty voice, as she came up, 'put back with me to th' ole Peters' house, above th' Camerons'—quick; there's been murder done, a cruel, shockin'

killin', an' I think we've time to catch th' man.'

"It was a wild, rushin' ride we made of it—that four mile; thru th' brush, down an' up *coulees*, thru th' willows in th' bottoms. An' I often wonder how that girl kept her seat an' didn't faint plumb away, seein' all she'd seen of the devil's work yonder.

"We rode up to th' Peters house, th' hosses all blown, and jumped off in front of th' place, as quiet an' peaceful as a Kansas Sunday mornin'.

"'Inside,' whispered Grace, wh' we trooped into th' dinky little house.

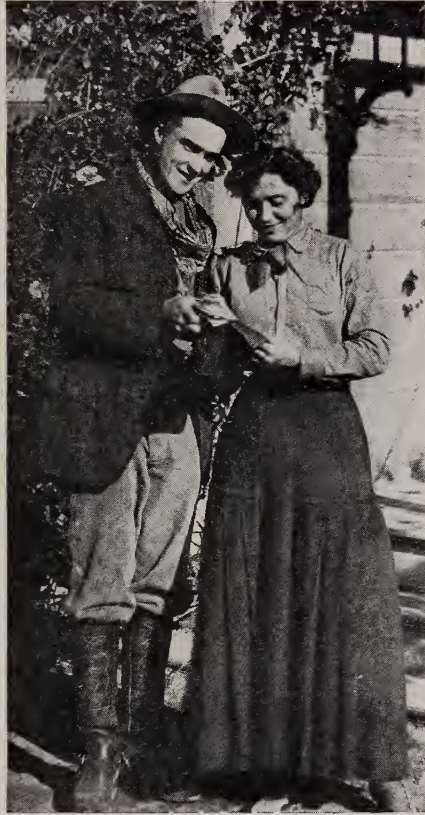
"Shootin's a familiar word in a cow town. It were th' only way a man had for expressing his dislike for another; but murder's a different thing, an' th' sight we saw smelt of murder to th' skies.

"'For on th' floor, crumpled up as she fell, lay Nell Cameron, th' sweet little flower of Bar C Ranch, and half across th' bed, with a bullet-hole in his chest,

lay Dandy Allan, th' gambler of Paradise.

"When we had done a few simple things for what was left of them—for none of th' punchers disliked th' fearsome Allan, we came out on th' porch agin, a scared an' sober bunch of men.

"Pretty soon out comes runnin' Kiowa, who had been nosin' aroun' on his own hook, funerals not bein' his specialty.



"SO SHE COMES TO ME WITH A THOUSAND DOLLARS"

"'Ross Cameron done it,' he shouted, pointin' to a gun in his hand. 'I shore know it by the 'longhorn' head on th' handle.'

"'That's Ross' pony I was ridin,' said Grace, in her queer voice agin, an' we knew that she was keepin' suthin' back from us.

"'Pretty soon she steadied herself against a porch-post, an' tole us her part of th' story:

"'You all know that I thought a

"'I used to go down to th' cotton-woods an' try to think th' thing out, but th' more I worried an' thought over it, th' worse things looked to me. I couldn't make anything of it.

"'As I was sitting in my haunt to-day, I heard a hoss moseying along th' trail, and lookin' up, I saw Ross, solemn and white, jest as I'd seen him in my dreams.

"'It scared me terribly at first, this man coming up out of nowhere,



"'AN' SO, IN THE END, I LOST IT'"

heap of Ross Cameron,' she began, 'but you didn't know that I was goin' to marry him in th' spring. Well, that's a fact, an' ever since he went away sudden, we have been writin' to each other regular. I wont say his letters were unfriendly, but they were written like a man under a strain—somethin' queer about them, an' he didn't write straight an' true, th' way Ross always acted.

"'About a month ago they quit comin' altogether, an' then I knew somethin' was sure wrong with th' boy to act that way.

but I called to him, and his face, for a moment, was all one big sunny smile at the sound of my voice.

"'Then he rode over to me an' got down an' kist me, all th' while with a far-away look in his eyes.

"'Pretty soon, he studied hard a moment, an' then asked me to get up in front of him, an' ride him over to th' Peters' place.

"'Why, that old shack has been deserted for years,' I said.

"'It soon will be agin,' he said, an' I wondered what he meant.

"'When we had come to a clump of



"ALLAN WAS WINNIN' TH' GIRL"

willows back of th' house, he slid off an' asked me to wait for him.

"Everything was very still, waiting in th' woods; even th' flies sounded like fiddle music, an' I was half sick with th' mystery of Ross' actions, when a shot rang out from the Peters house, and all was quiet again. I suppose, being a girl, I should have ridden off in a panic, but I just couldn't; something made me slide down from Ross' pony, an' go sneakin' up toward th' back of th' shack.

"What I saw thru th' window held me stiff with horror. Ross stood in th' middle of th' room, his gun still smokin' in his hand. On th' floor lay a girl, all huddled-like, as she had fallen; an' across th' bed, white an' graceful, as in life, lay Allan Webb.

"I dont know how long I watched them. Ross seemed queer and dazed, but at last a little round hole in th' bosom of Allan's boiled shirt seemed to fascinate me. From black, it turned to ruby red, and, as I watched, to crimson, as th' blood welled an' fell to droppin', droppin' on th' floor.

"Something terrible hot seemed to wrap aroun' my head, an' I screamed,

an' ran back toward Ross' pony in th' willows.

"Somehow I got on him, an' rode an' rode until th' pony trembled an' stumbled from th' pace. Then I saw your dust, an' th' sight was good to me—oh, how good!"

"There was nothin' more for her to say, so she stopped an' covered her face with her hands, and cried an' moaned like a baby.

"It takes next to nothin' to start a stampede in a herd—the call of a wolf, a clap of thunder—an' jest so th' boys, nervous an' scared, started at th' sound of her sobs.

"He's on foot," Kiowa yelled, 'a'ter him,' and in two shakes we were all in th' saddle an' tearin' thru th' brush.

"Yes; we soon tracked him down—a puncher was never built to run, with them high-heel, tight boots, an' where an' asp threw an' accommodatin' branch across th' trail, we yanked him an' slipped th' noose aroun' his neck.

"There was suthin' of th' Ole Man left in th' boy a'ter all, for as he stood under th' quaking leaves, he said:



"I WORKED AROUN' TO A WINDOW"



"MY GUN COULDN'T HELP GOIN'
OFF THEN"

'Jerk hard an' quick, boys; I aint never been broke to th' rope, yuh know.'

"I reckon them would 'a' been Ross' las' words, an' las' breath, mebbe, as we stood with a short grip on the rope; but a hoss'es feet runnin' lickety-split down th' trail held our hands for a moment, and there came Grace, her cheeks burnin' red, like the old days, an' her eyes two blue stars.

"'Wait, wait!' she called, an', o' course, we waited.

"She came up close to Ross, her eyes leveled on him like a pair of guns, but he jest stared back at her, sorrowful-like.

"'I cant believe it all yet, Ross,' she cried; 'speak for your own sake.'

"But he jest put up his hand a little way, like one who forgives an' wants to forgit things.

"She came closer to him. 'Then for my sake, Ross,' she whispered, an' th' backbone seemed clean gone from him.

"'I didn't want you, nor no one, to hear this story,' he said, 'but perhaps it's for th' best. Come closer, Grace; this is for you alone.'

"But she wouldn't have it that-away, nohow, and told all th' boys that

as they were sot on takin' his life, they must hear his story, too.

"So we gathered round him, an' he talked low an' fast, like one who was come to th' end of a long journey.

"'It was this-a-way,' he said. 'At first, I lost little sums to Allan, jest enough to make me feel light an' giddy aroun' my pants' pocket, an' then th' big temptation came, an' I fell.

"'It was th' day a'ter th' big drive came to Paradise over th' Pecos trail. Cows, an' even "beef," were goin' for a song, an' Nell had set her heart on startin' a herd of her own.

"'So she comes to me with a thousand dollars, all her own, in clean, new bills, an' asks me to pick her steers. Which I was mighty glad to do, an' proud of my little sister, as a cow lady.

"'I rode into town an' heard that th' drover was puttin' up good cow money against Allan's at th' hotel; so over I goes to find him.

"'There they were, with a great stack of money heaped on th' table, an' Allan, calm an' easy, losin', losin' steady to th' Texas drover.

"'Then th' fever in my blood crept to my skin, an' my fingers sweated to handle some of Allan's money.

"'At first I won—a good stack, an' Allan's skin looked gray and blotchy as he dealt. Daylight passed into lamplight, an' still th' drover an' I took Allan's money. 'You're done for, beauty boy, this time,' I said. 'I shore have got you razzled.'

"'Then th' sweat began to run in my eyes, an' th' licker "milled" in my head, as I watched Allan's roll grow lean.

"'I bet heavy, a hundred on a card, an' th' box was sure turned loco. Every deal found me diggin' up Allan's money an' forkin' it back to him.

"'You're actin' like a "pilgrim" with a centipede in his pocket,' says he.

"'Then I came to Nell's money, an' breathed hard before I staked it; but at last it was on th' table.

"'Allan's eyes seemed to lose their tired look when he saw it, an' he turned back th' cuffs of his biled shirt, an' trimmed th' lamp-wick.

“ ‘An’ so, in the end, I lost it; lost it all—my head was ’bout as good against his as a yearling’s is against a puncher’s. An’ he loaned it back to me—th’ crazy fool—an’ I lost it again.

“ ‘When th’ gray light was breakin’ in th’ east, an’ th’ drover lay ditched an’ sleepin’ in his chair, Allan won th’ last of his dollars again.

“ ‘The fences are down,’ says he, an’ I knowed what he meant, an’ flung my achin’ head down on his lay-out.

“ ‘Allan starts to whistlin’, sweet and low, a little catch that would sure charm th’ steers, an’ pretty soon he lays a hand on my shoulder.

“ ‘There’s a way out of this, boy,’ he says.

“ ‘An’ then he takes his pen an’ writes out my promise to pay him his thousand, an’ shoves it across for me to sign.

“ ‘When I got back to th’ ranch, th’ sun was jest up, an’ th’ air was cool as a creek in th’ mountains. But I had to sit down an’ figger how I was to lie, so as it looked straight to Nell.

“ ‘When she came out of th’ house, rosy with sleep, an’ put her arms aroun’ me an’ called me a good boy, I near broke down. But I tells her that th’ herd in Paradise was th’ worst lot of wall-eyed, half-starved, misery-stricken cattle ever was driven north.

“ ‘Besides,’ says I, warming up, ‘half th’ brands is blotted, an’ would get us into no end of trouble with the inspectors.’

“ ‘You’re a dear,’ she says, ‘to sort thru that mangy lot for me,’ an’ I laughs sorter wild, an’ promises to keep her money an’ ride over to Mis-soula to th’ drive comin’ in. Which was part of my plan, yuh see.

“ ‘That night, as we sat in front of th’ house, we heard a splashin’ in th’ creek, an’ dad thought one of th’ green hosses had slipped his hobble an’ was a-cuttin’ of hisself up. So Nell an’ me walks down toward th’ water, an’ pretty soon th’ little catch of tune that Allan had whistled, came up from th’ water, an’ I knowed that he was waitin’ there.

“ ‘Then I knowed, too, there was nothin’ to do but go on, an’ Nell an’ me slipped thru th’ bushes an’ come out on him standin’ his hoss in th’ water.

“ ‘A little boatin’ trip,’ says he, smilin’ an’ pointin’ to th’ way he had come, ‘an’ I hopes you dont take offense at my whistlin’.’

“ ‘With that, he walks his horse to th’ bank an’ comes toward us.

“ ‘Nell seemed struck all of a heap by his dandy looks, an’ white-marble face, an’ I felt her hand press into my arm at th’ sight of Allan.

“ ‘Well, I introduced them then an’ there, an’ it was a case of love at first sight.

“ ‘Every night we heard th’ soft splash, splash in th’ water, an’ every night Nell an’ me walked down to corral th’ contrary green hoss.

“ ‘But it was in th’ long days that I racked my head to find a way out of it; Allan was sure winnin’ th’ girl over, an’ I dassen’t tell on him on account of th’ double cinch he had on me with my note; so I jest gets peeved an’ desprit, an’ decides to pull out for th’ Cœur d’Alene, to take my chances with th’ pick.

“ ‘So in th’ night I kist Nell’s hand as she lay sleepin’, an’ turned my pony’s nose toward th’ mountains—th’ only hope I had left.

“ ‘I wont go into my life at th’ diggin’s—yuh all know th’ stampede to get there, an’ then back agin, last year. But an ole man from Californy, who was too used up to work his claim, took a fancy to me, an’ let me in, share an’ share, for my work.

“ ‘I was up an’ about before th’ others, th’ fear of Allan drivin’ me on, an’ in a month of cruel work, got enough dust together to pay him dollar for dollar.

“ ‘It was then I led my pony from th’ gully, an’ rode across the broken, God-forsaken country, back to Paradise and th’ cow country.

“ ‘Things were changed—a blight had fallen on our ranch, for dad lay sick an’ alone in th’ house, an’ Nell, little, trustin’ Nell, had gone ’way with Allan.

" 'Then I rode back into Paradise, an' late las' night I knocked up th' Jestice, an' found out that he had married them some two weeks before.

" 'With dad worn out, an' struck down with th' thing, an' Nell in Allan's white hands, I crept out into th' street an' climbed my lop-eared pony—th' only friend I had left.

" 'We rode out on th' Plains together, an' I sure did cry some, an' prayed as best I knew how.

her along as far as th' willows back of Peters'.

" 'Th' house looked all deserted an' shet up, but I worked aroun' to a window to see if they was inside.

" 'Shore enough, Allan's big voice growled out suthin'—that slow, easy voice he had when drinkin', an' I crouched low to listen.

" 'Money's low, doll,' he said, 'an' yore silk dresses aint comin' regular, but I know a little tune I have to



" 'SPEAK, THEN, FOR MY SAKE, ROSS,' SHE WHISPERED

" 'At sun-up a "pilgrim" makin' for th' settlements rode by an' tole me that a man an' a woman were campin' in the old Peters house up th' creek, an' I knew that my prayer had been answered, an' my hour was come.

" 'As I was passin' the clump o' cottonwoods Grace came out an' stood in th' road, an' I sure thought it was a ghost, she looked so white an' on-nat'ral.

" 'But I needed suthin' to lean on besides a pore, sore-footed hoss, so I pulls her up in front of me, an' takes

whistle to yore brother that will bring it fast enough.'

" 'Then he ups an' tells her about my losin' th' cow money, an' th' cinch he had on me.

" 'You brute!' I heard Nell say, an' then th' sound of licker runnin' into a glass.

" 'Big dog eat little dog,' he laughs; 'it's th' way of th' world. An' now, my girl,' he says, smackin' his lips, 'I want you to write him a little letter.'

" 'All was quiet in th' room for a minit, an' then Nell says, calm-like:

'I'm goin' back home—I cant live with you any more.'

"'With that he laughs fit to kill hisself, he enjoys it so.

"'I'm tired, too,' he says, easy, 'but I wanted you to say it first. Are you goin' to write that letter?'

"'I couldn't catch her low words, but they appeared to sting him good an' proper, for I heard his chair scrape as he got up, an' then he sings

chest, an' I could almos' swear that his lips started to form th' notes of his little catch-song.

"'An' so I killed him, an' I guess I'm all that's left when th' Ole Man hears—he's strong on prayer an' discipline, but he's got a tender heart for his kids.'

"'I allus felt 'shamed a'terwards,'" said Triggerless, "that a half-breed



"SO WE UPS AND LEAVES AS FAST AS WE COULD"

out: 'Here's a little necklace for yuh to take home.'

"'When I kicked in th' door an' reached them, Allan's hands were aroun' Nell's throat, an' she had slipped to her knees before him. His white shirt-front bulged jest above her head.

"'My gun jest couldn't help goin' off then, an' bored th' neatest little stud-hole jest below th' place where his heart should 'a' been.

"'He staggered back, game an' smilin', with his hand caught over his

from th' Nations should be th' first one to cut th' rope from Ross' neck an' to grasp his hand. But Kiowa Jim did it, an' we others all came a'ter. We shore was 'shamed at th' crime Jedge Lynch was about to commit on pore Ross, so we ups an' leaves him as fast as we could. I reckon Grace stayed by him, tho; she had a fine way of heartenin' any one in trouble—could even make a cow believe everything was proper, even when her calf was rustled away from her.

"An'," said Triggerless, further, "we did th' square thing an' sent Ross' note on to Allan's people in Scotland, with a little note of explanation signed by th' boys. It weren't surprisin' that they never troubled to collect it.

"Tomorrer," said Triggerless,

knocking out his pipe, "we're goin' to drive all day across th' Cameron ranch—it's a thunderin' big one now. If you should happen to meet Ross, or young Ross, or baby Grace, dont mention campin' out on Allan's Trail—some folks are superstitious in these parts."



Caught in the Mountains

By LILLIAN MAY

"Good-by, old chap, I'm off today to take a month's vacation, And I shall spend it far away from human habitation; I'm going to the mountains, to the forest deep and dim, Away from foolish summer girls, with endless quest of 'him.'"

Behold him, two days later, with his fishing-rod and gun, He's climbing up a mountainside ere day has scarce begun; Behold him, at the noontide hour, reclining 'neath the trees— He's reveling in solitude, with spirit quite at ease.

But voices break the stillness, and upon a huge rock, near, A wondrous, winsome maiden, as by magic, doth appear. Our young friend notes adoringly each charm of form and face, And thinks, "I wonder if they grow like that in this lone place!"

She sees him not, but sits at ease, intent upon a book, Until he hears a stealthy step, and—— Gracious Heaven! Look! A stalwart form, with evil face, comes quickly into sight, And leaps upon the boulder, as she gazes in affright!

Upon his knees he swiftly drops, and seems to be entreating, While she, in terror, shrinks away, impulsively retreating. To rescue springs our hero then, and, with one well-aimed blow, He hurls the villain from the rock to yawning depths below.

"You've surely spoiled the picture now!" despairingly cries she. An angry group emerges from behind a mammoth tree, Shouts one: "You've spoiled a costly film, and nearly killed a man! What business had you butting in? Explain it, if you can!"

Our hero turns, crestfallen, to the maid with soulful eyes, "What are you people doing, I should like to know?" he cries. Her eyes are smiling roguishly, she says, "Why, dont you know? "We're acting out the pictures for the Motion Picture Show!"

* * * * *

An autumn eve—a city church—a bride so sweet and fair— A manly groom, with tender eyes—a truly mated pair. They pass; an idle zephyr wafts her whispered words to me: "Now are you glad you butted in?" she says. "You bet!" says he.

When Buster Went to Dreamland

(Lubin)

A series of little tales relating the wonderful adventures of Buster when he went wandering into the land of dreams.

By
LULIETTE
BRYANT



BUSTER'S FIRST DREAM

OF course, it was not the very first dream that Buster ever had, for he was six years old, and no child lives to that age without making many excursions into the land of fancies, where the brain goes wandering while the tired body rests. But up to the time when our story begins, Buster's dreams had been about nothing more intense and exciting than the big dog, the fluffy kittens, or the downy little chicks which occupied so much of his attention during his waking hours. When his sixth year was reached, however, Buster fell madly in love; and love, as every one knows, is the stuff of which dreams are made. Sometimes love brings dreams sweet and rest-inducing; this is when the course of true love runs smoothly—as it does occasionally, in spite of the ancient adage.

In Buster's case, it was the old, old story—the eternal triangle, which was doubtless, if the whole truth were known, getting in its deadly work in the fargone days when Cain slew his brother.

When Henrietta Brown, aged seven, first cast a shy, alluring glance at Buster, from under her tangle of flying hair, and murmured coyly, "Come on over an' see my chickens; they're bigger 'n yours," it was a case of instant and utter subjugation. Thereafter, home was a place to be endured only when Henrietta came to play in his yard, and the direst threat imaginable was, "If you're naughty, you cant go out to play with Henrietta." For a few golden summer weeks, life was perfect. Then a cloud crept over Buster's sunny sky—the third side of the triangle became clearly defined: a family named Black moved into the big house on the other side of Hen-

rietta's, and a rollicking lad of seven perched himself on the fence and called cheerfully:

"Hello, little girl, come and play with me? What you want to play with that little kid for?"

"I'm not a little kid—I'm six, and I bet I can lick you," flashed back Buster, intrepidly, doubling up two chubby fists, and squaring his shoulders beneath their sailor collar. But Henrietta, the adorable, interposed quickly.

"Now, dont be fighting, the first thing, or I wont play with either of you," she declared. "Come on over, Brooks, and we'll all play in Buster's yard. My mama said I could play with you, 'cause your mama was one of the Bensons, of Bensonhurst, and your papa's the biggest real estate man in the city," she continued artlessly; "she looked it all up when she heard you were coming to live here."

"What'll we play?" inquired Brooks, placidly accepting the establishment of his social status, and climbing down into Buster's yard. "I cant get out of sight, for I've got to watch for my father. He's going to bring me something—an Indian suit, just like really Indians have—feather head-piece, and everything!"

"Oh, bully!" yelled Buster, excitedly, all his resentment forgotten. "My father promised me a cowboy suit. We can dress up and have the greatest fights!"

"But what can I do?" queried Henrietta, anxiously. "I dont want to just sit around and watch fights; that's no fun at all."

"Well, you'll just have to be out of it," declared the masterful Brooks; "us fellows cant be all the time bothering with girls around. They just scream and squeal and fuss whenever anything's doing!"

Henrietta's eyes grew big with astonishment and anger; then the hot tears flooded them, and she turned appealingly to Buster, who rose manfully to the occasion.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he told Brooks. "Of course Henrietta can play with us; she's the dandiest girl on this street, and if you dont want to play with her, you can get out of my yard. Anyhow, we've got to have a girl, if we play Indian. Dont your father ever read Indian stories to you? Henrietta and her dolls will be the women and children, of course. What we going to fight about, if there aint any women in the play?" he finished, with a wisdom far beyond his years.

"Say, you're a smart one; I never thought of that," declared Brooks. "You're a good sport, Buster, if you are only six years old," he went on, with all the condescension of his seven years. "Of course you can play with us, Henrietta; I was just fooling. Here, you can have my gun, and I'll give you some of my candy when mama lets me have it. You're an awful pretty little girl!"

Henrietta was all smiles and dimples again, of course. The process has come down thru the generations so unvaryingly, that it is the natural inheritance of our children. The male



BUSTER GETS A NEW SUIT

blunders or tyrannizes—the female weeps; the male promptly capitulates, offering flattery and gifts—the female smiles again, her woes forgotten. The three playmates did not know that they were exemplifying a great social law; they were following their natural instincts, and the result was peace for the rest of the afternoon.

They were deep in a game of tag, when a joyous whoop from Buster

watched for the children to reappear on the lawn, “but it doesn’t seem to hurt her.”

“She’s all right,” the husband asserted easily; “Buster White is a terror for mischief, but he’s a fine little chap at heart, and this new one, Brooks Black, comes of good stock. Let her have her fun.”

“Come on over and see the new suits,” called Mrs. White just then,



THE INDIANS PROCEED TO SCALP THEIR CAPTIVES

announced the approach of the fathers.

“They’ve come!” he yelled, “and they’ve both got bundles—they’ve got our suits!”

Sure enough, the suits were produced, and the delighted boys scampered off to array themselves, while Henrietta, not to be outdone, obtained permission to bedeck herself in one of her mother’s old party dresses.

“I have been half afraid that Henrietta would get too bold and rough, playing with boys so much,” Mrs. Brown said to her husband, as they

and the Browns strolled across the lawn to where the Whites and the Blacks were sitting beneath the trees. Suburban families fall quickly into the easy intimacies that can only be the growth of years in the more formal residence sections, and these three families were thoroly congenial.

It was only a moment until the fun began, for as Henrietta tripped daintily down the steps, holding up the long satin gown which threatened to trip her sandaled feet, Buster dashed upon the scene in all the bravery of his cowboy array, twirling a long

lariat which looked suspiciously like his mother's clothesline. At the same time, there was a shrill cry from the other side of the lawn, and a flashing combination of feathers, fringe and flying legs resolved itself, upon nearer approach, into the figure of Brooks, a true savage on the warpath.

"Where'd you get all the paint, Brooks?" roared his delighted father, surveying the streaks of red, white and black which covered the round face.

"Out of all the little silver boxes on mama's dresser," Brooks replied. "I mixed 'em up with that creamy stuff. It don't matter—there's a lot left."

Buster was showing his suit to the admiring Henrietta, when, with a close imitation of the "long-drawn, blood-curdling yell" of the story book, Brooks bore down upon them, and seized the fair maiden by her flowing tresses.

"Ugh! Heap fine woman—fine scalp—come along," he shouted, flourishing the shining, kindling-wood hatchet, realistically.

Alas for the game! Henrietta gazed upon that painted, unfamiliar face, and promptly bore out Brooks' prophecy by bursting into frightened sobs. In an instant, Buster's wrath flamed, and he struck out at Brooks with quick rage. Brooks, a little dazed by the result of his play, returned the blow promptly, and before the parents realized that the sham battle had become a real one, Buster lay prone upon the ground, with a rapidly swelling eye.

Of course the combatants were promptly dragged apart and led home in disgrace. Even the weeping Henrietta shared in the parental displeasure.

"You shouldn't have cried over nothing at all," her mother admonished her sternly, "then there would have been no trouble."

"But he scared me so—he looked awful!" pleaded Henrietta. "I shant ever like Brooks again; cant I go over to see Buster now?"

"No, indeed. Both the boys are

put to bed, and you must stay on your own piazza until bedtime."

But while Henrietta sat disconsolately on the piazza, thinking of her troubles, Buster, his new suit exchanged for pink pajamas, sobbed dolefully in his bed.

"I just hate Brooks," he thought; "Henrietta and me never had a speck of trouble before he came here. I wish he'd go off and join the Indians—I bet he's got real Indian blood in him, he's so black-eyed and so mean! If he was a real Indian, and tried to carry Henrietta off, I'd—I'd——"

"Well, what would you do?" a thick voice seemed to growl into his ear. With a start, he lifted his head from the pillow. Where was he? The pink-tinted walls of his bedroom, with the encircling fringe of Mother Goose pictures, seemed to have vanished, and in their place great trees stretched away on every side, casting long, murky shadows. There was an open space in the center where the trees had all been cleared away, except one tall pine, which loomed up, straight and sinister, in the gloom. As he looked, dusky forms came gliding forth and circled around the pine, their voices rising and falling in a slow, monotonous chant, which rose into a shrill, ringing cry as a stalwart brave dashed suddenly from the bushes, into the midst of the howling circle, dragging a beautiful maiden by her streaming locks.

"Henrietta! Henrietta!" Buster tried to shriek, as he recognized his darling's face, and heard her despairing wails, but a strong hand seemed to be clutching at his throat, and he only gasped and sputtered. Then, as he cast despairing glances at the awful spectacle of Henrietta being dragged toward the lone pine, the painted brave turned a triumphant face toward him—it was his hated rival, Brooks!

"I knew he had Indian blood in him," Buster groaned, and struggled fiercely to escape from the dreadful hand which still clutched at his throat. It loosed its grasp, and away thru the wood dashed Buster, over hills and



BUSTER'S VICTORY WAS DECISIVE

valleys, across deep gorges and yawning chasms, at incredible speed, with wild, headlong strides, until he reached a camp-fire surrounded by a dozen stalwart cowboys.

"Away with me, my brave boys; there is not a moment to lose," he roared, and immediately they were all galloping off, Buster leading on the swiftest steed.

"I am here, Henrietta," Buster cried, as they burst upon the surprised savages, just as the fainting Henrietta was bound to the stake and Brooks' painted face leered down upon her. There was a sharp struggle, the forest rang with shrieks, and the crash of blows resounded. Then, with a whoop of triumph, Buster darted toward his adored one, his outstretched arms grasping—what were they grasping, anyhow? Why, mother, who bent over his bed, anxiously.

"Were you having bad dreams, dear?" she asked.

"Where's Henrietta?" he gasped, bewildered by the sudden change of scene.

"She's right here—she came to say good-night."

Buster gave a sigh of relief as he looked around at the familiar Mother Goose pictures, and Henrietta ran in, kissing him happily.

"I love you lots better 'n Brooks," she declared; "we'll play all day tomorrow, just you and me."

"Brooks is a regular Indian," declared Buster, frowning fiercely with the remembrance of his tempestuous dream; "you'd better stick to me, if you want to be safe."

Henrietta promised; but alas for the fickleness of feminine nature! When Brooks appeared the next morning, clothed in a peaceful-looking sailor suit, and bearing offerings of lollipops, she smiled at him, forgetful of the vows of the night before, and Buster was obliged to acquiesce when she declared radiantly, "Now we'll all be good and play together." He was sullen, however, and presently began to boast of the feats of valor in his dream.



THE HERO AND THE HEROINE

"I had you bound tighter than anything, with my lariat, Brooks," he declared tauntingly.

"Huh, anybody can do things in dreams!" retorted Brooks, disdainfully. "I can do things when I'm awake. I grabbed Henrietta's dolly right out from under a bicycle this morning, didn't I, Henrietta?"

"Yep," said the fickle maiden, sucking blissfully at her lollipop, "he did. He saved my dolly's life, and I vowed eternal love and gratitude, just like the ladies in story books."

It was too much. Buster fell upon Brooks, tooth and nail, determined to wipe his hated rival from his path forever. Henrietta shrieked in terror, and all the mothers came rushing upon the scene.

"Whatever has got into you, Buster?" demanded his exasperated mother. "You used to play so nicely. Why cant you get along without fighting?"

"'Cause that gosh darn mean Indian of a Brooks acts so," roared Buster, relieving his feelings, after the manner of his sex, with strong language.

"Now you'll go straight to bed," his scandalized mother decreed, so this burst of near-profanity was the cause of the adventures of

BUSTER IN NODLAND

Buster snuggled down in his bed, too angry and rebellious to cry.

"Saved her dolly from a bicycle!" he murmured contemptuously; "just give me a chance—I'd save Henrietta herself from a locomotive, and maybe I'd be all scrunched to pieces, then they'd be sorry they treated me so!"

He lay there pitying himself for a few minutes. Then the pink-tinted walls began to blur off into a pleasant confusion of mistiness, and it seemed as if Henrietta came dancing in, looking strangely radiant.

"Come on," she cried, "I'm going to have a party!"

"I'll have to dress," said Buster.

"Why, you are dressed," she laughed.

He looked down at himself. Sure enough, he seemed to be dressed in a dashing new suit, which made him look very brave and handsome, he thought. He followed Henrietta across to her lawn, and there a splendid fête was in progress.

"Come, get some pink ice-cream," commanded Henrietta, and he followed her to a cunning little table. As they ate, in silent ecstasy, Buster's eye saw a movement in the shrubbery; and, before he could stir, three desperate characters, with the villainous Brooks leading, sprang upon them and dragged them from the table, across the green lawns, thru an empty lot, over a high wall, to a little hut beside a lonely stretch of railroad track.

"You would save her from a locomotive, would you?" hissed Brooks in Buster's ear. "Now let us see if she will save you!"

In another moment, Buster, bound and gagged, was lying across the track, while Henrietta, locked in the hut and peeping thru the cracks, screamed frantically at his awful dilemma.

"Now come, my merry pals, we must flee far from hence," quoth Brooks. "Die, villain," he gloated, shaking a clenched fist toward Buster, "die, while the fair one goes mad at the sight!"

The desperadoes vanished. The far humming of an approaching train came to Buster's ears. Nearer and nearer it swept, while he struggled desperately. With a roar and a rush, the Overland Limited rounded a curve a few rods away; Buster closed his eyes, felt the hot breath of the engine, the grind of wheels, felt himself jerked violently from the path of the monster by the brave Henrietta, who was shrieking wildly, "I broke down the door—I broke down the door!"

"My darling—you have saved me," shrieked Buster, throwing his arms closely around—his pillow! He blinked dazedly for a moment, sitting straight up in his bed, then he lay down again, with deep disappointment.



"If dreams were only true, life 'd be worth living," he sighed, unconsciously echoing the ideas of many an older lover.

But the next morning life looked brighter to Buster, for the parents of the three children had decided that they all needed an outing, and, when Buster came downstairs, everything was in readiness for a picnic.

"Here's a dear little yacht that papa brought you," mama said, handing him the package. "Now you children can sail it in the creek. Do try to be a good boy today, Buster, and don't fight with Brooks."

But who could help fighting with Brooks, when he walked up to where Henrietta and Buster were watching the tiny craft, and remarked, sneeringly, "I shouldn't think a girl would like a fellow what can't sail anything but a toy boat!"

"What can you sail, I'd like to know?" demanded Buster.

"I could sail a real pirate ship, if I had it. When I'm a man, I'm going to be a pirate king, and I'll carry Hen-

rietta off, where you can't ever find her," declared Brooks.

"Huh!" grunted Buster, scornfully, "it's all right to talk about what you'd do if you had a boat. You haven't even got a toy yacht, yet, and I don't suppose your papa has got money enough to buy you one!"

"I'll smash yours, anyhow," snapped Brooks, stung to instant retaliation by this slight to his adored father. He seized a pail of sand which Henrietta had scooped up, and flung it upon the little boat, bearing it to the bottom of the creek, where it lay in a broken heap. Instantly, the fight was on, and Henrietta's screams brought the usual parental interference, energetic on the part of the mothers, half-hearted on the part of the fathers, who exchanged smiles behind the backs of the little offenders.

"If they could only be left to fight it out once, that would end it," Black remarked to White, "but, of course, their mothers won't stand for that, and I suppose I'll have to thrash Brooks for fighting."



BUSTER AGAIN TAKES A TRIP TO DREAMLAND

"Nonsense! their mothers are settling them down for a nap; that's what they need. They'll get up feeling fine."

But that settling down for a nap was the reason for the thrilling incidents of

BUSTER AND THE PIRATES

Buster lay on the bank of the little stream, covered with mama's shawl, and gazed resentfully at the rippling water.

"It wasn't my fault," he grumbled; "Henrietta and me were having a dandy time, if that Brooks had kept away. Talking about being a pirate king! Nice pirate he'd make! I could lick him myself, if mama would ever let me fight long enough."

"Wouldn't you like to take a sail, my boy?" a voice seemed to sing out, just in front of him. With an astonished gasp, he gazed out at the little creek, which was rapidly widening and tossing itself into great, turbulent waves, splashing away as far as his eyes could reach. As he gazed,

his eyes big with wonder, he saw his yacht come to the surface, rising slowly, until it perched itself firmly on the crest of a great wave; then, suddenly, expanding into a mammoth ship, with white sails spread and blue-coated sailors running about the decks. Over the rail Henrietta was leaning, stretching out her hands.

"Come on," she begged; "hurry, before our mothers come and stop us. Just jump."

Buster jumped. He felt himself sailing like a bird thru the air, then suddenly he alighted by Henrietta's side. Immediately they were off, careening thru the sparkling water. Henrietta laughed and sang, and Buster was blissfully happy, until a shout from the stern brought confusion.

"Pirates! The black ship!" the sailors cried, and scuttled to cover, leaving Buster to sail his yacht and to protect Henrietta. He stood his ground valiantly, but the white sails of his craft flapped in utter confusion as the black bulk of the pirate ship bore down upon him. A leering face peered out—it was Brooks Black!

Over the side of the boat Brooks climbed nimbly, followed by his dread band, and soon every one of Buster's gallant sailors had walked the plank.

"Goes the fair maiden next?" roared a terrific voice.

"No; bind the maiden and her lover, hand and foot," commanded Captain Black. "They shall await my vengeance."

Night gathered and darkened, and the pirates slept, when Buster rolled to Henrietta's side. Working for hours with his sharp little teeth, he severed the ropes that bound her.

"Now cut my bonds," he whispered, "and the enemy shall be destroyed."

Along the rail, thru the thick darkness, they stole softly, until the moon shone out and lighted up the form of the sleeping Brooks, his head reposing upon a keg of powder.

"Aha!" chuckled Buster, as he crept forward, bearing a lighted match. "I will save you now, Henrietta. Look your last on this murderous villain!"

Bending stealthily, he touched the match to the powder. There was a flash, a deafening explosion—and Buster sat upright on the grassy bank, looking into the tiny creek where his ruined yacht still lay. Close by, he heard a ripple of gay laughter; it was Henrietta, romping with Brooks. Buster frowned deeply.

"I wish I'd stayed asleep long enough to see his head fly off when the powder exploded!" he muttered.

"Let's take all the kiddies over to the church fair," Mr. Black called to his neighbors, a few days later. "They're having ice-cream, and fortune-tellers, and all sorts of fun."

The three children ate ice-cream together at the fair in perfect peace, and many admiring glances followed the two sturdy boys who paid such gallant attention to their fair little companion. It was an unlucky whim of Buster's father that carried them off to the fortune-teller's booth, where the pretty young lady in gipsy costume took Buster's hand.



THE PIRATES, JUST BEFORE THE EXPLOSION

"You are in love with a very beautiful young lady, whose name begins with H," she said, smiling mischievously into Buster's serious face, "and she loves you, too; but I am afraid she is going to be stolen away from you by a black-haired boy, whose name begins with B, if you don't look out."

"You bet she is," chuckled Brooks, triumphantly; "she won't take a little kid like him, when I'm around."

And there, before the very eyes of the rector and two vestrymen who were watching the fun, Buster planted a chubby fist squarely against the nose of Brooks! The blood gushed out in a red stream, and immediately Brooks became an injured hero, while Buster, kicking and crying with rage, was taken home to bed, there to go thru the strange experiences of

BUSTER AND THE GIPSIES

"Seems to me there's no use of my ever getting up in the morning at all," he grumbled, as he lay, punished but impenitent, watching the shadows creep in at the windows. "I just get interested in things, and I do something so I have to go to bed again! I'm 'most always in bed. Why couldn't that gipsy lady have behaved and told me a nice fortune?"

"Come with me now, and I'll make up for teasing you so," some one seemed to say, and in at the window flew the scarlet-cloaked young lady who had told his fortune, and perched herself upon the foot of his bed.

"I can't fly," said Buster, bewildered.

"Oh, yes, you can," she laughed; "I'll just put you under my cloak. It's my cloak that keeps me up, you know."

She tucked Buster under her arm, wrapped the glimmering scarlet cloak around him so that only his astonished eyes peeped over its folds, and they rose lightly into the air. Out thru the window they flew, over the tops of the houses, far away into the country, where the houses were far apart, and there were long stretches of green meadows, starred with daisies. At last they circled slowly over a grove, where a tiny spiral of smoke curled upward.

Down they dropped, beside a little hut with closed shutters, and peered into a dimly lit room. There sat Henrietta, a captive, sobbing hopelessly, while a white-haired old crone watched her with malignant eyes. In a corner was

Brooks, whispering to a half-dozen gipsy men. They rose, and came toward the window.

"Now's your chance," whispered his guide; "here, take the cloak, and steal her away."

Buster rushed in at the door and seized Henrietta, drawing her outside like a flash. Before Brooks could rally his men, Henrietta was folded in the scarlet cloak with Buster, and they were flying far above the shots of their pursuers. On and on they flew, Henrietta's arms around Buster's neck, her soft hair gently brushing his face.

"My own, brave Buster," she





THE GIPSIES KIDNAP HENRIETTA

whispered, and the enraptured lover, trying to clasp her closer, loosened his grasp upon the cloak and it slipped away from him. In spite of his efforts to hold her, Henrietta fell from his arms, and he screamed wildly as he felt himself falling thru limitless miles of space. Down he fell, down and down, faster and faster, until he landed, with a thud—on his own little bed!

"What are you screaming about?" asked mama, hurrying in.

"I dropped the scarlet cloak and we fell," Buster explained. "I was saving Henrietta from the gipsies, you know."

Then, seeing his mother's puzzled look, he gave it up. "Oh, what's the use?" he said impatiently. "Everything that ever happens to me is always a dream! I just wish that Brooks Black was nothin' but a dream!"

The next morning Buster went proudly over to Henrietta's, waving a big box.

"Here's a whole pound of chocolates," he cried; "papa brought them

last night, and I haven't eaten one—I saved them, so we could eat them together."

"O-o-h! a whole pound!" gurgled Henrietta, rapturously; "you're the dearest boy, Buster."

"Here, Henrietta," said Brooks, pompously appearing on the scene, just as the last of the chocolates vanished, "just see this new picture book. I brought it over for you to look at."

Buster looked fiercely at Henrietta, but she hesitated, glancing wistfully at the book. Of course Buster's candy had been very good, but it was all gone now, and a picture book in the hand is worth many chocolates already in the stomach. Henrietta hesitated, faltered, succumbed to Brooks' allurements.

"Get out of the hammock, Buster," she said; "let Brooks sit by me, so I can see the pictures."

Buster obeyed, in speechless wrath. This time he did not deign to fight Brooks, but swept by him with a scornful look and ran home, his big eyes brimming with tears. Fortunately, papa was sitting on the piazza ready to administer comfort when the storm broke.

"Dont you care, Buster," papa said, lifting the boy into his lap. "I've got



BUSTER PREPARES TO RESCUE HENRIETTA FROM THE GIPSIES

a nicer book than that. I'll read to you about Robinson Crusoe and the cannibals."

Papa read a long time, and, at last, Buster's eyes drooped and his curly head lay quiet on papa's arm. But his eyes half opened when he was carried into the house and laid upon his bed.

"She was awful mean," he muttered drowsily, "and she ate every

fat, brown chocolate drops growing on them. Buster tasted one, and found it very good. As he nibbled away, he heard a voice say softly, "Goodness! you look very much like a boy named Buster."

"I *am* a boy named Buster," he answered. "Who are you?"

"I'm Fijiwiji, a cannibal kid, now," the voice answered, and a very black little girl emerged from the bushes,



THE GIPSIES ARE FOILED AND DEFEATED

one of my chocolates, too. I'd like to eat her and that Brooks Black!" Then, closing his eyes again, he drifted away into the land of

THE CANNIBAL KIDS

It was a queer land. There were tall palm-trees growing all around, and every little while a big cocoanut would fall down and thump Buster's head, when he was trying to look up at them. Then there were a lot of queer, fuzzy bushes, with hundreds of

looking at him with snapping, black eyes. "But I used to be named Henrietta, and I wasn't black then. I had nice, red cheeks, and lovely, long hair, and every one loved me. But I was naughty; I ate all Buster's chocolates, and I sent him home and played with a horrid boy named Brooks Black, and what do you think he did? Why, he turned me right into a black cannibal kid and brought me off here, and I cant ever go home, and I just have to eat nothing but chocolate drops forever, 'cause I cant eat folks!"

She began to cry, and Buster straightened up, very brave now.

"Don't you cry," he said; "I'll take care of you. I'm Buster, you know."

she continued dubiously, "so you better think quick what you can do."

"How can the enchantment be broken?" Buster asked.

"The enchantment will last till



BUSTER DEFIES THE CANNIBALS

"Oh, goody," she cried, clapping her fat, black hands; "you always could do wonderful things! I'll never be bad to you again, if you'll rescue me, Buster. You see, Brooks Black is the cannibal king, and this island is enchanted. The cannibals will want to boil you for dinner, too,"

Brooks is killed," she whispered fearfully, just as a big cannibal discovered Buster and darted upon him with a whoop of joy. It was only a few minutes until he was thrown into the fattening-pen, to be ready for the evening dinner.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed Fiji-

wiji. "You cant do anything now; these are your last minutes, Buster."

"Then let's see how many last minutes I have left," said Buster, grimly, looking at his watch.

"Oh, give me the watch," cried Fijiwiji; "it will surprise them, so they will forget about the dinner for a while."

She was not mistaken. The big, black cannibals danced in glee as they

placed in the fattening-pen, where he remained, stamping and gnashing his teeth, while Buster reigned in his stead. But Fijiwiji, being of the feminine sex, couldn't let well enough alone. She attempted some kind of a trick with the precious watch; it rolled from her grasp and was broken. The cannibals demanded that Buster make it go tick-tick again, and he could not oblige them. They began to look



HENRIETTA SALUTES THE NEW CANNIBAL KING

listened to the tick-tick which never stopped. This gave Buster a brilliant idea.

"Tell them I am a magic-man!" he said to Fijiwiji. "Tell them that they must let me go, or I will turn them all into monkeys."

They listened, much impressed. Then they whispered to Fijiwiji.

"Oh, goody!" she cried; "they are going to depose Brooks and make you king. Then you can order him boiled, and as soon as he's dead the enchantment will be broken."

Buster was released and Brooks was

skeptical and threatening, and Buster knew there was no time to lose.

"Come, Fijiwiji," he called; "it is now or never!"

He seized her hand and ran toward the river, while after them bounded all the cannibals, brandishing long knives. The river bank was rocky and precipitous, but Buster did not pause.

"Jump, my darling," he cried, and they jumped off, into the rushing waters. As they closed over him, Buster gasped, sputtered, choked—and sat up in bed!

"Dreams, again," he remarked la-

conically, and sat for a few minutes, his round face serious and thoughtful. Then he climbed down and went to find papa.

"Papa," he announced solemnly, "I'm going to stop fighting with Brooks Black—it gives me such awful dreams. And I'm going to let Henrietta alone—prob'ly if I dont pay a speck of attention to her, she'll just be dying to play with me!"

"You've worked out the feminine problem at a very tender age, my son," observed papa, gravely, "but your deductions are absolutely correct."

Buster did not understand this



THE CANNIBALS SURRENDER TO
BUSTER

comment very well, so he let it pass without notice.

"But I'm going to grow just as fast as I can," he continued, "and some day, when I'm bigger, and mama has gone to her club, I'm going to lick the stuffing out of that Brooks Black!"

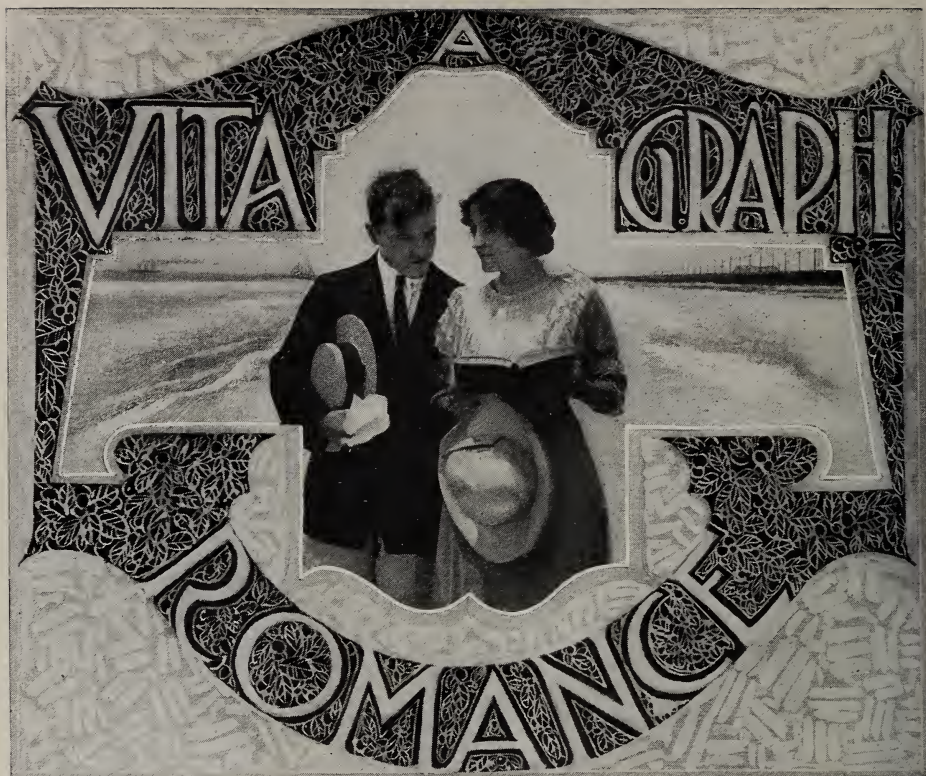
"My child," said papa, gravely, "never use slang, and never fight, unless you have to. Fighting is only for savages, and slang for ruffians."

Of course, Buster did not agree. but, nevertheless, he assented, and promised to obey.

And he did; as all good children should.



AND THESE ARE THE LITTLE ARTISTS WHO TOOK PART, WHEN BUSTER
WENT TO DREAMLAND



By FELIX DODGE

FROM THE PHOTOPLAY OF JAMES YOUNG

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Senator Carter, of Montana.....	<i>James Young</i>
Caroline, his daughter.....	<i>Clara Kimball Young</i>
Charles Mackay.....	<i>James Morrison</i>
President of Miss Flint's Seminary.....	<i>Flora Finch</i>
Director, Mr. Young.	

NOT twenty feet away, yet under the shade of the great oak-tree, a gurgling stream flowed by, that filled one with future dreams. The air was fragrant from the daisies and buttercups that lined the embankment. The dell was drowsily resonant with the hum of bees, and the lazy, sweet feeling of a midsummer's afternoon was in the air.

It needed but two letters to spell the word "Romance" in capitals—a man and a maid.

And they were there!

He was a handsome fellow, and sprawled on one side of the oak, looking up into its leaves, with wrinkled brow.

She was a sweet-looking girl, on the sunny side of twenty, and sat absorbed in the pages of a book.

Neither had the slightest idea of the other's presence. The grassy way was like a velvet carpet, and their eyes and ears were in their hearts just then.

This oblivion kept up for nearly an hour; the man wrestling harder and harder with his thoughts, and the maid sighing continually, and breathlessly following a rapidly moving hero and heroine. But suddenly there was a gust of wind that brought with it the lagging romance.

A pile of papers at the young man's side was tempted by the wind, and took flight. The young man's hand went out to catch them, and caught hold in their place of a perfect lily of a hand with slender fingers and pink nails.

The maid gave a little gurgling

scream at the sight of the man attached to the hand. Then, with proper becomingness, she grew angry at the cause of the interruption, and turned to her book, murmuring in a sweet, tinkling voice:

"I wish people could be left to read their novels in peace!"

"Well, I wish a good sight more," retorted the young man, seemingly angry, too, yet taking in the situation with evident pleasure, "that people could be left to write them without being bothered to death!"

The girl looked up quickly.

"Oh, do you write?" she asked, almost ecstatically.

He had crept a few feet closer and was scanning her book. Presently he looked at her with a grin.

"You ought to be a judge—I wrote that." He pointed to the book.

"Oh, how perfectly lovely!" she cried.

"Rotten pay for it," grumbled the young man.

"Just think; you are Charles Mackay himself!" She hadn't heard a word he had said.

An hour and a half later the conversation had developed into a heart-to-heart talk that seemed without end. But a thunder shower put a stop to it, and they hurried off toward the hotel.

Senator Carter, Caroline Carter's father, was on the hotel piazza when the two young people arrived, flushed and very much out of breath.

Caroline immediately rushed up to him, dragging Charles with her.

"Father, I want you to meet Mr. Mackay!"

Senator Carter stepped forward, all smiles, and extended his hand.

"Ah, glad to meet you!" he said jovially. "I suppose you're of the Mackay family—the Atlantic Cable people? Splendid corporation, that."

"Why, no, father," protested Caroline, in tones of deprecation and disgust, "this is Charles Mackay—the author!"

Then the frost set in that was destined to outlast the winter.

The senator had a long talk with Mrs. Carter the following Saturday evening about what they considered an ideal marriage for their daughter. The outcome of this conversation was significant for the young lady's future. Apparently, Charles Mackay was eliminated.

But, strangely, at that very hour and minute, Caroline and Charles were settling the same subject down on the beach in the moonlight. If necessary, it was decided to eliminate the senator!

However, just about the time that the senator had decided to call in Caroline and deliver a pronouncement, she and Charles strolled in with their important news for him.

If the senator had expressed himself in the terms of his feelings, the furniture in the room would have been converted into kindling-wood forthwith. Instead, his manner was serene. He understood the perversity of a headstrong daughter, determined on a marriage of her choice that was objected to. Besides, he loved Caroline more than he ever confessed.



CAROLINE INTRODUCES CHARLES TO
THE SENATOR

"You and your mother leave Mr. Mackay and me for a little talk; now that's a couple of dears!"

The dears left the room at the speed of lame turtles.

"You have come to tell me that you care for my daughter?" said the senator, perspicuously, turning to Charles, who would much rather have made the statement himself, as it would have given him a flying start.

his advantage in Charles' fishy expression.

"But wait, let me tell what I had come to tell you," evaded Charles. "I came merely to make an honest confession of our mutual feelings, and ask that I might pay court to your daughter. And at the moment when my income meets with your approval——"

"Which is just the point you fail



CAROLINE IS TAKEN TO BOARDING-SCHOOL

"Yes, sir," he attempted thickly, the "sir" sticking somewhere among his tonsils.

"You are not the first man to disclose this fact." This was a dash of ice-water to Charles that set afloat some chilly thoughts. "I suppose you have an income sufficient to keep my daughter in the way she has been used to living? I doubt if anything less than ten thousand a year would do it—you are earning that amount, I suppose?" pressed the senator, seeing

to realize," interrupted the senator, with exasperating coolness. "When your income meets with my approval my daughter will be old enough to judge these matters for herself—say ten years from now. But at present, she is but a child—and my child. So let us all drop the matter for a year or so."

Charles did not like the subtle reference to his decreasing income. In fact, there was nothing about the interview that he did like. The senator led him

to the door, and, omitting the "Now get!" behind his manner, bade him good-night.

The Carter family caught the seven o'clock express the next morning, much to the surprise of everybody—particularly Charles. He took the afternoon train.

The fact that bothered Charles more than anything else was that he could not help but feel that Senator

beats of light literature, Charles wrote, and felt, real ones in daily letters to Caroline, growing poorer and happier in the process. And Caroline bribed the chambermaid, at the strict boarding-school, whither she had been sent, to receive and send the letters for her.

Charles took a furnished room in the neighborhood, and spent hours of marketable time sitting on a park bench on the Drive, opposite Miss



CAROLINE'S INATTENTION AROUSES MISS FLINT

Carter was more than half-right. As much as he wanted to, he could not blame him. Besides, he was not making his salt—or, to be more specific, he could scarcely support one person decently, let alone two, and, possibly, multiples of two. He must give up the pleasing prospect.

Or so, at least, he would have advised any other fellow loving a girl under such circumstances. But the fellow being himself, he simply could not do it.

So instead of the fictitious heart-

Flint's School for Refining Young Ladies. But several weeks elapsed before Miss Flint would allow Caroline to have an airing, except by way of a motorcar.

But the day came. Patience was rewarded. Charles was waiting, and Caroline was half faint with the excitement of it all.

Miss Flint was in command of the little company of girls who came walking along the pathway, two by two. Caroline had been given the doubtful post of honor by her side.

Caroline, in her last letter, had hatched a plot more wicked than any Charles had ever employed in his stories. The plot was destined to thicken, the moment the company arrived in the heart of the park.

Miss Flint was thawing just a little above the freezing point in a dissertation on the habits of songbirds, purposely omitting anything about the birds' mates, when Caroline Carter suddenly gave a birdlike call and carefully stiffened out on the fading grass of the lawn.

Immediately, there was almost hysterical excitement among the Refined Young Ladies, and Miss Flint would scarcely have known what to do had not a serious-looking young man appeared on the scene and asked: "Cant I help you?" The difficulty was obvious, but this expression of interest in herself, and not in the young lady, showed the inquirer to be above suspicion at once.

"This is fortunate," remarked the gentleman, in a matter-of-fact tone, at the same time taking an Ingersoll from his pocket and holding the stricken girl's hand, "for I am a doctor."

Miss Flint was now thoroly at ease. "Please do not gather around so closely," said the doctor. No one was within three feet of them. "This is more serious than I suspected!" he continued, laying his ear to what every one supposed was her heart, tho the portion he covered was nearer the jugular vein in her neck. He kept mumbling all the while.

"She's saying something!" cried one of the girls, excitedly. "I saw her lips move!"

"You will keep quiet, please, Miss Tansley!" threatened Miss Flint.

If any one had been within a foot of the respectable doctor and his patient, they might have heard something like this:

"Everything is in readiness for tonight, Charles."

"What am I to do?" he asked.

"The cook will admit you thru the servants' hall. She will give you a ladder and tell you the rest."

"What time?"

"At exactly eight-thirty. Have a carriage waiting."

The doctor looked up into Miss Flint's inquiring eyes.

"She has merely fainted. Something hasn't agreed with her—that's all. She'll be all right in a few minutes."

Sure enough, at that moment, Miss Carter opened her large, brown eyes and looked around.

The doctor had disappeared, and was waiting impatiently for evening.

Miss Flint noticed a suppressed excitement among her Refined Young Ladies that evening. She cautioned Miss Carter to retire early, and wondered, for an hour afterwards, why the girl seemed unable to repress a smile. About nine o'clock she tiptoed to that young lady's room. It was empty, of course, and there was a ladder against the open window. The backyard was full of old shoes and rice, which no one could explain. The cook bought a new silk dress.



THE ESCAPE IS A NARROW ONE

Caroline and Charles were married, of course. Then their troubles began, because, within a week, it became apparent to Charles that it requires practically three times as much money to support a young and pretty wife as it does to keep a careless young man.

But Caroline was a brick, for all that. And from the moment she received the following letter from her father, she ceased to be the silly, romantic girl that the newspapers pictured eloping from a girls' seminary. The letter ran:

MY DAUGHTER: I am grieved and hurt that you did not respect my wishes regarding your intention to marry. I trust it will not bring you any unhappiness. However, as you have acted independently of me in this matter, I expect you to continue your independence in the future.

YOUR FATHER.

There was no wedding gift inclosed.

Save for a few sales of manuscript of a sensational nature to sensational magazines, immediately following the sensational elopement, Charles seemed unable to sell anything he wrote. Impractical man that he was, he would have kept on feeding that bugaboo, "Art for art's sake," with his vitals, and Caroline's, too, if that young lady had not called a council of war.

"Now look here, Charlie, dear," she said, rubbing his face the right way with her soft, little hand, while she rubbed his egotism the wrong way with her tongue, "the literary market has changed. That style of stuff you wrote a year ago is out of date now.

You confess you wont, or cant, write the twaddle the editors want now. What else can you do?"

Charles' artistic nature was deeply shocked. He was hungry, too, and needed a new hat. He didn't open his desk at all the next day, but went out early looking for a job.

He tried this proceeding several days, and found himself making even less at it than at writing, which was nothing at all. Despondency had crept under his skin pretty deep at length, and he was beginning to feel like a first-class failure in life, when he happened to meet an old chum who was now employed with one of the great Motion Picture producing companies.

"What are you doing, nowadays, Mackay?" asked his friend, scanning his frayed-out appearance.

"Frankly, Waters," confessed Charles, "I'm looking for a job."

"Seriously?"

"I need it."

"They need supers around at our place. If that will hold you for a while, I'll see that you get the job all right." He handed him a card. "Be there at ten tomorrow morning."

"I'll be there," said Charles, resolutely.

As usual, he found Caroline waiting for him with a cheerful word and a smile.

"Well, dear, what's the good word?"

"I've a job—tho a mighty poor one. I'll leave it to you whether or not I'll keep it. It's to be 'supe' for a Motion Picture company."

Caroline became silent, and her



CHARLES GROWS DESPONDENT

quick wits set to thinking the proposition over. Suddenly she laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Charles, do you remember the day we fooled Miss Flint and the girls, in the park?"

"Well?" demanded Charles, impatient at this extraneous allusion.

"Dont you realize that that was a fairly good piece of acting? See what I'm trying to get at now? I think in time we could do good work in that line together. I'm going to the Motion Picture place with you, tomorrow, and see if they will take us both!"

Charles protested half the night. But Caroline accompanied him in the morning, and they were both given positions.

Then came the turn in the tide!

Within a month, they both were advanced, and in three months' time they were playing a special picture a week.

Not quite a year after the elopement at Miss Flint's School for Refined Young Ladies, a sad-faced man was walking along Pennsylvania Avenue, in Washington. He was in the prime of life, yet there was a listless air about him as tho he had suffered great bereavement. Something caused him to pause in front of a theater and look intently at the enlarged photographs of the stars of one of the great Motion Picture companies. He stared for a full minute at the now famous actors.

Then his eye caught two that but recently had been added to the group, and he started with surprise. "Well, well!" he muttered, "has it come to this? Poor child! but it might have been worse."

He was about to turn away, when a sudden impulse urged him to make inquiry.

That impulse turned the current of several lives.

"Are these—persons on exhibition now?" he asked of the young lady at the window, indicating the photographs in the double frame.

"Yes, Senator Carter."

The senator stayed until the reel had come around a second time.

As he left the theater, the girl at the box-office thought she saw a tear in his eye. But, since he seemed to be smiling, she concluded that he had merely been laughing excessively at one of the comedies.

Several telegrams passed between him and the head of the Motion Picture company that night. In the morning, the senator started for New York.

The big studio in the suburbs was a scene of great activity. Four sets were busy at the one time. It was about a half-hour before closing time.

Suddenly there was great commotion at the entrance to the studio, and a fine-looking gentleman fought his way in. The leading lady gave him one look, and then rushed upon him and threw her arms about his neck.

The conquest of the irate but repentant father was instantaneous and complete. No apologies or explanations were asked or required.

"Where's Charles?" asked the senator, finally, after kissing Caroline's rouged cheeks. "I've got a house picked out for both of you in Washington."

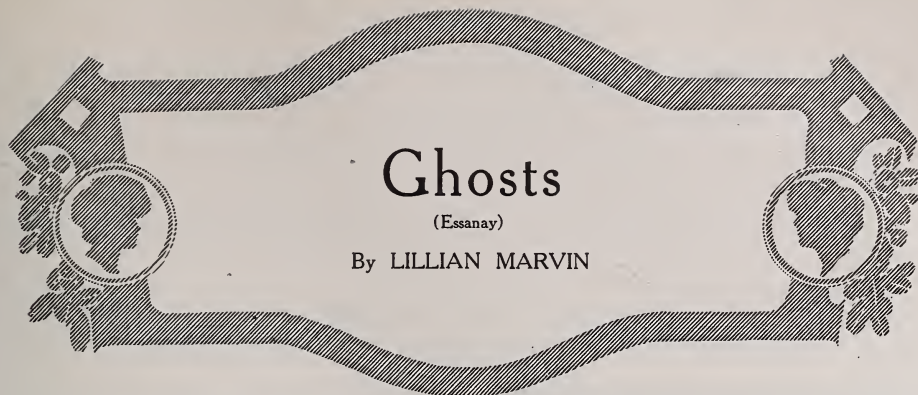
"How lovely!" cried Caroline, again kissing her father. "I'm so glad you forgive me, and—do you really mean that you forgive Charles, too?"

"Yes," replied the senator, seizing the hand of his son-in-law, who had just come running up. "Young man, can you get ready to leave on the midnight train? You'll have to give up your job here. I've got a better one for you. You are to take charge of my coming campaign."

"Fine!" exclaimed Charles, "but why cant we begin here? We'll make a Motion Picture of you in action right here and now!"

"Capital idea," said the senator.

"Oh, you'll do all right—I knew it—I've felt all along that I had made a mistake. Caroline," turning to his daughter, "I guess you know more about these things than I do!"



EDITORIAL NOTE: Numerous requests have been made by our readers to publish a Photoplay in its original form, and we have herewith done so. The following play, or scenario, as these scripts are sometimes called, was purchased by the Essanay Company, and recently done into a Motion Picture film by them. We have added a few illustrations, so that our readers may follow the plot just as if they were reading a story.

GHOSTS

By LILLIAN MARVIN

SUBTITLE—THE BROKER REFUSES TO ADVANCE TO THE OLD COLONEL ANOTHER LOAN ON HIS OLD HEREDITARY ESTATE.

SCENE 1.—Library. Old Col. and Zeno enter. Col. sits at desk. Bell rings. Zeno exits, tells Col. the Broker wishes to see him. Col. says "yes." Zeno exits, ushers in Broker. Broker says that in two days old mansion will be sold. Col. pleads for another loan. Broker absolutely refuses. Col. demands. Broker still refuses. Col. rings tap-bell. Zeno enters. Col. tells him to show Broker to door. Broker looks angrily, starts out. Col. comes forward, looks at old empty box, 'tis empty, looks at pocket-book, 'tis empty, sinks in chair at desk, bows head. Zeno enters, sees Col., raises him and leads him off.

SUBTITLE—THE OLD MANSION IS SOLD TO THE SOCIAL CLIMBERS.

SCENE 2.—The estate is sold on the steps of its main entrance at public auction to the highest bidder, sold under the auctioneer's hammer. Neither the aged owner, nor Zeno, is present. Dr. Trueman and Mr. and Mrs. Social Climber are the chief bidders. The Social Climbers bid so wildly that Dr. Trueman decides, after having himself offered its full value, to let them have the estate, which they get at a heavy price. They and the Broker are pleased.

SUBTITLE—THE OLD COL. BIDS FAREWELL TO THE OLD MANSION.

SCENE 3.—Steps of mansion. Moonlight. The old Col. and Zeno come out, Zeno with portmanteau. They come down steps and off.

SCENE 4.—As per mansion (shown). They come and move off toward camera and woods.

SCENE 5.—In grounds of estate. Moonlight. Bench scene. Old Col. and Zeno enter, sit on bench. Zeno thinks of plan for Col. to stay at mansion unknown.

SUBTITLE—THE OLD NEGRO THINKS OF PLAN FOR COLONEL TO LIVE AT MANSION UNKNOWN TO OTHERS.

(Back to picture) Zeno interests the Col., the Col. agrees doubtfully. They go off.

SCENE 6.—Steps of mansion. Zeno and Col. come up steps and go into mansion.

SCENE 7.—The dining-room. Zeno and Col. enter. Zeno opens secret panel door, goes out, old Col. totters. Zeno exits up stairs. Old Col. follows.



THE COLONEL'S OLD HOME IS
PURCHASED

SUBTITLE—THE OLD COLONEL IMAGINES HIMSELF AS ONE OF HIS ANCESTORS FOUR HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

(Back to picture) The old Col. goes toward panel and exits.

SCENE 8.—Close-up of Col. going up to attic. Upon reaching it he dismisses Zeno. Zeno takes some food out of portmanteau, comes down steps and off past camera to kitchen. Old Col. cautiously opens chest, takes out costume of Louis XIV period, puts on coat, shows costume, etc. FADE OUT.

SCENE 9.—Back to library. Zeno now has table laid with wine and some scraps (which he has taken from portmanteau, and candelabra on table lighted). Old Col. appears at door dressed in costume with the old wig in his hand, places it on his head in doorway. Zeno turns, sees his old master dressed thus, murmurs, but humors

him. Old Col. starts across to table and sits down. Zeno waits upon him respectfully.

SCENE 10.—The Col. rises from table and goes toward panel. Zeno starts to lead him. The Col. waves him aside and exits into panel. Zeno comes toward table and starts to clear things.

SUBTITLE—THE SOCIAL CLIMBERS TAKE POSSESSION.

SCENE 11.—Dining-room. Morning. The Social Climbers arrive with their friends and servants. They look at everything with a sneer. Mrs. Dixon changes furniture, etc., and directs servants to do same. They all exit.

SUBTITLE—THAT EVENING.

SCENE 12.—Dining-room. Furniture all changed. Room brilliantly lighted. The old Col. with Zeno appears. The old Col. is scandalized at change of furniture, etc., and directs Zeno to place same in original position. Zeno does so. The old Col. orders a repast and wine. Zeno exits.

SCENE 13.—Table all laid. Col. drinks wine, rises and starts to exit.

SUBTITLE—THE NEXT MORNING.

SCENE 14.—Dining-room. Servants enter, scandalized at change, call Mrs. Dixon. She enters with friends, all in dressing-gowns as if awakened by servants. They all stand aghast. Mrs. Dixon dismisses servants, and they decide to watch that night for ghosts.

SUBTITLE—"LET'S ALL WATCH TONIGHT."

SCENE 15.—Short flash of Zeno entering, arranges furniture in original order, then goes to table and fixes things for his master.

SCENE 16.—Zeno now has table laid, knocks at panel, Col. enters, sits, faces of Social Climbers and friends peering in, expressing horror.

SCENE 17.—Col. finishes repast. Zeno leading master to panel, slides same and exits. Social Climbers rush in, expressing amazement. Mr. Social Climber rushes to panel, tries it, beats on wall, rushes back to wife and friends, saying, "Ghosts."

SUBTITLE—GHOSTS.

(Back to picture) They all tiptoe out of room and exit. FADE OUT from ghostly effect to moonlight shining thru.

SUBTITLE—MR. SOCIAL CLIMBER DECIDES TO SELL.

SCENE 18.—Broker's office. Mr. and Mrs. Social Climber make a *strong* and *bitter* complaint. The Broker looks puzzled. They telephone Dr. Trueman. He motors to the office, and enters, finding the Social Climbers and the Broker awaiting him. They *tell him no ghost stories*, but affably offer him a great bargain in the Valla De Velpeau Estate. He is puzzled at this, but accepts the offer and buys. All parties are satisfied, each with his own part in the bargain. Dr. Trueman, however, cannot understand why the Social Climbers are so anxious to sell so abruptly, and leaves the office puzzled upon this point.

SCENE 19.—Short flash of dining-room. Mr. Social Climber, wife and friends tiptoe thru, servants and chauffeur follow carrying baggage. They exit.

SUBTITLE—THE NEW BUYER ARRIVES.

SCENE 20.—Library. Morning. Dr. Trueman and friends and Jap arrive, showing delight at the beauty of things. Then Jap appears frightened. Trueman smiles and reassures him. Then they all exit.

SUBTITLE—THAT EVENING.

SCENE 21.—Dining-room. Dr. Trueman and friends are dining. Everything as of old. Jap waiting on them. Slowly the panel opens and Zeno appears, not noticing the man. He tries to shrink back, but the man rises, and



ZENO TAKES TOMA'S PLACE IN THE KITCHEN

Dr. Trueman crosses quickly, grasps him by the arm and drags him C., asks for an explanation. Zeno says:

SUBTITLE—"MASSY, DIS OLD MAN AM CHATTELS HEAH. SHALL HE SERVE FOR YOU, SAH?"

Dr. Trueman at first hesitates and then says "yes." Tells Jap to show Zeno to kitchen. They exit. The gentlemen look at each other, smile, and then burst out laughing, saying, "Ghosts."

SCENE 22.—In the kitchen. The tiny Jap is busy preparing a meal. Zeno appears at the doorway, scrutinizes the Jap with contempt, finds his cook's-

linen, apron, jacket and cap, dons them with deliberation, narrowly eyeing the Jap, meanwhile, and the Jap is nervously conscious of the big African's presence. In his chef's attire, Zeno advances upon the cooking table and range. Toma, the Jap, looks him over. Zeno begins operations. Toma courteously bows himself out.



THE COLONEL IS REINSTATED

SUBTITLE—THE NEXT MORNING.

SCENE 23.—The gentlemen are just finishing their repast. Zeno is waiting on them. Jap in background, afraid of Zeno. The gentlemen rise and exit into smoking-room, thru French windows. Zeno makes exit. Old Col. enters, gazes wistfully around room, passes thru to library.

SCENE 24.—Short flash of old Col. passing thru, looks at old books, smiles, and passes into music-room.

SCENE 25.—Music-room. Old Col. enters, goes to window, moonlight

strikes him, he goes to piano and plays.

SCENE 26.—Smoking-porch. Dr. Trueman and friends expressing wonder at the beautiful music.

SCENE 27.—Back to music-room. Old Col. finishes strain, rises and exits.

SCENE 28.—Porch. Dr. Trueman and friends expressing amazement. The old Col. is seen to pass thru down room and into panel. The man springs out thru the French windows just as Zeno enters. Dr. Trueman demands an explanation. Zeno confesses and explains Col.'s condition. Dr. Trueman takes pad of paper out of pocket and writes:

(Flash letter.)

To Colonel De Velpeau:

HONORED SIR—I beg to announce to you that your mansion and grounds are at your service, and the honor of your presence is respectfully asked for.

Your friend,

DR. TRUEMAN.



THE COLONEL PASSES AWAY

Zeno says, "God bless you, Massy," and exits into panel.

SCENE 29.—Close-up of attic upstairs. Zeno goes into attic, shows Col. letter. Col. rises and they start to descend.

SCENE 30.—Dining-room. Zeno and Col. enter thru panel.

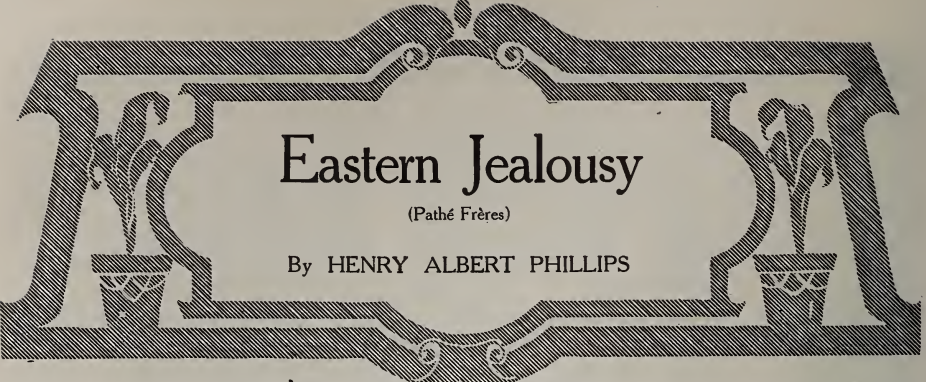
SCENE 31.—In the library. Col. De Velpeau, in his quaint attire, enters, closely followed by his servant, Zeno. Dr. Trueman and his friends enter from the smoking-room. The two gentlemen welcome each other to Valla De Velpeau; Dr. Trueman introducing his friends. The old Col. welcomes them in grandiloquent style, imagining himself as of old, the host. Dr. Trueman humors his whim entirely and graciously. The old Col. bids "his guests"—the Doctor and party—to be seated, etc. He orders the butler to serve wine. Zeno hastens away and soon returns with the service. Healths are drunk, and so on. Col. De Velpeau's hand, daintily holding the half-emptied wine-glass, sinks to the arm of his chair, or to the table, his head droops. Zeno alarmed, springs to his side, also the others. The Doctor places his finger upon the Col.'s pulse. It is still. FADE AWAY TO MOONLIGHT.



Another Advantage

By GEORGE B. STAFF

It happens in the old-time way
That near the crisis of the play,
When we would hear what actors say,
Some baby cries.
At Photoshows we have no fears
That some child shall burst into tears,
We do not even need our ears,
But just our eyes.



Eastern Jealousy

(Pathé Frères)

By HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

THERE is but one passion in the Orient that is greater than love—it is hate.

Love in the East is numbered, for the most part, among the delights and pleasures of the flesh; hate is reckoned among the all-consuming passions of the soul.

The scorching link that both separates and binds the two is jealousy.

"There is no furnace equal to the jealous heart," says the proverb; "it consumeth Life, Kingdoms, and even the fear of Allah!"

In all the countryside round about the village of Kismeth, had gone forth the report for years of the two beautiful daughters of Kharjal Punj, the wealthy merchant who lived on the gorgeous Hill of Blessings. The love of Ourida for Fatima was equaled nowhere, save by the love of Fatima for Ourida.

For seven years sweet harmony had shed its blessings over the household of Kharjal Punj, and had won for it the name of "Paradise." When the village of Kismeth baked and sweated during the long, terrible nights of the dry season, the Hill of Blessings was veiled in cooling zephyrs that were said to descend straight from heaven. When the drought seized the poor wretches in the village, and twisted their throats till their tongues hung from their mouths, the Hill of Blessings was disporting in the cool, perpetual waters of a wonderful fountain that sprang from the side of a rock in Kharjal Punj's luxuriant garden. When the people of Kismeth often tore each other's hearts and throats in discord, the strident cries

were softened to vagrant echoes that neither disturbed, nor ruffled, the gentle peace and music-laden air of the hill-top. So the Hill of Blessings had become the home of the blessed.

About the time the magic seven years were come to an end, Kharjal Punj did an unholy thing: he brought an Englishman within the sacred precincts of his home, where, contrary to custom, his beautiful daughters wandered about in freedom, unveiled.

Eric Blaisdell expressed neither surprise nor amazement at this unwonted courtesey. For ten years he had been wandering over India, accumulating a fund of adventures. Never before had he met with such a reception.

On the evening of his arrival, Kharjal Punj arranged, as a compliment, that he might enjoy the modest entertainment of his house as tho he were a member of the household. Affairs would proceed as usual, as tho no guest were present. He should partake of the heart-throbs of the Eastern home, and not merely the empty splendors of the Oriental guest-coming.

"These two years hast thou shown me thy metal, and thy heart is of pure gold," Kharjal Punj assured him. "Until now hast thou been but a lavish purchaser of the wares of my market. Mine eyes have been on thy heart as my hands received thy gold. Thou art no longer a stranger, but a friend. The treasures of my house are thine to choose. Even tho thou takest one of my daughters—each of whom taketh with her half my heart as a dowry—thou shalt be gratified."

Not till then did Eric Blaisdell cast his mind or his eyes upon the daughters of his friend and host. Ourida and Fatima were as fair as the blooming gardens, as the gentle, shaded beauty of the night scene on the Hill of Blessings. Eric was startled by the poignant message that was carried to his heart. During the whole evening meal, that was garnished with a hundred delicacies, never once was his palate so exquisitely tempted as was his heart as he sat feasting upon the vision of the fair daughters of Kharjal Punj.

Later, the party betook themselves to cooler precincts of the canopied roof that was lit by the pale, green rays of a midsummer's moon. Here Kharjal Punj and Eric built fine castles in the clouds of smoke from their fragrant narghyl. Ourida gently thumbed her lute, and Fatima sang in a low, sweet voice that was luscious with temptation.

Kismeth shone with her lights like a jewel set in the breast of the valley. The stars seemed but a short distance above, so that one inclined might reach up, and pluck a cluster. The earth and its cares seemed far away, indeed!

Eric Blaisdell was entranced! No adventure had ever yielded such delight as this. Continually, his eyes rested upon the sisters, who clung lovingly together, like twin pomegranates.

"My daughter, come with me, that our hands shall prepare coffee and wine for the lips of our friend," said Kharjal Punj, rising, when the lights of Kismeth had begun to snuff one by one. "Nay, Ourida, stay thou and delight the ears of Sahib Blaisdell. What lies before thee is thine," continued the host, waving his hand over the bounteous display of fresh fruits and confection. "Take thy fill!"

But Eric's eyes were upon Ourida. What it was that stirred his veins like fire, or that made his head reel like intoxication, he could not conjecture. Not women, he was sure, since he could recollect only a sense of pleasure on gazing on a pretty face that

was, if anything, surpassed at the sight of a splendid horse. The next moment he found himself moving toward the swaying figure in the moonlight, and, shaken by the vibrations of her voice, now he had touched her fingers, and the music was stilled. The full beauty of her face was turned upon him, and smote his heart with wild activity. He seized her hand almost roughly, and pressed it against his lips. She was no longer looking at him now, but her head had sunk on the shapely beginnings of her undulating breast, and he thought he detected a great sigh that pierced him like a blade. With a chaotic feeling of mingled pity and desire, he gathered her in his arms, holding her close for an instant. She was looking up at him now, her eyes swimming pools of ecstasy in the moonlight, her lips half parted, but silenced, with emotion, her breast beating his with fluttering tenderness. If death had lain waiting as a penalty, he could not have refrained—he kist her.

When Kharjal Punj and Fatima returned, they found Eric Blaisdell gazing over the parapet into the umbrous shadows of the pomegranate grove, where nothing in the world was to be seen. Ourida sat breathing softly, with clasped hands, and a silent lute by her side. Kharjal Punj raised his voice in tones of displeasure.

"Ourida, thou hast done my house little honor with bringing its honorable guest to gazing into space for want of entertainment!"

"Nay," protested Eric, seating himself before the steaming coffee and sparkling wine, "there is a happiness of silence—thy daughter hath well pleased me!"

The next day Eric departed, and, strangely, it was just at the end of Kharjal Punj's sojourn on the Hill of Blessings seven years, which, with the Mussulman, counts a complete cycle.

The time was propitious. Kharjal Punj should have been more considerate of Fate.

Is it not written:

If thy years' joy ends in seven,
Thou hast had a glimpse of heaven.
But should seven times seven fill thy span,
Thou shalt *dwell* in heaven a happy man!

What is written is written.

Discord came that day upon the Hill of Blessings.

It began in the very core of the household's happiness—between the two sisters. Fatima confessed to her sister the passion she had conceived

murmuring against Kharjal Punj for violating some of the most solemn injunctions of the Koran, and for breaking bread and consorting on equal terms with a Christian dog. His business fell off, and his friends were the first to circulate a cabal against him. There were evil spirits in the market-place who openly cursed when he passed by, and children were taught to spit in his path.



OURIDA AND FATIMA ARE KIDNAPPED

for the handsome, young Englishman, who had promised to return for a longer stay in about a fortnight, after he had settled some important matters. In Ourida's rapid glance there was neither sympathy nor affection.

From that day she drew apart, and fondled a heavy ring of English make which she secretly wore about her neck, like an amulet. Fatima, left alone with her thoughts, nourished them until her passion had become equal to life itself.

Meanwhile, there had been much

Therefore, when Kharjal Punj received a letter from Eric Blaisdell, saying he hoped to be able to return and complete his broken visit within a week, the faithful Mohammedan was sorely distressed.

The same messenger had borne a message to Ourida. The happy girl could not forbear showing the mis-sive to her sister. It read:

MY SWEET OURIDA—I have at last settled my affairs in Bombay. I shall hold you in my arms one week from today, my love!
ERIC.

Fatima flew to her father, in a rage, to try to influence him against permitting the Englishman's return. She was too late. The messenger had gone, bearing a pressing invitation to come by all means.

In a burning fury that forever extinguished the sisterly love that had, until lately, flourished in her capacious heart, Fatima wrote a letter, at the dictation of the blackamoor majordomo, who had taken a keen dislike to the Englishman. He promised Fatima exactly the sort of assistance she desired. The letter was kept and not sent until the day after Eric had arrived, and declared his intentions of marrying Kharjal Punj's daughter, Ourida. The Mohammedan was appalled. Eric, in desperation, half jokingly recalled his generous offer to his guest to take whatever he saw fit, even tho it were a treasure of his heart, his daughter.

"She is thine when thou wilt have her," responded Kharjal Punj, part of whose religion was to honor his guest next to the Prophet Himself.

"I desire to marry her day after tomorrow at sundown," said Eric, solemnly drawing Ourida to him, and kissing her.

The emotions of all were too heavily wrought upon to take note of the moan of Fatima, who withdrew behind a curtain, where stood the blackamoor, plucking viciously at his knife, his eyes flashing murder.

Fatima read again the note she had written:

My sister is to marry a Christian dog. You can prevent this by stealing us both and carrying us to a place in the desert. When he comes, kill him. Spare my father. Thy only reward will be to prevent her marrying a Christian and transgressing the Law of the Prophet. Then I am thine.

FATIMA.

"Tomorrow you and I shall go hunting in the hills, if thou desirest," said Kharjal Punj.

"My dearest wish," said Eric.

And before daybreak, together with nearly all the servants as beaters, they set out on the pre-nuptial frolic.

Two terrible things happened that

day: Kharjal Punj was accidentally killed, and, on the homecoming of the sad party, they found that both of his fair daughters had been carried away by ruffians.

When the frightened servants told all this to Eric, for the first time, the young Englishman began to appreciate the situation. He was gratified to find both his revolvers loaded in his belt. Instead of being, in the house of friends, he was now surrounded by thousands of enemies. Kismeth was noted, he now recalled, for its vicious anti-foreign sentiment. He was on the point of taking drastic measures for safety and for the recovery of his bride-to-be, when he discerned, among the frowning visages surrounding him, one kindly disposed face.

He dismissed all the others, and called Mohammed, the master's confidential servant, and now his friend, aside.

Mohammed entreated with him to leave the country in disguise without delay.

Eric smiled.

"Will you help me find your mistress, Mohammed?"

"Sahib, my life is in the palm of thy hand!"

The next morning Mohammed went directly to the market-place of Kismeth with a hundred pieces of gold in his purse. At night, he returned to the Hill of Blessings with an empty purse. The information he had bought had been profitable, however, and Eric and he set out in the full glory of the midnight moon.

Mohammed knew the chieftain of the marauding band by sight, and had learnt their haunt by means of pieces of gold. The place lay straight across the plains, less than twenty miles from Kismeth. They drew in sight of it before daybreak.

Mohammed dismounted and set out on foot to reconnoiter. He returned to Eric in less than an hour.

"Master, they have departed hence for Henjgat, a villainous town about a day's journey southward. At Henjgat there is a slave market. Kharjal Punj's daughters will be sold to the

highest bidder! Shall we abandon pursuit?"

"We shall rest there in yonder grove a few hours before pushing on toward Henjgat," was Eric's only reply.

Again, late that afternoon, when they drew near Henjgat, Mohammed proceeded on foot alone.

Again he returned with bad news.

"My lord, the daughters of Kharjal Punj have been sold to the Mogul of

fellow's windpipe to get the desired information past his lips.

He was the Mogul's favorite eunuch. Fatima and Ourida were now within the harem. Tomorrow, Ourida was to be officially made the favorite. She had won the admiration of the Mogul. Strangely, she resisted all of his advances.

The favorite eunuch was then marched a mile and a half to where Eric was concealed. He was divested



OURIDA AND FATIMA ARE SOLD TO THE MOGUL

the district! Now must we abandon our search. Death lies in our path."

"Ourida must be found," responded Eric.

"Thy will is my life, my lord."

Seven hours did Mohammed lie in wait for any person to enter or leave the gates of the Mogul of Henjgat's palace. Then came forth a much perfunctured and well-attired menial.

He had gone less than fifty feet before Mohammed had him on his back, with the keen edge of his dagger close to his beardless throat, and the reflected sunlight dazzling his eyes.

It took a serious scratch across the

of his clothes, and bound to a tree. Eric assumed Mohammed's cast-off garments, and sat guard over the captive.

Mohammed returned to the Mogul's palace in the half light of evening, let himself into the great creaking gate, and boldly, yet fearfully, made his way straight for the harem.

There were dim lights burning, and women lolling about here and there. He distinguished the daughters of Kharjal Punj instantly, because of the upright and defiant manner of their postures.

With the supercilious air of the

eunuch, he approached them, and made himself known to them in rough tones of rebuke that were not noticed by any one else.

At length, an object dropped at the feet of Fatima, who picked it up. It was a great key wrapped with a piece of parchment that proved to be a message. Ourida read it over her sister's shoulder.

This key opens the door at the end of the garden. Be there an hour after moon-rise. You can escape.

The sisters looked around for Mohammed. He had slipped out in the direction of the garden.

"It is Eric!" whispered Ourida, happily.

Fatima said nothing. Her eyes had contracted, and the nails of her hands were piercing her flesh under her loose sleeves.

A little later, when the Mogul appeared to speak to his women, Ourida had gone within, altho it was expressly forbidden. The Mogul was enraged when he saw his edict disobeyed. He approached Fatima with an angry snarl. When he had finished his tirade of abuse, the girl, with trembling hand, gave him the letter they had received.

The Mogul's fury was terrific.

"I shall have both your throats cut for this!" was his concluding threat.

"But I am not at fault," said Fatima, calmly. "They do not want *me*." She gave a shudder. "I am your dutiful wife. I wish to help you. Let her go to meet her lover—and then——" Fatima was too shaken by some new emotion that took possession of her, to conclude.

"For this you shall become my favorite!" cried the irate Mogul, on departing. Fatima spat in his footsteps!

Ourida stood for one hour that evening surveying the slowly rising moon. In her heart was the peace of a woman who had gone thru peril to prove her love. And love had conquered at last! In less than an hour she would be safe in the arms of her

lord. Then let come what may—death had no terrors; sacrifice for him was sweet!

"Ourida!"

The girl was startled by the voice. At first she did not recognize it, because of the jangle in its tone. Her sister's voice was as soft as the night-bird's note. There was something in Fatima's eyes, too, that was strange—but her heart was too full just then of its own destiny, to inquire. The hour was fraught with peril.

In silence she followed her sister out thru the garden. The silence of the night emphasized the moon's splendor. Insects were clicking off their notes on every hand, but Ourida heard nothing but the strong, quiet beats of her heart.

As they came near the gate, Fatima handed Ourida the key.

"This is your mission," she said in a suppressed voice.

Ourida, trembling, turned the key, and, with an exclamation of joy, threw wide the door. The next instant she fell back with a scream. Three men rushed forward, scimitars flashing in their hands.

The Mogul of Henjgat stood scowling in the rear.

For a moment, Fatima stood bewildered, contrition shining thru tears in her eyes. At that moment she would gladly have given her life for her sister's.

"She must die—now!" growled the Mogul. "Here, you, Ben-Agar—your duty!"

Ben-Agar grinned and began feeling the edge of his blade. The others were forcing Ourida to her knees.

"My lord——" Fatima had turned now with outstretched hands toward the Mogul, in the act of imploring mercy.

"Eric, my lord, Eric!" cried Ourida, her voice now firm and calm.

"Kill her!" whispered Fatima, hoarsely, her limp attitude of appeal suddenly tautening like the string of a lute.

There was a sharp crack that made even Fatima cry out in the excess of her emotion.

Ben-Agar tumbled over the terrified Ourida, dead, with a bullet thru his heart. The raised scimitar fell at his side. The Mogul, anticipating a rescue, drew his scimitar at the same moment that Mohammed drove his dagger thru his arm. A fusillade of bullets ended the careers of the two other servitors. The Mogul lay writhing in agony.

Eric had raised the limp, weeping Ourida in his arms and held her face close to his, while Mohammed turned, and, to his amazement, saw Fatima standing behind the girl, with blazing eyes and a raised dagger gleaming murderously. He cried out in alarm, and Eric's raised arm caught the blade.

When Fatima saw that she had wounded him she loved, she turned and cried out like one insane.

"Oh, what baseness, to strike with a blade the lord of my life! The lord of my life! Eric!"

And, before the others could comprehend the meaning of it all, she had plunged the dagger into her breast, a dark stream running almost black from the wound, in the moonlight.

Mohammed knelt by her side a moment.

"The lady, Fatima, is with her fathers," he said solemnly.

In the distant palace they could see torches flashing ominously. There were cries breaking the stillness of the night.

Death would soon be abroad on swift wings. Their flight must be as speedy as the homing birds of the night.

And even after they had been gone many minutes was the garden stirred by a voice so pathetic, so agonizing in its futility, so hopeless in its despair. It was a woman's last words on earth, in a death agony: "Eric, O my lord, Er——"

There was something ineffable in that cry that must have pierced the heavens.

A cloud had blurred the silver of the moon, and a night-wind had sprung that souged sadly thru the garden in pursuit of Eric and Ourida.

There is but one passion in the Orient that is greater than love—it is hate. Yet love had outlived its enemy!



The Girl I Love

By HARVEY PEAKE

There's a girl living somewhere far out in the West,
Who, of all my acquaintances, I love the best;
I call on her nightly, my ardor to prove—
But, alas, this young woman knows not of my love!

I have watched her sink down in the pitiless sea;
I have seen her fall out of a very tall tree;
I have seen her in peril, in torture and strife,
When I could not get near her to save her dear life!

I've seen her dash madly o'er bridges of fire;
I've seen her scorn men in a manner most dire.
But I know this is not done because she loves me,
For she knows no such creature as I am, you see!

How I long to reach out and take her in my arms,
And protect her from all these impossible harms.
But there's always a hero, whose lot seems to be
To love this young woman, and torture poor me!

So I am afraid that an unkindly fate
Has destined this miss for another man's mate.
And that of my love she is never to know—
She's the girl on the screen at the "Gem" picture show!



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Undine.....	Martha Russell
Neptune.....	Harry Cashman
Walter Fleming, an artist.....	Francis X. Bushman
Helen, his sweetheart.....	Ruth Stonehouse

PERHAPS it was the touch of haziness in the late September air; perhaps it was the thin, golden mist that hung trailing along the Beverly shore; or it may be that the white gulls, whirling in endless circles against the sky, brought to Walter Fleming the feeling of dreaminess and unreality that came to him as he lay flat on the rocks, staring across the waters of the harbor.

It had been a profitable summer for the young artist. His sketches of the quaint waterside fronts, and of the various queer types of humanity found in the old village, had all been sold. Financially, the season was a success, and yet—what was lacking? An hour before, his attention had been caught by a pair of young lovers strolling past him, and he had glimpsed the light in a pair of vivid, dark eyes that had not even seen him,

so intent had the maiden been upon the man at her side. "Suppose a girl should look at me, with eyes like that?" he had thought, and straightway fell to dreaming.

"Nonsense!" he muttered, half rising from the rocks, "what's come over me? I'm getting to be a sentimental dreamer—it must be in the air, down here."

He would go up to the hotel and get ready for dinner. Still, it was early, and the sunset would be magnificent tonight; already the west was beginning to take on faint tints of pink and gold, and from the gay resort above the point, pleasure crafts of every sort were flitting forth, ready for the choicest part of the day. A green canoe was paddling slowly toward the ledge of rocks where he lay, and he bent forward a trifle to look down at its graceful movements. A

girl was resting among the scarlet cushions, and, as she glanced upward for an instant, toward the man who was wielding the paddle with dexterous strokes, she sang the words of an old song, while the man smiled into her dark eyes:

The mermaids came with voices clear,
To warn the maid of dangers near,
To warn the maid of dangers, dangers
near!

"There's danger near, with a pair of eyes and a voice like that around," Fleming muttered. He leaned against the rocks again, head pillowed in clasped hands, and followed the course of the circling gulls, with eyes that grew steadily darker and dreamier. Sea and sky, sunset and golden glow blended into a shimmering mist as he gazed, and out of its radiance a pair of dark eyes were shining into his—a slender, whitegowned girl, with tossing curls and luring lips, was beckoning to him to come to her side.

He rose, and they paced the rocky ledge with no feeling of strangeness. It was as if this red-lipped girl with luring eyes had been his sweetheart for many years. They talked of long past events; of childish quarrels; of many happy days by the sea; then, with tender intimacy, of their approaching marriage, and Fleming did not wonder nor question. It was all so natural—like the growth of long years of companionship.

Around the girl's head a silken

scarf was twined, and, as they walked, she unwound it, stretching its folds straight, until it floated from either side of her face, like filmy, silken wings. Up from the sea a vagrant breeze fluttered, caught the scarf, and bore it lightly over the edge of the rocks, toward the water.

"Oh," she cried, "my prettiest scarf! I'm so sorry to lose it!"

"Wait," he comforted, "I can see it fluttering below. It is caught in a rock by the water's edge; I can easily go down and get it."

"How good of you! But come back quickly; beware the green sea's waves!" and she began to hum lightly:

Tempt no more
alone the sea,
Danger's waiting
there for thee!

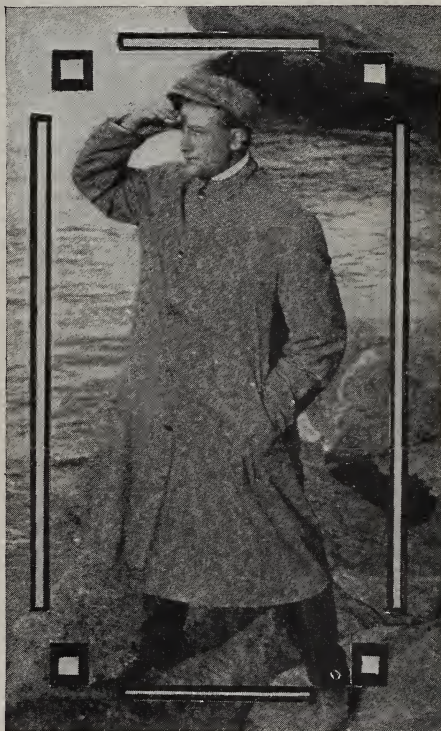
Fleming went nimbly down the rocks, but their easy slope lengthened, stretching away into a gray distance, with the scarf beckoning palely to him when he paused in bewilderment.

Above him rang his sweetheart's clear, light tones, and down there

by the sea another voice—a pure, deep contralto—seemed to be taking up the refrain:

Tempt no more alone the sea,
Danger's waiting there for thee!

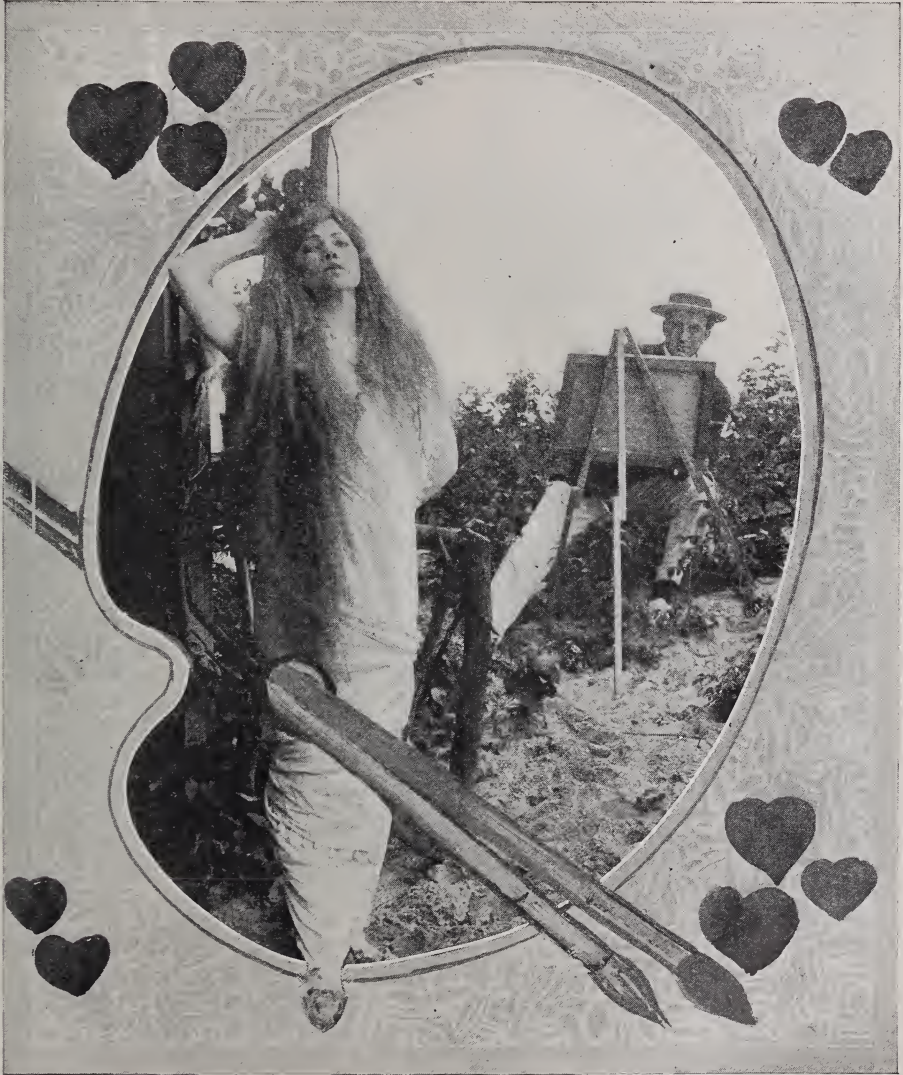
He ran on, breathlessly—on and on, across the slippery rocks, with light, eager steps. The voice of his waiting sweetheart grew fainter and fainter, like some far-off chime, but down by the water's edge the thrilling tones grew stronger, luring him with compelling insistence.



At last he reached a tiny, white-pebbled cove, where great waves splashed in against the encircling rocks. There he paused in wonder, for the filmy scarf was streaming from the top of a foam-capped wave,

"Ah," he cried, running to meet the wave, "I have found you!"

But he caught only a glimpse of a slender form, of shining eyes and streaming hair, as the waters closed over her and the wave receded. A



and the singing voice seemed to come straight from the heart of the waters. The wave curled in toward the shore, the voice and the veil floated nearer, and soon a lovely face was visible, laughing at him thru the silvery spray, with his sweetheart's scarf encircling its glittering, golden hair.

mocking laugh mingled with the song now, as he called pleadingly, "Come back to me!"

"Nay," chanted the voice, "I am Undine, Neptune's daughter. The sea is my life—the waves are my home. Go back to the sweetheart who waits on the rocks!"

"No," he cried, "I want only you. Have you no mortal form? Can you not come to me?"

There was no response, until he called again and again, with vows of love and faithfulness. At last the voice came faintly, as if from far waters:

If thou wilt swear eternal loyalty,
Tomorrow's sun my mortal form shall see.

"I will not leave this spot until you come to me," he vowed, and flung himself down upon a smooth rock, straining his eyes across the dancing waves, in the vain hope that her bright hair might flash out again.

All night his vigil lasted. The sunset glimmered away, and the moon came up, shedding tender rays over the waves, but no sight of his new love rewarded his longing eyes. Only, now and then, full and sweet, with a mocking undercurrent of light laughter, the refrain floated up from the waters:

Tempt no more alone the sea,
Danger's waiting there for thee!

But when the dawn came, touching the foam of the waves with rosy lights, Fleming rose and bent forward, calling with soft, insistent tones, "Undine! Undine!"

The tide was sweeping in, full and strong, and a great wave leaped over the rock where he stood, blinding him for a moment with its spray. Then, as his eyes cleared, he saw her standing beside him, in mortal form, with the glory of the rising sun upon her streaming hair and within her radiant eyes.

"I have come," she whispered; "your voice called to me, and I could not resist. But now, forever, my fate lies in your keeping. My father, Neptune, is angry with me, and he said I should never return to him if I chose the mortal life. At the last, he relented, and said that once, and only once, I may return to visit him. Should I go back a second time, he will cast me upon the shore—dead!"

She shuddered, and he drew her close.

"You shall never return, not even once," he declared; "you are mine, now."

There was a long, happy honeymoon by the sea, with the days all filled with love and laughter. But one day, Fleming, returning from a stroll on the rocks, saw with terror that Undine was floating far out to sea, her bright hair streaming over the waves, as on the night when he first saw her.

"Undine!" he shouted, frantically, "Undine, my love!"

Swiftly she swam in to him, springing from the water with shamed eyes, at sight of his white face.

The sea calls to me," she sighed, "the little, dancing waves whisper messages to me, and I was tempted. But now I will never go again; 'once only' my father said, and his word is stronger than the sea. Never again may I enter the bright waters."

But when the summer days began to shorten, some of the flavor seemed lost from the pretty romance that had enmeshed Fleming. He became capricious and irritable, and Undine's pretty vagaries, which had so charmed him, seemed tiresome eccentricities now. Often his sharp words brought tears to her eyes, and, at last, a day came when he reproached her angrily for luring him away from his old bohemian life.

"You charmed me with your siren song," he cried, hotly. "I was false to my sweetheart—somewhere, she waits, heartbroken."

"But you begged me to come to you," sobbed Undine, with white lips. "I warned you not to tempt the sea—I warned you!"

"You warned me!" he retorted, contemptuously; "you charmed, enslaved, enmeshed me in your toils! What do I want with a daughter of the sea? I want my lost sweetheart!"

As he walked angrily away, Undine looked after him with desolate, stricken face.

"He is tired of me," she moaned, "he wants his old sweetheart back again—what can I do?"

Slowly she walked to the water's

edge, gazing longingly into the waves which curled invitingly at her feet.

"Remember the words of thy father, Neptune," they whispered; "thou hast returned once. Another visit means death!"

"Death for me—release for him," whispered Undine, stepping lightly into the water, which seemed to leap forward to meet her. "I return, my father, to my doom!"

Arms outstretched, with a dazzling

striking the rocks with a thundering crash, flinging at his feet a limp, lovely form, enshrouded in soft meshes of golden hair. Moaning, he knelt beside her, but as he lifted the drooping head, a voice rang out again in a clear song:

The mermaids came with voices clear,
To warn the maid of dangers near,

and a green canoe came into sight,



smile upon her tired face, she walked straight out until her bright hair floated once more upon the waves, her form yielded again to their loved embrace.

Across the rocks, Fleming, repentant, was flying with unsteady, wavering steps, a vague fear clutching at his heart. Far out on the waves a bright gleam caught his eye, and he paused with a wild, sobbing shriek.

"Undine! Undine!" he moaned.

An angry roar from the sea answered him. A great wave surged in,

a dark-eyed girl singing among its scarlet cushions.

Fleming rubbed his eyes. The sunset was glorious; the mist along the Beverly shore had lifted; the bay was thronged with pleasure boats; the rocks were dotted everywhere with youthful lovers. He rose, rubbing his eyes, as if to efface a lingering vision.

"If that girl in the canoe hadn't wakened me with her song, I'd have dreamed here until I lost my dinner," he said.



Advent of Important Factors of the Speaking Stage into Filmdom



By ROBERT GRAU

Author of "The Stage in the Twentieth Century," etc.

THE advent of Daniel Frohman into filmdom, coming as it does between what has been the worst theatrical season in three decades and a new season in which that distinguished manager of the speaking stage is eliminated from the producing field, speaks for itself. Undoubtedly, Mr. Frohman was greatly impressed by the fact that Moving Pictures had solved the problem of the exclusive Lyceum Theater, and that the profits of a midsummer exhibition of Paul Rainey's "An African Hunt" served to make good the losses of the regular season of 1911-12, in what is generally regarded as New York's most fashionable playhouse. The part that Daniel Frohman is to play in the moving field of the future can best be comprehended when it is stated that this gentleman is looked upon in theaterdom as the dean of producing managers, and had the New Theater enterprise not been abandoned by its founders, Mr. Frohman would have been its new head. But it is not only Daniel Frohman who has capitulated to the Camera Man. The Shuberts, William A. Brady, John Cort, Al. H. Woods and Henry W. Savage all have large interests in the newer field.

There is, however, nothing to indicate that theatrical producing managers possess the qualifications to prosper in filmdom. It is true that a manager of great influence and prestige, like Daniel Frohman, may be able to induce such stars as Julia Marlowe, Mme. Nazimova, James K. Hackett and E. H. Sothern to pose before the camera, but it is by no means certain that the greatest problems of the film industry are to be solved in this way. The argument that such celebrities as Caruso, Tetrassini and Melba brought fame and fortune to the phonograph companies and themselves, has no application when put to the Moving Pic-

ture test, for the reason that the voices which gave these stars their worldwide fame represent their value when perpetuated thru vocal records; but with the great players, their voices, likewise, have been their greatest assets in the development of their careers, yet voice can play no part in disclosing the artistry of the photoplayer. On the contrary, it is a moot question whether, for film purposes, some of the time-tried stars, who now hold sway in the studios, and who have thoroly mastered the philosophy and technique of the Photoplay, cannot give better expression to the characters portrayed on the screen. There are players today in the studios of the Biograph, Edison and Vitagraph, and other companies, whose names and faces are wholly unfamiliar to me, despite my forty years of association with the theater; yet it is a certainty that they need not fear for their laurels thru any competition coming from the stellar lights of the speaking stage.

A well-known actor, who also is famous as a playwright, told the writer that when he disposed of the film-rights of one of his plays, and when it came to the "staging" in the studio, he was struck with consternation at the changed conditions which confronted him as a producer, and that he quickly left the matter of casting and direction to the studio staff.

I do not believe that the greatest aims of the powers that be in the film industry should be toward inducing the stars of the speaking stage (at least in this country) to become photoplayers; tho it is true that the French stage has greatly added to the potency of the silent drama—for a very good reason, too: that the French players are the greatest pantomimists in the world, whereas pantomime is a nearly lost art in America.



The Thorns of Success

(Majestic)

By LOUIS REEVES HARRISON

ROBERT VALE was a chemist and inventor of high explosives. Of strong will and unbounded energy, nothing could deter him from pursuing his aim, and he had the impulsive daring requisite for his business. Many would have succumbed to the misfortunes and discouragements which beset him—he overcame a succession of almost insurmountable difficulties—especially in view of the general dread of his deadly compounds, but he pushed ahead to a successful result with a temerity verging at times on foolhardiness.

His chief invention was an explosive of such shattering force that it would utterly destroy everything within its radius of action, yet it was not sensitive to ordinary shock. It could be handled with ease and safety in its perfected form; it would even withstand concussion when discharged from a great gun, and it was under absolute fuse control. Whatever its utility in the commercial world, it bid fair to revolutionize scientific warfare.

While demonstrating its marvelous effectiveness before officials of the United States Government, including artillery officer Captain Wood, the

latter remarked that Vale had the genius of taking trouble.

“And of making trouble,” the inventor added, prophetically.

He possibly meant that genius has orbits of its own, some of which are eccentric. He was subject to fanaticism of temperament, was capable of tremendous energy on momentous occasions, yet would fall from his high estate to idealize the commonplace. He had the weaknesses of a broad and generous nature.

It was Captain Wood’s important commission to secure exclusive rights in this formidable invention, for government uses, as much to restrict means of destruction as for purposes of defense in case of foreign aggression, and animated conferences at the house of Vale followed. These occasionally took place in the presence of Mrs. Vale and her little girl, but the admission of a Japanese servant to the room called forth a quiet protest from the artillery officer. He remonstrated in vain. The inventor’s confidence in himself extended to all members of his household.

The presence of Captain Wood in uniform at numerous conferences served to excite the suspicion of the

smiling Jap. He acted so promptly that certain representatives of his government were kept informed of the high importance of what was going on, with the result that they conspired to obtain control of the dangerous invention for their own uses. A secret emissary named Ourimi was delegated to undertake the delicate mission, and he called into his employ an American adventuress of undeniable charm, Lola Vasi by name, one

ate carriage costume she had donned for the occasion, and closed her eyes in apparent unconsciousness. The Jap servant responded quickly to her first signal, bringing the inventor with him. These two carried her into Vale's house and showered her with attentions until Mrs. Vale arrived. The wise adventuress suddenly returned to life, awakened by the resurrecting magic of another woman's voice, and exhibited alarm. Where



LOLA IS BROUGHT TO THE HOME OF THE INVENTOR

of those fascinating women of small scruple who exert a great power over men, in spite of the fact that society exerts little over them.

Liberal provided with funds, and working in collusion with Vale's servant, Lola entered upon the first act of her little comedy with all the enthusiasm of a veritable artiste. She called at the inventor's residence in a motor-car, reached the entrance door, and uttered a scream of anguish. She then flopped down on the pavement with small regard for the elabor-

was she? She shrank timidly from the others until her situation was explained. Even then she looked from one to another, as if not fully assured, until their kindly attitude made it plain that she was among friends; then her protestations of gratitude were so effective that she won all hearts.

She was overwhelmed with their good treatment. What *could* she do in return? They *must* come to her. She would send them an invitation to her next reception. She was in

the habit of entertaining one or another branch of the diplomatic service. She gave her card—it indicated a fashionable residence—and left her host and hostess, assuring them, with lofty graciousness, that they would hear from her again.

Vale and his wife looked at each other with triumph. Inventors do not roll in wealth during the creative period. But for the timely assistance proffered by his wife's uncle, Vale

tainments was a costly one. They were ushered in upon a scene of brilliance whose leading figure was the lady they had taken into their hearts and home from motives of simple kindness. Lola greeted them as if they had been on intimate terms all their lives, even reproaching them for being fashionably late. She then presented them to a dazzling array of alleged ambassadors, princes, savants and other dignitaries, turning Mrs.



A CASE OF BRAINS *versus* BEAUTY

might have been manacled to preventive poverty. Now their future was assured. Like most human beings who have long been denied recognition of merit, they swelled up with advance importance. Money, with all its potential sorceries, was no longer to be regarded with awe—they could soon pooh-pooh all those who had slighted them.

It was enforced upon the inventor and his wife, at the occasion of their first social experience in Washington, that the game of giving great enter-

Vale over to a supposed ex-diplomat, who was none other than Ourimi, and appropriating the inventor for herself. She managed to draw him aside where contemplation of her personal charms was not to be avoided, and there initiated him into the subtle fascinations of adornment, combined with grace.

Lola listened with a dreamy expression while he talked of himself and his plans, and fully agreed that he should make the best of his opportunities, now that a fortune was

within his reach. With averted face, she deplored the narrowness of a woman's life. The best a woman of heart and feeling could do was to sustain and encourage some man of brains and ambition. That was denied her. She had lost the man she loved, and must live forever alone, a sad state of affairs for a creature of alluring movements, whose magnificent evening gown left as little as possible to the imagination, a shimmering, clinging garment that hung from dazzling shoulders to trail around silken ankles and satin toes.

Vale had not lied when he confessed that he was quite as capable of making trouble as of taking it. He was a man of large and florid personality—his the virility that carries men to great heights and profound depths—and within the wide range of his perceptive faculties was full appreciation of audacious beauty as well as sympathetic comprehension of the sorrowful restraints imposed upon unattached womankind. Tho fully aware that Lola was attempting to enthrall him in temporary captivity, he was enough of a man fully to approve her choice.

Mrs. Vale, meanwhile, had closely observed the smart people about her. How grand they were! the ex-diplomat, Ourimi, in particular. While deeply respectful in his attitude toward her, he seemed to distribute a sneering contempt for others in the brightly clad assemblage, the fairyland of which she had dreamed, as tho they merely constituted so many pieces of furniture. He flatteringly assured her that she was different from the rest, that he would be proud to have her and her distinguished husband dine in family style at his home, an unpretentious old landmark of the city's fashionable section, and succeeded in binding her by an engagement before the evening was over.

The distinguished husband was already committed to a similar social policy—Lola was to be among the ex-diplomat's guests—but he omitted to mention to his wife that he expected to vary the intervening monotony

with a closer study of human nature, as typified by the daring adventuress, than a miscellaneous gathering would permit. He had been thru a long and trying experience, and the successful issue of his labors entitled him to a little recreation while off duty. Lola had told him that she was world-weary, but that she was only a woman and her sore heart throbbed passionately at times with a longing for companionship, the eternal cry of an intense human soul. She had promised to meet him in a quiet, little park where they might become better acquainted, and she might tell him all of her sad story.

Lola, in modest street attire, and Vale, with a clean shave and a bou-tonnière added to his other manly attractions, met by appointment, and found their way to a bench in a retired nook. There Lola timidly explained her sudden loss of conscience. She had been a woman of ideals, but the law had freed her from her shattered illusions, and she had made a desperate resolve never to love again. It was all right for married men to stand erect on the ruin of their hopes and try to give the world a false impression of happiness, but what was the use in it, after all? They were only deceiving themselves. Their attitude was one of vanity—they did not wish to have it known that they had made a mistake. It was different with a woman. She had no sense of power, except that closely allied to the accomplishments of the man she loved. She *must* love. The charms of music, lights, dancing and flowers are mere glammers compared to the expression of what was within her.

Vale swore he had never met a woman of such interesting variety before—she was *all* woman. Her eyes were candles, and he the moth who loved their flame. He had struggled on to his present moment of lofty attainment from pure fondness for the battle, but she was opening a wider vista of conquering than that he had contemplated, and he was determined to take her advice, to make the most of what he had achieved, regardless of

sentiment. Governments were ungrateful, particularly republics, and he had resolved since meeting her to dispose of his valuable creation to the highest bidder. His invention should provide wings to soar where none had ventured. He had determined to extract power from a limitless source, one so simple that it lay within the reach of all, tho it had never been utilized.

While these two were unbosoming

They passed on without comment, and entered a part of the town where were many houses in which history had been conceived. Captain Wood indicated one of these as being under government surveillance, because of its foreign ownership and the dubious conduct of its inmates. The uncle became very thoughtful. His niece had been invited to dine there by a man she described as an ex-diplomat. The two men returned after a while



CAPTAIN WOOD MAKES A FINE OFFER FOR VALE'S INVENTION

themselves, Captain Wood visited Vale's house, with a defined purpose in mind. He was ready to buy for the United States at the inventor's figures. He left in company with Mrs. Vale's uncle, the one who had financed the family during Vale's experiments, and these two found their steps directed by some little god of chance to the quiet park where Beauty was in process of captivating Brains. They came upon the couple unperceived, and withdrew from what might have seemed an espionage.

and saw the woman who had been in the inventor's company let herself in with a key at the house under suspicion.

"I scent trouble," the uncle said.

Captain Wood was very serious. "Our country desires to preserve peace," he said, "and we are laboring at this very moment to inaugurate a period of good understanding among civilized nations, which shall render life in them a blessing to all. Our purchase of Vale's invention is without the menace that would be plainly

shown if a foreign power should appear as a competitive purchaser. If possible, persuade Vale to have no further dealings with these people."

Vale was not to be persuaded. On the night of the dinner, he went alone, his wife refusing to accompany him, and he became a conspicuous figure at the table. Lola was arrayed in a striking costume of white satin, her white throat wound with pearls and others jewels. There was a rich prize

"Talk millions," he insisted. "As sentiment cuts no ice in this deal, you are wasting words in trying to strike a bargain."

Finally, a sum was named by Ourimi that brought a flush to Vale's countenance. The intense, covetous passion of his soul surged up, and reddened his face, while his keen eyes shone like two coals of fire. He gave no other sign, but Lola signaled to Ourimi that he need go no further.



VALE ACCEPTS OURIMI'S OFFER

at stake, and the clever woman seemed to realize that a great deal depended upon the power she exerted. She was radiantly gay at moments, and recklessly so at others, always fond and fascinating in her relations with the infatuated inventor. Others present kept up an appearance of enjoying themselves, but, at the first serious note of private conference between Ourimi and Vale, there was a general cessation of conversation, and every eye turned on the inventor. When offered a sum more than double that accepted as liberal from his own government, he turned cold.

There was an eloquent silence, then the ex-diplomat announced that he had reached his limit. Preliminary documents were ready for signatures, these to be binding until a complete transfer of process and plant could be effected, but the inventor faltered. His eyes wandered about him until they fell upon Lola. She was waiting eagerly, her eyes pleading as if his consent meant the fulfillment of her desires.

Vale nodded. "I accept," he said.

There was a mad rush to clinch the agreement, and, at the same time, to cover a demonstration of force at the

entrance, but Captain Wood broke thru all restraint. Revolver in hand, he cleared a way to where Vale was about to transfer his invention, and brought with him the inventor's wife, child and uncle.

"These people are adventurers," he said to Vale, "and they are offering you stale bait, aside from the actual consideration. The woman in their employ obtained access to your house by artifice, after your servant reported the nature of our negotiations."

A malignant outburst of angry passions drowned the rest of the artillery officer's speech, but he was unmoved.

"This is a matter of business with me," said Vale, coldly. "I have something to sell, the product of my brain and toil, and I *allowed* myself to be led to the best market."

"Robert!" cried his wife, "there are others interested in this invention who have contributed their time and labor, and there is one here who gave it financial support when you were without means. If there is no woman in the case, what were you doing with this notorious creature in the park after being *led to the market*?"

Ourimi interposed. "The notorious creature," he asserted coolly, "is my wife."

"Your wife?" Vale exclaimed. Then, on reflection: "I surmised that from what she told me. As to the matter of business, is your offer made in good faith?"

"Good faith!" Wood exclaimed, bitterly. "How about your own? This government is as jealous of its rights as it is of the rights of our

people. We are opposed by nature and principle to despotic opponents of liberty. We have a great deal to remember about certain zealous interests in our possessions that are not to be masked by smiling civility, and we will not forget it when the time comes for us to assert our purposes. We are a civilizing, rather than a military force; we are discouraging rather than inviting war, and we have the right to avail ourselves of the talents of men born and brought up in this land, for defense against the greed of foreign aggression. I hope we shall never have war with Japan. The people of the two countries have no reason to hate each other, but territorial disputes or bursts of momentary passion may arouse the two nations, with results so destructive that men, women and children must suffer by millions. It is in the interest of cultivating and protecting friendship between the two powers that our government will enforce its prior claim upon Robert Vale's destructive invention. It is in the interest of all the people at home and abroad, that we may all be free and contented in our pursuits, that we insist upon provisional arrangements with this inventor being carried out to the letter."

Robert Vale's face grew haggard as the officer asserted his superior patriotism. The inventor took his child in his arms, and turned to his wife in penitence.

"War is obsolete," he said. "I will close with Captain Wood and devote what we receive in trying to make the world we live in better worth our while."*

*AUTHOR'S NOTE.—Such is said to be the announced policy of Edison.



I Wonder Why

By FRANK S. HOWE

I wonder why I am so restless,
Every night, at seven bells;
I wonder why the sweet smile of Chryseis
Hath no charm to break these spells.
It's "Husband, dear, the opera tonight?"
Or to the club she'd have me go;
But Agamemnon yells, with all his might,
"Nay, me for the Photoshow."



Wedding Pictures

By LILLIAN CONLON



WHEN the operator turned his crank in the White House, and caught for the eyes of the present generation, and many succeeding ones, an exact historical record of President Taft signing the Arizona Statehood Bill, the Motion Picture had stepped into a new and wonder-laden field of action. Next, public-spirited Americans formed a society for the archiving of

mento stored away until her children's children gather round her on her golden wedding day. Possibly even this treasure is neglected, or has passed into the hands of the omnivorous cook.

At the very recent Crocker-Whitman wedding, in California, the camera was made use of to preserve a record of the wedding ceremony. On first thought it may seem mechan-



films of historical importance. And now comes a still fresher field where heart-beats are to be preserved. Probably no one, no matter how much of a publicist, would care to have scenes from his wooing and courtship preserved for prying eyes. But a wedding celebration—that is different! It is the stamp of public approval, and the crowning glory of a happy bride.

Grandmother's faded wedding-gown, the lavender shaken from its wrinkles, is probably the only me-

ical thus to bottle up sentiment and to store it away. But think ahead, fifty years from now. How many of the wedding guests are left?

Such a picture, on a golden wedding eve, flashed before the eyes of blessed ones, and the fruit of their union, would perhaps be sad, as the ghosts of dear ones came and went before them; but where is the victory of the grave, when their young life itself, with all its sentiment, charm and brilliancy, is remade for a few glorious moments before their eyes?

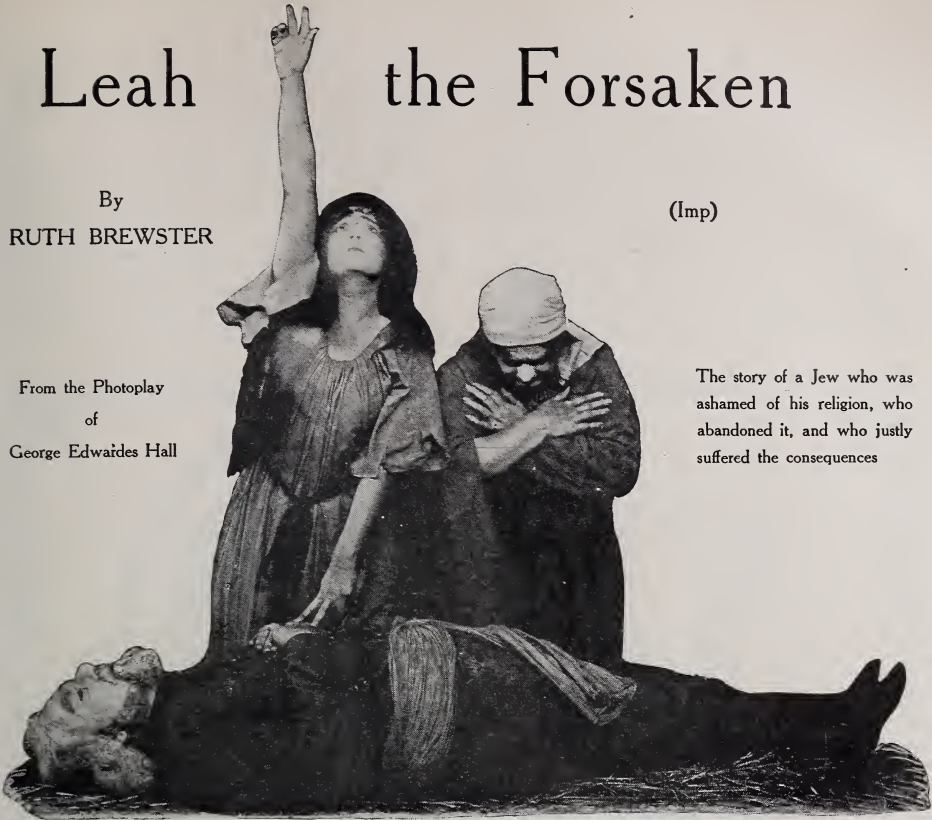
Leah the Forsaken

By
RUTH BREWSTER

(Imp)

From the Photoplay
of
George Edwardes Hall

The story of a Jew who was
ashamed of his religion, who
abandoned it, and who justly
suffered the consequences



CAST OF PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS

Leah.....	<i>Vivian Prescott</i>
Rudolphe.....	<i>William Shay</i>
Madelaine.....	<i>Grace Lewis</i>

"IT is time we were on our way, my daughter. We have tarried too long; tomorrow, we must rise with the sun, and journey many miles before night."

"But it is safe and pleasant here, father, and we sorely needed the rest."

"True, it is pleasant," replied the aged patriarch, laying a kindly, withered hand on his daughter's head, "but as for safety, there will be none until we cross the borders. And even then, how long will it be before we are driven on again?"

He paused, with a heavy sigh, and the daughter crept nearer to him, speaking shyly, yet with an intense eagerness shining from her dark eyes.

"Father," she said, "it may be that we could be safe here. This young Rudolphe who has visited us, is the son of the wealthiest man in the

village. Perhaps, under his protection, we could live here."

If old Abraham could have seen the bright flush that dyed the beautiful face uplifted to his, he might have understood the tremor in the sweet voice, as his daughter spoke of young Rudolphe. But Abraham had been blind for many years, and to him the eager tones spoke only of anxiety for his safety, so he answered calmly:

"The young man is kind, my daughter; seldom, indeed, have I met such nobleness and justice in a Christian. But there are no Jews in this village—none are allowed here. We can only bow to the decree and pass on, thankful for the few days of rest."

With a sigh, Leah turned away, to busy herself with preparations for the morning's departure. Tho her movements were quiet and orderly, revolt

burned strongly in her heart. Why must her people be driven from place to place, stripped of property, obliged to live as outcasts? Her face was settling into hard lines of anger and pain, when a low, singing call from outside their little hut brought a quick crimson to her cheeks and a sudden radiance to her eyes. She glanced toward her father; he had fallen into a peaceful slumber, and, closing the door

sudden fear; "he is so hopeless, so sure that our only safety lies far across the borders. It is madness, Rudolphe; we must part, dear."

"Never!" he declared passionately. "I tell you that my father has never refused me anything. He is all-powerful in the village. Have no fear, beloved; I will go to him at once. In an hour I will return, with assurance of his consent and protection."



"HE OFFERED ME
THIS GOLD!"

softly behind her, she stepped outside, calling softly, "Rudolphe."

The young man who hastened toward her, clasping both her slender hands in his own, looked down with tender delight at the beauty of her face in the soft moonlight.

"Ah, Leah," he said, "how sweet and pure you are! I shall tell my father of our love, at once. We shall be married without delay. Does your father know? May I speak to him tonight?"

"No, I cannot tell him, Rudolphe," she sighed, her eyes clouding with

With one long embrace, he was gone, and the girl gazed after him with eyes in which love mingled with troubled apprehension. Returning to the hut, she sat in the doorway, gazing dreamily at the beauty of the night, waiting for Rudolphe's return. Swiftly her mind ran over the events of the past weeks: the decree which had banished all Jews from the city that had been her home since her birth; the long, hurried journey with her blind father, seeking a refuge across the borders; their stop in the hut at the edge of the little village of

Thebnik; her chance meeting with Rudolphe, and the kindly friendship which had blossomed into love. Rising, she strolled down the wooded path, toward the river. Dropping upon the bank, she looked long at the blue waters, weaving golden dreams as she thought of Rudolphe's love. Suddenly she sprang up with a start, thinking of the lateness of the hour. "I have stayed too long," she thought, and ran toward the house.

Opening the door of the little hut, she screamed in terror. Her father lay upon the floor, gasping for breath, with an expression of terrible rage and pain upon his aged face. Scattered over the earthen floor were a number of golden coins, and, as she lifted the old man's head, he pointed to them with shaking hands.

"Gold! Gold! They say that a Jew will do anything for gold!" he cried. "Who do you think has been here? Do you remember Nathan, the schoolmaster, who fled from the persecution ten years ago? He has renounced his faith and his race, and lives here as a Christian—a devout Churchman. None suspect that he is a Jew. He is the intimate friend of young Rudolphe's father, and he came here with a lying tale of a love affair between Rudolphe and thee, my daughter. He offered me gold, which Rudolphe sent to appease thy wounded feelings—as if thou, my own child, would wish to wed a Christian! Rudolphe, he says, is betrothed already, to one Madelaine, a girl of his own caste. I threw the gold at him—I denounced his false pretensions—I bade him go back to his Christian friends, and see what treatment he would receive when I had exposed him! And

he sprang upon me—he choked me—he dared to—— Ah!——"

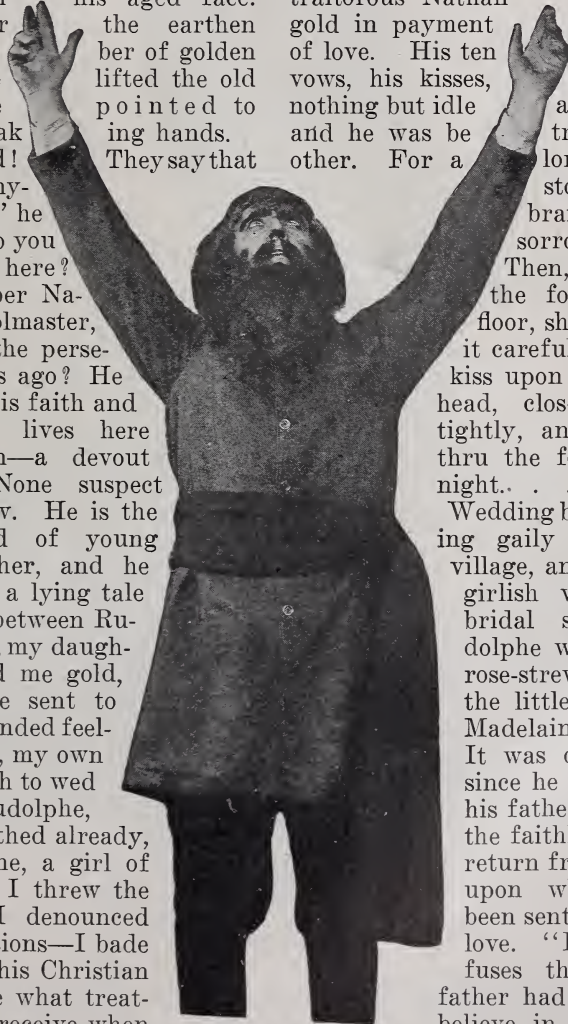
There was a gasp, a struggle, a long groan, then stillness in the little room for a moment, broken by an agonized shriek from Leah.

"Dead!" she wailed; "my father! What shall I do? Who will help me?"

"Rudolphe," was her instant thought, and she ran toward the door, forgetting, in the stress of the moment, her father's story. But as she reached the door, a sudden flood of remembrance swept over her. Rudolphe was false! His vows of love had meant nothing; he had sent the traitorous Nathan to offer her gold in payment for her wealth of love. His tender words, his vows, his kisses, had meant nothing but idle amusement—and he was betrothed to another. For a long time Leah

stood there, her brain reeling with sorrow and anger. Then, bending over the form upon the floor, she straightened it carefully, dropped a kiss upon the cold forehead, closed the door tightly, and sped away thru the forest into the night. . . .

Wedding bells were ringing gaily in the little village, and a chorus of girlish voices sang a bridal song as Rudolphe walked down a rose-strewn path from the little church, with Madelaine by his side. It was only a month since he had waited in his father's library for the faithless Nathan to return from the errand upon which he had been sent to test Leah's love. "If the girl refuses the gold," his father had said, "I will believe in her and consent to your marriage,"



NATHAN

and when Nathan had returned with his lying tale of the girl's greedy acceptance of the money, the father had turned to the son with a silent smile of triumph. Something had died in Rudolphe at that moment—something that was the very essence of life and faith—and from that time he had been cold and careless, falling easily into his father's plans for his marriage to Madelaine.

As the years passed, Rudolphe's heart grew softer. Madelaine was fair and sweet, and she loved him with a tender devotion that could not fail to bring its reward. Gradually, his memories of Leah became more gentle. Doubtless she had been sorely tempted, he thought; perhaps she had been forced by her father to take the gold. It never occurred to him that Nathan had deceived him, and Nathan was still an honored guest in his home, and a man of high standing in the little village.

"Doubtless it was all for the best," Rudolphe thought, looking at his fair-haired wife and the little daughter whom he idolized; "I will not cherish the bitterness of the past."

One morning, Rudolphe's attention was caught by a newspaper article dwelling on some new decree which had been made against the Jewish people. As he read, old memories stirred within him, and Leah's starry, troubled eyes seemed to be looking into his own again. He threw down the paper, and rose with sudden decision.

"I shall go to the Capitol, myself," he said, "and use my influence to have justice done those suffering people."

"No," urged old Nathan, when this intention was announced to him, "the Jews are an alien and worthless lot—let them suffer!"

But Rudolphe was firm; from the grave of his old, bitter experience had risen a ghost of compassion for this persecuted people.

Rudolphe's mission was successful, and, as he returned to the village, his heart beat happily, and he quickened his footsteps, thinking of his little

daughter's welcome. Suddenly, from the village, he heard angry yells, fierce voices, derisive laughter, then a woman's scream, coming nearer, as if a mob was rushing down the road toward him. In another moment a woman, panting and disheveled, came around a turn and flung herself at his feet, a score of angry men and women, their hands full of stones, in hot pursuit.

"There," yelled Nathan, who led the mob; "now you see what these Jews are! She would have stolen your daughter. She was watching Madelaine and the child, from the bushes. I saw her—I called the crowd—I saved your child—now we will stone this woman!"

But Rudolphe raised an authoritative hand. "Wait," he commanded calmly; "let us be just. How do you know that she meant to steal the child?"

Stooping, he raised the crouching, trembling figure, and looked into the terrified eyes.

"Leah!" he cried, "Leah, my lost, false love! How came you here?"

She lifted her head proudly, looking steadily at him with anguished eyes.

"Leah, your false love?" she asked. "Say rather, Leah the forsaken, whose heart you broke with your gold!"

Then, seeing the horrified astonishment in his eyes, she suddenly understood, and turned violently upon Nathan.

"Thou traitorous, lying dog," she cried, "I see thy vile plot now. It was thy falseness—not Rudolphe's! Oh, Rudolphe, do you understand? This Nathan is himself a Jew—he has lived here in falseness and treachery, and he feared my father would betray him. So he told my father you were false to me—he told you that I took the gold. Oh, Rudolphe—my lost, lost love!"

When Rudolphe turned to the wondering mob, his face was white and stern. Pointing to the trembling Nathan, and to the ready stones, he said, "Drive him from the village; let him never return."

He gave no heed to Nathan's cringing, terrified flight, nor to the howling mob that rushed after him. He was looking down into Leah's eyes, and over her white face a great peace was creeping.

"Thou wert not false," she whispered, "that is all I care for. We were deceived—thou wert true!"

She paused, shuddering at some memory, then her sweet voice went bravely on:

"On the wedding day, I crept back here to curse thee, my beloved—thou and thy fair bride, and all the children who should come to thee. All the years the curse has haunted me, and at last I re-

solved to come back and bless thee, that my sin might be forgiven. For somehow, I had come to believe that thou wert not false—something told me it was all a mistake."

"Come home with me," he urged; "Madelaine will befriend thee."

But she shook her head, gently.

"It would not be well," she said; "I will go now, blessing thee, blessing Madelaine whom thou lovest, and thy fair, little daughter. And do not grieve; I shall be happy alway, knowing thou wert not false."

Drawing his head down, she kist his forehead gently, and when Rudolphe's eyes, hot and blinded with tears, could see again, he stood alone on the broad road, while away thru the forest a woman, with starry eyes, ran swiftly.



LEAH'S CURSE UPON NATHAN



HE BECOMES A—



WIDOWER WHILE—

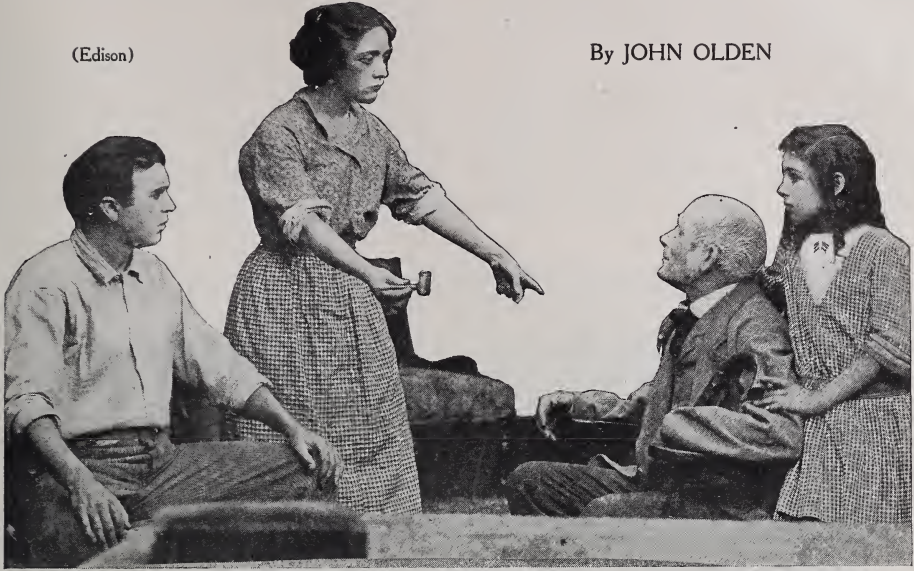


WAITING FOR HIS WIFE TO DRESS FOR THE PHOTOSHOW

The Grandfather

(Edison)

By JOHN OLDEN



TEN THOUSAND suns had set, in balls of molten fire, over the swamps and ravines of Shiloh, since the "Fighting Sixth" had looked upon its going down as its last for them. Beaten, and thinned, and driven to the banks of the Tennessee, nothing remained for them but dawn and disaster. It was the most dreadful bivouac that they had ever watched, sleepless, thru. Yet dawn came, and with it a titanic battle of desperation, and, still later, victory.

And then the war went on, to other hopeless victories snatched from despair, and often a hard-won encounter, with hopes high, turned into sullen retreat. So it went on for weary years to the day of disbandment, until the Sixth was a mere rag of a regiment—a lean, faithful, relentless rag, around its colors.

Then they disbanded with a wrench, this close-knit regiment, many going home, some East, some West. And the grip of some was strong upon affairs worldly, and was to remain so, as they found and gained positions of trust and emolument. But there were others, some crippled, some feeble,

whose destiny it was to drift—to drift as the wind listeth. For some of these, who could not clutch life's harvest again—like parts of a stout ship, when once wrecked, turned into tangled flotsam—the old soldiers' homes were safe and sunny harbors. Fifty years of current, tide and storm ran over their heads, unheeded. Like fruit trees behind a sheltered garden wall, they bore belated fruits of the autumn, and even of the winter of life.

Pluck one of them forth in his faded rind, or uniform, of blue, and how fragile he became in his contact with the jostle of life! Yet, on a certain day in spring, the time of early blossoms, one of these aged warriors was about to sever himself from his shelter of near half a century, and, on a pair of polished canes, to trust his feet in the highways again.

Simeon Elliott had received a letter from his son, asking him to come West and to share a home with him and his family on their busy ranch.

Big Jim Elliott was still a freckled, bare-legged school urchin in the old soldier's eyes, but his belated call was

lusty, insistent and cordial—it promised a home with his boy.

So eleven of his comrades marched down to the station and drew up in semblance of rank, and muttered farewells as the train whirled him out of their life forever.

Two days of a jolting, dusty seat in a day coach followed, wherein night and day seemed as one to him, and the vision of a freckled boy danced always in the shadow of the car lamps or across his window.

They were just getting up from the supper-table—Jim and Julia and little Jennie—when they heard his step and the tap of his canes on the porch.

It was great for Jim. He had half expected to see a giant twice his size bend thru the doorway and had forgotten that he, the urchin, had done all the growing since their home was broken up. But the hooked nose and the china-blue eyes of the little old man on canes called up true memories



SIMEON MILKED PERILOUSLY, AT TIMES

The third brought him to the flat mesa, with its outlying shadow-haunted mountains, and its toy ranches dotting the great dusty valley where the urchin had chosen to migrate, and marry, and raise still other urchins in perpetuity.

Nobody was at the dumpy little station to meet him. He found out that it was six miles to Jim Elliott's ranch. But a kindly teamster hoisted him up on his box-wagon, and as good-naturedly dropped him off again at Jim's lane, where he stood, with his carpet-bag, like a bony effigy of Jim.

to him, and he folded him in his arms just the same.

Little Jennie looked open-mouthed at this aged military invasion and the cordiality with which it was received. Julia bustled around and set the supper things on again, with just a little too much weariness in her manner.

A half-hour afterward pipes were lighted. Jennie quite intrepidly perched herself on grandad's knees, and the great chasm of over two score years' separation was looked down into, with hesitation at first, by father and son.

Like an old piano, when its squeaky lid is raised, and it gives forth, at first, faint chords to the touch, until the memory of the dear player, as she sat there, steals over one, and the chords became sharper and sweeter, so these two worked with clumsy effort upon the chords of memory—a feeble cast into the great chasm.

Then the old days came back, sharper and sharper, clearer and clearer—the cross-roads church, fresh-whitewashed; the swimming hole

prehensible to Julia and little Jennie, away past bedtime.

The next day two eventful things happened for Simeon—a discovery and an accident. He noticed an enlargement in crayon of a stern-faced Union private, of a decided German cast, hung in the parlor. Julia informed him that it represented her father, one Frederick Meyer, a volunteer from St. Louis, whereupon Simeon looked upon his son's wife with even greater respect.



HE DIDN'T GRASP THE HUMOR OF THE FARMHANDS

across the meadow back of it, and the deadly antithesis of the two; the prim New England house with its garden, giving on the village common; the old bronze cannon in it that Ethan Allen had brought home from Fort Ti. These were the most vivid daguerreotypes of their memories. But there was one, wife and mother, who stepped ever so lightly in and out of each picture, faded and pink and smiling, and who laid a slim hand on the shoulder of these two in the rough ranch kitchen. And so they talked of things, strange and incom-

The accident came about by his almost boastful belief that he still possessed his full powers of hardihood. He had started from the woodpile with an armful of split cottonwood, skirting Julia's geranium bed on his course to the kitchen. The use of only one cane caused him to list heavily to starboard, as it were, and he ran, bows on, into the border of the flower-bed. The result was an old man floundering in the plants and flying wood wreaking havoc all about him.

Julia screamed and spoke to him quite sharply. It was easy to see she

thought him an old marplot, but Jennie came running out, laughing, and carried forth all the desecrating kindling before he got on an even keel again.

After that these last two were great friends. Simeon *was* a good milker, said he had become an expert filching the nourishment from rebel cows, but Julia would never trust him with anything to carry again. So little Jennie went down to the corral with him and stood about while he milked. Sometimes the spirit of youth got uppermost in her and she twitted the off flanks of the bossies so that they cut up just like the rebel ones, and Simeon milked perilously amidst flying legs and horns. But she toted two big pails full of milk a half-mile up to the house, afterward, in compensation, Simeon coming behind on his canes, just like some decrepit four-legged animal.

So, somehow, he figured it out that Jennie was sweet as honey and her mother sour as vinegar, which came pretty near hitting the mark.

The Fourth of July was always a red-letter day in Buckhorn Valley, because Senator Williams, the biggest rancher and gun in the county, wanted it to be such. He made it a cast-iron custom to hold over his hands' pay until the 3d. Kickers could fire themselves if they had a mind to. And on the Fourth he came over in his auto and rounded them all up, the worse for wear, but chock full of enthusiasm and other liquid, in Willow Grove. Half the county usually trailed along in buckboards and hay wagons.

A platform was knocked up, the town band trained over from Henryville, and Senator Williams, in his colonel's uniform of nobody knows what war—because his speech always started in with the battle of Brandywine and perorated with the latest punchers' mess on his place—delivered the one and only oration of the day. Then came handshaking—Williams doing his half of it—games in the grove, music and a spread under the trees, that sent everybody home just crazy to vote for the big rancher

if an election had been pulled off right then.

It was a great day, the greatest in the county. So Jim stated, with thumps on the supper table, as he finished reading the circular announcing the annual Williams' glory-fest.

Simeon was very attentive to Jim's explanation that Senator Williams was a colonel, "a bang-up, slick outfitted one, too," and after the supper things were cleared, he took the circular up to his room under the eaves, adjusted his powerful horn specs deliberately, and sat him down to study out and classify the exact military status of the effervescent and eloquent colonel.

"Hm-m! 'Dancing on the green—fireworks—a patriotic oration by Senator Williams, our ever-popular Representative. Reception—feats of skill and strength——' Cant make head nor tail out of it. But if he *wuz* an officer in the war, I'm a-goin'—props an' all—to his party!"

At sun-up, when the Elliott buckboard, hitched and ready, was drawn up in front of the ranch house, Simeon was as good as his word. A formidable tapping of canes announced his descent on the attic stairs, and, with his old slouch skillfully brushed and his emblem pinned to his breast, he hobbled, crab-like, from the doorway to his seat in the rig.

As Jim was hoisting him into a seat beside him, an overgrown boy, with a very large envelope held stiffly in his hands before him, ran down the lane and stood watching the departing wagon, with every evidence of distress on his large features.

"What's the matter, Willie?" said Julia, sharply.

Willie came forward with his envelope and presented it to her.

"A letter from Mrs. Hines!" she exclaimed, after a reading, with set lips. "She says their rig is crowded full, and cant we take Willie."

Willie Hines turned as red as his hands and wriggled all over with anticipation.

Julia smoothed her dress front and

darted a meaning look at Simeon. "This really aint no place for old folks—Willow Grove," she said, rapidly. "Sarah Emmons' grandpa was taken with a cramp last Fourth and——"

"I'm gettin' out," said Simeon, interrupting. "Picnics aint no place for old folks."

The buckboard started up, plus the Hines prodigy.

"Mercy's sake, Willie, be careful

so the apple tree had become his smoking-room, casting a round shadow to all of his thoughts.

As the coal flared and crisped in the old man's pipe, so his thoughts reddened and turned to ash—memories all—till at last he was the wanderer driven from under the roof-tree of his only ties of blood.

Strange, the thought hummed persistently in his skull, like the buzzing of bees. He glanced up, and a motor



FEATS OF SKILL AND STRENGTH IN THE GROVE

of your feet!" the staccato voice started again. Then the buckboard disappeared in a swirl of dust.

Simeon faced about and started his forced retreat for a bench under his favorite apple tree. A little nosegay of red and white geranium that Jennie had thrust into a buttonhole, above his emblem, made him stop a moment and pin them closer together. A grandchild and a shell of a body, from which the heat of life and battle had long exploded, those were all he had left.

Julia had sniffed meaningly when he lit his Climax plug in the kitchen,

car, its engine humming merrily, lay in front of his son's house.

A stout, well-groomed old man was getting down from its tonneau and looking about for signs of habitation. Simeon's placid pose, with folded arms and drooping pipe, under the tree, caught his quick eye. He walked rapidly toward him.

Then a singular transformation took place. The older and feebler man heard the visitor's steps and looked up to watch his approach. The uniform of blue, a spick and tailored counterpart of his own shabby one, first drew him upright. The

bronze emblem on the other's coat galvanized him into further life, for he stood without his canes, one hand held stiffly to his hat's brim. His antics seemed more than singular to the nearing autoist. It was as if an elderly Quixote had suddenly popped up rigidly in the orchard.

"My colonel!" His voice found itself thinly.

Senator Williams, for it was he, stopped within a pace of Simeon, and his eyes bored thru the speaker at salute.

"Sim Elliott!"

"Yes, it's me, colonel."

The other seated himself on the bench and pulled the rigid Simeon down beside him.

"After all these years," he said, as if dreaming, "and I left you as good as dead in a field hospital in front of Atlanta! Why, man," he said, as if waking suddenly, "think of it! We are the only two survivors of Sherman's March to the Sea in all this picayune State!

"What are you doing out here, alone under an apple tree?" he warmed. "Why aren't you on the platform? Why isn't that old third-hand blue uniform of yours in the front ranks today?"

Simeon's eyes were too full of memories to answer his point blank questions. "There was the night before Shiloh," he said, smiling softly. "Dont you remember, in Prentiss' camp, and the mules stampeded, and——"

"I came up with my company on the run, old comrade, and——"

"Formed in skirmish line, colonel."

"Yes, yes; but the battle!" Williams seized one of the canes and rapidly drew lines on the ground representing the location of each division of the Union army. Simeon followed him closely. At the disposition of Wallace's division he objected. A hot argument followed. Time flew. Canes described magical and complicated arcs and figures under the apple tree.

A horn tooted disconsolately from the lane. The two old veterans looked up as if a bugle had sounded a charge, but it was only the chauffeur conveying a hint that the morning was treading onto noon.

Williams pulled out his watch. "Great Scott, Elliott!" he exclaimed! "half the hungry county is waiting for me and my speech——" Words failed him at thought of their irreparable loss. "Come," he continued, "dont lose a minute, comrade. Let me help you to the car."

The Buckhorn Valley celebration had indeed been a

dismal and spiritless failure without the presence of the august senator. Grieved committeemen stood about, watch in hand, and waited to hear the purring of his motor. Everything was at a standstill. The motor, for some strange reason, did not purr.

Who was to deliver the famous speech, award the running and roping prizes, order the band to play, shake hands with that cinch-like grip? Such an untoward failure had never happened before.

Then, from a distance, the motor did begin to purr—very faintly at



SIMEON MEETS HIS COLONEL UNDER
THE APPLE TREE

first, like the distant hum of Niagara. But the effect was magical. Ranchers and their families, punchers, railroad employés, town folks began to seat themselves before the flag-draped platform, where previously all had been stulted apathy.

"I see his dust round the corner!" yelled an outlook on the platform. "He's gotta passenger."

And finally the over-driven machine, taking the dry road like a frightened steer, bounded into public view.

Senator Williams, assisting an old and seedy-looking seat-mate to the ground, mounted the platform, and, with considerable backing and filling on Simeon's part, succeeded in getting him to the platform by his side.

Then he uncorked the speech of his life. All other Fourth of July orations faded into the blighted past. For he spoke of war and a real war this time, with graphic detail and real pathos in his voice. And, strange to say, the huddled figure, propped on a cane by his side, was the pith of his full sentences and the point of his shortened gestures.

As the steaming hams and joints lay cooling on the tables, he told of the heroism of the little man by his side—how his own life had been saved by an act of consummate daring, and this in itself endeared Simeon to the

county, even to the generation of Willie Hineses.

"I used to think," he said in peroration, "that the Lord made big men great and little men small, until I opened the Book and fell upon the story of David. And turning over history's pages, I found Napoleon, the greatest little lightweight that ever

knocked crowned monarchs thru the ropes. And, coming to myself and Sim Elliott, I would have turned six foot of coward once if this little bundle of lightning and courage and grit had not flung the colors ahead of me and dared me on! When we go home tonight, to palace or hovel, say, in your prayers, 'God bless Sim Elliott! He once made Williams eat crow, and Williams liked it!'"

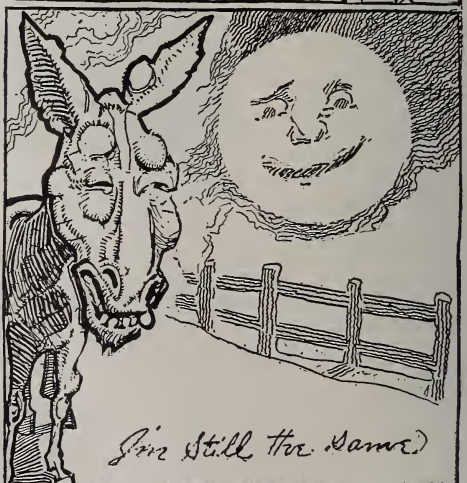
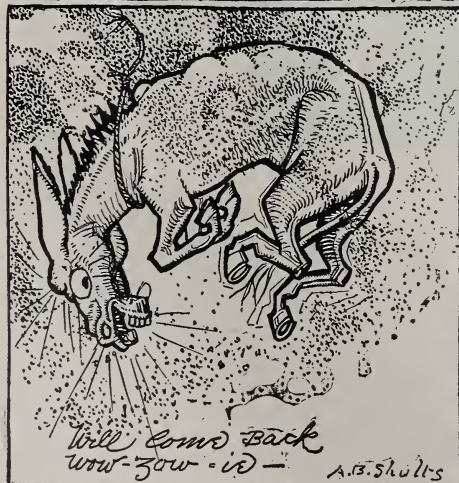
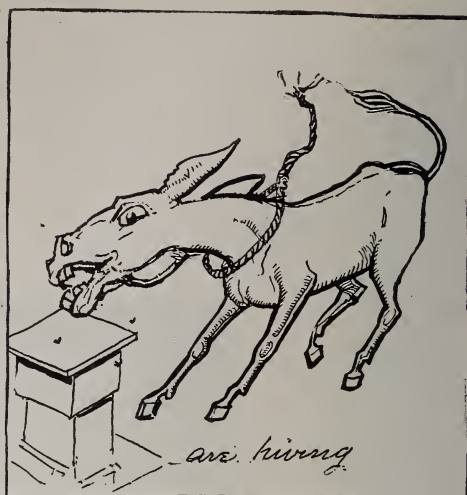
That night at the Elliott ranch house, when Jennie lay tousled and sleepy in Simeon's arms, and the lampshade cast a glow of light over them, round like the shadow of his tree, and his



JENNIE HAD FOUND OUT THAT HIS
HEART WAS WARM

gnarled hand twitched on the table, a hushed footfall crept up back of him, and in his half-dream he may have thought it a stealthy foeman of the past. But the figure was that of a woman, who crept up close and laid a well-filled pipe in the seeking fingers. It was then, too, that his head nodded in sleep, for he had found himself safe in the camp of his enemies!

THE PARABLE OF THE DONKEY AND THE BEES.



NOTE—These sketches are not particularly funny unless you imagine that the donkey represents the Democratic party, the hive the Republican party, and the disturbing bees the Progressive party. As for the moon, it represents time eternal which smiles on serenely at our little worldly activities.



IN the hills beyond Kioto lived the *samurai* Kan, and his aged father, Ojin. So great had been the prowess of the young warrior, as a liege vassal of the powerful and designing Hojo, that his fame had reached the mikado in Kioto. That monarch, re-established on his throne from his exile on the Island of Oki, sought to make his seat the more secure by a weeding out of the supporters of the Hojo cause. And thus it was that bands of imperial soldiers filed thru the gates of the capital, and set their sandaled feet upon the rough and muddy roads leading to the stronghold of the feudal chiefs.

It chanced that the band, charged with the mission to capture the young *samurai* Kan, was passed upon the road by the runner, Torao, bearing messages to the *shogun* of the province. Now, Torao, being but a peasant, and lacking the martial spirit, viewed with wondering admiration the daring of Kan, and, on this day, as he passed the soldiers, and learnt their destination from a remark carelessly dropped by the captain, he resolved on a deed of courage. He would warn Kan, tho the discovery of such treachery would bring a

penalty of death by torture. Faster and faster pattered the runner's sandals over the road, until he had left the soldiers plodding far behind. Then up thru the rocks and bushes he clambered, to the path leading to Kan's hut. The sound of his hurried steps brought the young *samurai* to the door.

"The swift runner, Torao, has news for me," said Kan.

"From my miserable lips," Torao made answer, "must the honorable Kan learn that his life is in danger. Even now, the soldiers of our august mikado are marching toward this spot."

Ojin emerged from the hut and joined his son.

"Ha!" laughed the young warrior, contemptuously. "So a band of soldiers think to take me back to Kioto?"

The old man pressed his hands tremulously together.

"My son, you must not think it valor to defy these men. They come in numbers, and with authority. You must fly before they come."

Kan bowed his head in filial assent, and Ojin hastened into the house, returning instantly with the *samurai's*

two swords in their lacquered sheaths. Kan thrust them into his girdle, and stood reverently before his father for his blessing. The old man muttered a short prayer, at the end of which he urged his son into the thicket that already hid the retreating figure of Torao. Ojin listened to the faint rustling, as Kan fled over the hill, and when this sound was superseded by the tread of many feet on the path, he turned into the house and closed the door.

When called forth by the captain, he was apparently startled and bewildered by the unexpected visit, and, informing them that Kan was absent, endeavored to send them in the opposite direction to look for him. But one of the soldiers had made a circuit of the hut, and returned to his captain with a clue as to the path taken by Kan. Immediately, the party separated into two divisions, and scurried thru the shrubbery.

Kan, dodging from rock to rock, tearing thru the brakes, heard the sounds of pursuit growing nearer and nearer. He plunged into thick underbrush and, half running, half crawling, reached a mass of rocks that lay against the face of the hill and offered a pathway to the plateau above. Up these rocks Kan leaped. But the moving of the underbrush behind him had betrayed him, and the soldiers were on his very heels. Turning, he faced them, his two swords drawn. A spear was thrust at him. Striking it aside, he lunged forward, and pierced the bearer to the heart. One by one, he smote them, turning aside both spear and sword, and dyeing his blade at

every stroke. With the last thrust, he leaned, exhausted, upon his dripping *katana*, mustering strength to continue his flight. He was severely wounded, and his breath came in sobs, but, as the steady, rapid tread of the second party reached his ears, he clenched his teeth, and murmured the warrior's prayer: "*Namu Hachiman Dai-basatsu!*" ("Glory to Hachiman, the incarnation of Great Buddha!")

New strength flowed into his veins, and, scaling the rocks, he staggered down a narrow defile, and so out upon the plateau.

The tall, waving grasses and ferns, rippling in the sunlight, held no suggestion of concealment. He turned back to the mouth of the defile. To the right, huge slabs sloped downward, roof-like, to within a few feet of the ground, and, underneath, a cave yawned back into the hillside. Painfully, Kan knelt, and crept into the shadows of the cave. From the mouth of the de-



KAN IS WARNED OF DANGER

file swung the line of soldiers, looking eagerly in all directions, except at their feet. Past the cave, across the plateau, and into the forest they ran, and the fugitive, watching, did not stir until the last gleaming spear had been quenched in the shadows of the trees. He knew that, failing in their search in the forest and the village, they would return.

Cautiously he crept out, and rose to his feet. He staggered from weakness, but, with the contempt of the *samurai* for pain, he struck out thru the waving grasses and ferns, toward a mound where a grove of beech and maple trees flourished as tho watered with tears.

Cho, priestess in the temple of the war-god, Hachiman, lighted fresh joss-sticks before the shrine. This had been a festival day of the war-god, and the small temple had been filled with his votaries. Before his stony impassivity, the sacred dancers had moved in frenzied gyrations; the priest and priestesses, in gorgeous apparel, had performed the offices of the *norito*; and the humble worshipers had abased themselves and

warrior. Was not the god she served the august protector of such as he? Her fear left her, and, quickly fetching a bowl of water, she bathed his face and his wounds. As he revived, she gave him to drink, and raised his head to her knee.

The austerity of the priestess was in that moment overridden by the pure tenderness of the woman. He told her of his escape, and she marvelled at his courage and his prowess;



KAN'S FATHER IS QUESTIONED BY
THE SOLDIERS

mumbled their prayers. With their going, a heavy silence fell on the incense-laden air. Cho, sole custodian of the shrine, moved noiselessly about. Suddenly, the silence was broken, and Cho became aware that some one was entering the temple, not with the quiet reverence of a worshiper, but staggering blindly. She drew back, horrified and frightened, as a man, disheveled and wounded, his eyes staring with pain and exhaustion, reeled toward the shrine, and fell swooning at her feet. The lacquered scabbards in his wide girdle proclaimed him a

and, added to the veneration in which the *samurai* were held in those medieval times, was a sweet, indefinable sentiment which grew as her arm pillowed his shoulders, and she felt how the stricken warrior needed her woman's strength.

"And now what is the honorable soldier's destination?" she asked, as he struggled to his feet.

"The forest, and then the high mountains," he gasped.

"But such a way is death," she protested.

"Yes; death—freedom!" he an-

swered. "There is but that left to me. See, I have lost my *katana*—I know not how——"

She hushed him with a finger upon his lips, and stood listening intently.

"They pursue, even to the gates of Nirvana!" she exclaimed. "Hachiman shall protect you." And, drawing him into the alcove of the shrine, she concealed him behind the heavy curtains. Then, kneeling upon the steps before the shrine, she folded

The priestess turned and faced him. A warm and beautiful light shone in her eyes. In her magnificent robes, and her miter-like cap, she looked an empress. Kan's weary spirit was prostrate before her as his eyes drank in her loveliness. And, while they gazed upon each other, the light in her eyes grew more tender, and a troubled smile played about her lips. Thoughts welled up and brimmed over in her heart, as molten lava



THE PRIEST AND PRIESTESSES WORSHIP
AT THE TEMPLE

her hands in prayer and implored the mercy of the deity.

There was an impetuous invasion of the little temple, a rude stirring of the incense-laden air. But the devotions of the priestess Cho did not waver. The soldiers lowered their heads in reverence, and the captain, in a low voice, gave the order to leave. When their receding steps were faint in the distance, Cho arose, and Kan came from the folds of the curtains.

"Glory to Hachiman!" said Cho.

"*Namu Hachiman Dai-basatsu!*" repeated Kan.

heaves and overflows the crater's edge. Words came at last.

"You cannot go alone," she said.

He waited, breathless, for her to speak again. "It is in my heart that I must go with you," she finished.

The faint life within him flared up. "No, no! so divine a sacrifice is not for this miserable fugitive!"

"My heart has spoken," she said simply. "And Hachiman, who knows all things, will forgive."

Turning to the shrine, she removed her robes and cap, laying them upon the steps of the altar. Then, clad in

a pure, white gown, she went to Kan and gently put her arm about him. He was careful to lean but, lightly upon the delicate shoulder, tho she assured him that she was strong. And thus they passed from the temple together, and out into the forest.

Kan's strength ebbed; frequently they were obliged to rest. At sunset, she laid him gently down and ran to gather some berries. These she fed to him, lovingly coaxing him to eat.

ingale sent a few timid, liquid notes thru the night. Unheeding, the moonlight shimmering on her white figure, the woman still knelt and prayed. Once more the nightingale essayed a plaintive note, louder than before. The other noises of the forest ceased, the chorus of croakings died away, and into the silence the nightingale poured its passionate song of heart-break and longing. Still on her knees, the woman rocked as she prayed. An



CHO LEADS KAN FROM THE TEMPLE

"Adored one!" he breathed, as he sank back exhausted.

She knelt beside him and folded her hands in prayer. Clapping them repeatedly, she called upon Hachiman to give health and strength to the man she loved. Dusk trailed its shadows thru the forest; then the moon showered its silver beams athwart the leaves and branches. Cho still knelt beside Kan in an agony of prayer. The croaking of frogs rose from the ooze of the rice-fields in the valley below, and, as if in distress at the unmusical chorus, a night-

owl hooted. Instantly the wonderful song was hushed. Gradually the crickets and the frogs took up their chirpings and croakings again. The moonlight paled. A fresh breeze swept whispering thru the trees. The kneeling woman shuddered. New twitterings awoke in the forest. From the east came golden shafts of light. The woman roused herself as if from a trance.

"It is day!" she exclaimed. "All night have I prayed, Kan, my beloved!" she whispered, bending over him.

One look sufficed: his valiant spirit had fled. Drawing the scarf from her shoulders, she covered the dead face, then crept away, sobbing. She retraced the path they had trod together, back to the temple. She had atonement to make for the violation of her vows. She knew that cruel penance must be done, but she faced the issue without flinching. She reached the doors of the temple. They were closed, but, at her approach, they slid back in their grooves. Wondering, she looked within the temple. At the shrine stood her counterpart, arrayed in her discarded robes. In a maze of bewilderment, Cho stood on the threshold. The figure turned, smiled upon her, and beckoned for her to approach. Then, removing the robes, the figure ascended the steps of the shrine, the doors of which slid back mysteriously. To her horror, Cho saw that the shrine was empty, but the figure turned, seated itself, and, as the doors slowly closed, was resolved into the stone image of Hachiman.

Then Cho understood that she had witnessed a miracle. While she, in compassion and love, had kept vigil by the dying warrior, the god Hachi-

man, in compassion and love, had kept vigil in the temple. With a sob, she took up her sacred garments, donned them, and placed the miter-like cap upon her head. In a burst of sorrow and remorse, she flung herself upon the steps of the shrine, exalted, like her of Magdala.

Into the temple came the priest, priestesses and worshipers.

At sight of the prostrate Cho, they rushed forward. Before they could reach her, the doors of the shrine opened. Overcome with fear, all sank upon their knees. As they gazed, the idol moved, and stretched out protecting arms above Cho. The form of the priestess seemed to dissolve; a mist hovered before the shrine. Then, from that mist there came glints of white and gold, emblems of the purity and nobility of the priestess's soul. Clearer and larger to the eyes of the awe-stricken worshipers appeared the manifestation, and, as Hachiman became again the stone image, and the doors softly closed, there remained upon the altar steps a flower of rarest beauty, the pure, waxy whiteness of its petals guarding a heart of gold. Thus from the soul of Cho was born the lotus lily.

Then and Now

By ELIZABETH PINSON

Partly dozing in the twilight's dreamy lull,
 As I puff my half-spent pipe and meditate,
 Mem'ry turns to years when life seemed rather dull.
 Tho 'twas then I wooed my boyhood's sweetheart, Kate.
 I remember how we used to sit and talk,
 Katie knitting while I held the ball of yarn,
 Or, on pleasant nights perchance we'd take a walk,
 Just to linger on the bench down near the barn.
 How we'd spruce up when the circus came around,
 And for worlds we'd never miss the county fair;
 E'en in magic-lanterns lots of fun we found,
 For amusements at that time were truly rare.

But the change 'twixt then and now is great, forsooth;
 Sweetheart Katie is my darling little wife;
 Tho we've not outgrown the habits of our youth,
 And are happy in our calm domestic life;
 Yet we oftentimes enjoy a hearty laugh
 When recalling those dear humdrum days of yore;
 We've a pianola and a phonograph—
 There is never cause for ennui any more.
 But what charms us most and adds to life a zest—
 Where we learn new wonders every time we go—
 Is the entertainment which we both love best,
 That invention of the gods—the Photoshow!



OWEN MOORE, OF THE VICTOR COMPANY

"DON'T say anything nice about me—just say I am an ordinary person," as a parting injunction doesn't give one very much latitude, does it? Particularly when nice things are the only truthful things one can think of saying. Fortunately for you, readers, I am writing this at home, away from the influence of Mr. Owen Moore's laughing, Irish, blue eyes—pardon the bromide, but they really are all of that—and his attractive smile, which displays such even, white teeth that you are glad Mr. Moore smiles so readily, both of which—eyes and smile—might have made me false to my trust in my desire to please modest Mr. Moore.

Doubtless, if I'd been compelled to do this "Chat" at the Victor studio, under Mr. Moore's directions, I would have had little to tell you, except that he is about five feet ten inches tall, is about 25 years old (I hope that he doesn't read this), was born in Ireland, came to this country when he was 11 years old, just drifted onto the stage, played "stock," and in Broadway productions—oh, a very ordinary, uninteresting career. But I'm far from the Victor studio and Mr. Moore's censorship, and, altho I am only realizing now how little Mr. Moore told me, being so dazzled by the above-mentioned smile that I didn't notice my questions were not being answered, I am free to give you a glimpse of an interesting, albeit far too modest young picture star. And if anything I say is complimentary to Mr. Moore, be assured I didn't get it from him.

Mr. Moore is at present playing leads with Miss Florence Lawrence, formerly a Lubin star. Because he is young and good-looking, Mr. Moore is usually cast for juvenile parts, while he yearns to do character work. His Charley Steele in "The Right of Way" has been called one of the finest characterizations ever photographed.

Before joining the Victor forces, Mr. Moore was with the Biograph, the Imp and Majestic, directing, as well as acting, in the latter studio.

"Have you ever appeared in person before a Photoplay audience?"

"Oh, no. Members of our company were offered a hundred dollars apiece one night in Chicago to appear before a lot of enthusiastic fans, but none of us wanted to—we ran. They're great picture fans out West," he added, reminiscently, "particularly in 'Frisco. Why, every one knows you and calls you by your first name out there. I've met some delightful people that way."

Like all other successful Photoplay actors, Mr. Moore is an all-round athlete, enjoying to the full the opportunities offered by the work for outdoor sports.

When I asked if he had ever had any exciting experiences in his work before the camera, he replied, "Oh, ever so many. One of the most exciting I think of now, was a scene in which the young lady playing lead with me had to go out a distance from shore, overturn a canoe, and be rescued. She was substituted for Miss Lawrence, because she said she could swim. I was to rescue her. The girl went out, fell from the canoe, and rose, shrieking "Help!" I was to wait a few seconds to give her time to get her effects. She went down a second time, and came up with another cry for help. "She's doing fine," the director remarked to me, but I was already in the water, swimming like mad, for I had seen the girl's face, and I knew she was calling for help in earnest. I got to her just as she was going down the last time, and she was certainly a plucky girl, for, altho she was scared to death, she followed my directions implicitly, and didn't hamper me in the least. 'Keep your face away from the camera, or we'll have to do this scene over,' I told her, for she looked like a ghost."

Mr. Moore is fond of music, tho he says he neither sings nor plays, and, like all normal men, is a baseball fan. He has written a number of Photoplays, also.

When I asked if he read our magazine, he replied, "Indeed I do—from cover to cover. Even the questions and answers—everything. It is great."

Mr. Moore is at present living "over on the Jersey side," but he is glad that some one invented poor, old Jersey—even contemplates building a bungalow there.

I do hope, for Mr. Moore's sake, that I have left you with the impression he wished you to have—that he is a very ordinary person. His evident ability, wholesome good looks, refinement and charm may have led me, unintentionally, to say some "nice things" about him, but you may just leave them out in your mental estimate, and take his own word—that he is a very ordinary person.

L. CASE RUSSELL.

FLORENCE TURNER, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

PROBABLY nobody in the world is as competent to judge of the popularity of the players as we who sit at the desk where this is being written, and open and read several thousand letters a month which come from all parts of the world. The true test of popularity, as of love, is long absence. Absence intensifies deep affections and destroys superficial ones, just as a strong breeze will put out a small flame and fan a large one into a roaring blaze. When Florence Turner was taken ill, and went West for nearly a year, had she not been the admirable artist that she is, she would soon have been forgotten, for she was not seen in the plays during all that time. In the meantime, other stars had arisen in the firmament to bid for the place left vacant by the absent one, and the public were invited to transfer their affections. Did they? Not a bit of it! While popularity came to many while Florence Turner was in California, trying to recover her lost health, the old love not only endured—it was intensified by her absence. We never know how much we love till the object of our affections is taken from us. We know for a certainty that Miss Turner was not only not forgotten, but that she was the subject of thousands of anxious inquiries and heart-aches. Heart-aches? Yes, for she was, and is, loved by thousands who never have, and who never will, see her in the flesh.

And she is back—bless her heart!—bright and smiling as ever, back to the Vitagraph studio, her health regained. For over a year, we have been trying to get an interview with her. We wrote her many times, we telephoned, we telegraphed, we even brought influence to bear thru her employers. Did she refuse? No; she always expressed a desire to grant our wishes, but she never did. We now think that she really wanted to be interviewed, and that she really did not. She wanted to help us, and her employers, but not herself. She shrank, yet was willing.

Well, at last we won. Persistency conquers all things. Did we have to follow her about, to lie in wait for her, or to conceal ourselves in some unsuspected corner to catch our prey? No, my children. A woman's "no" is fairly well understood nowadays, but a woman's "yes" is still an uncertain quantity. Miss Turner's "yes" was a pleasant and surprising revelation. After about 101 regrets, Miss Turner promised not only to submit to an interview, but to beard the lion in his den, and have the painful operation performed in all its cruel heartlessness. You know some people think that to be interviewed is a dreadful thing. Visions of the horrors of the "third degree" come to them. So when Miss Turner said she would arrive here at a certain hour, knowing that she was that kind, we had our doubts. But she came. A small bundle of lace, trimmed in blue silk and ribbons, and enclosing a neat, vivacious, little figure, entered the editorial sanctum unannounced—it was after hours.

"Here I am," she laughed merrily. "I am here, prepared for the worst. How long will it take?"

"It is now six," I said, after the usual greetings; "we shall be thru by eleven."

"What?" she said, opening wide her big, dark eyes—you all know how she can make those eyes say so much. "Will it take five hours?"

"No, my child," I said reassuringly, "that is, not to be interviewed. The interview will take just five minutes—from 10.55 to 11.00 P. M. The rest of the time we are to spend in getting acquainted."

Then we talked, talked about everything, from the philosophy of Pythagoras down to the best method of cooking Welsh rarebits in a chafing-dish. In the meantime, we had wandered out to a nearby ham and eggery, where the genial chef was induced to do his best to satisfy the excellent appetites of my distinguished guest and our chaperon, my secretary. He did very well, indeed; the steak was red, thick, tender and juicy, and the side dishes were very savory. Could you have seen us during that hour and a half, you would never have thought one of us had recently been an invalid, nor that she was being interviewed. After supper, a box of chocolates and a stroll to the nearest theater, the Royal—and an excellent one, too—and there, for a couple of hours, we watched the pictures. The first was an Edison with Mary Fuller.

"There is a great artist," Miss Turner exclaimed. "I like her work immensely."

In fact, she had kind words for everybody. Not once did she criticise, during the whole evening, and not once did she say an unfavorable word concerning anybody.

After the Photoshow, we stopped and had some soda at a candy-store, then we strolled a way, then got on a car, and at eleven we were standing in front of a modest little frame dwelling in Madison Street, about to say good-night.

"How about the interview?" Miss Turner asked.

"Oh, that's over long ago," I laughed.

"Well, well, if that isn't the most painless kind I ever heard of," she exclaimed. "Really, I enjoyed myself every minute, and—think of it—I have dreaded it a year."

(This little irrelevant dialog is here inserted as a bait to lure other artists who fear the trying ordeal.)

And now for the interview, biography, impressions, and all that sort of thing:

Florence Turner is of Spanish-Italian extraction, and comes from artistic, theatrical

and scientific ancestry. She is related to Turner, the great painter; her father was an artist, and her mother played with all the theatrical celebrities of her time, including Mary Anderson and Joseph Jefferson. One of her ancestors was the Italian author and scientist, Palmieri. Florence began her stage career at the ripe, old age of three. In her first public performance, she made a "hit" by running down stage to the footlights, unexpectedly, and shouting dramatically, "I've got the dishpan, Teedie!" which was not according to Hoyle, but which pleased the audience immensely. It was in McKee Rankin's company, and many years later, when Florence was seventeen, she secured her first big engagement from Robert Mantell, who remembered the event well, and who engaged her on the spot as soon as he found that she was the little hero of the dishpan.

Florence is now twenty-six, and she admits it. She is about five feet three, and weighs about one-twentieth of a ton. You all thought she was taller and heavier, didn't you? She is as democratic as they make young ladies nowadays, and she shakes hands and talks with the urchins and the laborers just as she does with the lords and ladies. When she returned, recently, her hands were actually black from shaking hands with the lowliest factory employes of the Vitagraph Company, but she would not let them wash their hands, as they wished. She loves them all, and they all love her. Not one of them but would take off his coat and do her slightest wish. She makes friends fast, and keeps them. She is like a sunbeam in a dark room. Nobody can have the "glooms" in her presence. Full of sympathy for everything and everybody, always smiling, a happy witticism for every occasion, ever willing and anxious to be of service to somebody, never an unkind word nor deed for those who are unkind to her, no wonder she is so beloved. But she is not always sparkling. Bring up a serious topic, and that sad look comes into her eyes. She is a thinker, and she even broods over the sorrows of others. Her happiest moments are those when she is thinking of the good she has done.

"Do you know," she said, when we were discussing philosophy at the supper-table, "that there is nothing so soul-satisfying as the thought that we have been of service to our fellow creatures? When I have played in a picture I often wonder if it will take to some poor soul a message—if it will help somebody to be better—if it will bring cheer to some sad heart. If I think that it will, I am infinitely happy."

I asked her if she preferred serious parts, and she said that she did, but that still she loved funny parts, because she knew they would make people laugh and be merry. "There is so much sadness in the lives of most people that I think we should do all we can to add bright spots," she added, "and I really envy people who can laugh at some of the ridiculous things we players do." I knew what she meant, I knew that she sometimes laughs when she does not feel like it, and that she felt sorry for those who were not able to enjoy a hearty laugh on the slightest provocation.

Perhaps it is not discreet to discuss Miss Turner's recent illness, but I am convinced that it was due to her intense emotions when playing. She feels every part she plays. She sheds real tears. I know of no player, with the possible exception of Clara Morris, who loses herself so completely in her work. Every character Miss Turner plays is a distinct creation. She sees that character in her mind's eye, and she knows what she would do under various sets of circumstances. When Miss Turner is "The Dixie Mother" she is not Miss Turner at all. Miss Turner is forgotten. And the directors never attempt to tell her how to express certain emotions. Many plays are spoiled that way, for most directors seem to think there is only one stereotyped way of expressing each emotion.

Miss Turner has two ambitions: to be known as a great artist, and to live so that when she is gone the world will be a little better and a little happier for her having lived in it. She says there is nobody in the world like Mr. Blackton and Mr. Smith—her employers—that they have so showered her with kindnesses she will be eternally grateful.

And right in the midst of these serious thoughts, when her remarkably expressive face shows that her big heart is responding to some desire to pour out her sympathy or gratitude on somebody, her face will lighten up, and she will make some sparkling witicism, perhaps in playful imitation of some odd character she had once created. She will even make facial grimaces, and modulate her voice to mimic some droll character—a Yankee, an urchin, a Dutchman, or a Jew. She puts everybody at his ease. There is nothing reserved or formal about her. She has ideas about everything, and she is free to express them. Of course, she is pretty, and, of course, her face is marvelously expressive—everybody knows that. And she impresses you at once as being a perfectly good girl; simple, modest, plain, not egotistical, not coy, not assuming, not vain nor proud, but just a charming, little woman who loves everybody.

E. B.

CHARLES OGLE, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

OF course, you Photoplay fans, you remember Edison's remarkable historical series, and the realistic George Washington, who lent such dignity to the portrayal of the character, and Michael Strogoff, in the strong play of that name, and "The Ironmaster," "The Doctor," and the lord in "The Lord and the Man," not forgetting the smashing waiter in that bit of real comedy, "All Comes to Him Who Waits." Well,

I had the supreme pleasure, a few days ago, of meeting the stately Father of His Country, Michael Strogoff, the doctor and the waiter, all in one.

When Mr. Plimpton, the courteous manager of the big glass box of magic, called the Edison Studio, introduced me to Mr. Ogle, he added: "Mr. Ogle will show you thru the studio, if you are interested." Isn't *interested* an inadequate word at times? It is more than interesting to go thru a Motion Picture studio at any time, but to be shown behind the scenes (in front of the scenes, in this case) by a courteous, entertaining picture star, garbed in a checked suit and red cravat, the outward symbols of his sinister calling as a loan shark, which part he was called upon to act during my stay, passes from the interesting to the enthralling.

Before Mr. Ogle was called upon to go before the camera, I asked him if the players had actual lines, or if they just "faked" them.

"Some do and some do not," he replied. "Personally, I always have lines for the part, and I always say them as if they would get over the footlights."

"Have you ever written Photoplays?" I asked.

"No, I haven't; I'm too lazy. But I've thought of doing it, and if I did, I'd do hack work—get out two a week, good or bad. I wouldn't wait for the 'big idea'—I'd turn out two a week, and the 'big idea' might be among them."

"You must believe, with Edison, that it's 'perspiration, not inspiration' that counts," I remarked, mentally putting that lazy statement on the top shelf.

"Well, there's a lot in that," he admitted; "they both come at the same time."

Mr. Ogle has been with the Edison Company three years, and during that time has played at least three hundred parts. He made his initial venture into the Motion Picture world with the Biograph Company. Before that, he was appearing in the "Blue Mouse" at the Lyric, and went with the company to Chicago; was in the Shuberts' "Father and Son," Klaw and Erlanger's "The Billionaire" and "The Spoilers"; with Hilda Spong in "A Man and His Mate," and with Chauncey Olcott for two seasons—these were a few of his engagements. Before that, he played "stock" in Chicago and on the road, having appeared in every State in the Union, and he is sure, to quote his own words, that he played "every one-horse town in the West."

Born in Janesville, Ohio, the son of a minister, he was brought up to consider the ministry or the law the only vocations open to him. When he was eighteen years old, a small troupe playing in his town were short a youth about his age. He was offered the "job." After much urging, his father allowed "Charlie" to help them out. When they left town, Charlie Ogle went along—the lure of the footlights had him in its thrall. From then on, he was looked upon as the black sheep by the entire family, including all the in-laws. The death of his parents called him home a few years later, and he then decided to remain at home and study law. He took his degree of LL.D. at the Illinois College of Law. He then practiced law in Chicago for several years.

To return to Mr. Ogle's interesting career. The law did not satisfy him, and, after a few years of practice, successful financially, but not satisfying, he heeded the call of the stage, and went into "stock."

"Have you ever wanted to go back to the stage, Mr. Ogle?" I inquired.

"No," he emphasized the word. "I like this far better than the stage. As I told you, I am lazy. I come here at nine, and leave at five. Perhaps I rehearse and pose, on and off, several hours—perhaps I am not called upon all day, tho I must be ready at any moment. I have never heard a successful picture player say he wanted to go back. Those who cannot make good in the business, do not like it—naturally. There is a big field here for any actor—he is bound to improve his work, for he can realize Burns' wish and 'see himself as others see him,' and he can see where he fell short—where he didn't 'put it over,' as we say. We have to see our work every Wednesday night, and we learn a lot. The first time I saw myself on the screen—" and Mr. Ogle withdrew the light of his countenance behind deprecatory hands.

Mr. Ogle is an Elk, a baseball enthusiast, good rider, swimmer, all-around athlete, and doesn't mind backing off a ferry-boat into the water, or falling down a two-hundred foot cliff. "I'm safer than the ones who are watching me," he explained. "I'm prepared." He likes his work, reads a great deal, sings, attends the opera when he has time, enjoys the Photoplay, loves outdoors, and is ambitious to own a place in California where he can indulge this taste to the full. He lives near Bronx Park, where he spends most of his evenings.

In answer to "What interests you most?" he replied, with an emphasis that left no shadow of doubt, "*My wife*," and from his frequent references to her during our talk, I knew where Mr. Ogle stands on the old query, "Is marriage a failure?"

A courteous gentleman, unassuming, self-deprecativ, with a clear, sane mind in a big healthy frame, painstaking in his chosen profession, eager to better his work, which the public proclaims needs no bettering; a Photoplay enthusiast, believing the industry has a most beneficent future—Mr. Ogle, the man, gives as great pleasure off the screen as on, and to you who have watched his work, that means a good deal.

L. CASE RUSSELL.



Favorite and Plays Players.

BY OUR READERS.

PROBABLY the greatest advance in the history of Motion Pictures is in ourselves, the audience. A few short years ago, being spellbound with the marvel of animated photography, we were content to watch the portrayal of a simple incident on the screen, such as a bootblack shining shoes, a mother washing a refractory child, or a little girl skipping rope. These shreds, projected laboriously from glass plates, were next woven into a little plot or series of incidents of perhaps three hundred feet, or five minutes of entertainment. They might be called the birth of the Motion Picture as genuine dramatics.

It was given to the invention of the gelatine film, however, to raise the swaddling, little playlets to the dignity of real drama. Yet, what crude dramatics it was, viewed in the light of today! To be brief, the plots were the simplest and most trite obtainable, and the action was hurried thru with little regard to characterization, emotion, shading, or emphasis. Where are the Motion Picture actors of yesterday? Have we the memory of a Garrick, Mac-Cready, Siddons, Charlotte Cushman, or Booth among them? Hardly; they are poor puppets condemned to an early and forgotten stage-grave.

In the past few years, within the easy memory of all of us, how things have changed! Not reforms, but a gradual and imperceptible evolution from a crudity to a fine art. And with it, step by step, we, the audience and final court of judgment, have unconsciously kept pace. In expressing emotion before us, it is necessary that our friends on the screen shall not only laugh and cry, and love and hate, but do so artistically and well. No longer can the actor at will palm off stock gestures and facial play, whether he or she be cast as Italian, Eskimo or Russian. No more can the studio hang out a sign, "Extras Wanted," and create an army in gray or blue overnight. The day of the trained "super" and military director has come.

To us in the audience, the day of being merely entertained has passed, as well. It must be borne in mind that to see a drama on the audible stage was an occasional treat to most of us, and that the well-known faces were few and far between, but as the Photoplay becomes a nightly habit, familiar faces on the screen must breed either respect, toleration or contempt. The day of the country-fair audience, gaping at a wonder, has passed, never to come again, and in its place we have an audience, accustomed, discerning, critical and appreciative.

Appreciate: to set a true value on—that word defines us best.

The merchant is proverbially given to cry the merit of his wares to heaven;

very likely this human weakness extends to the manufacturers of entertainment and enlightenment, also. It remains with us to appreciate; where good value is given, to accept gladly, with a word of praise. And, contrawise, when palpably defective or poor plays are presented, to tell publicly just why, where and how they do not measure up to our standard. And where fine acting is given to us, and our heart touched, or our mind swayed, let us confess it, too, and pay a public tribute to the workers who have brought these things about.

But, alas, our space is limited. With regret we must announce that we have on hand several hundred verses that we cannot hope to find room for. We have laid aside, however, about twenty that we shall use as soon as possible, for they possess real merit. The others we shall, with pleasure, place in the hands of the players to whom they refer.

Miss Ruby Garing, a little cowgirl on the Flagstaff Ranch, Arizona, sends her greetings to "the best-beloved cowpunchers' girl in the pictures":

I know a pretty actress,
She acts for the "Indian Head,"
Who's now in California
With the company Anderson led.

Her hair is black and curly,
Her eyes are big and bright;
And if you want to see my queen,
See "Western Hearts" tonight.

We have received a rather sharp letter from Ida G. Hand, criticising this department for not printing more encomiums to Arthur Johnson. This was followed by another signed, "A Kicker," and still further by a parting shot from "A Dissatisfied Reader." If we are a judge of handwriting, Miss Hand is the fair instigator of all three. Arthur is not being lost sight of, nor discriminated against, as we lately presented an art supplement of him to subscribers, and a novelette, "A Little Family Affair," featured him in the September issue.

A few of the terse criticisms of "R. G. M.":

Warren Kerrigan is the finest player in Western plays. Miss Van Trump is beautiful, and should always play opposite to him. Miss Bush is not good in ingénue or girlish rôles.

Romaine Fielding is a finished actor, and not as appreciated as he deserves; but he has too many mannerisms, and rolls his eyes too much.

G. M. Anderson shakes hands and bandages head too much. A little too much the hero, but a consummate actor.

The best actors in light rôles are: Harry Meyers, Arthur Johnson, Maurice Costello, Jack Halliday, Ormi Hawley, and Francis Bushman.

The best in emotional rôles are Marguerite Snow, three Biograph Girls, James Cruze, Biograph lead, Ralph Ince, Marc McDermott, Crane Wilbur, Harry Morey and James Young.

The best comedians are: Howard Missimer, John Bunny and Flora Finch.

Villains: Frederick Church and Arthur Mackley.

The greatest studio artist is Edith Storey.

'Tis sad, but true, that the villain's applause is generally handed out with hisses or dislike. The more the dislike, as a rule, the better the actor's interpretation of the part has been. Lillian Read, of Gulfport, Miss., herewith compliments Frederick Church, Essanay, on his "detestable work":

You are a splendid lover, Fred,
Tho you your charms must furl,
And let another fellow come,
And carry off the girl.

Your smile is sweet, yet fate decrees
That you must always frown.
The hero's fortune's always up,
And yours is always down.

I wish you'd be the hero once;
How can you be so willin'—
Altho 'tis only picture-play—
To *always* be the villain?

The following letter speaks for itself. Yes, the wounded pride and sectional hatred of North and South could have been healed forty years ago, by such broad humanity as "The Sunset Gun" shows:

EDITOR FAVORITE PLAYS AND PLAYERS:

I recently saw Edison's "The Sunset Gun" at one of the theaters here, and I do not think that a better picture was ever released. The acting of Marc McDermott was splendid. The whole play was a remarkable example of the care the Edison Company gives to the production of its scenarios, and, altho such a subject would not generally be popular here in the South, the picture was so excellent that it was received with much applause by a large audience.

MARGARET LATHAM.

Greenville, Miss.

Pearl White, of Pathé Frères, has an ardent little admirer in Pearl Dixwell, Buffalo, N. Y., who "fesses up" that this is her first offense at versifying:

Far away, in the heights of New Jersey,
Dwells the sweetest girl I know;
Her lips are as red as the roses,
And her brow as white as the snow.

I saw this charming girl one night,
In a Motion Picture play;
And she has always been to me,
Pearl White—the Queen of Pathé.

She has big brown eyes of the softest hue,
And a crown of golden hair.
There's no other girl so sweet and true;
No other for whom I care.

Now the twilight has fallen,
So I must finish my poem.
I wish her health and happiness,
Wherever she may roam.

The following lines are dedicated to Mr. G. M. Anderson, author and star of "Broncho Billy's Bible":

The Word of God a story tells
To ev'ry contrite heart.
So Broncho Billy's Bible quells
The crime his thoughts impart.
New York City.

When Anderson this message wrought,
And sent it 'round the world,
A lesson true to men he taught—
A noble reel unfurled.

A. S. H.

This kind of letter sheds a ray of sunshine on everything in general, and works into even our own dusty corner:

DEAR SIR—Just a few words of praise for the August MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. The stories were all splendid, especially "The Relief of Lucknow" and "The Barrier That Was Burned." Those two stories were *fine*.

Oh! how I wish I was talented enough to write poetry in praise of Mary Fuller (who's quite a dear), Alice Joyce (who's also a beauty), and Ormi Hawley (whose sweet ways have made her immensely popular).

I think Carlyle Blackwell (who plays lovely with Alice Joyce), Guy Coombs (so tall and manly), and Jack Halliday (whose acting would do a William Gillette proud), need more poetry and praise.

I think this new department for Favorite Plays and Players is fine, as they cannot get applauded, so need the praise from the pen. Wishing *the* book and all its departments the best of success.

DIXIE HART.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Ten-year-old Lenore Edwards, of Muncie, Ind., sends these farm "ballads" to Mary Fuller and Warren Kerrigan:

As sure as the vine grows round the stump,
Mary F. is a great big sugar lump.

As sure as the vine grows round the rafter,
Warren K. is the one that I am after.

B. J. Stimpson, Worcester, Mass., whom we suspect of being "Bessie," "Beulah" or "Bridget," labels her contribution, "A Photoplay Phriend":

I've got a little hobby,
At least, I call it so;
I'm crazy 'bout the pictures
At the Motion Picture show.

I like the Western stories,
The cowboys, strong and true;
I like the Southern war tales
Of the boys in gray and blue.

The girls are sweet and pretty—
I see them, now and then—
But my eyes are mostly focused
On the Motion Picture men.

There's Costello, oft called "Dimples,"
He's a dandy in his parts;
His eyes and smiles and curls
Have won the girlies' hearts.

And Johnson, tall and frowning,
I like to see him, too;
He's stern, and yet so gentle—
He knows just how to woo.

And so I go to see them,
First one and then the others.
They look so fine and dandy,
I'd like them all for brothers.

Francis Bushman, also,
As a hero is sublime;
Whenever help is needed,
He's right there, every time.

"No one loves a fat man,"
You'll hear some people say;
But we all love Johnny Bunny;
He's funnier every day.

I also like Earle Williams,
He has such lovely eyes;
The girl that gets that fellow
Will surely get a prize.

But I lose my heart completely,
Before the picture's done,
That shows the Western cowboys
And Gilbert Anderson.

He sure has got me going,
He does look good to me.
If I've any special favorite,
I really guess it's he.

In spite of all we can do to prevent it, Arthur Johnson persists in being popular:

DEAR SIR—Last night I saw "The Husband's Awakening," by the Lubin Company. I thought it was the best picture I had seen for a long time. Lottie Briscoe is divine. But of all the players, Arthur Johnson is my favorite. He is the tallest, the grandest, the handsomest of all. I adore Crane Wilbur, idolize Earle Williams, my heart beats fast when I see Maurice Costello, but I truly love Arthur Johnson. I am going to subscribe for your glorious magazine, to read about my favorite and get his picture.

Sharon, Pa.

HELEN CHRISTIE.

"Lover of Thanouser" bursts into song about Florence LaBadie. There is much more to the poem, which has the lilt of an olden time ballad, but the author makes no provision for stormy nights. Florence, managers say, fills the house in all kinds of weather:

And the moon never beams without bringing me dreams
Of my beautiful Florence LaBadie;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of my beautiful Florence LaBadie.

Lines to "Little Mary":

When she appears, her winsome face,
Of all things else, quick takes the place.
I'm dead to all the world beside;
There was a plot, but now it's pied.
She scatters smiles to right and left,

Until of senses I'm bereft.
She pouts and frowns, it matters not,
It ties my thinker in a knot.
Sail on, fair maid, just let me love
You only till we meet above.

TO THE EDITOR FAVORITE PLAYS AND PLAYERS:

I have noticed, somewhere in your magazine, that you desire to encourage criticism of favorite plays. By that I take it that you mean recent ones, and those that have appeared in short story form.

It has been my good fortune to see "Days of Terror" (July number), "A Nation's Peril" and "The Relief of Lucknow" (August number).

The first mentioned film might be classed as a melodrama, if we take sensational

romantics as a definition, but the acting is so carefully done by Mr. Charles Kent as the Duc de Berac, and his opposite, Julia Swayne Gordon, that the picture became to me a piece of beautiful and truthful real life, bearing in mind the brutality of the period. Mr. Delaney, too, deserves credit for his finished work in the unappealing part he was cast for.

"A Nation's Peril" was a pure melodrama—but such a good one! I thought the story well worked out in the magazine, too. In fact, it made me very anxious to see the film, where a second set of thrills awaited me.

I think its chief merit is in its seeming real. There seemed to be no overacting, unless Mr. Panzer's mannerisms seem so to some people. The plot, also, was worked out very clearly, the scenes progressing in a natural order, with no "cutting back" to hold the action and confuse the audience. This is a weakness in pictures that I do not like. So I vote "A Nation's Peril" a perfect plot, well acted, with a thrill in every scene.

"The Relief of Lucknow" was good in the magazine, and better on the screen. For enthusiasts of war plays, I have never seen a better one, tho I have been told that "The Battle" was the finest ever produced. In most war Photoplays, to me, the love story which usually goes with it, is incidental, fragmentary, and hardly ever fits in smoothly with the military action. This picture is a pleasing exception. The love element is just barely suggested, it is entirely secondary to the main plot, and so the picture hangs together without being forced so artificially.

I noticed that the troops used were from some National Guard, and they were certainly a decided improvement in soldierly qualities over "supers."

The stage settings for the walls and streets of Lucknow were beautifully made and set up, and seemed truthful. In a serious play, I think, we want everything to appear as near natural as possible, and the settings and military acting of this play impressed me as being very much so. Trusting that you will pardon this long letter from an enthusiast.

Edgemere, N. Y.

MRS. CHARLES M. RUSSELL.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thank you, more than many times discerning critic. These are the sort of letters that help the art of Photoplay, and make for good. We even enjoy them ourselves! Criticise, commend, or condemn all Photoplays, not alone those that we print. Where the criticisms are fair, they serve as an excellent guide in selecting what films our readers may wish to see.

The bees are after pretty Edna Fisher, of the Vitagraph:

There is a little tender dip
Between your chin and lower lip,
And as a thieving bee would slip
Into a rose's heart to strip
Its sweets, I'd hurry near.

To that soft spot my mouth I'd press,
And bid adieu to weariness—
Low whispering, my love confess;
That—and a good deal more, I guess,
If you would let me, dear.

And, again, the sleep-walkers are after Jack Halliday:

When'er I close my sleepy eyes,
And go to Dreamy-land,
There's some one always comes to me,
And takes me by the hand.

Sometimes he leads thru leafy lanes,
In woodlands cool and dim,
And it is always beautiful,
Where'er I go with him.

Sometimes he leads me thru fair fields,
With wild flowers at our feet;
Sometimes we sail o'er shining seas,
With south winds blowing sweet.
Fairhaven, Miss.

His voice is like the 'cello's notes,
His eyes are brown and gay,
And the way he walks and looks and talks
Is *just like* John Halliday!

L. R.

This feels like a kick:

GENTLEMEN—Received my copy of "Portraits of Popular Picture Players" this morning, and am well pleased with it. Can only criticise in one instance. Inasmuch as there are more theaters showing Independent films than Licensed, I should think it would be more consistent to picture more Independent players. I believe there are only three Independent players in the book: Herbert Prior, Mabel Trunnelle and Marion Leonard. Surely such players as Pauline Bush, Warren Kerrigan, Vivian Prescott, King Baggot, Margaret Snow, Flo LaBadie and many other stars are as popular as those pictured in your book. And since more people see Independent films than they do Licensed, I should think it only fair that Independent pictures be given. Perhaps I am wrong.

Fostoria, Ohio.

BESS E. EMERINE.

We regret that the lady who has taken the trouble to write us as above is so sadly adrift on her facts. A perusal of recent MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE portraits will show: Mildred Holland (Powers), Augusta Blade and Vlademar Psilander (Great Northern), Marguerite Snow (Thanhouser), Billy Quirk (Solax), "The Thanhouser Kid," James Cruze (Thanhouser), Gertrude Robinson (Reliance), Fritzi Brunette (Powers), Mignon Anderson (Thanhouser), Cleo Ridgely (Rex), Margaret Fisher (Imp), King Baggot (Imp), Warren Kerrigan (American), and Pauline Bush (American). Your statistics, also, as to the relative number of theaters should be reversed, in order to be correct. However, this is a good-natured world, and we forgive you.

Try the best we can, we cannot win over all of Alice Joyce's friends from believing her both exceptionally talented and beautiful:

There's a dainty little maiden
Who plays in the Golden West,
And of all my picture favorites,
I love her the very best.

She's dainty, slender and winsome,
As fair as the flowers in May.
My Motion Picture dream-girl,
You've stolen my heart away.

She's a girl with a smile like sunshine,
Brown eyes that all adore—
Alice Joyce, of the Kalem,
Winner of hearts galore.

Birmingham, Ala.

MARGARET HUGHES.

Good for you, Laverne; the more artists you admire, the more you'll enjoy your evenings at the Photoplay. It's tiresome waiting for the "only onliest" favorite to promise to appear—and then not to, night after night:

There's two fair maids that I've watched ever so long,
Tho I seldom see them here in song.
But, in my opinion, well they've fared—
These two little maids, Ormi Hawley and Leah Baird.

Sometimes, when I go to a picture show,
And see Leah play with Maurice Costello,
I say to myself, she's sure a queen,
And my pulses beat wildly when they are flashed on the screen.

Ormi, little girl, how I love to see you play,
Especially if it's with John Halliday.
You two together, it's a treat to see;
My praises for you will last till eternity.

I love Alice Joyce, Harry Meyers, and a great many more,
And there's lots and lots whom I simply adore.
But to sum it all up, the ones I like best
Are Leah and Ormi, out of all the rest.

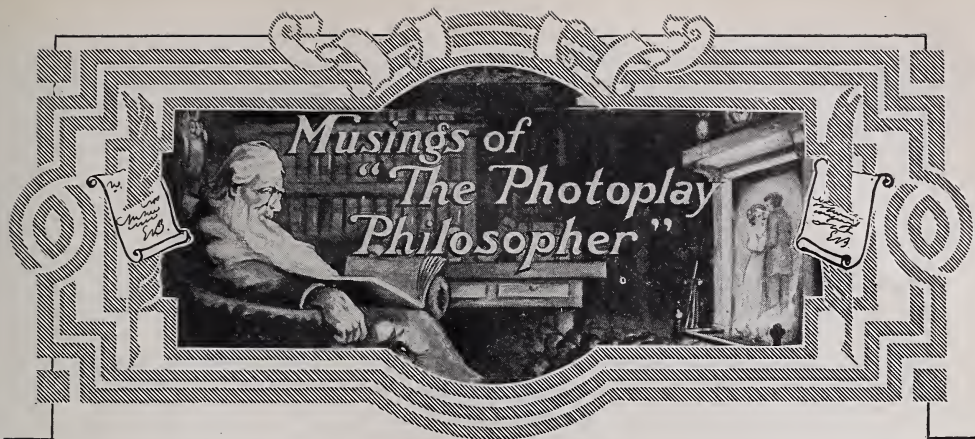
Rushville, Ind.

LAVERNE CONWAY.

The peculiar ways in which different people are impressed with the possibilities of the Motion Picture film, furnish, to the average observer, a decidedly interesting study, coupled with considerable amusement. One example, in particular, might be enjoyed by the readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and is as follows:

At Proctor's Third Street Theater in Troy, N. Y., not long since, a film was being exhibited which included some clever lariat throwing, one cast of the lasso in particular being exceptionally well made. After the film had been run for the last time at the evening exhibition, a woman in one of the balcony seats arose with a long-drawn sigh of relief, and remarked to her acquaintance: "Well, I am ready to go home. I have stayed here all the afternoon, and seen that picture three times. I came back again tonight and have seen it twice, and that feller has 'catshed' that horse in the same way every time without missin' a single throw all day long. That is what I call 'some lassoooin' and I ought to know."

W. S. C.



THE value of this magazine to the public, and to the Motion Picture industry in general, is apparent when it is remembered that formerly the picture patrons had no means of ascertaining what Photoplays were on the market, whereas now they can, by reading this magazine, tell what pictures have been made and who made them, and they can and do state their preferences to the theater managers, which are usually respected. While only thirteen or fourteen Photoplays are fictionized in this magazine each month, hundreds of other plays are mentioned, in one department or in another, and the reader gets a fair idea of who's who and what's what, and is able to instruct his exhibitor what plays and players he would like to see. Formerly only the exhibitor knew what plays were to be had, and he gave his patrons whatever he pleased; the patron had to accept what was offered or nothing. Now that the General Film Company has seen fit kindly to announce its principal plays, in this magazine, the public will be kept still better informed of what is being done by the film makers.




A man's eyes are like a telescope, because they see things afar off; while woman's are like a microscope, because they see only those things near by, and that even these are exaggerated. Such was the view of Schopenhauer, who was something of a woman-hater. Woman may not be able to see as far ahead as man, but that may be because she has not yet had a business training. The world is formed, and conducted, and educated by man; but, man is formed, and conducted, and educated by woman!



I have lately observed in two or three theaters a tendency of the exhibitors to show advertising slides on the screen. This is certainly a mistake. It would be a calamity if all theaters adopted this policy, for it would gradually reduce the patronage to an alarming degree. Only short-sighted exhibitors will allow bakers, soap-makers, confectioners, etc., to use the screen to advertise their wares. They may increase their income a few dollars a week thereby, but they are sure to lose several times that amount from their patrons. The only advertising that can legitimately appear on the screens is that which pertains to the pictures and theaters themselves; all else is taking an unfair advantage of the patrons, and it not only injures that particular theater, but it does great damage to the entire industry.





After seeing a Photoplay I always remark to myself that it is good, very good, bad, very bad, fine, etc., as the case may be, and I have often wondered what constituted a good play. I have seen Photoplays that lacked plot, action, complications, continuity of thought, and all the other elements, but still I pronounced them good. Perhaps it is the photography as much as anything. A good director and a good photographer can evidently make a good play out of a poor story. Fine acting also tends to pull a poor story out of the mire. According to the works on the technique of the drama, a play must have rising action, falling action, a turning-point, and a catastrophe. First should come the introduction; second, the rising action; third, the climax; fourth, the falling action; and fifth, the catastrophe. There must be a proposition, and there must be unity. Dramatic unity is the conformation of proposition, plot and action. The plot should carry out the proposition. Every good play should have a theme. A theme is the general subject, which holds thruout, but which, reduced to a specific form, becomes the basis of the play. Characterization is an important, but not a necessary, element. Character is shown by what the characters do, not by what they say, or appear to say. Subtitles show weakness of construction. The spectator comes to see, not to read. Subtitles at the beginning of a play are seldom comprehended or remembered, and hence are wasted. The action should unfold naturally and logically, and subtitles should only be used to show that which action cannot show, or to represent lapse of time. These are a few of the elements of a good Photoplay, as I understand it, but apparently all of the directors do not agree with me!

❧

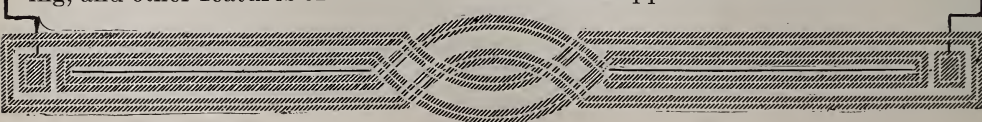
The speech that made Jane Addams famous: "The Motion Picture is one of those peculiar mushroom growths in the amusement of a great city, which sprang up suddenly, somehow, no one knows why, and it had to grow because the good in it was too big and splendid, at rock bottom, to allow the little evil to control and destroy it."

❧

Advice is a commodity seldom asked, often given, and never wanted. When we do ask for advice, we usually want not advice but approbation. Hence the vulgarity, Don't butt in.

❧

A gentleman traveler who has just returned from an extended trip abroad recently called at the editorial sanctum of this magazine and greatly interested us in a description of Motion Picture conditions in Europe and Asia. "In the first place," said he, "what the Moving Picture interests need most abroad is a magazine like yours. Next, they want a different class of films from this side. Why does not some company make a series of films entitled 'American Colleges,' each to be about five hundred feet long, showing the students at play, the class-rooms, the faculty, the dormitories, the grounds, etc.? They also want more American scenery, and views of the great American cities. Incidents from American history, negro life in the South, country fairs, political parades, popular sports, cattle, sheep, cotton, lumber, oil, coal, farming, and other features of American life are much appreciated abroad."



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This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

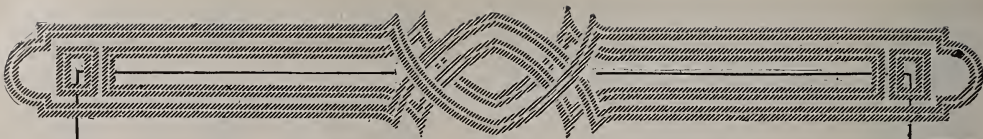
Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 785 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.





I sat, the other evening, with the author of a Photoplay, during its first exhibition on the screen. On being asked my opinion, I said that I thought the play contained a good plot and was well done, but that there was something wrong with the Photoscript, because I could not follow the story. I suggested that the subtitles were not in the right places; that they did not convey the meaning intended, and that they were not sufficient to explain the action. Of course, the aforesaid author at once became provoked—when you are asked your opinion of anything, it is not an opinion that is wanted, but an appreciation. “You cant appreciate that play because you are not a Photoplaywright yourself,” he suggested. “True, I am not a playwright,” I retorted, “and I never laid an egg, but I’m a better judge of an omelet than any hen in New York. I have written very few Photoplays, but I have seen hundreds, yes, thousands, and handled the scripts of hundreds more. When I cannot understand a play, the chances are that something is wrong with it, unless you wish to put me down as being below the average intelligence.” Well, my friend was not content, and he went back and asked the man at the door; also the proprietor, and he received the same answer.

If everybody could read the story of each Photoplay, in this magazine or elsewhere, before seeing the play, the work of the writer would be lessened, because defects in construction would be compensated by the knowledge acquired in reading the story. The main trouble seems to be in the beginning of a play. The first two or three subtitles are usually lost to the spectator because his interest has not yet been aroused, and he has no incentive to memorize the words. Again, the operator sometimes begins with the first picture on the film, omitting all the preliminary announcements. In any case, subtitles should be used sparingly, and seldom at the beginning of a play.

✱

When new Motion Picture magazines enter the field, we are naturally delighted. The more the merrier. The more magazines devoted to Motion Pictures, the better it will be for the industry. Since THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE does not seem to be able to supply the demand—it is usually “sold out” at most of the stands and theaters a week after it is issued—it would be a good thing if another magazine could enter the field and keep the market supplied. One such magazine, *Moving Picture Tales*, came, and went, alas, but there is still another, and it is devoted exclusively to stories and matter from the Independent companies. We welcome our ten-cent contemporary, and wish it prosperity. We do wish, however, it could be more original. Why not make it somewhat different in style from our own? Why follow our pattern? Why use even our own words and expressions? While imitation is said to be the sincerest flattery, a new magazine would probably do better if it were original and different, and we regret that the style designed and copyrighted by us has proven so attractive that others find it necessary to adopt it. However, if it will help them any, they are welcome. We note, in passing, the eminent fairness of the said publication, for, while devoted exclusively to Independent matter, it boldly announces, not once, but twice, in the same issue, that the Licensed comedies are superior to those of the Independents, which opinion, doubtless, will not be shared by all of its supporters.

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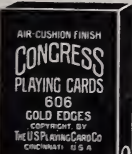


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The reason we remember better what we have seen than what we have read is this: The eye is a sort of camera, and the brain is the sensitive plate; when the eye sees something, the picture is photographed on the brain. What we hear or read becomes a thought which is stored away in the brain in cells. In the future, when we have occasion to use these thoughts, it is necessary to withdraw them from their respective cells and apply them to the task in hand, all of which requires mental effort and also the bringing into use of various faculties, principally memory. But with the brain photograph it is different. The picture is there, in all its completeness, and all we have to do is to recall the picture, and the picture comes forth. The strange thing is that we can often remember the most trifling details of a picture that we saw years ago, while we are likely to forget the greater part of that which we have heard or read.

❖

Henry Albert Phillips, one of our regular contributors, and a master of the art of short story writing, has issued a book entitled "The Plot of the Story." It is one of the best books on the subject that I have ever read. Every writer will find it helpful.

❖

Had I the space, I would write much on the subject of Health. My younger readers would not relish it, perhaps, for youth nearly always has health, and nobody is interested in that which does not concern them. Two things I would like to write about—eating and drinking. Man is the only animal that eats when he is not hungry, and that drinks when he is not thirsty, and that is why animals do not often suffer from ill health, and why our hospitals are full, and why our doctors and apothecaries thrive. Over-eating and "treating" are the two great crimes of modern society.

❖

I often wonder if future historians will point to the great men of our time and compare them with the great men of the past. Have we our Cæsars, Napoleons and Shakespeares today? If so, who are they? Perhaps the perspective of history is necessary before we can appreciate real greatness. If we hold an object too close to the eye we cannot see it. Perhaps we are too close to our Roosevelts, our Tafts, our Wilsons, our Bryans, our Edwin Markhams and our Will Carletons to see them rightly. Can we match Pericles, Demosthenes and Cicero in oratory? or Vespasian, Titus and Trojan in statesmanship? or Alexander, Cæsar and Hannibal in arms? or Socrates, Plato and Aristotle in philosophy? or Lyeurgus, Solon and Justinian in jurisprudence? or Seneca, Marcus Aurelius and Epaminondas in moralism? or Homer, Virgil and Horace in poetry? or Hippocrates, Galen and Archimedes in science? or Thespis, Æschylus and Aristophanes in dramatic art? Perhaps not; yet, the ancients had no Edison.

MOVING PICTURES

HOW THEY ARE MADE AND WORKED

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT

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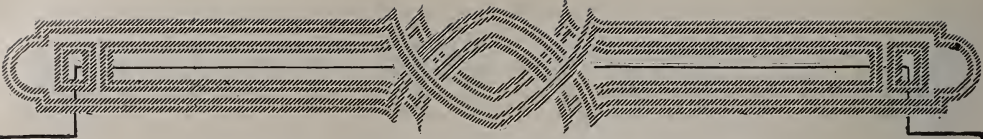
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I have received the following communication :

DEAR SIR: In voicing my sentiments, I believe I have struck upon the idea of a big majority of the Motion Picture enthusiasts of Greater Boston. If you would tender me sufficient publicity in the matter of forming the "Boston Photoplay Club," such a society would be the biggest boom to all reforms necessary in the picture play houses, and give the various managements the understanding needed between the exhibitor and his audience. Besides assisting materially the producers and the theater proprietors, it will build up an untold interest and entertainment to the patrons of the camera who desire to get in closer touch with the Screen World, and persons who have sympathies similar to their own. You can readily see the possibilities of such a move, and it is to your periodical, that has the audience at heart, that I address myself, as acting chairman to said action. If you will notify all who will, to communicate to the address below, I firmly believe that we can secure the philanthropic support to make this motion a reality.

Respectfully,

JOSEPH TRAYNER.

66 So. Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Mr. Trayner does not divulge the nature of the club he is to organize, but, believing that he intends to proceed along the lines that I outlined in this department a few months ago, we give his letter the publicity asked.

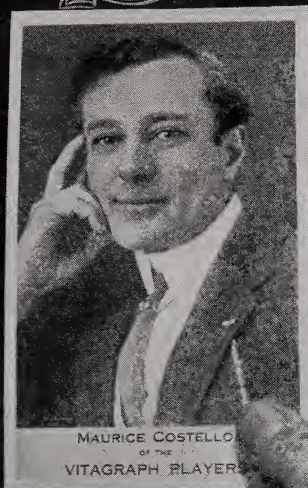


"The Stage in the Twentieth Century," by Robert Grau, one of the contributors to THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, is the title of a large and elaborate book that has just been published by the Broadway Publishing Company. The book is profusely illustrated with portraits, and it treats of Motion Pictures quite as much as it does of the regular stage. It is a book well worth having.



Several readers have complained because we use pictures of certain players in our gallery more than we do those of other players, and because we use pictures of certain other players infrequently, or not at all. It seems advisable to explain how this comes about. We use only those pictures that are sent to us by the various manufacturers, for obvious reasons. For example, if John Smith should send his portrait, stating that he was the new leading man for the Rex Company, and we should use the picture a month or two later, perhaps we should hear from that company, stating that Mr. Smith is no longer with them; that he was only a "super" anyway, and that they will discontinue patronizing our magazine unless we first consult them as to the personnel of their company. If a company sends us only one portrait of a certain player, we can obviously publish only one portrait of that player. If it sends a dozen, and they are all good and artistic, and the player is beautiful, popular or prominent, we might publish the entire twelve, one each month. Again, we are often unable to get certain pictures that we want, at the time we want them, and are compelled to fill in with pictures less desirable. There is absolutely no partiality shown. Nobody dictates, or attempts to dictate, what pictures we shall use, and what we shall not use. If there is any partiality, it is in favor of artistic pictures of beautiful women, and any company who sends us many of such is pretty sure to get more than its share of representation in our Gallery of Picture Players.

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Prize Puzzle Contest

A Contest, for All Readers, in
Which Sixty-Eight Popular
Players Take Part

(This puzzle first appeared in the September issue)



Each blank space in the story should be filled with the name of a Photo-player. In every case it is the surname, or last name, of the player that is required. When the correct names are inserted, the story will be a connected and pleasant little narrative. To the persons filling in the largest number of names correctly will be given the following prizes:

First Prize—Five dollars in gold.

Second Prize—One volume of Popular Player Portraits, bound in limp leather.

Third Prize—A two-year subscription to THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

Fourth Prize—A one-year subscription to THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

Fifth Prize—One copy of Talbot's "Moving Pictures, How They Are Made and Worked."

Sixth Prize—One Big Ben Binder, for binding THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

Anybody is eligible to compete. In case of a tie, duplicate prizes will be awarded to those who are tied. The contest closes on Oct. 2, 1912.

This is the Puzzle Story:

A TALE OF THE FIRST FRENCH SETTLERS

IN the olden days there lived a _____ king, who was known to his subjects as King _____. One _____ day, as he walked in the _____ of the palace gardens, his _____ was filled with _____ as he gazed about him at the _____ of decay and desolation.

"Ah," he sighed, "what a change from the days when the land was _____ and my forefathers were _____ and _____! Somehow, I must redeem the _____ of the royal family, or our _____ will be at an end."

After _____ing many books, and dreaming many dreams, a journey to America was decided upon as a means of enriching the royal family, and preparations were made for a _____. A large party of adventurous volunteers, eager for gold

and glory, accompanied him. Many a _____ left his ancestral _____; many a _____ said tender good-bys in humble _____. Of course, the king's _____ accompanied him, as well as his _____.

"We shall need men who know useful trades," said the wise king; "let a _____, a _____, and a _____ be included in the party. In order to preserve decency and religion, we will take a devout man of the _____, and, lest life be dull, find me some roistering _____ who can sing a good _____ and tell a good _____."

_____ to this time, the king had never sailed the seas, so it chanced that as he was _____ on deck one day he became violently ill.

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In order to succeed in photo-playwriting, positively no experience or literary excellence is necessary. No "flowery language" is wanted.

If you can read, write and **THINK**, you can succeed, **provided you learn the technical secrets.** **THE NATIONAL AUTHORS' INSTITUTE** will teach you all these secrets, help you write out your ideas, and will act as your **SALES AGENT** here in **NEW YORK CITY**, where nearly all of the big producers are located.

Send at Once for a Free Copy of Our Illustrated Book, "Moving Picture Playwriting."

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A \$5.00 - BOOK - for \$2.00

We have had made up from the portraits which appear in **THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE** from month to month a handsome book, bound in green, limp full leather, title and edges gold.

This book contains the portraits of 113 different players—146 portraits in all. It will make a valuable addition to your library. **ORDER NOW.** Send \$2.00 in stamps, check, or money-order.

The Motion Picture Story Magazine
26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I am _____ for," his Majesty groaned; "I must pay the price of my folly. _____ did I think, when I _____ this morning, that ere the sun sank in the _____ I should _____."

Every courtier turned _____ with alarm, but the ship's doctor only laughed heartily.

"Re _____," he cried, "no man since _____ time has died from *mal de mer*!"

"Very well," replied the king, "I feel better, already. Come to a game of cards; I will deal them. What is my _____?"

At last they stood in the wilds of America, with the _____ stretching away for miles. A guide with an _____ had accompanied them. Once he had been a _____ in darkest Africa, and he spoke in a queer dialect.

"I will be _____ tonight," he declared, "and sit upon _____ while a bright fire _____; dar might be _____ around, or a _____, for dis country is _____ and _____ of dangers dan my own."

They composed themselves to rest in a clear space by a shining _____. Suddenly a _____ was heard in the bushes.

"I will _____ the peril!" exclaimed the king, rushing forward with his gun, but instead of a furious

beast, a frightened _____ scurried away from him.

Day after day, the party pushed onward, until, to the king's delight, they came to a rushing river with broad _____ along either bank.

"Here will I dwell forever," he cried. "A _____ delightful spot does not exist. Why should I return to my native land? We will _____ the stream, and upon the further bank we will build a solid _____ and _____ to hold our crops against the winter's _____." The _____

shall employ his art in the _____; the _____ shall cause the _____ to blossom where we now see the _____. This _____ needs only a cleaning to cause it to give forth pure water. And hark to the _____ singing in yonder _____ as if to rejoice at our coming!"

"But our families!" exclaimed the _____ courtier.

"Send for them," responded the king.

"The best _____ shall return to the coast and equip a ship to bring them hither. Your wives and little ones shall come, accompanied by my queen _____."

So endeth the tale of the first French settlement in the valley of the Mississippi.



M. P. Limericks

By MARY C. DAVIES

There once was a lady officious,
Who thought Motion Pictures pernicious.
Till she saw one, and say!
To go every day
She says, now, is all that she wishes!

The national sport, long ago,
Was baseball, of course, we all know;
But it isn't the score
That's talked of, as of yore,
But the latest film, now, at the show.

I want to be an usher, and with the ushers stand—
A frown upon my features, and a ticket in my hand.
But, better than the crowds, and lights, and music, hully gee!
Is seeing all the Motion Picture plays that come here, free!

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(Editor of The Motion Picture Story Magazine)

A book that should be read by every young man and young woman in America. And it will do the older ones no harm.

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"The Furs"	Biograph
"Never Again"	Kalem
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"The Dressmaker"	Imp
"The Torn Letter"	Nestor
"The Thief"	Rex
"The Continental Spy"	Solax
"The Strike Breaker"	Selig
"The Plot That Failed"	Melies
"Jim Dou"	Bison
"A College Spendthrift"	American
"The Lineman's Hope"	Essanay
"The Stolen Bride"	Champion

AND MANY OTHERS

Names of above students and many other successful ones on request. If you go into this work go into it right. You cannot learn the art of writing motion picture plays by a mere reading of textbooks. Your actual original work must be directed, criticised, analyzed and corrected. This is the only school that delivers such service and the proof of the correctness of our methods lies in the success of our graduates. They are selling their plays.

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THE MAGAZINE MAKER PUBLISHING CO.,

243 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERING FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERS'DOM

EDWIN AUGUST, formerly one of the leading members of the Biograph Company, is now with the Lubin Company. He recently gave an elaborate dinner at his hotel in honor of Ormi Hawley.

Evebelle Prout, of the Essanay Company, is a player by vocation, and a poet by avocation. She is good at both.

John Steppling, whose portrait adorns our gallery this month, has left the Essanay Company, but he did so too late for us to change the name of the company.

When A. Conan Doyle killed the famous Sherlock Holmes, everybody said that it was a mistake, so Dr. Doyle ingeniously brought him to life again. And now comes the news that the Eclair Company, of Paris, is to make the famous detective live forever.

On August 26th, Clara Kimball Young and James Morrison, of the Vitagraph Company, took a memorable ride from Brighton Beach, over the city. The ride was not in a trolley, nor in an auto, nor even in an aeroplane—it was in a balloon.

Marc McDermott and Miriam Nesbitt completed their first English film the latter part of August in spite of bad weather and London fogs.

Tom Powers, of the Vitagraph Company, has had his eyes repaired and put in working order, and has gone back to work. Three months in the saddle in the South, with the assistance of an eye specialist, did the work.

A letter came along recently signed "Members of Bison 101 Stock Company," in which it was explained that that company did not produce certain Photoplays that were alleged to have been sent out by the Universal Company, and which bore the name of the Bison Company. We know nothing about the merits of the controversy, but we give the matter this much publicity.

With the romantic scenery of the Sandwich Islands as the background, the Méliès Company is now picturing thrilling stories of life on the fabled isles of the South Seas, which pictures we may expect to see the latter part of September, provided the king of the Cannibal Islands doesn't see the company first. The company expects to visit Australia next, then Java.

As we go to press, the sad news comes that Vedah Bertram has passed away.

The sixty members of the American Company encamped at Starved Rock, Ill., have been quarreling about their rations. Finally, Director Emerson sent to Chicago for a dining-car chef, and now all's well. They should now change the name "Starved" Rock.

Mae Hotely, the comedienne of the Lubin Company, was a recent visitor at this office. Strange to say, she bears no resemblance to the typical old woman, aggressive mother-in-law, or rampant suffraget; on the contrary, she quite won the admiration of us all. The section of the Lubin Company headed by Miss Hotely has returned to the home studio in Philadelphia, and will work there and at the resorts along the Jersey coast until cold weather drives them back to Jacksonville.

Mary Pickford, who recently joined the Licensed forces, has received a flattering offer from David Belasco for the coming season. Of course, we all hope that she will not accept, but we fear that she will.

Albert W. Hale, formerly a Vitagraph director, has joined the Thanouser forces.

Next month, a chat with Crane Wilbur by Gladys Roosevelt, which will, no doubt, please thousands of matinée girls and others.

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adjustable to any bow. Very Parisian and at the same time practical. Saves ribbon, time and patience. Looks like clasp of genuine pearls. Your money will be cheerfully refunded if you are not entirely satisfied.

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People who acknowledge their eyesight to have been saved through what they learned of in this book have declared it "worth its weight in gold." We have testimonials of persons who were going blind—or who had been wearing glasses for years, yet they can now see well without glasses! If your eyes are not perfect, whether you wear glasses or expect soon to be compelled to, you ought to send at once and get one of the books entitled "Save Your Eyes." This is an opportunity you cannot afford to pass by. Simply write to Okola Laboratory, Dept. 135, Rochester, N. Y., and say you want that new book that tells how to save the eyes. It will come promptly in plain wrapper, postpaid, and we hope you will soon join the legions of those who are declaring it to have given them good eyes and good health without glasses.



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Flies are attracted by milk. A fly, alighting on the mouth of a milk bottle or falling into the milk, leaves a trail of disease germs. Germs multiply with appalling rapidity in milk at a temperature of 50 degrees or above.

Thermos keeps in airtight its milk cold, clean, germ and fly proof. Bacteria cannot develop in cold, pure milk. Ask your doctor. Thermos is sealed so flies cannot get near the contents. It cannot collect germs and dust from the air.

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THERMOS

Arrangements have been made by several school classes to see "The Conspiracy of Catiline," produced by the Cines Company, thru George Kleine. It is said that this play affords excellent opportunity for the study of Cicero and his times.

H. Antoine D'Arcy, the popular publicity man of the Lubin Company, has kindly sent us a copy of his new book, "The Face Upon the Floor and Other Ballads." It is a pretty, little book, full of pretty, little ballads.

"Neptune's Daughter," the story of which appears in this issue, was written by Martha Russell, of the Essanay Company, and, naturally, she played the leading rôle, which is that of a mermaid. Had she not been an expert swimmer, the comedy would have ended in a tragedy, because while she was lying on a rock, a huge wave came along and insisted upon washing her away. Miss Russell's athletic powers, however, thwarted old Neptune, and the picture remained a comedy, altho Francis X. Bushman shared the honors with the heroine.

Everybody is looking forward to the great Kalem masterpiece, "From the Manger to the Cross, or Jesus of Nazareth," which is said to surpass the famous Passion Play. Great interest is shown by various divines and lecturers, and the Kalem Company is besieged with requests for information. The play was made while the El-Kalems were recently in the Holy Land, and it will probably be shown early this winter. The scenes were all taken on the original spots, and nearly all of the celebrities and public officials in that part of the world, including the governors of Jerusalem and Palestine, cooperated in the making.

The "Flying A" players (American) have been doing some pictures of the period of 1815, with some rare old curios among the properties, including an English Union Jack 114 years old, and some original flint-lock revolvers and ancient cutlasses.

"Lubinville" is to be moved down to the east bank of the Schuylkill. Mr. Lubin has bought the famous Bots estate, and Lubinville will represent an investment of something like \$1,000,000.

Earle Williams has just returned to the Vitagraph Company, after two months' vacation in California.

The admirers of Florence Lawrence recognize in Owen Moore a fascinating leading man, but there are still those who pine for Arthur Johnson.

"Rube Marquard Wins" proved a popular play. There is no question that Miss Joyce and Mr. Marquard won; the question now is: Will the Giants win?

John Bunny, the Vitagraph "Pickwick," and Larry Trimble are back from England. Director Trimble says that Cruikshank never drew a better Pickwick than Bunny.

Anna Q. Nilsson has returned from the sanitarium, her health fully restored. Alice Joyce was recalled from her vacation on two or three occasions to take Miss Nilsson's place in Kalem's New York studio.

Loan sharks are getting very popular. The Edison Company has just done one, "The Usurer's Grip," with Gertrude McCoy, Charles Ogle and Walter Edwin.

If we are to believe the publicity men (why shouldn't we?) there are "thrilling rescues" about every other day. The last one took place at Portland, Me. Ethel Clayton was the charming rescued one, and Harry Myers the charming hero.

George Edwardes Hall, now of the Universal Company (who insists upon the "Edwardes" and also on the final "e") has a young son, Bennie, who is now doing leading parts for the Imp and Rex companies.

Emmett Campbell Hall, author of hundreds of Photoplays and of many stories in this magazine, was the author of our "The Darling of the C. S. A." Tardy acknowledgment is better than none.

The Lubin Company rivals the Edison Company in producing industrial pictures. Its latest are "The Baseball Industry" and "The Turpentine Industry."

The O'Kalems (formerly the El-Kalems) are still in Ireland. The first Irish pictures are just beginning to be shown in this country. The many admirers of Jack Clark and Gene Gauntier will be glad to see them again in the familiar Irish rôles.

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GROW HAIR dormant, (like a tulip bulb, or grass seed in a bottle) are given fertility and a chance to grow. Ours is the Treatment that **MAKES GOOD**; we give you a **TEN DOLLAR GUARANTEE**. Koskott is for men's, women's and children's heads, to clear scalp of dandruff, stop falling hair and to promote growth of new hair. We especially want you to answer this adv. if you have wasted time and money in liquids, washes, soaps, etc., which accomplished nothing. We want to surprise and delight you. Send

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Put your Idea in writing. It may be valuable. For a limited time I will sell my \$1.00 Book, "How to Write Moving Picture Plays," for only Fifty (50) Cents. This book is especially adapted for beginners and no expense has been spared in placing before you a book which is complete and thorough. **SEND FOR IT TO-DAY.**

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One of the chief recreations of the Essanay players while at Wisconsin Dells was horseback riding, and it was always a merry race to see who could return to the hotel first. The honors were evenly divided between Martha Russell and F. X. Bushman.

The Solax Company does not care to give information about its players. We are indeed sorry. We hope Madame Blanche will agree with us when we say that popularizing a player means popularizing the whole business, and more particularly, popularizing the company in which that player performs.

Are we no more to see the magic, armless, handless, powerless pencil that wrote the name "Kalem" so mysteriously at the end of the Kalem plays? Or is the cunning, little spider that now jumps upon the web and laboriously pushes around the Kalem sun, to be the permanent successor?

Richard Neill had an arm broken by a plunging horse recently, when the Edison Company was doing the great battle scene in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Some people think that the prettiest and cleverest child player in Motion Pictures is little seven-year-old Adelaide Lawrence, of the Kalem Company. Those who saw this child in Whittier's "Barefoot Boy" are inclined to agree.

Florence Turner is now hard at work on the dream of her successes, "L'Aiglon," the only son of Napoleon, in "The Duke of Reichstadt." Mr. Trimble will direct, and we may, therefore, expect some artistic pictures.

As you will see from our gallery this month, Pearl White is a versatile, as well as a charming, player. Perhaps no apologies are necessary for "Pearl in Pants."

Carlyle Blackwell, of the Kalem Company, has had a pleasing variety of leading ladies lately. Just which one will be the permanent successor to the famous Alice Joyce is not yet known.

Octavia Handworth has returned from Europe, and is again with the Pathé Frères players at Jersey City Heights.

Ruth Roland is popularly known among the Kalem players as "The Kalem Cut-up." She is full of fun, and that is, perhaps, why she is so good in the Kalem comedies.

The Solax Company has moved from Flushing to Fort Lee, N. J.

We hope that you will all be as glad as we are to see the pretty face of Kathryne Williams at the head of our gallery this month. Whether her name should be spelt Kathryne or Kathlyn we do not know, except that the feminine handwriting on the back of her photograph, that the Selig Company sent us some time ago, says "Kathryne."

The admirers of Cleo Ridgely will be disappointed when they learn that she will not be seen on the screen again for over a year. She and Mr. Ridgely started for San Francisco on August 26th from this office, and they expect to complete the journey on horseback, without change of horses, in one year. They will stop at the various theaters on the way, and personally appear before the audiences.

And now comes Whitney Raymond, the juvenile man of the Essanay Company, who heroically saved Miss Evebelle Prout from drowning by diving under a boat for her. This rescuing business has gotten so common nowadays that it is no longer considered heroic, but the common and expected thing. Everybody's doing it!

Mary Fuller sailed for England on August 28th to join the Edison forces there.

Francis X. Bushman, who is with the Essanay Company at Bayfield, Wis., recently added another feather to his much-feathered cap by defeating John Pederson, the champion wrestler of Buck McCarthy's Lumber Camp No. 9.

Perhaps the American Company's players are superstitious. If not, they will make others so if they keep on adding to the already long list of accidents and unfortunate happenings that followed the production of "No. 113"; but since this is not our obituary department, and since we try to produce sunshine, and not gloom, we shall refrain from mentioning the incidents.

The Reliance players spent six weeks in the Catskills and all the players have to use make-up still to overcome the tan they acquired in their outdoor life.

Cleo Ridgely Starts Across Continent

On Horseback

To Visit Theaters En Route

Cleo Ridgely, formerly of the Rex and Lubin companies, and her husband, J. M. Ridgely, left Brooklyn on August 26, 1912, for a horseback trip to San Francisco, California. After leaving the office of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, they visited Honorable Alfred E. Steers, President of the Boro of Brooklyn, who wished them a safe trip, and handed them a letter to the Mayor of San Francisco.

Pathé Frères' camera man was present, and took a picture record of their start, which will appear in Pathé's Weekly.

Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely go as representatives of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and will appear at the different Motion Picture Theatres en route. Among the cities in which they will first be seen are:

NEW JERSEY	Norristown	Lewistown	Summerhill	Sharpsburg
Jersey City	Phoenixville	McVeytown	South Fork	Pittsburg
Newark	Pottstown	Mt. Union	Johnstown	Allegheny
Elizabeth	Reading	Mapleton Depot	New Florence	McKees' Rocks
New Brunswick	Lebanon	Huntington	Cokeville	Coraopolis
Trenton	Harrisburg	McConnellstown Sta.	Blairsville	Aliquippa
Mount Holly	Dauphin	Williamsburg	Saltsburg	Freedom
Camden	Duncannon	Hollidaysburg	Avonmore	Rochester
	Bloomfield	Altoona	Apollo	New Brighton
PENNSYLVANIA	Bloomfield Jc.	Duncansville	Vandergrift	Beaver Falls
Philadelphia	Newport	Gallitzin	Leechburg	Ellwood City
Conshohocken	Millerstown	Lilly	Free Port	New Castle
	Mifflintown	Portage	Oakmont	Sharon

Those exhibitors in the above-mentioned cities who desire to make arrangements with Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely to appear at their theaters can do so by writing to us direct.

The Motion Picture Story Magazine

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Answers to Inquiries



This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to matrimonial and personal matters of the players will not be given. A list of all film makers will be supplied to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. No questions answered relating to Biograph players. Those who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. Write only on one side of paper, and use separate sheets for questions intended for different departments.

BETTY C.—Robert Gaillard was Big Bill in Vitagraph's "The Barrier That Was Burned." The late Vedah Bertram played opposite Mr. Anderson in Essanay's "The Story of Montana." Perhaps those two Kalem players are brother and sister, and perhaps not, but we do not answer this sort of question.

S. M., BIRMINGHAM.—Miss Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell had the leads in Kalem's "The Colonel's Escape"; that is, the acting leads. The star was the Mexican patriot. In the same company's "The Penalty of Intemperance" the married pair were Donald Mackenzie and Miss Hazel Neason. Crane Wilbur is with the Pathé Eastern company, not in New York, but Jersey City Heights. The American's press man has promised casts, but we are going to ask Colonel Roosevelt for a membership card in the Ananias Club for him, if he doesn't make good pretty soon. Miss Walker is in vaudeville, and Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bunny are in Brooklyn.

M. K. M. M., NEW YORK.—The Kalem film is too old to query. Mr. McDermott was never a Kalem player that we recall. Mrs. Mary Maurice is not dead. We do not place that supposed Selig player. We've told repeatedly that Mrs. Costello has played in two Vitagraph releases, and we've a rubber stamp "We do not answer Biograph questions."

E. G., SEDALIA.—If we named "the foremost woman and boy actors" we should have to write about a million letters defending our choice. Use your own judgment.

A. S., CHICAGO.—Carlyle Blackwell was Young Carey in Kalem's "The Family Tyrant."

G. L. E., PASSAIC PARK.—James Moore was the boy's father in Lubin's "The Stubbornness of Youth."

F. M., PLATTSBURG.—Miss Mae Hotely was the lead in Lubin's "Man Wanted." She does not always "make herself up ugly." Wait for some of the dramatic plays that section did this summer.

M. E. C., SAN FRANCISCO.—Miss Clara Williams was the girl in Lubin's "The Sheriff's Daughter." She was in the Anderson section of the Essanay a year or so ago.

F. E. H., WASHINGTON.—Hal Reid is the dramatic author of that name. James Morrison played the leads in Vitagraph's "The Cylinder's Secret" and "The Foster Child." Jack Standing is in vaudeville, and Owen Moore with the Victor Film Company. Read this department and you'll not have to ask these questions.

NEW SUBSCRIBER.—The Pathé bulletin does not state whether that explosion was from without or within. Miss Gladys Cameron was the niece in Lubin's "Man Wanted." See F. M., above, for the aunt. Vitagraph did not cast the girls in "Too Much Wooing of Handsome Dan."

P. E. D., SAN FRANCISCO.—Essanay does not know that Western player. She was a substitute. The names of the third and fourth bandits are likewise matters of mystery to their Answers Man in Chicago. Walter Edwin was the stranger in Edison's "Billie," and Miss Bertram the girl in Essanay's "On the Cactus Trail."

SIS, SAN FRANCISCO, very kindly contributes the information that Miss Gladys Field has joined the Kalem Santa Monica company. The Thanhouser Twins are real twins. We do not believe that Miss Finch has posed for artists.

FLOSSIE C. P.—Miss Gauntier is in Ireland at this writing, after a brief visit to her home in Kansas City. William Clifford is in that part of the world you come from. We haven't the slightest idea that Miss Bracken misses him. And look here, Florence, if you want to keep chatting with the Answers Man, don't coax him to express his belief that any actor has the swelled head. The idea of such a thing!

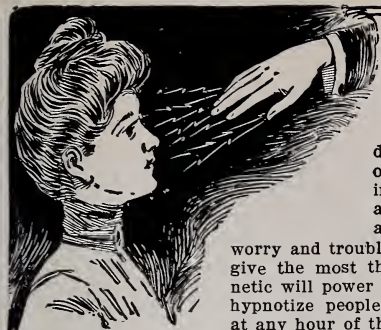
W. H. GIRL, NEW YORK.—The unwritten law of the department is that you keep your pseudonym inside of one line. Miss Ostriche is one of the leading players of Eclair, but there are others. We do not give lists of productions.

L. P., CHICAGO, advises a recent correspondent that Louis Tellegin was the leading man in the Bernhardt "Camille." We also have her to thank for the "Queen Elizabeth" cast. And, after all that, she does not ask questions! We like that lady. We like questioners, too, of course, or we wouldn't have any job.

ADMIRER, PHILADELPHIA.—We do not identify players by their hair, but by the parts they play. Please revise your questions to suit this rule.

CURIOUS, NEWARK.—Edith Hallimand is the child you seek to locate. She plays for various New York companies.

HYPNOTISM



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worry and trouble from your mind, improve your memory, overcome domestic difficulties, give the most thrilling entertainment ever witnessed, and develop a wonderfully magnetic will power that will enable you to overcome all obstacles to your success. You can hypnotize people instantaneously—quick as a flash—put yourself or any one else to sleep at any hour of the day or night—banish pain or suffering. Our free book tells you the secrets of this wonderful science. It explains exactly how you can use this power to better your condition in life. It is enthusiastically indorsed by ministers of the gospel, lawyers, doctors, business men and society women. It benefits everybody. It costs nothing. We give it away to advertise our institution. Write for it to-day.

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NO NAME.—Sign your initials to your question papers, please. Crane Wilbur was the captain in Pathé's "A Nation's Peril." Each scene, or part, of a Motion Picture is made on a separate strip of negative film. When all the parts of a picture are made, they are assembled, and the different parts cemented together with acetone. If you will remember that each scene is a separate negative, you will understand why the quick changes of scene from city to country, and back, are made possible. All of the city scenes will be made, and then the country pictures, or vice versa, as may be most convenient. They may start making the picture in the middle, and skip about as the locations make necessary. That subscription proposition is as you state it, but after this, please use a separate sheet of paper for your letter to the business office.

G. A. C., MONTREAL.—King Baggot was the double to King Baggot in Imp's "The Breakdown." In other words, he played both parts, the film being run thru the camera twice. It takes more than a daily paper report to start a Motion Picture company. The report is not correct. Possibly the presence in Canada of a section of the Lubin Company may account for the report, but they visited Ottawa, not Montreal.

R. J., ST. LOUIS.—Better keep on thinking of starting a picture company, and let it go at that. Unless you can find an outlet for your product, you will lose anywhere from \$50,000 to \$100,000, and none of the established connections want more contributors. Unless you have had long experience in making Photoplay negative, you'll never get as far as the first release. The players seldom contract for a stated term, the engagement being indefinite and subject only to the two weeks' notice.

HINKY DINK.—Pathé sometimes purchases a story in synopsis form. It is the only company we know that does. Feeney, in Kalen's "Arrah-na-Pogue," was Robert Vignola. We bar Biograph questions, and those referring to films back of 1911.

EVELYN, SAN FRANCISCO.—Miss Winifred Greenwood was the girl in Selig's "The Vagabonds." Harold Wilson was the doctor in Vitagraph's "The Greatest Thing in the World." Fred Church was the worthless lover in Essanay's "On the Cactus Trail." George Healey was the son in Vitagraph's "His Mother's Shroud." The mother in Essanay's "Story of Montana" was Mrs. Mackley. Hector Dion and Charles Herman were son and father in Reliance's "Love Me, Love My Dog."

R. F. H., ALAMEDA.—The author of the poem from which Pathé's "An Indian Idyl" is derived is not known; a vagrant verse that served as inspiration.

W. G., PALESTINE.—None of the Photoplays you mention have been fictionized in this magazine. When you want answer by return mail send a stamped envelope.

C. W. L., NEW YORK.—The best way to discover if your Photoplay will sell is to try to sell it. A list of buying companies is offered in the heading of this department.

J. S., NEWARK.—The only place we know where you can get plans of a Motion Picture camera is the patent office. The various parts are patented separately, and each is the subject of a drawing. Try building a house, or something easy like that.

E. W., WILLIMANTIC.—Miss Grace Lewis' name does not appear in any recent casts.

FLO.—Robert Conness is the father in Edison's "The Stolen Nickel." Tom Powers is among the leading photoplayers. He still Vitagraphs. We've mentioned Susanna.

B. T. H., SOMERVILLE.—You have Mr. Fielding right. We do not think that you have Crane Wilbur rightly placed. You are most unfashionable in asking the information in the issue "most convenient." To be in style, ask a reply in the issue before last. Still, we like that way as a novelty.

FLOSSIE C. C. P.—You're liable to be prosecuted for infringement of trade-mark by the original Flossie. Write the Thanhouser Company for the postcards. They have them, but we do not know the price.

A. X. Z., WATERBURY.—This is the cast for "The Will of Destiny": Frances, Miss Florence La Vinci; Mary, Miss Mildred Bracken; John, Richard Stanton; doctor, Charles Edler, and Fullerton, Ray Gallagher. The players are interchangeable in Vitagraph and Essanay casts. Miss Lottie Briscoe is the leading woman for Arthur Johnson. Ask for characters, not "who generally plays" with various players, and do not ask our judgment on the "best actress." The leading actress in Photoplay is the one you like the best; ask no mere man to start something like that.

E. L., CHICAGO.—You seem to mean Tom Carrigan. Ask Selig; they may have some old ones, but we doubt it. It is some time since he played with them.

DIXIE.—The Photoplays are too old. Miss Lawrence went from Imp to Lubin.

R. B. H., CHICAGO.—The little child in Vitagraph's "The Fatherhood of Buck McGee" is not known to the home office.

D. G. B., BROOKLYN.—Whitney Raymond was the son in Essanay's "All in the Family." Roy McKee was the son in Lubin's "The Farmer's Son." See above.

P. A., NEW YORK.—George Melford is the man you've been wanting to locate for the longest time. He is also a director, and plays more seldom now. Your other questions were answered last month. The wife and mother in Vitagraph's "Roses That Wither" were Clara Kimball Young and Mrs. Mary Maurice. What we said was that photoplayers used to fake all sorts of impossible speeches until it was found that their lips could be read by the deaf. You're going to be out four cents' worth of stamps if you query Biograph direct on questions.

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Roost is a colored man with an inclination to joke. Our story shows one of his latest pranks.

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A party of fishermen imprisoned on a rock, with the tide rapidly rising about them, affords a powerful theme for our story.

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This comedy skit proves the old saying, "Like father, like son."

TILLEY'S BIRD FARM

A remarkable institution at Darien, Conn., which supplies most of the zoological gardens.

QUEEN OF THE KITCHEN

The cook proves to her employers that she is the boss. You will laugh when you see the Clarks try to cook their own dinner.

ALONG THE RIVER NILE

In this educational picture we show many of the primitive industries along the wonderful river.

THE HEART OF JOHN GRIMM

This story shows how the hard heart of a strong man can be reached by a little child.

4 KALEMS EVERY WEEK 4



KALEM COMPANY

235 West 23d Street
New York

NO NAME.—Miss Viola Alberti and James Cruze had the leads in Thanhouser's "Miss Arabella Snaith." The accompanying "few lines" have been sent to the editor. Dont blame the Answers Man if he doesn't put them in.

S. T. B., ASBURY PARK.—Arthur Johnson was the grandfather in Lubin's "The Wooden Bowl," and Howard Mitchell the father. The Victor belongs to the Universal section of the Independents. Miss Storey's picture was in the November, 1911, and May, 1912, galleries. We do not know when it will appear again. Red Wing plays the lead in most Western Pathés. She is a real Indian and has played with Vitagraph, Biograph and Lubin as well. The "Jack," or more properly the "Jax," Kalem were the Kalemities working in Jacksonville. Miss Mae Marsh is the most recent lead cast with Carlyle Blackwell. Misses Nilsson and Cooper still play opposite Guy Coombs.

J. L. N., SAN FRANCISCO.—Miss Lillian Walker is not eligible for interview, as she is in vaudeville now. We do not know what hotel Mr. Anderson patronizes, and we'll frankly admit that we don't know whether he will be glad to see you or not. Ask regular questions if you want to keep on coming in.

C. C., NEW YORK.—Kalem made "The Romance of a Dry Town." The leads have been stated. "The Locket" is an American, and the cast is not available.

FLOSSIE C. P.—Did you see where some one appropriated your name up above? Miss Myrtle Stedman and Miss Kathleen Williams are supposed to be the doubles, not Miss Harte and Miss Williams. It was mean to take the Biograph players and Miss Joyce away from Los Angeles, but the Biographers will probably be back again, tho Miss Joyce will stay in New York. The Answers Man doesn't have anything to say about the Chats with Players. Write Mr. Brewster, and tell him how you yearn to have Crane Wilbur chatted, and he may send some one to chat him. We do not think that the player mentioned posed for the drink advertisement. Miss Clara Williams had the leads in both "The Sheriff's Daughter" and "The Divine Solution," which is why she looked so much like herself.

HELP WANTED.—A correspondent wants to know what company produced "Buy Me Some Ice" a few years ago, as he played in the picture, but was too young to remember the name of the company. Can any one supply the real title of the release and the releasing company?

S. J. S., BRIDGEPORT.—You have another guess at the correct title of that Kalem.

FOSTORIA.—If you followed your usual custom of sending a stamped envelope it got lost in the shuffle this time. In Edison's "A Necklace of Crushed Rose-leaves" Ben Wilson and Miss Laura Sawyer had the leads. Kittie, in "Kittie's Holiday," by the same company, was Miss Gertrude McCoy. We cannot identify foreign players as a rule. Your other questions have been answered before.

W. E. G., CHICAGO.—The Edison "What Happened to Mary" series appeared on their scheduled dates. Your search was too superficial. As a rule, two theaters do not use all the six daily releases and might have put these stories on later in the week or month. Thus far, the releases are "Escape from Bondage," "Alone in New York" (August 27th), and "Mary in Stageland" (September 27th). Look up the General Film Company in the telephone book. They may be able to help you locate them.

C. D. H., CENTRALIA.—Harry Myers, and not Arthur Johnson, had the lead in Lubin's "The Sacrifice."

Q. Q. Q., BUFFALO.—The death of Miss Vedah Bertram was reported in most of the papers. You've probably seen the paragraph by now. The falls in Photoplay are merely matters of training, the same as in knockabout work on the stage. Miss Lottie Briscoe was leading woman in Lubin's "The Stolen Ring."

C. B., SCRANTON.—Miss Mae Hotely has not left Lubin. That section of the company has been doing considerable traveling this summer and hit several streaks of bad weather, which accounts for her less frequent appearance for a time.

MRS. E. D., SAN FRANCISCO.—William Herman West was the tyrant in Kalem's "The Family Tyrant." Miss Lillian Leighton was the landlady in Selig's "The Three Valises." Other questions have been answered before.

H. J. C., STOCKTON.—Mr. Johnson, during his Biograph days, played opposite Miss Mary Pickford, Miss Florence Lawrence, Miss Marion Leonard and others.

R. B.—Miss Katherine Horne was Cigarette and William Garwood the Bertie in the Thanhouser's "Under Two Flags."


TWO G. M. A. FANS.—William Todd or Arthur Mackley usually play sheriffs in the Western Essanays, when Mr. Anderson is not wearing the badge himself. "Does Mrs. Anderson ever play with her husband?" is a clever variation of "Is he married?" but, bless your innocent hearts, we can spot that question with our eyes shut. Mr. Anderson has not yet been chatted. Get in line behind Flossie C. P., and ask Mr. Brewster.

B. G.—Please state town hereafter, for identification. We have not yet printed Mr. Santschi's picture, and we do not know how he pronounces his name. Wait until the chatter gets round to him, and all will be revealed.

A. E. M., BUFFALO.—The "accompanying picture" did not get as far as the answers desk. Sorry. If it is one of those advertisements again, the question would not be answered anyway. Mr. Handworth does not appear in pictures; he directs.

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P. W. S., OAKLAND.—The reason that a Photoplay stays so long in a studio is a double one. In the first place, the average editor also does the press work, and cannot give his whole time to reading, and in the second, a script that looks as tho it might work out all right goes from the editor to some director. If he likes it, usually, the owner, or some deputy, wants to see it before a check goes out, all of which takes time. George Horace Lorimer once said it was as easy to keep up to date as to be always four weeks behind, but he never worked for a studio. And just make a mental note that the longer a story sticks, up to three months, the better its chance of acceptance.

M. B., NEW YORK.—We do not believe that the Vitagraph's "Jean" has ever taken any prizes. As a general thing, a champion is not good for much else, and trained dogs are too high-strung to show to advantage in the ring, and too valuable to be subjected to the strain, with the possible consequences.

STERLING.—Miss Ethel Grandin was the leading woman in Bison's "The Deserter." James Cooley was the wife-seeker in Reliance's "Wanted a Wife."

E. C. H., ST. LOUIS.—In Essanay's "Mr. Tibb's Cinderella" John Steppling was Mr. Tibbs and Dwight Mead the store manager. Tom Santschi and Miss Phyllis Gordon had the leads in Selig's "The Lake of Dreams." Do not blame us that you have not seen either Maurice Costello or G. M. Anderson for several weeks. We are in-no-cent. Get after the manager of the show you patronize and he will pass it on to his exchange, where the trouble seems to lie. Both are appearing regularly. Mr. Morrison appears in four releases the first two weeks of September. We think that's all that can be expected of any photoplayer. Send your Photoplay to the manufacturers by mail, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to provide for its return, should it not be accepted. If it comes back, send it somewhere else, until the list of likely buyers is exhausted. Send us a stamped and addressed envelope for a list of buying companies.

R. C. K.—Photoplay fans will throw up their hands in horror at your question. The leading lady of the Victor is Miss Florence Lawrence. Two or three months ago we answered the Essanay question, but just this once we will repeat. Mabel in "Western Hearts" is Miss Margaret Loveridge.

J. L. A., WANAMIE.—Miss Agnes Hollister is with the rest of the O'Kalems in Ireland. Cant promise that picture. See the March issue for a group picture.

F. L. M., FLINT.—Romaine Fielding has the title rôle in Lubin's "Ingrate." Look above you and you'll find that there are two men who "always" play the sheriff in Western Essanays, not counting the star.

R. W. T., CHICAGO.—Miss Gladys Field is with Kalem; Miss Loveridge with Bison, and Miss Bracken with Méliès. You have probably seen the chat with Miss Leah Baird in the September issue. Theoretically, Licensed films are retired after they have been in use six months, but actually, they may remain in use much longer, since the rule merely requires the return of an equal amount of film, not that particular reel. The exact date of the origin of Motion Pictures is not determinable. There were Edison Kinetoscopes in 1892, but Mr. Edison had the idea long before that, and pictures in motion really date back into that misty past when the Zoetrope was invented.

INTERESTED READER.—Charles Sutton was Napoleon in Edison's "A Prisoner of War," if that is what you mean by Napoleon at St. Helena. The soldiers in Photoplays may be stage "supers," hired from some agent, or they may be militia men, or men in the regular army off duty. Patience and a knowledge of natural history are the chief qualifications of the camera men who take pictures of animals and birds. In photographing birds it is customary to build a blind near the nest, and two or three days may be spent in getting a short length. In some cases weeks have been wasted before the operator obtained just what he wanted. Nests of seagulls, which build in cliffs, are sometimes obtained by dropping down over the cliff in a bo'sun's chair at no small risk. In animal pictures, a blind may be built near some water-hole. Nocturnal animals are tracked and driven out by beaters.

FLOSSIE C. P.—Miss Joyce appears in three or four Kalems a month. When we chat Miss White we do not think the chatter will ask her if she is married. Such information must be volunteered.

MAUDE, CHICAGO.—To save yourself from your threatened insanity, look up the answer to "At Cripple Creek" in the last issue, and "Jimmie" the issue before. We have Biograph stories and not Biograph casts, because the company is willing to let us use the stories, and unwilling to let us use the casts.

K. T., CHICAGO.—Miss Viola Alberti was the mother in Thanhouser's "Why Tom Signed the Pledge." The other name has been given.

J. J. S.—"The Tourists" is a Biograph. Read the notice at top of this department.

C. H., COSHOCTON.—Do not send poetry and questions on the same sheet of paper. In American's "The Reward of Valor" the leads were Miss Pauline Bush, Warren J. Kerrigan and Marshall Nielan.

C. L., NASHVILLE.—William Garwood was the banker in Thanhouser's "Treasure Trove." He has been in a number of recent releases that your theater may not have shown. If an actor lost his position every time some one fails to see him for a couple of weeks, they all would be looking for new places.

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P. D., DENVER.—You will find your two old favorites together in Vitagraph's "The Loyalty of Sylvia," in which Miss Florence Turner and Mr. Costello both appear. This was the release for September 13th. It seems to be an all-star cast.

G. G., SAN FRANCISCO.—There is no Lily Lee in the Biograph Company. The manager did what many others are doing. He simply invented a name for the favorite. Miss Violet Hemming, not Miss LaBadie, was the girl in Thanhouser's "Lady Clare." "The Colleen Bawn" was in the issue of October, 1911. See answer to S. T. B.

BLONDE.—John Halliday was the leading man in Lubin's "Fire and Straw." The others have been answered before, save the Powers. In this the doctor was David Wall, the wife Ouida Bergere, and the younger man John Charles.

M. E. M., JERSEY CITY.—We do not know where Miss Greenwood is at present. If you've any idea that Pathé tiger wasn't trained, you lose your bet. It was a C. G. P. C. (French Pathé), but if we are not mistaken, it is the product of a Havre studio that makes a specialty of animal pictures. Both Paul Panzer and Crane Wilbur are Pathé leading men, Flossie C. P. to the contrary.

E. B., BOSTON.—Miss Pickford was at one time with "The Warrens of Virginia," but this reply is given in the October issue, because the September number was on the press, seven days, when your inquiry was received.

DEVOTED ADMIRER, ETC., PHILADELPHIA.—You'll have to pay your own typesetter if you want the whole of it to go in. We do not think you can get a picture of Wallace H. Reid just now, as he does not appear to be with any Photoplay company. Reliance has none. Your identification of Miss Kiefe, of the Vitagraph, as the child star of "The Fatal Wedding" is correct. Tell the editor the player you want to have chatted. It falls on cold and unsympathetic ears when it reaches the Answers Man.

C. T., BROOKLYN.—Tom Moore was Jack in Kalem's "The Thief." Ed Coxen was Harry in the same company's "The Trail Thru the Hills."

C. McD., ASHLAND.—Miss Mildred Weston was the lead with John Stepping in Essanay's "The Guardian's Luck."

J. F. C., STATEN ISLAND.—Jerrold T. Hevener and Miss Eleanore Caines were the husband and wife in Lubin's "Just Pretending." The other Lubin title is not stated correctly. Cines casts are not available. They are made in Rome, and casts are not sent over, save in some special productions.

DOTTIE K., SAN FRANCISCO.—"The Power Behind the Throne" was done by a special cast of players, and their names were not recorded. Peter Lang, Mrs. George W. Walters and Charles Arthur were Miss Buckley's father, mother and friend in Lubin's "Won by Waiting."

CUTEY.—Miss Helen Marten is with Eclair. Thanhouser and Reliance have pictures for sale. Rex has made many changes very recently, and we do not know about pictures of the new people. We've told the rest before.

B. D., PITTSBURG.—The reason questions are not answered twice in this department is to avoid the constant repetition of the same information. Some questions would be repeated a dozen times each month, for several months, were all inquiries replied to. The first time the answer may be of general interest, and probably is, but regular readers would soon tire. For the same reason, we bar questions about films which are more than eighteen months old.

MURRAY P.—We can't tell why you have not seen James Cruze and Miss Marguerite Snow lately. All we can tell you is that they are there in the exchange, if your local manager wants them. Each appears twice in September, Miss Snow on the 17th and 27th and Mr. Cruze on the 24th and 27th. It all depends on how the exchange assigns the reels. The Gaumont players are not cast in this country. The Thanhouser children have been named.

LAURA, DAYTON.—Send to their companies for players' photographs. We do not know the State Mr. Kerrigan hails from.

N. M.—See above for bird pictures. To explain the tricks you mention would require too much space. If you are interested get the Talbot book, and read up. It covers practically every phase of trick work in a way you cannot help understanding, and it is lavishly illustrated. We can give you no data on the bookbinding job, as prices vary greatly. Write Von Heill, Adams Street, Brooklyn, our binder. Ten years from now your collection of portraits will be doubly interesting.

H. M. AND C. F., CHICAGO.—If you listen around a picture show you'll hear many things more startling than that a player is acting under a "false" name. It is a common practice to use a stage name, in which case it is but courteous to accept that name as sufficient. We're almost tired of telling that Miss Gardner is no longer with the Vitagraph, but heading a new company of her own. It has made no releases yet. We do not want to dash ambition, but there are very few girls of sixteen selling Photoplays. The work is not as easy as it looks.

SUBSCRIBER, SAN FRANCISCO.—In Edison's "The Bank President's Son" Robert Brower was the father, George Lessey, Jack, and Guy Hedlund the lawyer. The stenographer is not cast. In their "The Butler and the Maid," the former was Harry Beaumont and the latter Miss Viola Flugrath.

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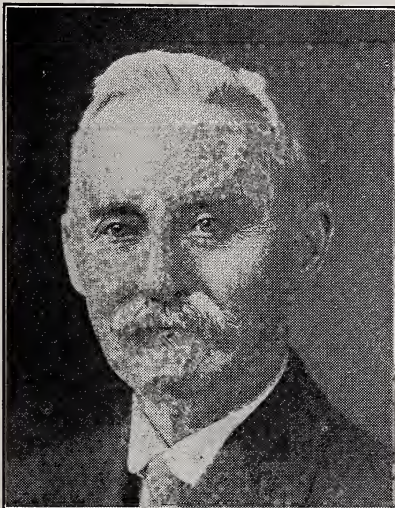
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The loss of his hearing was a sad misfortune and the future looked very dark. Of course, Mr. Farrar had tried one thing after another; he had followed medical advice, had consulted specialists and had adopted various devices and remedies, (spending much money) but all to no avail. He felt that he was doomed to end his life in that melancholic stillness which is dreaded by all who are inclined toward deafness.

ABLE TO HEAR PERFECTLY.

Mr. Farrar has always been popular, and his friends were exceedingly sympathetic, but even these kind sentiments did not appease his dejection. One day, however, he happened to learn of a simple and harmless home self-treatment method, which he decided to try. He did not have much hope, because he had been disappointed in his previous attempts. Yet in this case, to his surprise and joy, he found that his hearing began to improve almost immediately, and it continued until he became so well that he has been able to do jury duty, listening to the various witnesses and the court proceedings.

FREE TO DEAF PEOPLE.

Mr. Farrar is so delighted with the manner in which he was liberated from the thralldom of deafness and head-noises, as well as the way in which his health was generally improved, that he is giving information about this wonderful treatment to all who write him and will cheerfully send full particulars of how his own hearing was restored, also telling how others may get the same treatment. It is only necessary to write to Mr. Henry A. Farrar, 496 A Washington Street, Hanover, Mass., enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Persons of all ages—men, women and children—have followed the information given by Mr. Farrar, and cures of deafness have been reported after all else has failed.

L. L. M., WORCESTER.—Thanks for the thanks on the odd, little card.

D. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—The late Florence Wragland was not related to Miss Florence Lawrence, and, most assuredly, not the same. Miss Wragland was heavily built and Miss Lawrence is in the featherweight class, or, at least, not more than a bantam.

H. H., CHICAGO.—In the Thanhouser "Merchant of Venice" Miss Flo LaBadie was Portia, Harry Benham, Bassanio, and William Russell, Antonio.

M. P. FRIENDS.—Mr. Johnson has no brother in the Lubin Company. You've been listening to that usher again, we are afraid. Mr. Carlyle Blackwell has not "always" been with Kalem. Time was when he was with the Vitagraph, and he was before either Kalem or Vitagraph was. Miss Myrtle Stedman was White Bird in Selig's "When the Heart Calls," which seems to be the one you want. The title has been used three times lately, but the Selig is the only one with an Indian girl in it.

LOVER OF THANHOUSER.—Use initials, please. The Thanhouser Company is not located in Chicago, but New Rochelle, N. Y. Miss LaBadie is living in Harlem. Miss Snow is still with that company. If she has gone to California the press agent doesn't know it. Read back for the "Under Two Flags." Marshall Nielan is the player who is supposed to be Mr. Kerrigan's brother. He is not related.

A. E. M., ROXBURY.—Identifications of the "Biograph Blonde" seem to be coming into fashion. We hate to wake you up, but Miss Grace Kimball is a dramatic actress who never has played in pictures, so she is not the Biograph player.

L. C., NEW LONDON.—Miss Leonard was with Biograph about the time you mention, but she is no longer with the Rex, and has formed no new connection. In Selig's "The Vision Beautiful" there were two monks cast. Brother Peter was Tom Santschi and Brother Paul, Herbert Rawlinson. Mr. Rawlinson was the "Boss" of the stage-coach in "The Old Stage-coach," that you ask for, so you can tell which is which. See last issue for the rest.

FLOSSIE C. P.—Good morning! The "sad-looking fellow" on page 125 is Guy Coombs. You'll find the cast for "The Will of Destiny" elsewhere, and we cant discuss the beauty of Crane Wilbur's eyes. We are here to disseminate useful information of general interest, and we dont see that C. W.'s eyes come in that class. But we dont mind telling that we think he is taller than Maurice Costello.

J. C., CHICAGO.—It's Sadie Frances Osman, of the Essanay, but the use of the given names separately was responsible for the belief that there were two Osman children.

H. A. F., KANSAS CITY.—The girl in Selig's "A Wartime Wooing" was Miss Myrtle Stedman. You'll find the other answer further up this department.

KITTY, RICHMOND HILL.—Dwight Mead was the clerk in Essanay's "The Legacy of Happiness." We find no Reginald in the cast of "The Relief of Lucknow."

E. S. C., STATEN ISLAND.—Edgar Jones and Miss Clara Williams were Jim and Nell in Lubin's "Over the Divide." Hal Clements was Major Pitt and Guy Coombs the bugler in Kalem's "The Bugler of Battery B." See above for "The Will of Destiny."

E. J. A., SAN FRANCISCO.—Miss Kathleen Williams was the wife in Selig's "The Turning Point." In Thanhouser's "The Finger of Scorn" James Cruze, Miss Mignon Anderson and Harry Benham were respectively the minister, his wife and the drummer. That "A Winter Visit to Central Park" is what is called an educational. The players were simply used to give life to the scenes. The cast is supplied by J. H. F. below.

A. S.—The Government action against the Motion Pictures Patents Company will have no result, so far as exhibitors are concerned, either way it is decided. It is merely a question as to whether the company has the right to pool the individual patents. See this department for August.

P. H., YONKERS.—We have not heard that Mr. Cooper left the Edison Company. In Kalem's "Into the Jungle" Miss Lottie Pickford was Mary, Stuart Holmes, Gordon, and Thomas Moore, Ralph.

NELLIE, NEW YORK.—Dont try and "kid" the Answers Man. He's hardened. We saw two versions of "The Necklace," beating you by one. There is nothing to prevent the studio production of standard fiction, if no copyright exists. Here is that X. Miss Storey is recognized by the Vitagraph as a valuable artist, as is witnessed by the parts for which she is cast. Of the players you mention only one is now playing, and her affiliation cannot be stated.

L. L., HUNTINGDON.—The negroes appearing in Vitagraph Photoplays are hired by the day. The child was a real one.

MRS. W. E., BROOKLYN.—If your question remained unanswered, it is probable that it had already appeared in the magazine. Send a return envelope, repeating the question.

T. H. K., BROOKLYN.—We will look into the matter. The identification was made from the company's cast. Thanks for your interest.

V. O., ROCHESTER.—Edison, not Vitagraph, made "A Modern Cinderella." We want the title of the films. The story will not suffice. Try your synopsis on Pathé.

A. L., BELLAIRE.—Most of the identifications asked for have been given. Repeat the questions, sending a reply envelope. Howard Mitchell was the butler and Albert Hackett Miss Briscoe's brother in Lubin's "The Violin's Message."

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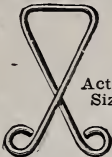
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M. M., FREDERICK.—Torn films are mended (it is called "splicing") by cleaning one piece of the film and pasting it down on the other with acetone, which dissolves the celluloid. By making a careful joint the splice does not show.

INTERESTED, MONTREAL.—Most of the names on the cards are fictitious, tho you mention one that is given correctly. Mrs. Erskine did not go to England with the Edison players. The Lubin Company did not go to Montreal, stopping only at Quebec. Mr. Ince does not own a hydro-aeroplane. It is the property of Frank Coffyn, which is a nice, cheerful name for a professional aviator, yes?

W. A. G., MARBLEHEAD.—See answer to A. S. The Lubin Company does not contemplate making all pictures in color. The Victor is playing around New York City. We do not know what animated weekly you have reference to.

FREEPORT.—We do not place the player you ask for.

1533.—We require names, that there may be some signature to reply to. We do not know to what tribes Princesses Darkfeather and Red Wing belong. Send the envelope. You do see Miss Snow "any more," or can if you get the right films. You might try for that autograph. We have no data on "Shamrock." We do not talk scandals. Naughty! Miss Barbara Tennant and Robert W. Frazer were the sweethearts in Eclair's "Boys Again." You dont expect us to say there could be a better birthday gift than a year's subscription! Then we suggest a two or five years' subscription.

GEORGE, MONTREAL.—We do not find the supposed Selig player cast. What part do you have reference to? Give the name. Jack Richardson really fell in "The Girl with the Gun." We do not know how far, tho.

MARY D., ALTON.—Our "dope" beats yours. "Broncho Billy's Bible" was released June 1st of this year. We do not know who Flossie is ourselves.

J. H. F., LAFAYETTE.—There are more answers than questions in your letter. Thanks. You locate Miss Clara Williams correctly. We do not place Miss Sheppard at present. You will note a request elsewhere for the players in "A Winter Trip Thru Central Park." Others will be glad to know that the park visitors were William West, Mrs. C. Jay Williams and Miss Gertrude McCoy. Josephine is hereby informed that Mrs. Arthur Mackley was the mother in "The Story of Montana." A. H. is also advised that the curly-haired actor in "A Cowboy Damon and Pythias" is Robert Burns.

E. D., DALLAS.—Wallace Reid was Icilius in Reliance's "Virginus."

G. H., WHITE PLAINS.—Mr. Conness is still with Edison. Miss Gertrude Robinson is a former Biograph player. We dont place the players you ask for.

V. E. L., ASBURY PARK.—Charles Clary was the foster-fathers in Selig's "Their Adopted Son" and "Under Suspicion." Miss Kathlyn Williams was the foster-mother in the former.

I. C. G., CHICAGO.—The full name is Miss Anna Quirentina Nilsson. Yale Boss was the grandson in Edison's "The Sunset Gun."

PHYLLIS, NEW ORLEANS.—Both stories you mention originated in the studio. We do not keep track of authors, but this came under our observation. We believe that Mr. Le Soir is working around New York now, but cannot verify in time for this issue. Thanhouser has not announced its winter plans. To our personal knowledge your information is not correct. Mr. Blackwell is regularly cast; you dont happen to see him.

R. M. H., WILDWOOD.—Whitney Raymond was the brother in Essanay's "Teaching a Liar a Lesson." Miss Mildred Weston was the girl artist. Dwight Mead and Beyerly Bayne were the leads in "A Soul Reclaimed" by the same company.

KA-HA, 60.—George Hernandez had the title rôle in Selig's "Goody-Goody Jones," Miss Marian Cooper was Daisy in Kalem's "The Filibusters." Guy Coombs was her sweetheart. There were two tramps in Selig's "The Captain of the Nancy Lee," George Hernandez and Frank Clark.

SUBSCRIBER.—Sydney Booth and Marc McDermott were the two officers in the Edison of that title. The conductor in "Saving an Audience" is not given in the cast.

W. J. K.—The American sells pictures of its leading members. Write them. Mr. Kerrigan is still with them. We do not know his middle name. State the name of some part the "tall, graceful player" has played.

FLOSSIE C. P.—Good evening! You've overrun your allowance by two letters. James Young was the lead in Vitagraph's "Wanted, a Sister," and Robert Gaillard was lead in "Rock of Ages." Dont ask questions you know the answers to, or we'll get a madness mit you.

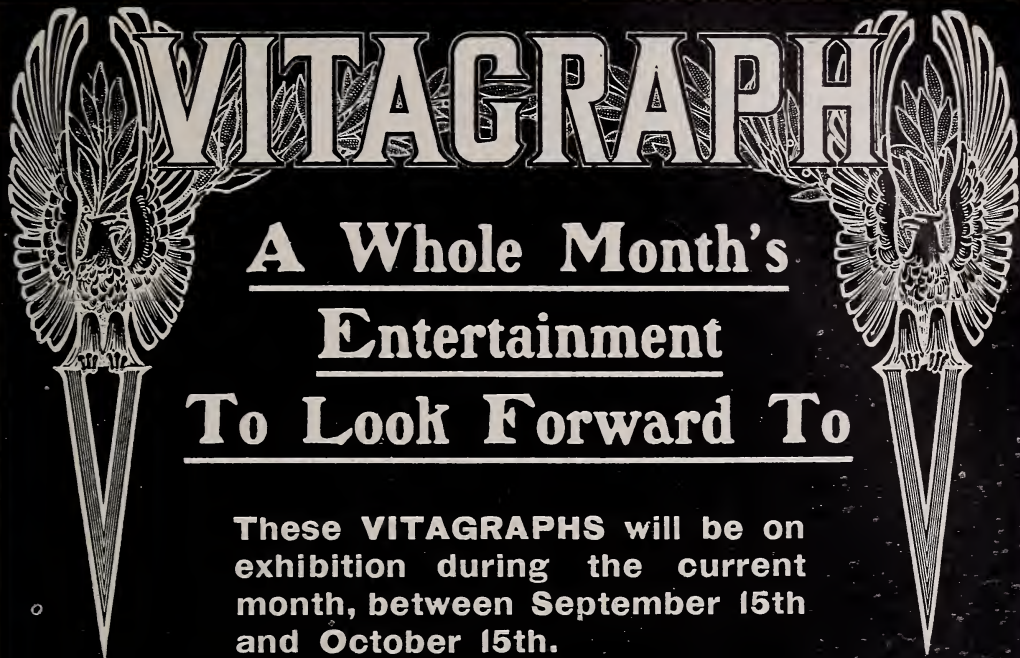
PAULINE.—We have not the cast for "Daddy." In Eclair's "Because of Bobby" the leads were Miss Barbara Tennant and Ed. Lamar Johnstone. Kelly, in Essanay's "Broncho Billy's Pal," was Brinsley Shaw. To a large extent, Mr. Johnson, like all directors, may select his own scripts. If enough of you who express a desire to see him in comedy will write in and ask, he may lend an attentive ear.

L. V., MOBILE.—"Enoch Arden" was a Biograph. Need we say more?

1550.—We stand corrected, and wont mix them up again.

E. E. M. S.—Never heard of a film of that title. Who made it, please?

M. C., ASBURY PARK.—Frederick Church was the revenue officer in "A Moonshiner's Heart." Mr. Goerner was the clergyman.



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H. C., ROCHE.—In Selig's "Betty Fools Dear Old Dad" Betty was Gladys Wayne.

L. ANTON, N. Y. C.—Margaret Loveridge was the girl in "The Cattle King's Daughter." Alice Joyce played in "The Alcalde's Conspiracy." The fact that Alice Joyce looks different to you in every picture does not alter the fact that she is the same Alice Joyce in them all. Gwendolen Pates played in "A Stern Destiny."

ANXIOUS ANY MORE, BROOKLYN.—There are a great many people, my dear, who would like to have Florence Lawrence back to play with Arthur Johnson. We do not know why she left him. No, it was not matrimony, but it might have been a matter of money.

M. A. S., JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS.—Brinsley Shaw was Texas Dan in "A Story of Montana." William Todd, the sheriff. Neither Mr. Spohr nor Mr. Washburn played in that play. Arthur Mackley was not the player you mention.

H. MCKEE CRAIG, MD.—Thomas Moore played in "The Girl Strikers." We do not know whether or not he is related to Owen Moore. We will not inform you about Mary Pickford. Owen Moore is playing opposite Florence Lawrence.

V. A., N. Y.—William Clifford was Jim in Méliès' "Finding the Last Chance Mine." Edward Coxen was Harry in Kalem's "A Trail Thru the Hills."

D. M., CAL.—We know where Henry Walthall is, but we won't tell.

UNSIGNED.—We never have printed Mary Pickford's picture. Edith Halleran was the trained nurse in Vitagraph's "Playmates." Mildred Bracken and William Clifford had the leads in "Making Good."

F. S., MISSOULA, MONT.—Raymond and Albert Hackett had the little boys' parts in Lubin's "A Spoiled Child."

MAURICE & TURNER CLUB.—Florence Turner is very well, thank you.

B. C. DWYER, SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Cannot obtain the information you ask. Sorry.

H. G. C., CHIC.—Thomas Moore was Kotton, Jr., in "The Girl Strikers."

M. U., OLNEY, ILL.—We do not know why Wallace Reid left the Vitagraph.

M. L. S., GRANLY, QUE.—Mrs. Maurice Costello was the light-haired maid in "Her Crowning Glory," and Helen Costello was the little girl. William Humphrey was Napoleon in "A Bogus Napoleon." Albert McGovern is still with Powers, we think.

"DIMPLES," NEW YORK.—Arthur Johnson's picture is for sale at the Lubin Company, but Lottie Briscoe's picture is not. Look at F. S., above, for your other answer.

H. C. D., SPRINGFIELD, O.—Arthur Johnson's picture will appear soon. Lubin's address is 20th Street and Indiana Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. Lubin has postal cards for sale. Arthur Johnson has brown eyes. Harry Myers played in "Hello, Central." See F. S., above. And after all those questions, you ask two Biograph ones!

M. L. JANUARY, SUFFOLK, VA.—Carlyle Blackwell was Captain Deveras in Kalem's "Captain Deveras' Reward."

GENIE, PEORIA, ILL.—I guess you did not see Florence Lawrence and Owen Moore in Lubin plays and the next day in Victor plays. Write to Victor Company, 573 Eleventh Avenue, N. Y., for the information you want.

J. E. S.—The clipping you sent us is not of the Maurice Costello of the Vitagraph.

M. L. L., DETROIT.—Willis Secord was Bob Morton in Edison's "More Precious than Gold." John Halliday was the shepherd in "Shepherd's Flute," and Ormi Hawley the fairy. Other questions answered above.

CURIOUS, ME.—George Lessey was Robert in Edison's "Boss of the Lumber Camp."

C. H. G., NEW YORK.—Mary Pickford's picture will not appear yet awhile.

W. L. E., WACO.—You will find a chat with Owen Moore in this issue.

J. P. M., LYNNBROOK.—Rube Marquard is not a steady member of the Kalem Company. E. R. Phillips and Zena Keefe played in Vitagraph's "Hieroglyphic." Zena Keefe had stage experience before going to the Vitagraph Company.

MINNIE DAY.—The companies usually supply the costumes.

V. M. W.—No, Harry Myers was not the violin player in "The Pink Lady."

A. B., N. Y.—Alice Joyce will be located in New York City this winter. She is featured in "The Street Singer," which is released September 13th. Miss Joyce did not play in Pathé Frères' "Romeo and Juliet."

B. A., HILLSBORO.—Both "The Deerslayer" and "The Chains of an Oath" have not yet been released by the Vitagraph, but will be soon.

M. K. M.—Lottie Pickford and Thomas Moore had the leads in "The Pilgrimage."

FRANCIS B., ZANESVILLE, O.—Chat with Florence Lawrence in December issue.

JOSEPHINE S., BRONX.—Max Linder is not dead. Gene Gauntier and the rest of the El Kalem have left the Holy Land, and are now making pictures in Ireland. Arthur Johnson does directing along with his acting. We cannot answer your Pathé question.

F. H. K.—Mrs. Costello is cast as Mrs. Costello in the plays in which she acts.

THOS. N. GRAVES.—"The Tin Can Rattle" was taken by the Lubin Company in California, and the company does not know the cast.

K. M. S.—Your question answered above. Dolores Cassinelli was the girl in "Out of the Night." Essanay do not sell pictures of their players, but will soon.

If you want to know anything

Ask the Technical Bureau

Owing to the large number of requests for information of a technical nature that will not interest the general reader, The Motion Picture Story Magazine announces the establishment of a

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whose services will be at the command of the readers of this magazine.

ANSWERS WILL BE PROMPT, BY LETTER OR WIRE

Among those included on the staff are:

Epes Winthrop Sargent, who is an accepted authority on the details of House Management, Advertising, Road Management, etc. Mr. Sargent has been actively engaged in the amusement business since 1891, and has been identified with the Motion Picture business since its inception.

Will C. Smith will answer questions relating to the Motion Picture machines, their installation, use, etc. Mr. Smith is a veteran lantern man, his experience dating back of the development of the Motion Picture, and is regarded as the most expert writer on the subject in this country, tho his varied interests do not permit him to devote much time to this branch of the work. He was the projection expert for the Film Index, and we regard ourselves as fortunate in being able to offer the services of this authority.

Mr. George C. Hedden, for many years in charge of the film renting service of the Vitagraph Company of America, and one of the best informed men in the world on all questions of film service, will have charge of this branch of the service.

Electrical matters will be handled by an expert whose name we cannot now announce, but this branch of the service will be as well looked after as those already mentioned.

By special arrangement the Bureau is able to announce the purely nominal fee of one dollar for each question that does not involve extended research. No charge for addresses when a stamped return envelope is sent.

Arrangements can be made for special service by correspondence.

PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

The Bureau will also act as Purchasing Agent for out-of-town exhibitors, and is in a position to command the lowest terms and quickest service. Correspondence is solicited. *Address all communications*

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The Motion Picture Story Magazine

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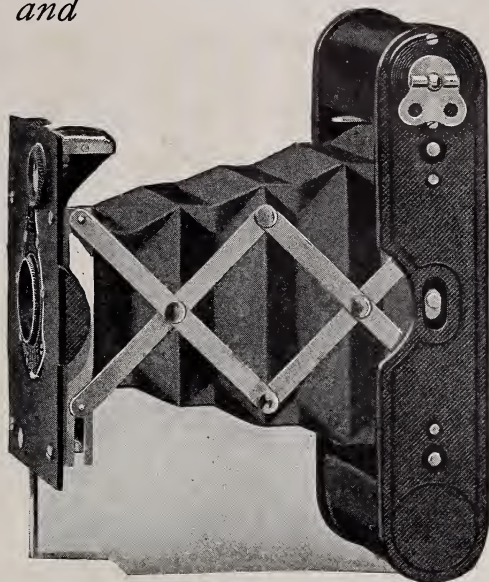
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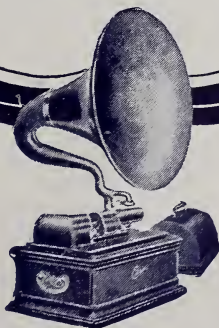
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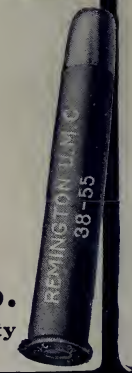
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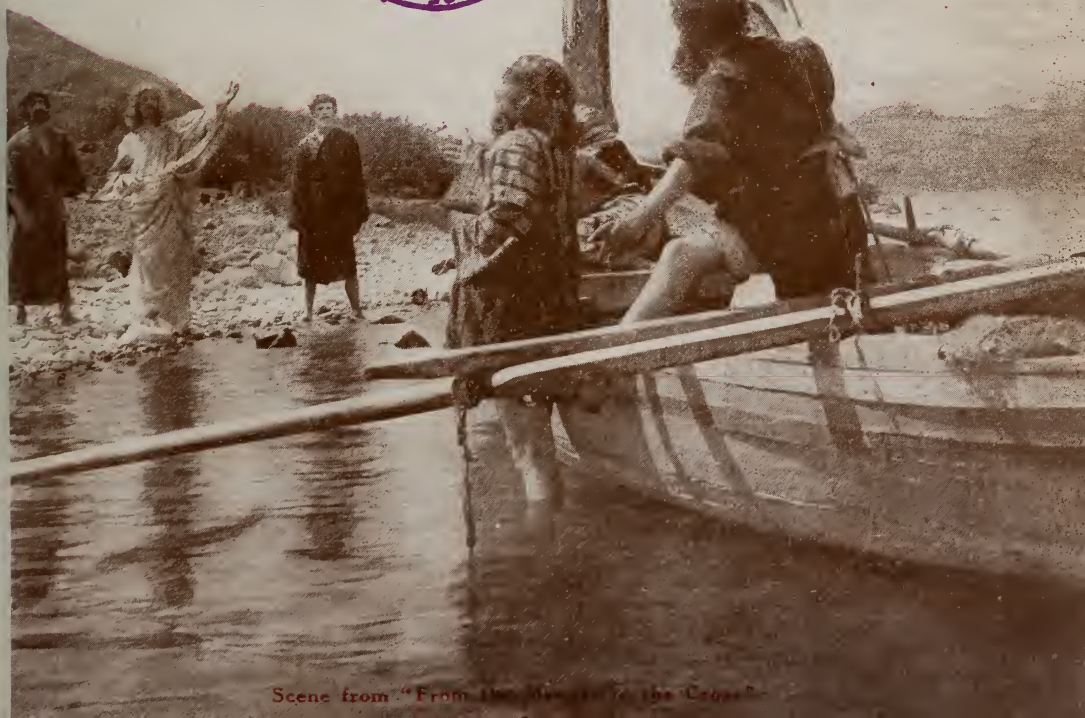
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(Vitagraph)



BEVERLY BAYNE

(Essanay)



WILLIAM CAVANAUGH (Pathé Frères)



ZENA KEEFE
(Vitagraph)



VIVIAN PRESCOTT
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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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From the Manger to the Cross

(Kalem)

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(From the photoplay of Gene Gauntier)

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A LONG the north of the plain of Jezreel—that great battlefield of the Israelites—lie the mountains of Lower Galilee. From their midst, a valley widens into a natural amphitheater, around which fifteen hilltops rise. On the slopes of the highest one, the little town of Nazareth lies shining in the sunlight, its narrow streets ranged like terraces. Just outside the town a well bubbles, the trysting spot of the village folks, and a welcome resting-place for travelers.

It was early in the morning, and a group of village girls were idling by the well with gay gossip and laughter, when a young woman, carrying a water-jar, came slowly down the path.

"It is Mary, the wife of Joseph," said one, under her breath. "We must be going," and they hurried away, with small response to the newcomer's kindly greeting. There was something in Mary's face and manner that accorded little with the light jests of the village maidens. A glowing, mystic light revealed itself in the depths of her dark eyes; a radiance lay upon the fair face, and the



shapely head was ever lifted a trifle, as if listening to some faint, far voice.

She stood now for a moment, balancing the jar lightly upon her shoulder, while her eyes roamed dreamily over the rows of houses in the village, each with its flat roof standing out distinctly against the calm sky. Around them stretched terraced gardens, where gnarled, wide-branching fig-trees met feathery palms, while, far to the southward, the bounding hills melted into the vast expanse of the Plain of Escalon.

For a moment, Mary's eyes dwelt longingly on the village where their tiny home nestled, then she smiled.

"No harm will come from the journey," she said calmly; "the power of the Highest shall overshadow me, even as the angel said."

So it came to pass that on a late December afternoon, more than nineteen hundred years ago, the road leading thru the valley, which sweeps up to the twain heights where Bethlehem stretches, was thronged with a motley crowd of travelers, obedient to



"LET US GO EVEN UNTO BETHLEHEM"

"It is here that He shall be born," she whispered softly; "here in our lovely village—blessed am I among women!"

A footstep sounded beside her, and Joseph, her husband, stood looking into her eyes, with tender awe.

"Can you endure a journey, my wife?" he asked, his kindly face clouded with anxiety. "We must go up to Bethlehem. A decree of Cæsar orders every citizen, with all his family, into the city of his birth, to be counted for taxation. I like it not—I fear the long journey, the crowds and the excitement, for you—but the decree is absolute."

the decree of Cæsar. Men on foot ran hither and thither; men on horseback screamed to men on camels; women, seated in pillions upon donkeys, peeped anxiously out from their veils; children wailed; boys were peddling bread and fruits; others were leading fractious sheep or cows: all were talking shrilly in all the tongues of Syria.

At the gates of a kahn, just outside the city walls, a keeper was sitting on a block of cedar, a javelin leaning on the wall beside him. His face and manner were calm and unruffled, tho he was besieged by a throng of clamoring men, showing varied expres-

sions of impatience, resentment or anxiety.

"The kahn is already filled. There remains not even one place vacant," he reiterated patiently to one group after another, and, one after another, they withdrew, noisily complaining, to make for themselves camps, as best they might, on the hills surrounding the city.

urged. His voice was singularly gentle, even tho tinged with sharp anxiety. "I am Joseph of Nazareth, and this is the house of my fathers. I am of the line of David."

"Peace be with you, Joseph of Nazareth. I grieve that there is not a place left, neither in the chambers nor in the court, nor even upon the roof."

The traveler glanced toward the



"THE CHRIST IS BORN"

The winter afternoon was short. Shadows lengthened over the valleys, shutting out the peaks of Gedar and Gibeah, darkening the terraced vineyards and olive groves. Nightfall was very near, when a man, apparently about fifty years of age, a look of deep concern upon his earnest, kindly face, hurried a panting donkey up the last steep slope to the gate.

"Can you not give me a place?" he

figure of a woman, enveloped in a loose robe of woolen stuff, her face hidden by a white veil, who was sitting upon the donkey.

"It is Mary, my wife," he said anxiously. "She is very delicate, and your nights here are cold. I cannot let her lie out of doors; it will kill her."

As he spoke, the woman pushed her veil aside, disclosing a face young and

beautiful, touched with a rare, exalted light.

"Fear not, my husband," she said; "no harm will come to me."

Before either man could speak again, a slender, dark-eyed maiden, who had crept up close to the keeper, and gazed with wondering eyes upon Mary's glowing face, touched his arm timidly. "Father," she said, and whispered softly.

"Is't so, little one?" the father said, looking again at the young wife, and at the anxious, gentle face of the husband. "Well, come you in, friends. Such as I have, I will give. Room you may have in the cave. Shelter and warmth are there, and many of your forefathers must have lain there. The mangers are yet as they were in David's day. Better a bed in a stable than the cold and damp of the roadside."

"Blessings be upon you," spoke Joseph, joyfully; "may the Lord be ever gracious to you and yours!"

Thru long courts and rough passageways, the keeper led the travelers to the cave, used as a stable, but filled now with many wanderers, grateful for the place of shelter. Close to the young wife's side walked the dark-eyed maiden, her eyes fixed adoringly on the radiant face. Deftly she helped to make a bed from fresh, clean straw and prepare the simple supper.

"Blessings be upon you, my child," said Mary, laying a hand on the dark head; "most kind have you been to us." And the maiden's face, as she went to her own bed in the inn, glowed as if an angel had touched it. Long she lay wakeful, fancying that the lovely, gracious face of the guest in the cave smiled thru the darkness. Sleeping, she dreamed of myriads of flashing angels, and wakened to find a flood of silvery light pouring into the narrow room. Half blinded by the radiance, the maid crept to the window, and beheld, hanging just above the kahn, like some roseate, scintillating jewel suspended from the skies, a star of marvelous size and splendor,

Wrapping herself in a mantle, the maid threw open the window and leaned upon the casement, and, in that moment, came plainly to her ears a rapping at the outer gates.

"The watchman sleeps. It may be that some one is suffering. I will go and see."

Out under the light of the star, she ran to the gates, and stood astonished at the strange visitants—men clothed in the skins of young kids, shod with rude sandals, with scrips hanging from their shoulders, and curved staffs, symbols of their calling—shepherds from the hills of Judea.

"Peace be unto you," spoke the maiden, fearlessly; "what is your desire?"

"Peace be unto you and unto all within these gates," they returned, with one voice.

Then the youngest shepherd, a ruddy, fair-haired lad, stood forth from the rest, and spake in the rapt, hushed tone of one who sees visions.

"We are shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over our flocks by night. And an angel stood by us, and the glory of the Lord shone around us, and we were sore afraid. But the angel said unto us, 'Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a stranger which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: ye shall find a babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.' And, as we gazed, suddenly there was with the angels a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and singing, 'Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, goodwill toward men.' And, when the angels had gone away into heaven, we said one to another: 'Let us go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass.'"

"It is my lady," breathed the maiden, in ecstasy, "my gracious, radiant lady. Come!"

Thru the courtyard, illumined by the steady luster of the star, she led them to the cave. A lantern burned dimly, and, beside a manger, Joseph



"FLEE WITH THE BABE"

bent over a tiny infant cradled upon the arm of Mary.

"The Christ is born!" breathed the youngest shepherd.

"The Christ is born!" they all echoed, falling upon their knees.

The people of the kahn had awakened. To them the shepherds told their tale, and, awed by the unearthly splendor of the star, they listened, reverently. Then the shepherds returned to their flocks on the hillsides, and back to the watchers in the kahn floated the refrain which they chanted as they went: "Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

But the dark-eyed maiden remained, ministering unto Mary and the Babe with love and great joy.

Ten days after the birth of the Babe in Bethlehem, Herod, King of the Jews, sat in a chamber of his palace in Jerusalem. Clad in robes of sumptuous purple, bordered with crimson, a heavy gold chain supporting a dagger at his waist; bony hands, drawn and knotted with pain; a face stamped with vice and disease; fierce, restless eyes, deep-sunken under heavy brows—this was Herod, hated and feared by every subject in his

empire. Long had he reigned in Jerusalem. Now, nearly at the end of his life, seventy years of evil deeds behind him, he guarded his throne with ever-increasing jealousy, never relaxing his suspicious vigilance, his boundless greed and cunning.

Long he sat pondering, gloom, doubt, rage, even terror, playing upon his countenance. At last, as the shadows gathered, he turned to an attendant. "Bring lights, and send Miriam to me," he commanded.

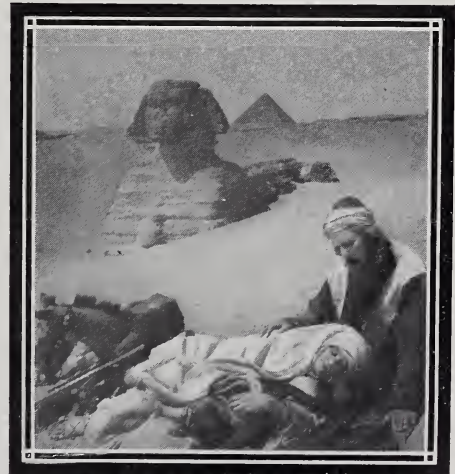
Miriam came. A dark, voluptuous beauty, at the sight of whom Herod's face lost a trace of its gloom.

"Tell me, Miriam," he began abruptly, with no form of greeting. "what is known of the three travelers who came to our gates this morning?"

"They are strange men," replied Miriam, "mounted upon great, white camels, with rich trappings. Their apparel is sumptuous, and their speech shows them to be men of wisdom and culture. This I learnt from the Captain of the Guards."

"And their question?" demanded Herod, fiercely. "What is this question they ask?"

"They ask," said Miriam, looking fixedly into Herod's angry eyes, "'Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the East, and have come to worship him.'"



SAFE IN EGYPT

"The star in the East!" repeated Herod, contemptuously. "An idle delusion, a foolish trick of the imagination. But tell me, Miriam, hast ever heard of the old prophecy?"

"Yes, often," assented Miriam.

"This afternoon," the king continued, "I assembled the wisest men of Jerusalem to search the records and tell me concerning this prophecy. They say that the child should be born in Bethlehem. Thus reads the parchment: 'And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah, for out of thee shall come a governor who shall rule my people Israel.'"

The face of the old king was livid with rage and despair. "Has this thing come to pass?" he cried. "Is the prophecy fulfilled? Shall my kingdom go from me in my old age?"

"Listen!" hissed Miriam, her gleaming, tigerish eyes holding the old man's fevered ones. "Listen! if this be true, no rumor has yet gone abroad from Bethlehem, but six miles distant. There appears no knowledge of it, save by these three men of the East, to whom it has been revealed."

"What would you have me do?" said the king, fascinated by the intensity of her gaze.

"Send for them. Tell them the child should be born in Bethlehem. Bid them go there with rich gifts to find the babe, but secretly to return to you with tidings. Charge them to tell no man in Jerusalem, so that you may go and worship the new-born king, and announce him to the people with due and fitting ceremony. Then, when they return to you, if they have, indeed, found such a babe"—she bent forward, her dark face afire with the light of a wild beast which sees its prey——

"Yes," breathed Herod, "if they have indeed found such a babe——"

"If the three wise men should not live to leave the castle, if the babe should die in infancy, how, then, can thy throne be shaken, O king?"

"Wonderful art thou, O woman!" exclaimed Herod. "Let the travelers be brought in at once."

Two hours later, high on a tower of the palace, Miriam stood with Herod, looking out toward the Plain of Ephraim, beyond the gates of Joppa. Three tall figures, outlined against the gray sky, were rocking silently forward over the plain.

"It is well," said the king, "until they return."

"Until they return," echoed Miriam.

But, as they gazed, Herod uttered a cry of terror. "Look," he gasped, "the star!"

Low over the Plain of Ephraim hung a blazing, refulgent light, moving steadily before the white, silent travelers, toward Bethlehem.

Over the kahn at Bethlehem brooded peace and silence. In her sleep, the dark-eyed maiden smiled, dreaming of the beloved Mary and her Babe, resting peacefully in their manger bed. Suddenly the maid's eyes opened wide; again the lustrous starlight was pouring into the room. "The star has come again!" she cried rapturously. "What strange visitants will it bring tonight?"

Peering forth, she beheld, indeed, the star, hanging above the cave, its pure, warm, pulsing light filling the court with a dazzling splendor.

The midnight bells were tolling, as the maiden ran to the outer gate and gazed eagerly down the steep road winding upward over the plain. Approaching the gate were three tall, silent figures, ghostly in the starlight. The camels knelt, and, with stately dignity, the riders dismounted and bowed low in salutation.

"Peace be unto you, maiden, and unto this house. From the far East have we come, led by a wondrous light, which is a sign to us that the Christ is born. Over desert and plain, mountain and valley, have we ridden, and lo! the star hangs now above yon stable-door. Is there a new-born babe in this kahn?"

The faces of the three were tense with eagerness as they bent for the maid's reply. "Aye," she said softly. "come and see." And, as they passed

thru the door into the cave, the star dissolved into a golden, shimmering mist, floating far upward into the skies.

Stately, gorgeously clothed with all the trappings of Oriental splendor, they fell down before the Infant, with reverent awe.

rest in the inn; the great Herod sleeps; tarry you here until the dawn."

"The maiden speaks wisely," said one. "Let us rest in the kahn."

In the early dawn they sought the keeper. "At your daughter's behest, we tarried in your kahn. It was well.



THE RETURN TO NAZARETH

"The Saviour!" they cried. "The King who shall rule Israel!"

From their camels they brought rich treasures, gold, frankincense and myrrh, which they heaped around the Babe, now awake in Mary's arms.

"We will return to Jerusalem to-night," they said. "Let us hasten to Herod, that he may come and worship Him also."

But the maiden spake shyly: "Nay,

In a dream the angel of the Lord spake, commanding that we return not unto Herod, but go into our own country by another way."

Forth toward the rising sun they rode, saying joyously one to another: "Now is the Scripture fulfilled; now is the time at hand. The Saviour is born!"

As the keeper fastened the gates again, his daughter came running,

with tears and lamentations. "She is gone," she sobbed; "my gracious, radiant lady! The gentle Joseph and the little Babe are gone—all gone!"

"Grieve not so, child," said the father. "The mother was strong again; doubtless the Nazarene was impatient to return to his home, tho I understand not their going secretly, by night."

"To go without one word to me,"

A week passed. Then, as the maiden sat with her father at the gate, suddenly there came the sound of wild uproar within the village walls. Clamor of brazen trumpets, hoarse cries of rage and command, shrieks of children, and, over all, the anguished wailing of women: "Our children, our children! Give us back our babes!"

Five soldiers, with armor blazing in



"HE HATH MADE THE BLIND TO SEE"

sobbed the maiden, "when I loved her so!"

"Something strange was there about them: twice did the star appear, guiding strange visitors to the Babe. We shall hear of them again."

But the maiden would not be comforted. Daily she mourned for the mother and the Babe. Nightly she lay gazing into the darkness, seeing, in fancy, the star, the shepherds, the wise men with their rich gifts, the young mother with the rapt, exalted look, holding the Babe.

the sun, swords unsheathed and dripping, swooped down upon the kahn. "Open your gates, in the king's name!" they shouted, and rushed past the trembling keeper, into the court, with fiendish cries. One, younger and slighter than the rest, stayed for a moment and looked kindly at the half-fainting maiden.

"Fear not—it is babes we seek. All children of Bethlehem, and of the borders thereof, two years old and under, was Herod's decree. I like not the task; two babes of my own

have I in Jerusalem. But when the king commands, what shall a soldier do?"

"But why such monstrous deed?" queried the keeper.

"How should I know? Herod's wrath is upon Bethlehem. I know not why. Shall a soldier say 'why' to his king?"

Finding no babes in the kahn, the soldiers rushed away again. The clamor and the tumult died away in the village, save for the wailing of the desolate mothers.

ing upon the little family of Nazareth. And lo! as she knelt, her eyes were touched with new vision.

Far away, under a sky bright with myriads of flashing stars, the great figure of the Sphinx rose from a limitless sea of sand, calm, majestic, symbolic of the power which endures thruout all ages. At the base sat Joseph, and, nestled close to his silent, protecting figure, Mary, the little Babe in her arms, slept peacefully.

"They are safe," breathed the maiden, joyously, "all safe! Some



"FILL THE WATER-POTS WITH WATER"

"Father," said the maiden, softly, "if my lady had been here, the little Babe must have been slain!" She paused for a moment, a look of trust and comprehension stealing over her childish face. "Do you not understand now, my father? The angel who commanded the three travelers not to return to Herod, warned the Nazarene to flee with the Child at night."

"I doubt it not," said the keeper; "who knows but the star returned to guide them to a safe shelter?"

That night, by her narrow window, facing eastward, the dark-eyed maiden knelt to pray Jehovah's bless-

time I shall see them—the Babe, and my gracious, radiant lady!"

The long night hours crept by; the flashing stars paled and vanished; sky and sand blended into a vast encircling sweep of cold grayness. Still Mary and the Babe slumbered, while Joseph kept patient watch. The grayness gleamed into silver at last, and the silver deepened swiftly into the gold of a desert dawn. A fresh breeze sprang up, brushing the sands lightly, and ruffling the dark hair around the young mother's face. She stirred softly, and opened her eyes, their radiance deepening as they sought the Babe.

"He is safe, now?" she questioned.

"He is safe; but we must tarry in Egypt for a season, as the angel directed; I fear you will be lonely in this strange land."

"Nay—not lonely, with the Babe. Gladly will I dwell in the solitude with my Son. There is much to teach Him—ah! the many things He hath to learn!"

Over the glowing face a look of wonder and mystery crept. Joy and pain, dread and triumph, blended in the eyes that seemed to be peering

Yet, once, as Mary stepped to the door of their simple home, looking out where the Lad played, she shrank back with a shocked cry.

"What is it?" exclaimed Joseph, hastening to her.

"See!" she faltered, pointing.

The Lad had stepped from His father's shop, carrying a long strip of wood across His shoulders, and, as He paused to smile a greeting to Mary, the sunlight flung clearly upon the bare ground the grim, ominous outline of a cross.



"THY SINS ARE FORGIVEN THEE"

down the long path the tiny feet must tread.

As the days passed, the Child grew strong and rosy, with eager hands outstretching to clutch every new object, its active mind struggling to grasp each new impression. And when, at the welcome news that Herod's reign was ended, Joseph and Mary returned to dwell in Nazareth, the Lad who rode between them, His dark eyes aglow with the interest of the journey, was strong in body and mind, with a beautiful, sensitive face, where a light from unseen spirits seemed to flicker softly. So, thru the long, happy years in sunny Nazareth, the Lad grew and waxed strong, filled with wisdom, and the grace of God was upon Him.

"Why do you tremble so? Do not be foolish," chided Joseph, tenderly; "'tis but a shadow."

But the mother, all the radiance of her face blanched to pallor, shuddered.

"The shadow of the cross," she murmured, while in her brooding eyes the awe and wonder deepened.

Just escaping the fringes of Jerusalem—so near that the eye could catch glimpses of the stately towers, yet far enough for the ear to escape the city's din—the tiny village of Bethany nestled on the eastern slope of the Mount of Olives, just off the main-traveled road from Jericho to Jerusalem.

In a pleasant courtyard of the

village, a group of women gossiped, while their babes romped on the soft grass, or slept peacefully in sheltered corners.

"It may be that we shall see Him," said one; "Mary and Martha have sent for Him, and they expect Him, daily."

"Yes, but their brother is dead,

"Yes," broke in another, "and last night my brother brought a wondrous tale of a man who had been helpless for many years with palsy. The throng around the Nazarene was so great that the palsied man's friends could not get near, so they removed the roof of the room where he sat, and lowered the sick man's bed with



"HE CALLS MEN WITH A WORD"

these four days. It is a pity the Nazarene could not have come sooner—He might have healed Lazarus."

"Who knows what the Nazarene will do when He comes?" spoke one of the elder women. "'Tis said that He raised the son of the widow of Nain, even as they bore him forth to bury him! 'Tis known that He healed a leper in Capernaum; that He hath made the blind to see, and the lame to walk."

ropes. At the Nazarene's touch, the palsied man leaped to his feet and walked away, carrying his bed."

"Who is this Nazarene?" questioned an eager voice.

The women all turned quickly, looking with curious, tho kindly interest at the newcomer who had asked the question. She was a slender, dark-eyed woman who had lived in the village only a few weeks, and had mingled little with the townspeople.

"Have you not heard of the Nazarene?" they asked, wonderingly.

"I have heard rumors, but I have been long shut off from the world, caring for my old, sick father, who was for many years the keeper of the inn in Bethlehem. Tell me who this man is, who doeth such marvelous deeds."

"Who is He? No one knows. The whole country is in argument and contention about Him. Some say He is a prophet; some call Him a clever impostor; the high priests call Him a blasphemer, because, when the sinful Mary Magdalene came to Him He claimed the power to forgive her sins."

"Ah, He is no blasphemer," interrupted a soft voice; "when He visited in the home of Mary and Martha, I saw Him—He spoke to me; no one who has looked into His face can doubt Him. His power over men is marvelous; He calls them with a word, and they leave their business, their families, their friends, to follow Him. He is indeed the Christ!"

"But how can that be?" queried a doubter. "He is the son of a poor carpenter—His father is Joseph of Nazareth."

With a sharp exclamation, the stranger sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing with excitement, her cheeks flushing with sudden tumult of feeling.

"Joseph of Nazareth!" she cried; "how old is this Nazarene—where is He now—doth His mother live?"

"He is about thirty years of age," answered the one who had seen Him, "and they say He is on His way to Bethany now."

"And He hath a mother," one asserted, "for my cousin, who lives in Cana of Galilee, had a marriage feast to which the Nazarene was bidden, with His disciples. I know that His mother was there, for when the supply of wine gave out, she appealed to her Son, and He turned the water in six great stone water-pots into the finest wine, that the feast might go on."

"It is the Babe!" breathed the dark-eyed woman, her face glowing with ecstasy. "Ah, the wise men and the shepherds said, 'The Christ is born!' And she liveth yet, my gracious, radiant lady! I must seek her. Tell me, where live these women who expect the Nazarene?"

"In yonder great house, where the emblems of mourning hang," they

answered, looking with wonder at her excitement; "but what——"

But she was gone, ere they could question, running thru the narrow streets to the house of mourning. Coming swiftly from the opposite direction, was a messenger, his face alight with the joy of one who brings good news.

"The Nazarene hath come!" he cried joyously. "He is waiting near Lazarus' tomb while I bring Mary and Martha to Him. Follow us, and you shall see the Christ."



"MARY HATH CHOSEN THE BETTER PART"

"He calleth Him the Christ," whispered the woman, as she waited. "The little Babe, with the soft, shining hair and starry eyes, and the tiny, tender hands and feet—can He be, indeed, the Christ?"

The house-door opened, and the messenger came out, followed by Mary and Martha and the friends who had gathered to mourn with them. The sisters, draped in the garments of deepest woe, were weeping, and yet thru their grief shone a look of eager expectancy; a look of

features, as the gentle answer came: "Now, if thou wilt believe, thou shalt see the glory of God."

And, as the sisters waited, trembling between hope and fear, He beckoned two men to come near, saying: "Roll the stone from the tomb."

Then, they who waited saw a wondrous sight—a sight to be told to their children and retold thru the generations, so long as the world lasts. For he that was dead came forth, bound in his grave-clothes, to kneel



"LAZARUS, COME FORTH!"

hope struggled with the anguish in their eyes. Swiftly they walked toward the burial-place, which lay in the outskirts of the village, and the dark-eyed woman followed, while many of the villagers joined the little procession, whispering together in awed tones.

As they neared the tomb, a Man could be seen, waiting, and at sight of Him the sisters burst into sobs, running forward to fall upon their knees at His side.

"Lord," sobbed Mary, "hadst Thou been here, my brother had not died."

A tender smile stole across the calm

with his sisters in adoring rapture at the feet of the Master they loved.

And the dark-eyed woman, creeping timidly nearer, with eager questions trembling on her lips, paused, silenced by the unearthly radiance of His face.

"It is He!" she murmured, as He passed toward the village with the rejoicing family. "He hath my lady's light in His eyes—the light of the star that shone over His birth-place. I will wait for a few days, then I will seek Him at the home of Lazarus."

It was a few days later, very early

in the morning, that the dark-eyed woman stood looking wistfully at the home of Lazarus.

"It is too early," she sighed; "the dawn is only just beginning to break over the mount—I must wait."

But the door of the house opened, and a woman stood framed by the white door-posts, her form shaken with sobs.

"Why weep ye?" questioned the watcher, coming near. "Thy brother is not ill again?"

"Nay," answered the woman—it was Mary, the younger sister. "I

joicing. But soon wild rumors were afloat. 'Twas said that the populace had turned against Him, that the high priests were demanding His death, that He would be tried before Pilate! We could not believe it. But, two hours ago, Lazarus came in from the city, to tell us the dreadful news."

"Tell me more," pleaded the listener, as Mary's voice broke into wild sobs.

"Last night He ate the Passover feast, alone with His disciples—one of them told this to my brother. After the feast, He went alone into the



THE LAST SUPPER

weep for the Nazarene—hast thou not heard?"

"I have heard nothing—I have been ill since the day I saw Him at the tomb. What is it—has harm befallen Him?"

"Sit down here by me," said Mary, weeping afresh, "and I will tell thee, for I see thou lovest Him. He left us, to go up to Jerusalem to eat the Passover with His disciples. We followed, and saw Him enter the city. Oh! it was glorious! The people had heard of His marvelous deeds, and multitudes came out to meet Him, waving green palms and singing Hosannas. We were so glad—so proud to see Him honored; we came home re-

Garden of Gethsemane, where He was wont to go for prayer, and His disciples waited on the side of the mount. As He returned, a mob of men rushed up and took Him away. All night He hath been dragged from place to place—from Caiaphas to Pilate, and back to the priests again. He hath been mocked and buffeted and scourged. Think of the gentle Nazarene, Who hath brought healing and joy to thousands, scourged! And, even now, they are leading Him away toward Golgotha, to crucify Him!"

"Ah, no!" cried the dark-eyed woman, "it cannot be!" She sobbed helplessly for a moment, then she lifted her head with sudden purpose.

"His mother," she said; "do you know her? Where is she?"

"Aye, I know her; a fairer, gentler woman never came out of Galilee. She was in Jerusalem—doubtless she is following to Golgotha. Think of her grief!"

"I must go to her—I must find her—do you know the way—how can I go?"

light of the new day, toward the hills beyond Jerusalem. On they ran, along far, silent stretches of smooth road, over hills standing sharply against the clear sky, thru black patches of forest, dark with flickering shadows, with an eagerness that banished fatigue. At last they came out upon a hilltop, and stood for a moment, gazing. In the background,



IN GETHSEMANE

She sprang to her feet, her eyes widening and glowing, and Mary arose with answering impulse.

"We can cross the hills—I know the way they will go—if we hasten, we can come out upon the road before them. Their journey will be slow—alas! He must bear His cross. We will meet them, and you may find her."

Without further pause, the two women hastened thru the dawning

the great city lay sleeping; beyond, rose the bare, grim hill of Golgotha.

"They must pass here—it is the way of the cross," shuddered Mary; "let us wait in the shade of this tree."

Presently the shouts of a multitude floated faintly up the hill, growing louder and louder, while the white-faced women waited, fearfully. At last, above the howls of the mob, the regular tread of soldiers became audible, and a detachment of Roman



JESUS BEFORE PILATE



"THEN DID THEY SCOURGE HIM"

guards marched stolidly along, their arms blazing in the sun. Then, in the midst of a pushing, jeering, seething mass of humanity, the watching women caught one awful glimpse of the beloved form—beaten, bloody, bowed beneath the cruel weight of His cross—and they sank by the roadside, half fainting.

Most of the procession had trailed by, when the dark-eyed woman sprang to her feet again.

of the sufferer, the long lashes which lay against her pallid cheeks lifted, and burning, luminous eyes, fraught with pain and woe unutterable, met the gaze of the ministering woman. There was an instant's pause, then the dark-eyed woman gave a great cry, in which gladness and pain blended.

"It is thou!" she cried. "My gracious, radiant lady! Dost remember the little maid in the inn? At



THE VIA DOLOROSA

"Have I missed her, with my weakness?" she cried despairingly, scanning the passing stragglers who had fallen behind the main body of the mob. A man was leading a slight, black-robed woman, who faltered and seemed unable to move her trembling limbs farther. He paused, bending over her anxiously, his face full of tender distress.

"If I could get her some water," he groaned.

"Here," beckoned the dark-eyed woman, "bring her to this shade. I have some water in a bottle."

As the cool water touched the lips

His birth I helped thee; let me be near thee now, at His death."

Over the anguish of the mother's face a tiny smile flickered.

"The dark-eyed maiden of Bethlehem," she murmured; "who saw the star with me; who heard the words of the shepherds and the wise men! Thou knowest that He is indeed the Christ—thou knowest! Stay with me—God hath sent thee."

So, in the long, black hours of death, she, who had knelt rejoicing with Mary in the light of the star, knelt, sorrowing, beside her in the shadow of the cross.



A Fresh-Air Romance

(Edison)

By LEONA RADNOR

DR. FOGG was still joyfully agitated over the arrival, after years of absence, of his handsome son. He led him into his office, and, with pride and affection, indicated the familiar objects among which he had lived, and which had always figured in his dreams, that were now to be so happily realized.

"Well, my boy," he said, "this is as much yours as mine now. I hope it's as much to your liking as when you were a little chap. Do you remember how you were always inventing pretexts to get in here? Have you forgotten the day I caught you at the medicine-case, mixing a draught for your sick kitten? The Lord knows what all you had in the phial—castor-oil, iodine, carbolic acid—ha! ha! Bred in the bone, wasn't it, son?"

The old man removed his spectacles and wiped a mistiness from them, and there was a suspicious quaver in the voice that laughed. All sorts of emotions were stirred by the return of this son, whose record at college and conscientious work in hospitals had filled the father's heart with pride. His boy had not disappointed him, and now he was home again to be a companion and a partner; to share the burden of the extensive practice, and, with his glowing health and abounding spirits, to buoy the old man up in his weary moments, which came all too frequently these days.

Young Dr. Fogg returned the affectionate scrutiny of his father. Laying a hand upon the old man's shoulder, he looked about him with an air of satisfaction.

"Yes," he said, "I think I'm going to like this den as much as when I was in knickerbockers. But the medicine-case won't have the same fascination for me, I promise you." Then, suddenly, he exclaimed: "How close it is in here! Why, the window is closed!"

In a stride, he had reached the window. He threw up the sash and breathed deeply of the cool spring air. His father hurried to him, much perturbed.

"I can't stand that draught, William. My chest is delicate, and I take cold easily," he explained.

William closed the window, feeling that it was too soon to introduce his convictions and methods. And over him suddenly swept a realization of the stubborn fallacies he would have to combat. He had almost forgotten, during the years he had been following the modern trend in the treatment and prevention of diseases, how his father had continued in his set adherence to the old school of medicine. But, with the optimism of youth, he counted upon converting the old doctor, and winning another enthusiast to the cause of rational therapeutics.

His father had left the room, and William heard him calling from the porch. When he joined him, he found the old man standing before his doctor's sign on the front of the house and making a great ado about concealing something behind his back. As his son's inquiring eyes met his, he disclosed a board and a hammer, and, with all the solemnity of an initiation rite, he nailed beneath his own the sign: "Dr. W. B. Fogg."

The act was so eloquent of the emotions stirring the old man's heart that William clasped, with understanding and tenderness, the trembling hand extended to him, as they stood before the two signs, one faded and weather-worn, the other bright and bold with its fresh gilt lettering. The pathetic symbolism of that contrast struck thru William's perceptions with a pang, full of old, sweet memories.

But mentally resolving that the old sign should be freshened up, just as he had resolved that the antiquated methods of his father should be transformed, he smilingly locked arms with the old man and accompanied him into the house.

"Well, now," said his father, briskly, "I have my calls to make, so I'll leave you to tend office."

With an affectionate nod, he was gone.

The young doctor picked up a book and prepared for a quiet afternoon. He had been reading about an hour,

when a little girl burst into the office in breathless haste.

"Mother says for Dr. Fogg to come right away. Rose is worse. She fainted, and we're scared to death!" panted the child.

"Dr. Fogg is making his calls. He should be at your house now," said William.

"Oh, he's been and gone," the child explained. "Rose got worse after he left, and mother thought perhaps he'd got home again."

"No; he's not back yet," said William. "But I'll go with you."

When they reached the house, he found Mrs. Grant, the mother of the patient, clearly despondent over the condition of her daughter.

"And I've been so careful to follow the doctor's orders," she moaned, "but she grows worse and worse."

William's first act was to throw the window wide open.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Grant. "The doctor ordered the window and



FOGG THE ELDER LAUGHS AT THE THEORIES OF FOGG THE YOUNGER

the doors kept closed. There must be no draughts."

"The girl needs fresh air," said William, firmly. "The window must remain open night and day."

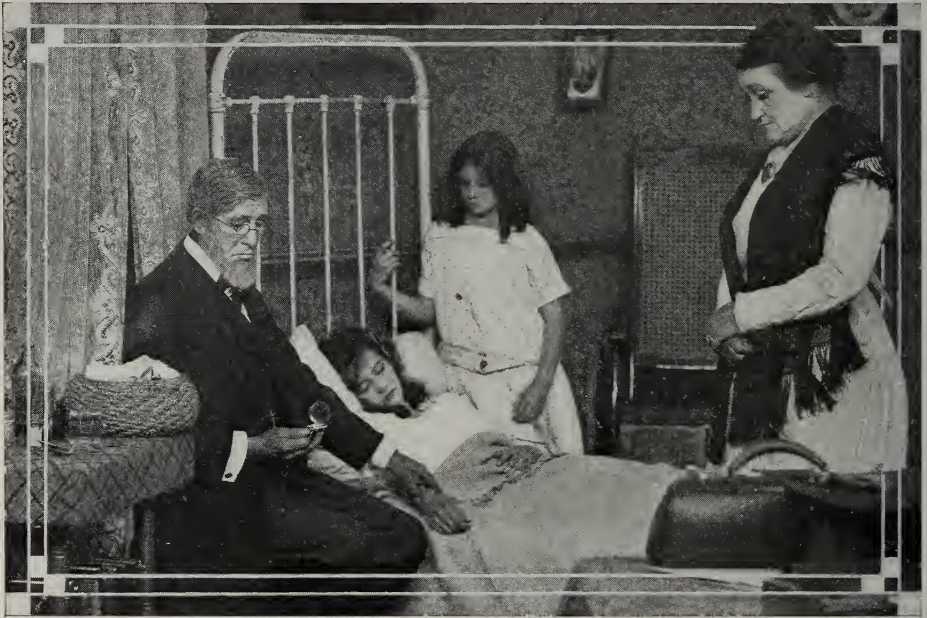
Mrs. Grant drew a shawl about her shoulders and looked her astonishment at this countermanding of orders. The young doctor took from his bag a bottle and poured some of the contents into a glass, which he put to the girl's lips.

"This," he explained, "is a simple

was his father's, and etiquette and filial affection dictated a warning against interference. But, on the other hand, he did not intend to see the patient sacrificed. He turned to Mrs. Grant.

"I am afraid this medicine is too strong for Miss Grant at present. Put it to one side and use the one I gave you," he said.

There was a ring at the door-bell, and, a moment later, the elder Dr. Fogg entered the room.



DR. FOGG, SR., ORDERS THE WINDOWS AND SHADES DOWN

tonic which is slightly stimulating and perfectly harmless. I'll leave the bottle, and directions for its use."

"But Dr. Fogg left this for her," insisted Mrs. Grant.

William took up the bottle indicated. It contained a strong iron tonic, nauseous and positively harmful to the stomach. Here was a situation demanding the greatest tact. Already the girl was manifesting signs of improvement, and he experienced the gratification of the physician who is in love with his profession. He had proved that his diagnosis and treatment were correct, but the case

"Ah! Will, I'm glad you came over," he said. "I went back to the office and learnt that you were here. Well, how's the patient now?" he asked.

"Much better," she answered for herself.

"Dear! dear!" broke in an annoyed tone from the doctor. "The window's open! Mrs. Grant, I gave express orders——"

"Now, father," interrupted William, "I opened it. Miss Grant was very weak and needed the air."

"The patient ran a great risk," declared the old doctor, portentously.

And, with a gesture of finality, he closed the window. "Now, Mrs. Grant, don't forget any of my directions," he continued fussily. "Give her the medicine regularly and a little tea and toast for supper. Good-by. I'll be around in the morning. Are you coming, William?"

"In just a moment, father," he replied. He had caught an appealing glance from the dark eyes of the patient, so he lingered for a last word.

Closed the window when he is expected, and have his medicine on the table. But carry out my instructions. You can see that Miss Grant looks brighter already."

"She certainly does," assented the mother, heartily, "and I'll do everything just as you wish."

After a night of sleep, such as she had not had since her illness, the patient looked so refreshed that the old doctor was amazed and gratified.



OLD DR. FOGG FINDS THAT HIS ORDERS WERE DISOBEYED

"Can't I have the window open?" she whispered. "I feel so much better with the air blowing in."

"You not only can, but must, if you wish to get well," he said, again throwing up the sash. Then, beckoning to Mrs. Grant, he said: "Your daughter's case is simply one of debility and anæmia. She needs building up. Give her nourishing food and, above all, fresh air. As father and I seem not to agree in this case, and as I would not hurt him or humiliate him for the world, I want you to pretend to follow his direc-

"It's beginning to look very hopeful now," he confided to the mother, "but you mustn't think Rose is out of danger yet. Keep her well covered up, and be careful of draughts. We don't want a pneumonia case on our hands. You can give her some very thin gruel, too, after she has taken the tonic. Good-day. Be careful to carry out my directions." And he hurried away to the next patient on his list.

When William called, later in the day, Mr. Grant was at his daughter's bedside. Following his introduction

to the young doctor, he acknowledged that his wife had informed him of the difference of opinion existing between the father and son. Mr. Grant was a plain, straightforward man, and to him the deception being carried on for the old doctor's sake was misapplied sentiment.

"Your treatment has proved to be the right one," he said, "so I shall write a note to your father, telling him that I wish you to take the case."

"Please don't," begged William.

But the note was written, and it was only after the young doctor threatened to have nothing more to do with the case that Mr. Grant agreed to let matters stand as they were.

This conspiracy was not to William's taste. He tried to interest his father in modern treatment. He showed him his books; he pointed out paragraphs that he thought would fix the old man's attention, and possibly lure him to study them. But to all his son's pleadings there was always the same reply: "I have no time for these new-fangled ideas!"

So, in this case, in which they had become involved, the deception would have to go on. The patient was now up and, if the truth were known, had little need of a doctor's attention. But young Dr. Fogg continued his daily visits, and it was remarkable how the girl's cheeks became tinged with pink, and how her eyes brightened at the sound of his step. And the stronger the convalescent grew, the more lingering became the doctor's visits, which was a reversal of the customary procedure. Then, one day, he considered her able to go for a walk with him.

"You've been in the house long enough," he said. "We'll pay a visit to God's out-of-doors."

They strolled down to the river road, and, when they reached the bank, he stopped.

"Now," he said, "you are to have a lesson in breathing. Stand straight and inhale slowly. You must learn to breathe deeply and fill every cell in your lungs."

As the lesson proceeded, the girl's

cheeks lost their pallor. A delicate flush, as of the nacreous surface of a sea-shell, spread from blue-veined temple to small, round chin.

"Great!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "This is just what you need."

She gave him an adoring and adorable glance. And, before he knew it, his arms were about her, and his lips were pressed to a soft and burning cheek.

"Why, you little witch!" he murmured. "You have made me love you!"

"Is that so terrible?" came in a small, trembling voice from the direction of his shoulder.

"Yes, it is so terrible that——" he answered, holding her at arm's length, "that it deserves a life sentence."

"Then," she retorted, with a sudden flaring up of audacity, "you deserve the same sentence."

"I'll serve mine, sweetheart. And you?" he asked.

She could not answer, but what he got in lieu of words quite satisfied him.

The elder Dr. Fogg had finished his calls, and, before returning home, had stopped at the Grant home to see Rose.

"Why, she's gone out for a walk with Dr. William," Mrs. Grant informed him.

"Do you think she was quite strong enough to go for a walk?" asked Dr. Fogg.

"Quite," answered Mr. Grant, shortly. "If she were not, Dr. William would not have taken her."

The door opened, and the discussed couple entered, happy, but somewhat embarrassed. Rose whispered in her mother's ear, and the engagement was no longer a secret.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed the old doctor, taking the girl's hands and swinging them up and down in his delight. "Going to marry my boy! And how well you're looking, my dear! Now, aren't you glad you were so obedient and took the nasty

medicine? You think the old doctor knows what's best, after all; dont you?"

Rose merely laughed in her embarrassment, and Mrs. Grant and William chimed in. But Mr. Grant, hard-headed and practical, believing in plain and honest dealing, felt that the deception had gone far enough. He rose from his chair and faced the old doctor.

"You did not cure my daughter,

pity in the faces about him only added to his humiliation. Without a word, he picked up his hat and his bag and turned to the door. William laid his hand upon his father's arm, but it was shaken off, not ungently, and the son realized that the old man would rather be alone.

Dr. Fogg reached his office, shaken with grief. His eyes roamed about the room, resting sadly upon the old familiar objects. They had been a



OLD DR. FOGG LEARNS THAT PATENT MEDICINES WERE NOT TAKEN

Dr. Fogg," he said, almost brutally. "Your son did."

Mrs. Grant, William and Rose attempted to stop him, but he thrust them aside and went on:

"My daughter kept growing worse under your treatment. Then, when your son insisted on sunlight and fresh air in the room, nourishing food and very little medicine, Rose began to mend. And it is your son who has given her back her health. Here is the medicine you ordered—you can see it hasn't been used."

The old man was stunned. The

great comfort to him—they had seemed, in a way, to be staunch to him. His hand touched a book of William's lying on the table. He took it up and looked at it, dully. It was an intruder; it typified this invasion of new-fangled methods that was costing him the confidence and respect of his old patients. And it was his son who had brought it there. Thru his bitterness there filtered some faint comprehension of the inevitableness of progress; there came to his inner consciousness some echo of the unwavering tread of the new generation

overtaking the faltering steps of the old.

"Well, perhaps it is better my boy than another," he admitted.

He drew pen and paper to him and wrote:

MY DEAR SON: Perhaps you are right, but I am too old to learn the new way, and shall retire from practice. God bless you and your wife-to-be. YOUR FATHER.

Laying the sheet of paper on the table, he left the room. Securing a hammer, he went to the front of the house and tore from its rusty fastenings the faded old sign. The new sign shone and glittered more triumphantly than before. With a deep sigh, the bowed old man went slowly into the house.

When young Dr. Fogg returned

home, he was startled to find the old sign gone. He hurried into the office. The note on the table immediately caught his eye. He read it, sorrowfully reflecting on what it had cost his father to write it. Then, as he turned, he became aware of the old doctor, sitting at the window, with an open book in his hand. He was watching his son curiously, with a pathetic smile. William went to him and laid a hand affectionately upon his shoulder. He noticed that the book was one of his own, and that the window was open. The old man looked up at him with a whimsical light twinkling behind his glasses.

"I'll have time now to look into these new-fangled ideas," he said. "From what I've read so far, they seem all right."



J. P. MCGOWAN AND GENE GAUNTIER (KALEM) IN IRELAND

The Poet and the Peasant

(Vitagraph)

By
ROBERT CARLTON
BROWN

From the Photoplay
of
W. A. Tremayne



CAST OF CHARACTERS

Louis La Salle.....	<i>Herbert L. Barry</i>
Jean Savard, a farmer.....	<i>Charles Eldridge</i>
Toinette Savard, his daughter.....	<i>Clara Kimball Young</i>
Baptiste, a peasant.....	<i>James Young</i>

At a loose, easy gait, Louis La Salle ascended the slight rise known among the peasants of Normandy as *La Bosse*, striking with his walking-stick at the tall, roadside grasses; stopping once to lift the heavy head of a drowsy-eyed daisy, and, again, to exclaim at the silhouette of a graceful girl, stretching to tiptoe, her hands upraised, as tho breathing a good-night kiss to the setting sun.

Louis increased his stride, swinging rapidly to the top of *La Bosse*, and standing beside the girl, gazing afar, across the contented valley, rich in green fields surrounding warm, brown-roofed chateaux, to the red-glowing sun as it slipped into its billowy bed.

"A glorious visitor," he breathed aloud; "off now for a gorgeous sunrise in China. Wouldn't it be wonderful to travel all the time—like the

sun?" Louis flung out his staff toward the rosy halo trembling in the sky, and turned toward the girl.

"But, monsieur, the sun, too, does the same thing, day after day. It travels the same path always," answered the girl, in quaint Norman dialect, lifting her eyes curiously toward Louis.

"I know it! I know it!" he exclaimed impatiently. "That's the trouble with everything. Routine! Monotony! Then it would be better to be a bird than the sun itself." He pointed his stick toward a marsh-fowl, making its homeward flight.

"But the birds, too, monsieur; they fly to the same nest each night."

She blushed as Louis turned and stood serenely contemplating her natural beauty thru half-closed eyes, as an artist might.

"My dream is to have a different course each day, a different nest each

night. To be free—unhampered! I can see by the light in your eyes that you understand,” he said slowly.

“You are from Paris!” she exclaimed, glancing at his walking-boots and neat, gray knapsack, breathing the word “Paris” as tho she had said “Heaven.”

“Yes, but I want to forget that I am from the city,” he cried. “I want to forget it in the bigness of the country. Paris is small, mean. Look at that valley!” He drew a deep breath, and again his walking-stick cut the air. Then he turned and asked sharply: “But how do you know I am from Paris? What gives me away, I should like to know?”

“Oh, monsieur”—her laugh came clear as the striking of a bell—“the people about here do not talk as you do. Besides, you have the Paris pal-lor. You are so white, your hands are not brown, your—”

A mellow-toned bell chimed out in the valley below. Breathing, “The Angelus,” the girl’s head drooped, and she stood bowed in prayer.

Louis La Salle looked long at her, then lowered his head submissively, and became lost in a deep day-dream as he gazed across the valley.

“My Uncle Savard will be wanting his supper,” the girl’s voice broke in upon his reverie. “If monsieur would reach the town of Lévêque before dark he must hurry.” She started down the path, walking toward the setting sun.

“But I dont want the town of Lévêque, nor any other town,” cried Louis, hurrying after her. “I came for the country. To roll in the grass; to tire myself with play; to be a boy again. The city makes one old. Tell me, where can I get lodgings for the night?”

“I dont know, monsieur, but, perhaps, my uncle has——” she said shyly, leaving the sentence unfinished.

“Your uncle might take me in? Good! May I go with you?”

“If you like.” She moved aside for him on the path, and they swung along together toward the glow in the evening sky.

As they came to the edge of a field, a short, sturdy fellow, with a square, bearded face, hobbled rapidly past them, calling out: “Good-evening, Toinette!” and giving a sharp, apprehensive glance toward Louis.

The girl nodded with a pleasant smile, and passed quickly on.

“Your name, then, is Toinette,” said Louis, lingering lightly over the letters as tho he loved them. He turned quickly and saw the stubby peasant they had just passed standing in the road, staring after him. The man turned abruptly and started on. Louis laughed. “And your friend with the hump? It was after him *La Bosse* was named, I presume?”

“That is Baptiste. You must not be unkind to him, because everybody is, and it is not his fault if he carries a hump like a camel,” she said quickly, looking up at Louis in frank reproof. “He is very good. Faithful, like a dog. He often milks the cows for me when I must go and see the sun set from *La Bosse*.”

“Then you are something of a poet yourself!” he exclaimed delightedly. “You go often to see the sun set?”

“Yes, when there is no work.”

“Tomorrow night we will go together,” he spoke softly in her ear as she passed thru a rugged, rustic gate he held open for her.

Skipping ahead of him without an answer, she caught a stooped, white-haired peasant by the arm of his thick, brown coat, as he was about to enter a low, thatched building. “Uncle Savard!” she cried, swinging the old man around so he faced Louis La Salle. “I met monsieur on the road. He was asking for lodgings.”

“Certainly, certainly, monsieur,” cried the old fellow, sweeping off his hat and bowing to the ground. “You are welcome, welcome to a bed of hay, black bread and common salad in a poor man’s palace.” He motioned toward the door, and Louis, bowing courteously, entered.

He sat apart, jotting down words on a scrap of paper and watching Toinette, as with flushed face she lighted candles and spread out a

simple supper. Uncle Savard clumped in, finally, and they ate with zest, enlivened by Louis' tales of the city and his charming manner.

Next morning, before going to the fields, Uncle Savard took Louis' soft, white hand in his roughened, weather-worn palm and squeezed it mightily. "Monsieur, the Poet," he said, "you will do us great honor if you will stay.

Louis found Uncle Savard sitting near the porch, straining his eyes thru cheap glasses, reading his provincial paper, while Toinette sat on the patch of lawn, making a chain of the daisies and asters she had picked that morning. Louis had stood a full minute in whimsical contemplation of the restful, domestic scene before he noticed a misshapen fellow with a



THE SUGGESTIVE SCENE THAT MET LOUIS' EYE ON HIS RETURN TO THE SAVARD HOME

It is, indeed, a privilege for poor people like us."

Louis thanked him and hurried off to join Toinette, cutting flowers in a trim, little, pocket-handkerchief garden all her own.

As Louis took a stroll, alone, that afternoon, he recalled every incident of the day. There had been a delicious tang to it; his pleasure had been unmarred until Toinette had left him to carry fresh water to the men in the fields.

Returning to the house for supper,

shaggy beard, leaning against the well, a soft light in his eyes as he gazed at Toinette.

Louis laughed softly; to him the dog-like love of this hunchback Baptiste was ridiculous. He pushed open the gate and entered.

Uncle Savard threw down his paper and clapped his hands on his knees expectantly, exclaiming: "Well, here is Monsieur le Poète; now we shall have supper and some fun."

Toinette dropped her daisy-chain, sprang to her feet with a conscious

flush, and disappeared into the kitchen. Baptiste, unnoticed, snatched up one of the flowers she had dropped, thrust it deep into the pocket of his coarse flannel shirt, and slunk away.

The days that followed slipped into one another like a languid, uninterrupted dream. Louis La Salle took no note of time. He idled about the countryside, paddled in brooks, fished in pools, tramped everywhere, read under the trees, now alone, and now with Toinette.

The girl's charm grew upon him. She was so much a part of the fragrant country. He pleased his poetic soul by writing verses about her, and stored his lyrics away in his knapsack with satisfaction—satisfaction that his vacation in the country was not being wasted.

The only shadow which flitted across, and blurred, the film of the romantic picture was Baptiste, who seemed always in the way, in his efforts to be unobtrusive and to pass unnoticed. One night, on returning from a walk beneath the stars, Louis came upon the hunchback standing like a statue in the yard behind the cottage, his eyes fixed in dumb adoration on the shadow of Toinette, which appeared as an occasional blot against the blind in her tiny garret room. Louis stood unnoticed until Toinette's light disappeared, and he saw Baptiste lift his hat and raise his eyes to heaven, his lips moving in a prayer for her rest and safety, as he made the sign of the cross devoutly.

To Louis, the misshapen fellow's fervent affection was always ridiculous. Having lived and loved in Paris, the poet thought lightly of such abject reverence. Love was a lithesome thing, leaping like the wind, now here, now there, caressing one flower after another.

He stayed until the festival of St. John, and drove off gaily at sunrise for the country fair-grounds, in an old-fashioned cart, between Toinette and Uncle Savard, both dressed in their best. They laughed and talked gaily during the trip, Uncle Savard plying his old mare with a beribboned



LOUIS BUYS A NECKLACE FOR
TOINETTE

whip, and driving up with a dash at the fair-ground, where the peasants were scattered about in picturesque groups, some having their fortunes told by fair-following gypsies, others gathered about booths where trifling, frivolous trinkets were sold. They mingled with the merrymakers, soon leaving Uncle Savard alone at a tavern table with an old crony and a bottle of wine.

"Look!" exclaimed Louis, as they passed a gorgeously bedecked counter, twinkling with artificial gems. "There's an amber necklace that just matches the light in your eyes."

He drew Toinette to the booth, snatched up the necklace, and held it, sparkling, before her ardent gaze. She squirmed, and laughingly tried to evade him, as he clasped it about her neck and paid the dealer a trifling price for it.

Before long Louis tired of the rustic gaiety, and, spying the ruins of a great Norman castle on a neighboring hill, they strolled thru the fields toward it.

It was fall. The brisk air buoyed them up. Claspings hands like children, they ran until their legs lagged at the ascent to the ruins. Then Louis strode ahead, pulling Toinette after

him, and they made the top, panting, aglow with life and happiness.

Struggling thru the brush that had grown up about the fallen rocks, they finally gained a nook sheltered by gaunt, broken columns of ruins still standing. Radiant and excited, Louis grasped Toinette's hand and drew her toward him.

"This," he cried, "this is better than the hilltop at home. Here we are alone. There is no road—no path. There are no people in the world. Just you and I." He gazed deep into her tawny eyes.

A thrill, surging thru Toinette, made her return the pressure of Louis' hand almost involuntarily. He drew her closer, whispering softly in her ear, telling her that he loved her, tingling with the impetuosity of his passion, weaving, in exaltation, a thousand dreams and a thousand memories. She turned slowly toward him, looked up into his eyes with the faithful gaze of a Madonna, and murmured, "I love you, too, Louis."

He clasped her close and pressed upon her lips the first kiss. For a moment she lay limp in his arms, then, lifting her head, she started back, pushed him away, and looked about confusedly.



"I LOVE YOU, TOO, LOUIS!"

There was a slight sound in the underbrush below the crumbling rocks. "Come!" cried Toinette, pressing his hand tremblingly. "Some one else is exploring the ruins!" He smiled reassuringly, and attempted again to embrace her, but she drew him down the hill, and they walked slowly back to the fair-ground, concealing their clasped hands between them.

Toinette, flushed and pale by turns, sickened of the fair shortly, and, hunting up Uncle Savard, together they harnessed the horse and drove home; Louis attempting to act natural, Toinette sitting silent with radiant eyes, and old Savard red-faced and grinning, from having sat too long at the wine-table.

On reaching home, Louis found a letter awaiting him. Business demanded his immediate return to Paris. He was neither glad nor sad. He told the Savards simply that he must go; paying Uncle Savard generously and packing his small knapsack at once. Toinette went with him as far as *La Bosse*. Both were silent all the way.

At the top of the hill, Louis came to a stop, and, taking her hand tenderly, breathed: "I will come to you again, soon, out of the sunset."

A fleeting kiss, and he was gone.

It was weeks before the sting of that abrupt good-by softened so Toinette could bear to go again to *La Bosse* and look at the evening glory of the heavens. She gazed, too, across the hills, in the direction in which Louis had vanished. Then she returned, slow-footed, to the house, and did not leave the fields again for a torturous month in which no word came from Louis.

Alone with her love and her amber beads, Toinette could only struggle to appear cheerful before her uncle. But she could not stand his jokes and questions about Louis. Baptiste, who hung about her like a faithful animal, was the only one who seemed to understand, and, tho they never spoke of the Parisian, Toinette knew that Baptiste knew why she went to

the hilltop so often, and sometimes she felt that he was following her.

During the months that passed, whether chilled by cold, or stifled by heat, Toinette toiled up the hill each night, and remained praying and crossing herself until she sometimes sank to her knees from exhaustion. She grew thin, wan and listless. Uncle Savard chided her anxiously about

wine-vinegar, held some in a saucer for her to smell, and finally roused her.

"Baptiste! Baptiste!" she breathed falteringly. "I—I walked too far—the sun. It was hot today"—her hand went fumbling about her throat. She clutched the amber necklace, and, as tho she had gained new strength, tried to raise her head, muttering:



"THIS IS ONE OF THOSE MYSTERIOUS CASES THAT WE CANNOT ALWAYS CURE"

the path she had worn to the top of *La Bosse*, until one night when Baptiste came stumbling in with Toinette, unconscious, in his brawny arms.

"Up there! Up there, on *La Bosse*!" he cried. "She stayed longer tonight. She fell. You will get the doctor?"

Uncle Savard clumped out of the house, and Baptiste knelt beside Toinette, whom he had stretched out on a rude bench in the kitchen. He rubbed her brow tenderly with strong

"It was only that—the heat. I stood there too long."

"I understand," said Baptiste softly, wadding up his coarse coat and putting it beneath her head. "I was in the ruins at the fair that day when he gave you the necklace and kist you."

Her eyes closed; she was too weak to answer. The doctor came. He continued coming for weeks. Toinette was moved to a bed in the common living-room, where she stayed months. The doctor could not understand the

case. At length, one night, her pulse far below normal, he took Uncle Savard and Baptiste aside and whispered: "You see, it is the heart that is hurt, but not the physical heart. This is one of those mysterious cases we cant always cure. I cannot understand at all. There must be some lover. She is dying of secret sorrow."

"No; there is no man," said Uncle Savard, quite positively.

lace, kist it, bowed his head, and made the sign of the cross.

Two years later, a party of gay young Frenchmen, Parisians, on a walking-trip thru Normandy, stopped at a cross-roads, divided in opinion as to which highway would lead to the most picturesque country.

"Come!" urged one. "This straight ahead takes you to *La Bosse*. There



"HE WILL COME AGAIN—SOON—OUT OF THE SUNSET"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders and left. A little later, Baptiste, kneeling at Toinette's bedside, felt her hand steal toward him. She caught at his palm, thrust the amber necklace into it, whispering, in a voice that broke from weakness: "Keep it—for him. Tell him I waited—as long as I could. He will come again—soon—out of the sunset."

Her hand fell limp and empty on the coverlet. Baptiste took the neck-

is a famed view for you—the sleeping valley; the sunset from the hilltop. It will warm your blood; give you a thrill! Besides, I know a girl there."

"Only one?" asked a long-haired young fellow with a sketch-box and a pipe.

"Just one."

"Then we will go the other way. There is a village just ahead, and a tavern," answered the artist. "A poet is always happier alone. Go

ahead; see *La Bosse* and the girl, and we'll all meet tomorrow at the tavern in Lévêque. Until tomorrow, then, Louis."

The companions parted, and Louis La Salle tramped alone toward the hill from which he had so often gloried in the setting sun. He swung along at a jaunty pace, striking at the flowers with his stick, and adjusting the knapsack as it slipped back and forth on his back.

At length he reached the hill and hurried on to Toinette's house. He crept softly to the gate and tried to move the rusty hinge without a squeak to betray him. But the gate did not swing freely, and he shook it. Glancing at the house, he saw a sign upon it, advertising the place for rent.

Wonderingly, he sauntered off to a neighboring house for news of the Savards. Spying a peasant in the tiny graveyard which received the bodies of families for fifteen miles around, Louis stepped into the cemetery and approached the fellow, whose back was turned to him as he knelt before two graves, close together.

Not wishing to interrupt the man in his prayer, Louis idly read the names on the tombstones. One, of white marble, was marked simply with a cross and the name "Toinette." A chill shook Louis; blankly, he read the other, repeating aloud, "Jean Savard, aged 65."

At the words the peasant kneeling before him turned, and Louis noticed for the first time that the man had a humped back. In another instant he knew him to be Baptiste.

With a snarl of rage, the peasant sprang upon the poet. Louis fought him off, madly, blindly.

Suddenly Baptiste's hands fell slack, he hurled the younger man from him and stood towering above him, in spite of his deformity. "You killed them!" he screamed, his face knotting and going purple. His passion suddenly ebbed, and he drew quickly from his pocket the amber necklace, thrusting it into Louis' hand and standing well back from him as tho fearing he could not control himself longer.

He repeated Toinette's last words in a mumble, and, with trembling finger, pointed toward the cemetery gate. "Now go, go!" he screamed, again purpling. "Go before you, too, are dead! The country of *La Bosse* has no need of you!"

His head hung in shame, Louis, still holding the necklace absently in his hand, stumbled toward the gate. As he turned into the path to forge on to Lévêque, and await his companions, he had a glimpse of the peasant Baptiste prostrate before the grave of Toinette, with his arms stretched out yearningly toward it.

To Louis the peasant's love was no longer ridiculous.



A Fulfilled Wish

By GEORGE B. STAFF

If that great singer who could take a flower
And from it weave a silver thread of song,
Could sojourn here among us for an hour,

And mingle with the gay and joyous throng
That seek the pleasure of the Photoshow,
He'd find the thing he wrote of long ago
Had come to pass—the pictures guarantee us
A chance to see ourselves as others see us.





The Woman in White

(Gem)

By JOHN OLDEN

From the Photoplay of George Edwardes Hall, being an adaptation from
the famous novel by Wilkie Collins

ON a moonlit, sultry night of July, in the year of 1850, Walter Hartridge, drawing-master, was returning along the highroad from his mother's cottage in Hampstead to his rooms in London. This pedestrian jaunt had become his invariable custom at the end of his weekly visit in the suburb. He was big, overflowing with health, and, if need be, fleet of foot—qualities which, no doubt, had carried him thru the lonely, hedge-bordered road, as yet, unmolested.

On this breathless night, with its searching moon overhead, he had little to fear. He hummed a merry tune, in defiance of the hedgerow, as his long legs measured the road. Coming to where the Finchley road crossed his own, he hesitated a moment. In that moment the touch of a light hand upon his shoulder caused him to tremble, as if he had been struck.

A cloud had come over the moon, but in the shrouded light he turned to make out the figure and fragile features of a woman dressed from head to foot in white. She inquired of him the road to London, and, with a sigh, passed on.

Hartridge was too taken back by the soft suddenness of her appearance from behind him, her almost unearthly frailty, and the strangeness of

a young woman, alone, on the Hampstead road, to follow, or offer her protection. She passed from his sight almost as suddenly as she had come.

Dawn of the following day found the drawing-master out of bed and eagerly packing his clothes and artists' materials. He had accepted the offer, by correspondence, of Mr. Frederick Fairlie, of Limmeridge House, Cumberland, to take charge of his priceless collection of etchings, and to instruct his nieces in water-color painting. Hartridge had never met Mr. Fairlie—he had heard of him merely as an eccentric recluse in his big house on the Cumberland coast, but the salary was excellent, the life was mostly outdoors, and Hartridge was heartily tired of the heat of a London summer.

Thus it was that the monotony of the long railway journey was broken by the anticipation of these things, and the strange incident of the previous night quite crowded out of the young man's head.

On Hartridge's arrival at Limmeridge House, in the late afternoon, the peculiar character of its owner was manifested thru the announcement of his valet that Mr. Fairlie would be unable to receive Mr. Hartridge until the following morning. The elder of the nieces, Miss

Marian Holcombe, introduced herself, however, and prepared him somewhat for the part he was to play in their household. She, as dark as night, with low-growing hair and resolute, brown eyes, was the half-sister of Laura Fairlie—their mother having twice married. Mr. Philip Fairlie, Laura's father, had died, leaving Laura a wealthy heiress in her own name, and a life interest in the estate of Limmeridge to his sickly and retiring brother, Frederick. So matters stood when Walter Hartridge appeared at Limmeridge House.

On the following morning, he was ushered into the private rooms of Mr. Fairlie—rooms fitted with the cabinets of curios of an insatiable collector, and with silken blinds perpetually drawn. Hartridge's interview with the pallid, decrepit old gentleman was short, and, apparently, painful in the extreme to Mr. Fairlie—the light hurt his eyes, the volume of the artist's bass voice jarred him, his health was very precarious. Its result was, nevertheless, that Hartridge was to take complete charge of his art collection, and to control entirely the studies of the young ladies. He, further, was to be received on the footing of a gentleman and an equal.

It was noon ere Hartridge, sauntering thru the flower-gardens with Marian Holcombe, came upon Laura Fairlie, the girl who was to change, so remarkably, the easy-going course of his life. She was seated in a little

rustic summer-house, bent intently over a water-color drawing. Nor did she notice the approach of Marian Holcombe and the young man.

Hartridge's first sight of her was as she raised a pair of dark-blue eyes from her sketch and looked at them with neither fear, confusion, nor curiosity. Their expression, with heavy, dark lashes, was more the frank, direct one of a child. Above

her eyes a mass of wavy, thick hair struggled to free itself from the confines of a summer hat. But what struck Hartridge, so that he stopped, and stared almost rudely at her, was the singular resemblance of her features to the fragile woman in white of the Hampstead road. A resemblance, an expression, a turn of the lips and chin that was unmistakable—

"My sister, Miss Fairlie, Mr. Hartridge."

He suddenly came back to the flower-garden of Limmeridge House again, and

bowed to the beautiful niece of his employer. Of the many pretty and attractive young women that he had met in London, none had received him as modestly, yet frankly pleased, as this slender girl in simple white muslin. Under the spell of her sweet, natural manner, his sad, fear-driven woman of the road was forgotten; Laura Fairlie's charm welled up from the springs of her heart to hold and delight him.

From then on, for several weeks, Walter Hartridge's morning hours succeeded each other calmly in the



WALTER HARTRIDGE, ARTIST

seclusion of his own room, where the work of classifying and mounting Mr. Fairlie's etchings kept his hands and mind busy. His afternoons and his evenings were given, dutifully at first, then enthusiastically, to the instruction and companionship of Mr. Fairlie's nieces.

At first, Marian Holcombe had seemed to study him; he felt her weighing eyes upon him from behind her easel. Then, as if satisfied, she

of Blackwater Park, was about to visit Limmeridge House, to make arrangements for his marriage to Laura Fairlie. It seems that on Philip Fairlie's deathbed, years ago, he had called the little girl in short dresses to him, and exacted her promise to marry the baronet, his close friend, when the proper time should come. During the long years, she had never again seen him—scarcely ever heard from him. Her engagement had be-



THE ENGAGEMENT

took to wandering off alone, sketching bits of the rugged, lonely coast. Laura Fairlie, perforce, became his only constant pupil, and he felt a curious sense of pleasure whenever they were left alone. Her frank nature fitted to, and seemed to caress, his easy-going, diffident, awkward self.

One morning a short, formal letter came for her which brought a perplexed look into her eyes, and left her constrained and unsmiling thruout the day. It remained for Marian to draw Hartridge aside that night and to tell him its message: Sir Percival Glyde,

come a hazy remembrance. Now, everything was changed. Sir Percival, the reluctant suitor, was to arrive on the day after the morrow.

When Marian had finished speaking, with her brilliant eyes rooted on Hartridge, she impulsively reached down and grasped his hand.

"Crush it!" she said. "I know and feel all that you do. Tear it out, in justice to yourself and to her."

For a long time Hartridge sat with bowed head, a powerful conflict of feelings battling within him. At last he looked at her straight.

"You are right," he said. "I must go at once. She is the frankest, sweetest, most lovable girl I have ever had the fortune to meet—perhaps her task is more wretched than mine."

Early the next morning, after a hurried preparation, he was gone. In a few days, Marian received a letter from him, asking her to tell her sister that he had enlisted in an exploring

lantry—in not the slightest way was the claim of a fiancé asserted toward Laura. It was only when the marriage settlement was being drawn up by the Fairlies' solicitor, that Sir Percival showed an evident personal interest: he insisted strongly that, in the event of Laura's death, her property was to revert to himself.

A short time afterwards they were



THE CONSPIRACY

party about to set out from London for a prolonged trip into the heart of Central America.

The wheels of the carriage bearing Hartridge toward London had barely passed thru the gates of Limmeridge House park, when the coach containing Sir Percival Glyde arrived. He was a good-looking man of about fifty-six years, slightly bald, very correctly dressed, and with cold blue eyes.

His manner toward the half-sisters was a mixture of deference and gal-

lantly married quietly in Limmeridge church. It was arranged that, after an extensive bridal trip on the Continent, Marian Holcombe should come to live with them in Blackwater Park, then fallen somewhat into decay and undergoing extensive repairs against their return.

Early spring of the next year found Marian Holcombe installed in "the ancient and interesting seat," as the county history stated, of Sir Percival Glyde. The big house was of the Elizabethan period, rambling, half



THE WEDDING

fallen into disuse, and, with the marshes and stumps of timber around it, a lonely, forbidding place. However, Marian was looking forward to the arrival of its owner and his bride, and was too busy to notice her cheerless surroundings.

On a certain gray day of spring, with its mist shadowing the house, the couple arrived, and, with them, visitors. Sir Percival looked much the same after his travels, but Laura had grown thin and pallid. In contrast, their guest, Count Fosco, was one of the heaviest, most foppishly dressed men Marian had ever seen. He was past middle age, fluent, polite, and wonderfully light on his feet. His wife, a distant relative of Laura's, was morose, bony, and the slave of her husband's slightest wish.

It took but a short time for Marian to see that her sister was not happy, that her husband abused her, and that the count, with delicate tact, took her part. Also that Laura, with a woman's intuition, had taken a most decided aversion to the stout nobleman with the silent tread.

There were conversations going on late into the night in Sir Percival's library, in which the count appeared to be always the leader, and from which, in the morning, he appeared at the breakfast table more rosy and urbane, if possible, than formerly.

If Marian, with her ceaseless resolution and vigilance, had not been stricken with a serious fever, the complicated events which followed so swiftly might never have happened.

The woman in white, bearing such a remarkable resemblance to Laura Fairlie, that Walter Hartridge had encountered on the road to London, was an escaped patient from a private madhouse, where she had been placed by Sir Percival Glyde. A rumor had come to him that she was now in the neighborhood of Blackwater Park, and in a dying condition. Of her, and of his impending financial crash, the baronet had told his visitor in their private talks.

Count Fosco knew that the Englishman was as great a villain as himself, without the saving graces of song



THE ABDUCTION

and light-heartedness. He also knew that it was very easy to incarcerate persons in a madhouse in those days, and, once there, to keep them there. Little by little, over his sugar and water, he formulated a scheme which was so brilliant, original and daring that Sir Percival was easily convinced of its soundness, and could not but be delighted with its results.

Lady Glyde was to be sent to London en route to Limmeridge House, and, while there, was presumably to stop over night at Count Fosco's house. At the same time, the unfortunate escaped patient was to be spirited to London and secretly substituted for Sir Percival's wife. This accomplished, it was their intention to take Laura to the madhouse, from which the unfortunate had escaped, and to turn her over to the keepers. If all went well, the remarkable semblance between the two women would carry the scheme thru.

Fosco further assured Sir Percival that the precarious condition of the patient to be brought to his house would result in her living but a few days there. Reputable physicians would be called in, ostensibly to the assistance of Lady Glyde. When all was over, and she had passed away, the proper death certificate would be obtained, and *ecco!* the pleasant little result would pour out golden sovereigns for the rest of a lifetime.

All went well, as Fosco had planned. Lady Glyde was taken to the madhouse, and at once claimed as an escaped patient. In a few days the unfortunate woman resembling her died, and notices of Lady Glyde's death were immediately published, and her relatives notified. After the proper legal formalities, and the burial of his wife at Limmeridge, Sir Percival, apparently very much broken, drew out a large sum of his inheritance from Lady Glyde, and withdrew to the Continent. All this while Marian lay mercifully tossing in the delirium of fever.

Six months had gone, and Walter Hartridge returned to London, brown,

bearded, and with a whole heart again. On learning of the sudden death of Laura Fairlie, he shut himself in his room and sorrowed as only a big man can—she had been the only woman he had really loved.

Then the memory of his days at Limmeridge came over him, and he resolved to go back there and live them over in a day in the old haunts—the rocks by the sea, her flower-garden, the village church.

It was toward nightfall, and when he had come to the churchyard, that a longing came over him to see her grave—the letters of her name below her mother's. A slender woman in white, accompanied by another, stood veiled and weeping before the tomb. At Walter's approach, as he stood facing her, she slowly raised her veil and disclosed the haggard eyes and sunken cheeks of the girl he had once known.

Marian Holcombe, her companion, was the first to speak. "Have no fear, Walter, it is she; but oh, so changed!"

In a little while she had poured forth the whole dreadful story, including her own recovery, and her tracing out the madhouse where Laura was confined. At her first glimpse of the patient, she had recognized her, and by bribing the nurse with all her little inheritance, succeeded in effecting her escape.

After hiding some time in London, Marian had brought Laura to Limmeridge, in the hope that her uncle would receive her. But he either would not, or could not, recognize her—her terrible experience had changed her beyond recognition, except to loving eyes.

When Marian had finished her unbelievable story of villainy and suffering, Walter decided at once to accompany them back to their hiding-place in London. That the law would believe Laura an impostor, in the face of the death certificate and burial, he well knew. Laura had been stripped of all her fortune, and he, himself, now depended on what his skillful fingers could produce. Therefore, the obscurity of a cheap London lodging

was the most prudent and obvious place.

Sir Percival Glyde was abroad; Fosco was presumably in London, and in him alone remained the hope of a confession.

Knowing the pleasant count's ability to send Laura back to the madhouse if he should be approached

On the same morning, Walter resolved to call on his old friend, Professor Pesca, an exiled Italian, and, until better days, teacher of languages to young ladies. The pert little Pesca had never heard of Count Fosco—in fact, doubted the genuineness of any such title—but, out of curiosity, decided to accompany



THE DEATH OF SIR PERCIVAL

openly, Walter proceeded to track him with the greatest of caution. From the physician who had signed Lady Glyde's death certificate, he found out the count's address. It was a handsome villa in St. John's Wood. A stroll in front of it one morning, the notes of a rich basso voice coming from one of its open windows, confirmed the information, and told him that the count was evidently leading a life of leisure.

Walter that night to the neighborhood of St. John's Wood.

As the two friends stood in the shadow of a tree, Count Fosco, attired in evening-clothes, and humming a merry catch of opera music, put out from his villa and hailed a cab. They followed him to the doors of the Opera House, and entered after him.

The curtain had scarcely risen on the second act of "*Lucrezia Borgia*," when Pesca, with an exclamation of

deep interest, leveled his opera-glasses on the unconscious face of the count. "Bravo!" he said. "I have felt all along that I knew the man—now *I know it*. He is one of the most notorious rogues of society in Italy, and is wanted badly by the 'Brotherhood,' a political secret society."

"Badly?" asked Walter.

"Badly—so badly that the slightest hint to him that he is recognized, and you will never see him again."

Two hours later, Walter and Pesca waited for the count's return in his own drawing-room. They were armed and prepared for any emergency.

A merry humming announced his coming, and the two stood before him.

"I have come to exact an entire confession," announced Walter, grimly, "of the crime perpetrated against Laura, Lady Glyde."

"And I, as the secretary of the 'Brotherhood,'" chimed in Pesca, "which you betrayed, have come to bear witness."

The expression on the round face of the corpulent man with the noiseless tread was impossible to describe—a mixture of irony, terror, and feline cunning. But the result was inevitable. He sat down with remarkable agility, and the long and explicit confession flew from his pen.

When the job was done, Walter bowed, took it from him, and started to withdraw. The man smiled, and

burst into fluent Italian to Pesca. The little man sadly shook his head.

On the morning following the next night, the huge body of a foreign-looking man was found in an unfrequented part of St. John's Wood. Absolutely no trace of identification was found upon his body or clothing. A singular thing was the size of the wound causing his death; it was very small and shaped like the letter T, which stands for "Traditore" in Italian.

But a few things more remain to be said. With Fosco's death, and his confession in Walter's possession, the health of Laura improved rapidly, her eyes lost their haunted look, and the faint pink of the primrose sought her cheeks again. Retribution sought out, with heavy hand, Sir Percival Glyde, too, for as Walter was about to journey to Blackwater and confront the baronet with the criminal evidence, he received news that Sir Percival Glyde had perished miserably in a fire. He had been seen to go, late at night, into his study with a mass of papers; in the morning he was found suffocated in their ashes.

Less than a year afterwards, the church registry of a London parish church showed this simple entry: "Married, Laura Fairlie, daughter of Philip Fairlie, of Limmeridge House, Cumberland, and Walter Hartridge, London."



The Song of an Usher

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

All up and down the shadowed ways,
I daily pass with velvet tread;
A braided jacket on my back,
With rakish scrolls of blue and red.

And when, with superhuman skill,
I've seated scores of humankind,
I must perforce step briskly back
And drone to whosoe'er I find,

Whether they be tucked or frilled,
Accompanied or lonely—
"Lower floor entirely filled—
Balcony seats only!"

Ah, I have caught the cloud that flits
Across a hundred waiting eyes,
Till I've begun to wonder if,
When I cross o'er to Paradise,


And stand with eyes unlocked, unsealed,
To view the Great Performance plain,
That I have lived and died to see,
Will I be met with this refrain,

Uttered by some voice long-drilled,
Unredeemed and lonely—
"Lower floor entirely filled—
Balcony seats only!"

The WARNING HAND

By
Allen
Stanhope

(ESSAY)



THREE friends sat smoking in front of a glowing fireplace. The room, and, in fact, the whole house, bespoke luxury and good taste.

Two of the men had just come in from the cold, wet streets. Their clothes bore the marks of much travel and rough usage. There was something in their manner of absorbing the luxury about them that plainly told that they were both used to it and strangers to it.

Their gaze of wonder, almost of awe, had been fastened on their host almost continually since their entrance. There were about them stains of weather and physical exposure and hard knocks. Yet there shone transparently thru it all, the clear, healthy tints of mind and soul.

Not so with their host. He was to them as a gray, half-burnt-out ash is to the flaming pine knot. His skin was not ruddy like theirs, but pale and pasty. Altho in his prime, his hair was white. And thru his eyes one could see the scars on his soul.

When he spoke, tho, his voice was not unmusical, for it held a human note of almost unnatural thankfulness in it. That voice, in its rich mellow gratitude, suggested the joy that only the reborn soul can know.

After a silence of several minutes, he turned his half-sad eyes upon his guests, a smile turning the corners of his sensitive lips.

"Jim—Frank; thank God, I can help you! You have come to me like the men you are and always have been. To me—who robbed you of

fifteen years of life here among those you loved, and drove you into God knows what dire difficulties. If you were to ask me for all this"—his pale white hands flashed a gesture in the firelight that included his possessions—"I would give it to you. But that would not be after the manner of men of your caliber. Tomorrow I shall leave my business interests in your trust and charge—if you will accept them. Behind that curtain yonder"—again the expressive hand flashed, and the two men bent their heads forward until they thought they heard fairy-like voices in the distance—"lies the one world I want to give my remaining life to.

"You men are amazed, somewhat, at the change you find in me. Your wits are busy calculating the value of my estate and doubting the genuineness of my esteem. Perhaps you don't believe in omens. I didn't, either. You expected to find me in jail—at least in the gutter, penniless. They say God moves in a mysterious way. The mysterious agency that accounts for everything that no doubt excites your wonderment was surely too benign to be anything else but God's intervention. All I ask is that you believe *in me*, whether you believe what I tell you or not."

He threw his now dead cigar into the glowing grate and moved his chair so he could look squarely into the eyes of his silent companions—the two men who had come, in fact, to choke the truth out of his throat in payment for the dog's life he had

forced them into. Already the dogged determination had faded from their countenances, and the tenseness had subsided from their jaws and muscles.

The host began his story with startling abruptness, as tho it came like a shoot of pain from his aroused memory.

The night that my father lay dying I had come home drunk, and was lying in a heap on the parlor floor.

We were all boys at that time. I was just past twenty-one. My mother had suspected my debauches, but that night, as she came hurrying downstairs, a few minutes after I had slammed the door, and found me—the grief that she brought with her would pass some day with the inevitable exigencies. But the grief that entered her bosom at the sight of me split her bruised heart in two!

She told me, poor mother, as best she could, that father lay upstairs breathing his last, and that he had been asking for me.

The mist of liquor cleared away some from my wits when I saw what my condition had wrought, and heard the terrible news. I loved both my parents more than my deeds testified.

In a half-maudlin manner, I dragged myself upstairs and into the sick-chamber. Father, with that keen perspicuity of the dying, noted my condition instantly. The shock drove the waning vitality in his veins to one supreme movement that forced him upright in his bed. The look on his face was terrible.

Mother and the doctor rushed to his side and tried to calm him, but he waved them back and commanded them to leave the room.

By this time my contrition had changed to terror, and I was perfectly sober.

"Draw the curtains of that picture aside," commanded my father, in a hoarse whisper. I obeyed.

I recoiled in fear. To me the picture was *real*.

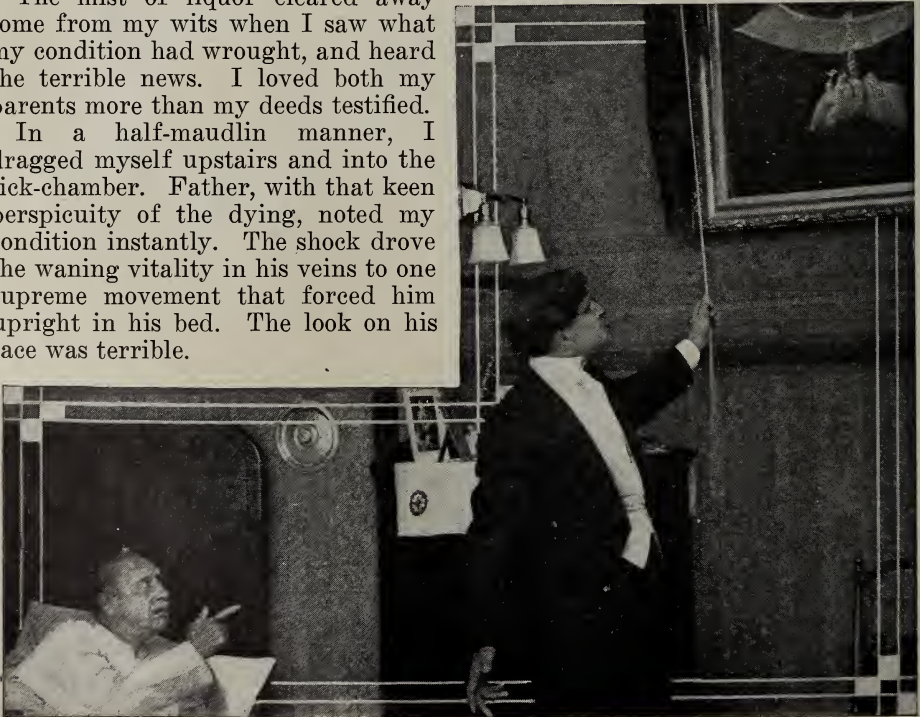
It represented a hand severed above the wrist and suspended from the blade of a sword by a small chain. The fingers hung down, and about it was wound a small serpent with distended jaws.

I turned to my father appealingly.

"Beware—the hand of—evil——"

He, no doubt, intended to be more explicit, for, in his efforts to say more, he made horrible sounds in his throat, and fell back dead!

Father, as you probably remember, left scarcely any estate. I was not mentioned in the will, and my inten-



"BEWARE—THE HAND OF—EVIL——"



RETURNING HOME INTOXICATED

tions to do better, after that awful concentrated experience, were of the best. The warning hand haunted me day and night.

A week later, however, my evil life sought me out. It was your letter, Jim, that did it. I remember it perfectly:

I trust, old man, you will be able to take up your I O U's tomorrow. It is imperative that I have the money to meet a note. For God's sake, don't fail me!

If I'd had the money, tho it had been my last cent, I would have paid you. But I was penniless, and owed every friend I had.

Mother was my only resource. Despondently I sought her.

She was just dressed to go out as I was admitted to her room. Immediately upon hearing my request, she went to the wall-safe father had built for her, and took from it a roll of bills. My heart beat wildly with gratitude and honest, wholesome joy. But suddenly mother turned, and looked at me. I knew she was recalling the incident of my appearance the evening of father's death.

"Jack," she said seriously, "it will require every cent of that money to cover our indebtedness and keep a roof over our heads. No, Jack, I cannot spare it."

She took a single bill from the roll, gave it to me, and left the room.

My heart was sullen and wicked again. I sat there until the front door closed, and I heard her footsteps on the pavement outside. Then I jumped, and, in a few moments, had the flimsy little safe open and the ample roll of bills in my eager hands.

But as I turned, I was staggered at the sight of the picture with the warning hand that my father, with his last breath, had called to my attention. I could have sworn the drapery hung undrawn over it when I entered the room! Then, as I gazed at it, fascinated—and this I would take my oath to—the hand slowly raised, and the fingers pointed accusingly toward the roll of bills in my hand!



TEMPTED TO FORGERY

With a cry of terror, I sprang to the safe and flung them in. Then, making a wide detour away from the picture, I rushed from the room.

You were not paid, Jim, and your business failed, and you left town branded as an absconder, because you

You had loved Grace Lawrence a long, long while before I even met her. In a sense, you had won her; but, as yet, she had not turned seriously to thoughts of actual love. I came upon the scene and poisoned your character. Grace, strangely, fell



A MEETING OF HIS CREDITORS

could not satisfactorily account for the money you had loaned me.

But five years ago your name was cleared, your debts all paid, and your business bought back—it awaits you tomorrow. The woman whom you asked to wait for you is in charge of the prospering business.

Frank, it was less than a year after that, that my perfidy drove you from Petersburg.

in love with me. As a woman will, she believed every word I said. I proposed and she accepted me. For months we kept it a secret.

One day, I met you going to call on Grace as I left the house. There was a look of triumph in your eyes that nettled me. We lived opposite at the time, you will remember. I looked across suddenly, and could see you and Grace perfectly. You had taken

her hand and were talking passionately. I was boiling with jealous rage. If I had been within reach, I think I would have tried to kill you.

You had asked a question, and were looking intently at Grace. Then, slowly, you stepped forward and kissed her brow.

I jumped from my chair and rushed upstairs to get my father's heavy-

I flung the pistol to the floor. After that I scarcely remembered anything until I was aroused by the telephone ringing violently. I was down in the living-room, tho I could never say how I got there.

Finally, I crawled to the phone. It was Grace.

"Jack," she said, and I could tell she had been weeping, "Frank has



WAITING FOR HER ANSWER

caliber revolver. Few things in heaven or hell could have deterred me in my jealous frenzy.

But I was deterred, nevertheless.

When I turned, with a vicious tug at the pistol, for a third time in my life the warning hand in the picture held my gaze! In horror, I saw that it was dripping with blood, while, instead of the sword above it, there now hung a hangman's cap and noose!

just left me and swears he is going to leave Petersburg forever. I have just refused to marry him! Can't you come over for a little while? I feel so very sad."

Believe me, men, this marks the first turning-point in my, then, worthless career. Your leaving Petersburg, Frank, gave me no joy.

When I led Grace Lawrence to the altar, a few months later, I felt like the robber I really was. I could

never feel that weight entirely off my heart until the day came when I should see you back again, and you, yourself, could hear the truth.

But our affairs—Grace's and mine—did not prosper. The evils of my career seemed now to blossom forth in failure and harass every step I took. Grace's courage and Grace's money alone sustained me during the seven long years that followed. When, at length, her money was all gone in the "Lady Grace Mine," upon which I had been building all my hopes in vain, that dear woman's courage was redoubled.

But my days spent in my office were days of agony that turned my hair white and my heart almost to ashes. My thoughts were only of my wife and children, and the evil still clung to my soul that was, at length, to prompt me to save them—as I had tried to save myself—at the expense of my honor.

At length, I came to the end of my rope. "Lady Grace Mine" stock had been declared worthless, and my creditors met and decided to put my few chattels in the sheriff's hands.

I pleaded for forty-eight hours' time to settle my affairs. I went home that night fully intending to kill myself.

But, when I was met by my brave, good wife and the little kiddies, my thoughts turned again to saving them, at any cost.

I sought out our one dear family friend—you remember old Mr. Ward, Franklin Ward? The dear old fellow was in his office, and admitted me at once. He saw that I was in trouble, and took me by the hand and asked if he could help me. I told him I wanted to borrow some money.

"Anything up to five hundred—I can make it more, later," he said kindly, looking over a list of signed checks. He made out one of these and had got the word "Five—" written, when a clerk entered hurriedly and demanded his immediate attention. He rose and left, with a word of excuse.

Again the diabolical streak had caught me in its grasp. I tore the check from the book and rushed home. I sneaked upstairs and locked myself in father's old room. I spent a half-



ORIGINAL DRAWING BY A. B. SHULTZ, SHOWING THE COSMOPOLITAN

hour "raising" that check to five thousand dollars—the least sum that could benefit me. This would probably ruin our good friend, but——

I had risen to hurry to the bank.

Suddenly my hands had seemed to become locked together. I sank back in the chair in terror. Closer scrutiny disclosed steel cuffs on my wrists, with a chain fastened to them. My eyes followed the chain. They came to the warning hand in the picture, which grasped firmly the other end of the chain!

I sprang to my feet and grasped the handcuffs, and tugged away frantically till they disappeared. Realizing what I might yet escape, I seized the check and tore it into small pieces.

Then I fell back in what proved to be a swoon. I was roused this time by my wife and the children kicking frantically at the door.

Bracing up, I moved forward and opened it. Grace had a telegram in her hand, but her solicitude——

"Jack, dear, dont you think you might say good-night to the children

—and ask your friends in to dinner? Mr. Ward has come in, too, to join us."

All three men had turned, as tho struck by an electric shock.

There, in the doorway, stood the faithful wife, a tall boy and two small girls, the picture of happiness.

The two strangers rose and seized each one of Jack's hands warmly.

A few minutes later, the happiest party in all the State sat down to dinner. Frank sat on Grace's right, Jim on her left. Jack's son, Harold, and Mr. Ward sat on either side of him.

It was that kind of happiness that bubbles into tears, sweet and clear from a brimful heart.

"But you had not quite finished your story, Jack," suggested Frank.

"Yes; you left yourself in poverty," laughed Jim.

"That's so," agreed Jack. He rose and took from the wall a framed telegram.

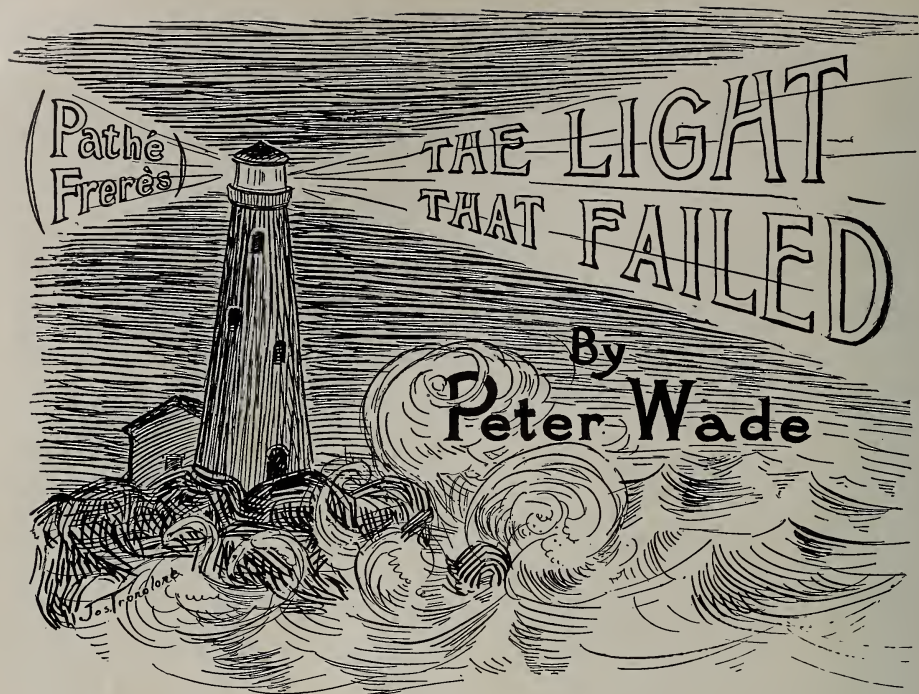
The two guests read it:

JOHN BLY—A new and profitable vein has just been discovered in the "Lady Grace Mine." If you desire to sell your holdings, we can get \$500,000 for them.

JONES & Co.



CHARACTER OF AN EAST SIDE, NEW YORK CITY, AUDIENCE



"CAPTAIN" DANIEL BAYLISS stood on the narrow lantern platform of Cady's Reef light—a granite shaft rearing itself, like a slender waterspout, one hundred feet above the sea—and polished the rings of glass in its magic lenses. This powerful eye of the coast, with its ten-foot lenses, had glared and winked, alternately, for many years, a full eighteen miles across the open waters. On the landward side, too, its short flash and eclipse, long flash and eclipse, had tirelessly warned of the dangerous reefs at the mouth of Shoretown harbor.

Now, under the keeper's hand, and in the clear sunlight, the segments of its eyeball shone with all the prismatic colors of a titanic diamond.

Captain Daniel paused to comb his hand thru the thicket of white, bushy whiskers, that curled and crested about his chin. By his side, with the rising wind whipping her skirt, his daughter, Jane, pointed her binoculars fixedly at a tiny, black object, far out where sea and sky blended.

"It's a steamer, dad!" she exclaimed. "A big freighter, and she's heading for the harbor."

"Give me the glass, child," said

the weather-beaten keeper; "it's many a year since a big vessel has worked her nose atween the Reefs and the Point.

"It's a steamer, sure enough," he confirmed, thru the glass; "a big, ugly British tramp—looks like a Gold Coast trader. I wonder what she's doing—"

"Dad"—Jane's deep blue eyes were sparkling with enthusiasm—"I'm going ashore in the dory and look her over when she docks. I shouldn't wonder if her decks were filled with cages of monkeys, ant-eaters, and black Zulus."

"Bosh and nonsense, girl—she's been working down the coast from St. John way; tho why she's turned her heel about and steams for Shoretown gets me."

"Good-by, dad," the girl's clear voice rang up the stairs of the lighthouse well.

Captain Daniel leaned his elbows on the platform railing, and brought the full force of his vision to bear on the incoming steamer.

"Gets me," said Captain Daniel, again; "there aint no furrin freight in Shoretown, and she's 'way off her course if she's bringin' anything in."

His glass swept around toward the harbor and covered a tiny, white boat, in which a girl, with muscular strokes, was making for the town. The puckered corners of his mouth relaxed into a smile of content. Here was one, fresh and exhilarating as sea-scurf, who was, at least, no mystery to him.

Two things alone did Captain

A strong man, and a forceful one, was Captain Bayliss in his prime, rowing or sailing a good five miles from the shore to Cady's Reef each dusk, and back again in the morning. But this was before his spells of black rage had driven Patience from his house, and before the Government had built him living quarters on the strip of bare reef in the lee of the light.



Daniel love in this world—his light and his girl. One he had tended since the days of the clipper ships, that sailed like stately castles of white into Shoretown harbor; the other—how well he remembered the flying scud on stormy nights when he *must* get back to his light—was the only token of his long courtship, and marriage, of pretty Patience Pryme, the town beauty of thirty years ago.

On this bit of rock hanging in the sea, Jane had grown up. The once violent old man, with his face the color of leather, and his taciturn, dry smile, was her only companion—father, mother, playmate and lover in one cantankerous old man.

On stormy nights, too, when the winter wind came down in a solid shriek from the north and wuthered and moaned in the crannies of the

reef, and the surf booming on the Point could be heard solemn and measured, even above the wind, Captain Daniel sat in his chair and seemed to see visions and things of other days.

Jane beached her dory on the tumbled, white shingle of Shoretown beach, at about the same time that the steamer, barely moving, slid up to the town pier.

As the *Princess of India*, for so the blurred letters on her counter announced, rubbed her side against the pier, a young officer leaped lightly over her side and cut an undignified pigeonwing on the pier's flooring.

"Cod," he announced cryptically to the listening Shoretowners, "out of St. John's—bound for Rio. I say, how is your water?—wet?"

The natives stared at him dumbly; even the venerable dockmaster was nonplussed.

"I cal'late there's two fathom," he began, slowly shifting his quid, "under the nun buoy on the ebb—"

"Wharf ahoy!" came a big voice from the *Princess'* bridge. "I'll be wanting a cooper aboard to help put a stave in the water tank"—all eyes were turned upward to a black-bearded man in blue and brass—"and a filling of water. Double pay for quick work."

The pier was, as if by magic, almost instantly cleared of loiterers. Only Jane and the young officer remained. She continued to stare curiously at the steamer. He noticed her ardent, childlike look, and her red-brown cheeks, with little tendrils of framing chestnut hair. In an instant, the color crept into his own cheeks, under their sea tan, and he turned his back to smooth the damp ends of a blue bow tie.

When he turned again, the girl had disappeared, but he heard the craunch of quick-moving feet on the shingle, and saw her walking away along the beach.

Jane thought she heard the slipping, uneven steps of some one following her, and turned to see the young officer in her wake. He was

having trouble keeping a footing on the sliding pebbles, and presented a ridiculous, but persistent, effort to look absent-minded and dignified.

At last he overtook her.

"Can you tell me the name of that light on the reef?" he asked, in deep, serious tones, as tho his professional career hung on her answer.

"Cady's Reef light," Jane instructed him.

"Ah! thank you, awfully," he said, reddening. "It's worried me all the morning."

"Haven't you a coast chart?" she demanded.

"The fact is—er—I regret to say it—" he began in distress, "the captain is awful particular about his charts." He lowered his voice. "Always keeps them about his person, you know."

She eyed him a minute, then laughed distrustfully.

"What do you consult when the captain is off duty?"

His handsome face went blank; then he looked over his shoulder, fearsomely.

"Most peculiar man—a bit oddish," he explained hurriedly; "has carefully erased the names of all lights and beacons, and substituted family ones."

Jane stared at him, her lips quivering.

"Fact, 'pon m' honor," he resumed glibly. "This morning, on consulting the chart, I found 'Anna Maria Flinders' written under your light—name of his mother's aunt."

Jane burst into uncontrollable laughter. "I never heard of such a thing," she said finally; "my father's light is known along the whole coast."

The young officer had laughed whole-heartedly with her. It appeared to efface all signs of his guilt.

"Do you live there?" he asked.

She stood grasping the painter of her dory, which had been left high and dry by the turn of the racing tide. To her efforts to dislodge it, it responded by wobbling and grating its bottom on the gravel.

Quite suddenly, she felt it give under her hands, and race toward the water. She caught the blurred image of blue sleeves on its combing behind her—then a splash, a sudden sense of buoyancy as she jumped in, and the dory was launched upon the little combers of the harbor.

As she slipped the oars over the thole-pins, a dark, handsome young man was seated unconcernedly in the stern, rigging the unshipped rudder.

"If that's Cady's Reef light,"

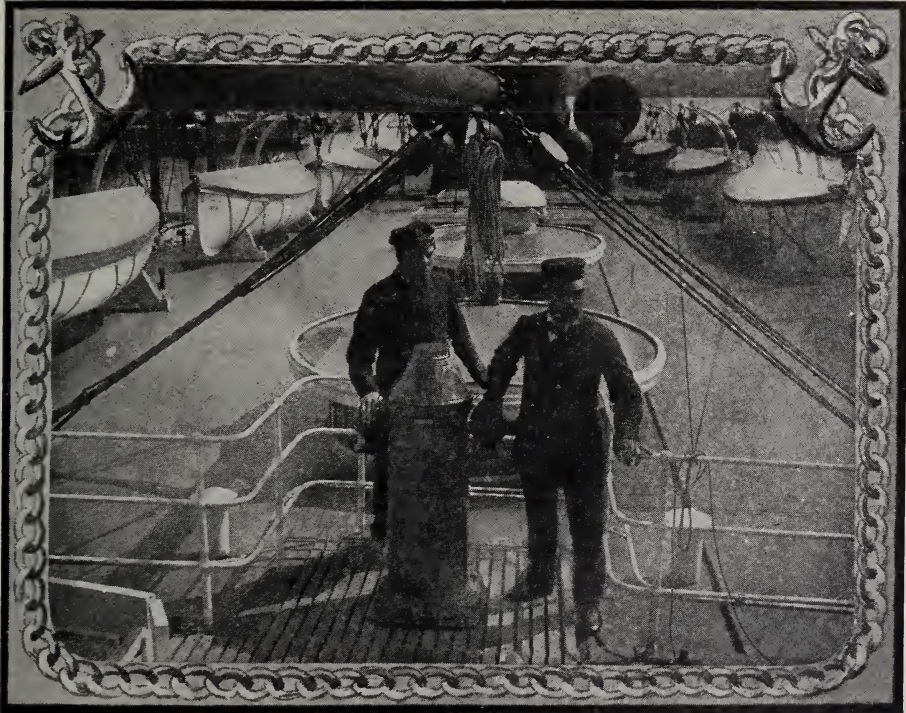
Daniel, his glasses still in hand, as if from hard usage, came down to the landing to meet them.

Jane deftly threw a couple of half-hitches over the pier-head, and clambered ashore, followed by her passenger.

"My father, Captain Bayliss; this is Mr. Harding, second officer of the *Princess of India*," she said.

"Howdy-do?" said Captain Dan.

"The honor is entirely mine," said Mr. Harding, bowing.



he volunteered, after a constrained period, "I'm awfully obliged for this chance of studying it at closer range."

Jane rowed on in silence.

After a while, he sighed audibly, and began asking her questions about the light and the life-saving station on the Point, opposite.

These she answered, and, noting the interest with which he absorbed all answers appertaining to herself and her life on the Reef, she artlessly continued to instruct him.

The dory, under her even strokes, approached the rock islet. Captain

Much to that gentleman's disgust, Captain Bayliss insisted on personally conducting the young officer thru the lighthouse and up to the lantern.

Captain Bayliss exploited gruffly the power of Cady's Reef's lenses, and even set the revolving mechanism to going, but the serious-faced young man listened and looked on with scant attention. It was only when his time came to leave, and Jane again appeared in a snug-fitting sweater, that his face brightened.

"It's gettin' late," said Captain Dan, in parting admonition, "and a

blow's coming up from the nor'east—best put Mr. Harding ashore on the Point, girl, and come back at once."

It was almost sundown when Jane landed him, and across the ruddy water, far in the east, a filmy mist was creeping nearer the coast.

Captain Dan, on the lantern platform, watched it thru his glasses, shook his head dubiously, then swung them across to the Point, where the pair were landing. In the rays of the sinking sun, they stood out against the rocks like little, refulgent dolls.

Something in their actions made him start, tremble, and level the glasses again, over his working mouth. What he saw was the little man doll come close to the girl doll as she stepped from the dory, take her hands, and then gently slide his arm about her waist. As the sun sank behind the hills of Shoretown, turning the golden sand and its shining figures to dull silver, the pair moved slowly away toward the path leading to the town.

The sea mist crept nearer and nearer; a powerful beam of light shot out from high above Cady's Reef, as if to meet it and rend it asunder.

Suddenly a hoarse, monster whistle sounded near the walking pair, choking and sputtering to deliver itself.

"By Jove!" said the young man, instantly detaching himself, "but that gave me a turn!"

"It's the steam siren on Demon Point," said the girl; "it blows every thirty seconds."

They walked on, with the sea fog gathering round them, and the siren screaming shudderingly thru it.

At last it seemed to stop altogether.

"What ails it?" asked the young officer.

"We have stepped into a belt where it can't be heard," she said quietly; "it is one of the uncanny things that the fog brings."

"Gracious! I must be getting back to the ship," he said, holding his watch close to his face; "I didn't know time could fly so."

She drew away from the young officer, trembling.

"Are you afraid to go back, dear?" he asked seriously.

She touched his hand and pointed to where a big bar of light cut its path in the fog. "A lighthouse keeper's daughter should never be afraid," she said, "as long as the lamps are lit."

"You are brave," he said reverently, placing his hands upon her shoulders, "with an inborn sense of duty that shames my frivolity. I knew a little girl in England once—"

A raucous, blatting sound from Shoretown way trembled heavily over the harbor. It repeated itself insistently four times. "It's the *Princess of India*—she's scolding 'All aboard,' " he laughed. "Good-by, dear, and good luck!"

He scrambled up the rocky path, and was gone.

It seemed several hours afterwards to Jane when her dory's nose shot out of the mist and nuzzled the little pier of Cady's Reef.

Captain Dan was waiting, lantern in hand, as she sprang ashore. The old, black look of winter nights had set upon his face, and, with it, something she had never seen before—a senile, cunning, atavic set of the eyes that searched into hers.

"Has he gone?" he asked, as of the sea; "so soon, and with a laugh on his lips?"

The girl sought his free hand to lead him to the house. He shook her off, roughly.

"I know the spawn," he continued, his voice mounting above the rising wind, "and would pick it out from the bottom of the sea—the same smooth voice; the look; the feel of the hand of the man who, years ago, stole Patience from me."

"And now, he has come creeping back," he shrilled, in the voice of a madman, "to take my girl, my little Jane, in his poisonous arms. It is too much; too infernal—I'll pluck the lamps from their sockets before he can take out his ship."

Captain Daniel, quite bereft of reason, stared out upon the black waters, as if waiting for an answer.

The answer came—a deep-throated, long-drawn inquiry from the *Princess of India's* whistle. “Wa-a-a-t wa-a-y? wa-a-a-t wa-a-y?” she seemed to call from the channel.

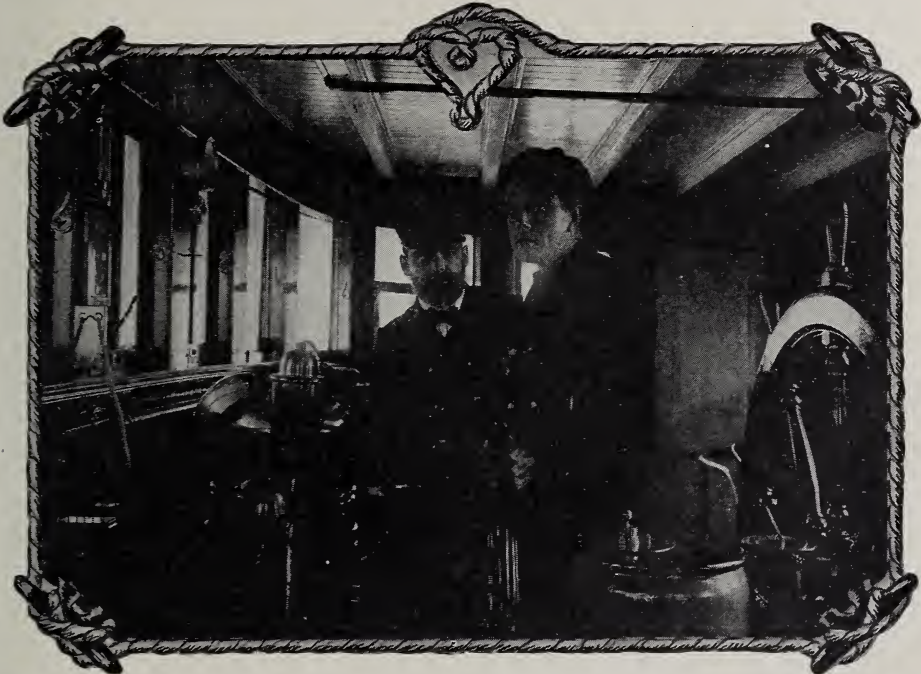
The aged keeper staggered back, then turned, with apish activity, and ran for the lighthouse door.

Jane, guessing his intention, ran after him, calling. But he paid no

in shattering the light, had looked upon his last vision from the sea.

It might have been ten minutes afterwards that Jane thought she saw a blue rocket describe its arc thru the sky, and then heard the rapid calls of the steamer's whistle. They became fainter and fainter in the fog, and, finally, a far-off one broke off suddenly, like a drowning man's cry, and from then on, she heard no more.

It was cold, above the sea, on the slippery, iron platform, and the north



need—if anything, her voice spurred him on. Up, up the never-ending, winding stairs, with the terrified girl in pursuit. First a pounding of sea-boots on the stone treads, then their swift run across a landing to the flight above. The steamer's whistle sounded like the faint buzzing of flies in the hollow shaft— A crash of glass above her, little tinkling sounds of myriad pieces dropping, and then—darkness, as of the tomb, on the lantern platform.

“Dad!”

No answer. But the girl's hurrying feet stumbled over a huddled mass half under the railing. Captain Dan,

wind wrapped the fog about her until she was a dripping, shivering mass of wet clothes. But she stuck to her post, beside the body of Captain Dan and the shattered lantern frame.

At last the dawn came—a creeping, unearthly light thru the gray mist, and, with it, Jane stood up, slapped her numb limbs smartly, and started down the interminable steps.

Her dory lay as she had left it, but she drew away from it, fearsomely, as she pictured her grewsome landing of the night.

Her duty lay across at the Point, however; perhaps the steamer had

not gone down; perhaps there were lives to save.

As she shoved off, and passed the outer reefs, with the sea sudding around them, like foam on a dog's fangs, a glance showed her the *Princess of India* high on the rocks, in the lifting fog, off the Point. The sea was still running high, and breaking over her in showers of sparkling spray.

The boom of a gun came across the

then the breeches-buoy began again its errand of mercy.

As Jane rowed her little boat into better water behind the Point, the last being on board was getting himself into the buoy to begin his perilous journey.

There was something about his nonchalant manner, and easy gesture that all was ready, that sent a curious thrill thru the girl's wet clothes.

She rode her dory thru the surf,



harbor, and Jane could see the life-saving crew swarming on the beach. The steamer must be breaking up fast, she thought, or they never would resort to gun and breeches-buoy.

Suddenly the figure of a man shot off the steamer's slanting deck, and was carried along the spider-like cable, toward the beach. The seas leaped up at him, submerged him, bent the rope till it creaked and strained to be free of him, but still he traveled onward toward the shore.

The man was finally dragged ashore, where he was lifted out, and fell, a limp mass, on the shingle. And

and hurried along the beach, to be near the final rescue.

As she came up, Mr. Harding was plucking his long, thin legs from their uneasy seat in the buoy. He staggered a bit from faintness, but finally succeeded in extricating himself.

A girl near-by watched him, with a glowing color in her cheeks, and with every sign of embarrassment.

"Why, little girl from out of the sea," he said, hugging her brazenly to him, "you're as wet a hen as I am. But what does it matter," he whispered close, "when we are warm inside?"

The Unwelcome Guest

(Biograph)

By Luliette Bryant



"It aint right, I tell yeh, pa; yeh hadn't oughter let her do it."

The man addressed as "pa" turned mildly reproving eyes upon the complainant.

"Now, Obed," he remonstrated gently, "yeh mustn't be findin' fault with ma. Of course, she's—she's—well, she's a leetle mite *careful* 'bout money, mebbe, but she's got it all put away safe. It's allus best to let women have their own way, peaceably; it makes 'em easier to live with—an' they'll have it, anyhow!"

"But s'pose somethin' should happen," Obed persisted; "what if th' house should get afire, an' ma wuz away, an' yeh didn't know where th' money wuz?"

"If she wuz away, I'd be away, too; when did ma ever go away from hum without me? No; dont worry 'bout th' money—I'd 'nough sight rather trust ma than a bank."

But Obed was not convinced. He looked after the old man, who was now walking down the lane toward the meadow pasture, calling "Co, boss, co, boss," in his cheerful voice, and shook his head doubtfully.

"A leetle mite *careful* 'bout money," he quoted. "I should say she wuz. Every cent thet's been paid on thet timber land she's hid away, an' wont give pa a look at it, after he hands it over. He cant spend a cent for himself. Cracky—wuzn't she mad yesterday when he bought thet five-cent cigar! But it's none of my biz."

"What yeh standin' there so long for, Obed?" ma's voice called shrilly; "I want some wood—an' there's some hot molasses cookies in here."

Obed hastened toward the kitchen, his eyes brightening. Ma might be over-cautious about money, but she never scrimped the family table. The ten years that Obed had spent as bound boy with Pa and Ma Flint had been well-fed, healthy, happy ones. The little home was snug and comfortable, and, if the harmony that reigned there was due to pa's easy-going policy, rather than to mutual forbearance, it was none the less pleasant to Obed.



PA IS SCOLDED FOR BUYING A CIGAR

"But I wish pa 'd spunk up, once, an' make her tell where she keeps th' money," Obed muttered, as he heaped his arms high with the pleasant-smelling birch sticks, and started for the door; "somethin' might happen."

And something did happen and with such startling swiftness that Obed and the old man could hardly rally their dazed senses to realize the blow.

It was a week before a thought of the hidden money came to pa; then he approached Obed, hesitatingly.

"I've used up all th' money I had in my pocket," he said simply. "I didn't have only a little—yeh know ma always put th' money away." His voice trembled and broke with the strain of mentioning ma and the old, familiar ways.



THE DEATH OF MRS. FLINT

For ma—bustling, shrill-voiced, care-taking ma—suddenly sat down in her cretonne-cushioned rocker one morning, folded her work-lined hands, and slipped silently away into a new, unknown land—alone!

"Heart failure—she wore herself out," the doctor said, and Obed, clumsily trying to perform the household tasks, and seeing the disorder and confusion that speedily spread over the place when ma's tireless hands and voice were still, wondered dumbly how she had endured so long.

"We kin find it easy enough," Obed broke in hastily. "It's somewhere in th' house, o' course."

"I wish you'd look, Obed; I cant seem ter want ter handle her things over, yet."

But, tho Obed searched long and faithfully, his eagerness and anxiety growing as he scanned every nook and corner of the old house, his quest was unfruitful. Pa joined in the hunt at last, rummaging with tender hands thru all the little possessions that were folded away so neatly, but the money was not found.

"Why, here's my weddin' suit in this old trunk—she's kep' it all these years," he said, holding up the long, black coat with sorrowful pride; "here's th' coat an' pants, but I wonder what she done with th' vest—it wuz gray satin, with black leaves worked in it."

He folded the clothes back into the little trunk and turned to Obed.

"Let's dont look any more, now," he said; "mebbe it'll come ter me in th' night where she put it—sometimes things come ter me thet way."

But that night, and many nights, slipped by, and it did not "come to" pa where the money was hidden. The problem of living became a difficult one; crops had been poor that year, and they had expected to draw upon the hidden hoard to carry them thru the long winter. Then, the taxes were due and had to be met. From a vague uneasiness, the situation crystallized into acute need and anxiety. Something must be done, and that right soon. If not, the dreaded poorhouse across the hills stared him in the face.

Again and again, every inch of the house was searched for the money that was now so sorely needed. Obed searched even the barn and the henhouse one night, with the aid of a lantern, but without results. The next morning, as a last resort, he ventured a suggestion.

"Pa," he said, "I hate ter say it, but we've got ter do somethin' right away, an' I want yeh ter go over ter Bob's. I reckon he'd be awful glad t' have yeh come an' stay a spell with 'im. Th' Winthrops want me t' work fer 'em this winter—he told me yesterday he'd board me fer doin' th' chores an' takin' th' kids t' school. Then I could come over here when I had time, an' hunt fer th' money. I'll find it yet, an' then yeh kin come back hum, an' we'll get along fine."

A tear was trembling in the old man's eye as he looked at the lad.

"You're a good boy, Obed," he said slowly. "You've stuck by th' old man like a real son." He paused for a moment, and Obed knew that his thoughts were with the one child

of their marriage—the boy who had married a wealthy farmer's daughter, and, with increasing prosperity, had drifted far away from the old folks. It had been the mother's one great sorrow; she had longed for her boy, and for the little grandchildren, who were brought to the old home so seldom that they hardly knew their grandparents' faces. Thinking of this, pa's face hardened, and he spoke with angry decision.

"I'd quicker starve than ask him fer a hum," he declared bluntly. Then the gentleness of his nature reasserted itself, and he hastened to add: "There, I hadn't oughter speak thet way. Bob wuz a good boy 'fore he married, an' it's nat'ral fer th' young ter get weaned 'way from hum—'course, he'd take me if 'twuz necessary."

It soon became necessary; grim fact was not to be evaded—pa must go to his son, or go to the poorhouse. A letter, secretly written by the pitying selectmen to Bob, had brought a curt reply, which showed plainly that he would take his father in, simply to avoid the disgrace of having it known that he was "on the town." So the old man, with a sorrowful heart, packed his few possessions in the old-fashioned trunk.

"I'll leave my weddin' togs in th' bottom of th' trunk," he said to Obed. "I cant give it up, after ma kep' 'em so long; mebbe Bob's children might like to see 'um—there's three of 'um, two girls an' a boy. I kin tell 'um stories an' do a lot fer 'um—eh?"

Loyal-hearted Obed tried by every means that his honest heart could devise to comfort the old man.

"If yeh dont like it, come back," he told him, over and over. "We kin get 'long somehow; if yeh kin stand it there till spring comes, I kin work out in th' summer an' make enough ter keep us—but I'm talkin' dumb-foolishness; prob'ly by spring yeh couldn't be drug 'way from them children fer love nor money!"

But his face was very serious as he stood by the old gate, finally, waving a good-by to pa, who leaned far out of

the wagon to gaze back at the loved home he was leaving.

"I'd sooner see him start fer th' poorhouse, if 'twuzn't jest fer th' name of it," he muttered. "Thet's all Bob's takin' him fer—'cause he's druv ter it! There's worse places ter go ter than th' poorhouse! Poor ma—she couldn't rest in her grave if she knowed what wuz happenin' on 'count of her hidin' thet money so good! Folks are allwuz sayin' they cant take their money with 'um when they die, but she might 's well have took thet—sometimes I 'most think she did!"

While Pa Flint was being hustled away to his son's home, to avoid the stigma of disgrace which the poorhouse somehow adds to the pain of poverty, a little girl in that same dreaded institution, only ten miles over the hills, was skipping about one of the bare rooms, her blue eyes dancing, her bright hair flying around her face in a golden whirl, as she caroled:

Oh, I'm going to be adopted, 'dopted,
'dopted,

Oh, I'm going to be adopted—

She broke off the impromptu song and danced up to a white-haired woman who sat sewing blue and white patches together.

"Isn't it just perfectly lovely to think somebody's going to take me away from here?" she questioned. "To think I am going to live on a real farm, and not be a poorhouse child any more! And there's two little girls where I'm going, one of them 'most as old as me, and a big boy. It's a little bit queer that they wanted another child, now, isn't it?—but I'm so glad!"

"Now, you mustn't count too much on everything being pleasant, dearie," counseled the woman; "you know you're not really being adopted." Then, seeing the disappointed look that had swept over the eager face, she added hastily: "I dont want to discourage you, child, but you know it is always better to think of both sides of a thing. Then, if everything isn't just as you expect, you'll be

more prepared to get along with it. Folks that take a child from here generally want them for work."

"Oh, of course I expect to work—why, I want to work. If anybody's good and kind enough to give me a nice home, it's likely I want to do everything I can for them."

She was nearly fourteen years old, this waif of the poorhouse, and more than half her life had been passed within its cheerless walls. Yet, somehow, in spite of the sordid, commonplace surroundings, the child had retained a sunny sweetness of disposition and a glad, confident expectancy that life would bring good things to her. She had been like some lovely hothouse flower blossoming in a tangle of roadside weeds.

There was no tinge of apprehension or fear in Jessie's eyes a few minutes later, as she ran up to the man who was waiting for her in the bare sitting-room of the poorhouse.

"I'm so glad you've come," she announced joyfully; "I've been expecting you all the morning."

Even Robert Flint's hard face softened a trifle as he looked down into the trustful, sunny eyes. She was so evidently glad to go with him—so confident of his responding to her gladness, that he actually smiled as he answered: "Well, I'm glad you're ready. We'll soon be there—'tain't far away."

All thru the ride, Jessie prattled gaily, and her companion, tho he responded mostly in monosyllables, did nothing to check the happiness of her spirit. He was not an unkind man, but the years since his marriage had been nothing but a scramble for money, urged on by a miserly, sharp-voiced wife.

As they drove up to the picturesque farmhouse, with its broad, well-kept lawn and handsome shrubbery, Jessie gave a cry of delight.

"Oh, what a lovely place—just like I was hoping!" she cried; "and there come the children to meet us!"

She jumped from the carriage, and ran happily toward the two girls and tall boy who were staring at her.

"I've come!" she cried eagerly. "I'm awful glad to be here!"

But the girls drew back from her outstretched hands, while the boy laughed scornfully.

"Suppose you are," he drawled; "'most anybody's glad to get out of a poorhouse, I calc'late. But say, you aint big enough to do much work—I bet ma will be good and mad when she sees you."

Jessie's face flushed crimson and the quick tears sprang to her eyes at this reception, so different from the one she had imagined, but, before she could speak, a shadow fell across the walk, and Mrs. Flint appeared upon the scene, scowling angrily.

"Well, of all things," she began, looking at Jessie with accusing eyes, "I thought I was getting a girl to help me. You're nothing but a child."

"I'm 'most fourteen," said poor Jessie, "and I want to help you; I know how to do lots of things—wash dishes—make beds—cook—sweep—"

"Well, come on and get about it, then," interrupted Mrs. Flint, sharply, "and dont stand there chattering. I did think Bob would have enough sense to get me a girl big enough to amount to something, but now you are here we'll have to keep you a spell, anyhow. Come on in the kitchen and peel the potatoes. Dinner's an hour late now. Bob's father has come to live with us; he just got here this forenoon, and it's put my work back, bothering with his room and getting his old trunk upstairs. He makes one more to wait on—as if I didn't have enough! You'll have to step lively and earn your keep, or back you go."

In the days that followed, Jessie wished fervently that the threat of sending her back would be fulfilled. She ran hither and thither all day long, subject to the whims of the children, the impatience of Robert Flint, and the nagging tyranny of Mrs. Flint, who never failed to remind her daily that she came from the poorhouse and was likely to be returned at any minute. But the child was far too useful to be spared; her nimble,

willing fingers and quick intelligence amply atoned for her small figure, and the burdens that were laid upon her grew heavier daily. It was pitiful to see the slender figure droop, the eager radiance fade from the blue eyes, the glad trustfulness of the sensitive face replaced by a look of sad apprehension.

There was only one person who sympathized with Jessie, and tried in many kindly ways to lighten her load. Pa Flint, too, was finding life on his son's farm anything but pleasant. The children were openly unkind and disrespectful to him, ignoring his friendly overtures and scorning his suggestions of bedtime stories or whittled playthings. As he showed a pathetic desire to please his daughter-in-law, she responded by assigning tasks far too hard for his feeble strength, and his son never appeared to notice his dragging footsteps or weary face. From the first, he had eaten his meals with Jessie, after the family had finished. "I'd have to arrange the dining-room all over again, to make room for an extra place," Mrs. Flint had said, and the old man had meekly acquiesced, feeling really thankful to escape from the children's rudeness. Jessie was always kind, saving some savory bit for him whenever she could escape Mrs. Flint's sharp eyes, and trying, with childish affection, to make his life easier, and it was natural that the two unhappy ones should grow into a feeling of mutual sympathy and understanding.

"If I only had thet money ma hid," the old man sighed, as he sat eating a scanty dinner with Jessie, "I wouldn't stay here a day longer, I kin tell yeh."

"Maybe Obed found it," suggested Jessie, who had heard, over and over again, the tale of the lost treasure.

"Not much he aint," declared pa, with conviction. "He'd let me know in a minute; he's a good boy, Obed is—more like a son ter me than my own flesh an' blood is!"

A heavy sigh finished the sentence, and Jessie's hand stole out to touch

his coat-sleeve, pityingly. "Never mind," she whispered, "something will happen yet—things always come out all right in the end, if we keep hoping!"

"What you two idling and whispering about?" demanded a boy's voice; "I'll tell ma if you dont get to work; here, I want some of that bread for my pigeons."

"But we haven't finished our dinner," remonstrated Jessie, forgetting her usual fear, as she saw pa's hungry eyes. "Your grandpa wants that bread."

"I guess he's had all he needs," was the sneering retort; "all either of you does is to

"I've stood this long as I'm goin' to, Bob," he said; "I've tried ter put up with ill treatment an' ter make th' best of things, but this is too much! I never thought I'd see a son of mine treat a dog as yeh treat thet little girl! Here she's been luggin' them great, heavy sacks of potatoes all th' afternoon—an' she didn't have hardly a bite of dinner—yer boy took th' little bread we did have, ter feed his pigeons—an' now she's expected ter get th' supper. I kin stand it fer myself, but I wont see her abused no more!"

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" queried Mrs. Flint, who had appeared in the



PA IS NOT ALLOWED TO EAT WITH THE FAMILY

eat, anyhow. You've got to carry in potatoes, both of you. Pop said so, and you'd better hurry."

There is a limit to every man's endurance, and it was a wise man who penned the old adage: "Beware the fury of a patient man." Robert Flint, coming into the kitchen late that afternoon, where Jessie had just deposited a heavy bag of potatoes, paused, in startled amazement, at the threatening face that his father turned upon him.

kitchen. She was not abashed, like her husband. A faint feeling of shame had awakened in Robert Flint's heart at his father's words, but it died away as his wife took command of the situation.

For a moment the old man regarded his daughter-in-law with eyes that were both stern and appealing. Then, without a word, he turned and went up the stairs, to his little room beneath the eaves.

"There! I've settled him; we wont



PA AND JESSIE ESCAPE

hear any more from him," Mrs. Flint remarked triumphantly.

Mrs. Flint's prophecy was truer than she anticipated. She was destined not to "hear any more from him" for a longer period than she would have thought possible. For, late that evening, the full, round moon, looking down on the Flint farm, saw an unusual sight: a window, high up under the eaves, opened, two faces peered out, there was a whispered consultation, then a dark object was pushed thru the window, and fell, with a soft thud, upon the grass.

"There," the old man at the window whispered to the girl beside him, "it's split open, but we cant help it—it wuz th' only way t' get it out of th' house. Now, we'll take this old grip of mine, slip out, an' get all th' things thet's in th' trunk an' stuff 'um in here, an' we're off. Yeh needn't worry—yeh're goin' hum with me—Obed an' me will find a way t' take care of yeh."

"Obed and me'll take care of *you*, you mean," whispered Jessie, gleefully. "Oh, I'm so glad we are going to run away—I always did want to have adventures!"

Her blue eyes were dancing with

their old light, as she stole softly down the stairs beside pa, out into the white moonlight, that lighted up the contents of the broken trunk.

"Dont leave nothin'," cautioned pa, as she hastily gathered up the clothing, cramming it into the battered valise; "my weddin' togs is in thet trunk—I want ter allus save 'um, 'cause ma kep' 'um so long."

"I've got everything," she announced, "and I'm going to hide the trunk here in the lilac bushes, so they wont see it the first thing."

She dragged the little trunk toward the bushes, then stopped suddenly.

"Hello! here's an old vest, right under the very bottom of the trunk," she said, stooping to pull it out; "why, that's funny—how could it have got there?"

But the old man was too eager to be off to notice what she said, so she added the vest to the contents of the valise, and the two runaways hurried softly away.

Obed was leaning disconsolately against the very gate-post where he had waved good-by to Pa Flint. His eyes were roaming sorrowfully over the little place, overgrown now with a tangle of weeds, thru which gay



PA IS MADE TO EARN HIS BOARD

clumps of flowers—remnants of ma's carefully tended garden—pushed their hardy heads.

"Ter think it's all goin' fer taxes," he sighed, "an' I cant do a thing—I've tried my level best—an' somewhere in thet house there's four or five thousand dollars hid away—'nough ter pay up ev'rything, an' keep pa comfortable! I'll have ter write an' tell him thet th' old place is

"It cant be," he cried, "it cant be—but it looks jest like pa!"

He bent forward, scanning the approaching figures, the color flaming in his cheeks, his eyes widening.

"It is, as sure as I'm born, it's pa—but who's he got with him?"

In an instant, he was running down the road to meet the pair, who were hastening toward him.

"This is Obed, Jessie," pa said,



THE OLD HOME IS SAVED

sold, I suppose. There comes th' sheriff now, an' a crowd taggin' along, as usual."

Obed flung himself out of the front gate and dropped upon the grass by the roadside, under a maple.

"I cant stand it ter see it sold," he muttered, his eyes full of resentment. "Jest think how pa an' ma 'd feel if they wuz here!"

Suddenly he sprang to his feet, gazing sharply down the dusty road.

dropping the valise, to catch both the lad's eager hands in his own. "I told yeh he'd be around somewhere."

"Gee whiz! but I'm glad yeh come," said Obed. He was speaking to pa, of course; but his eyes were upon the fair face, with its frame of golden hair, and its blue eyes looking up into his so trustfully. "Everything's goin' wrong here, but we'll make out, somehow."

"What's goin' wrong?" asked pa,

sitting down, and then the news of the sale for taxes had to be broken, within plain sound of the voices of bargaining men.

"Then we've got nothin' left a-tall," said pa, his voice quivering. "But dont yeh be scared, Jessie, dear; Obed an' me 're goin' ter look out fer yeh, aint we, Obed?"

"You bet we be," said Obed, looking into the blue eyes again.

"I want ter go an' see th' old place jest once more, 'fore it's got a new owner," quavered pa; "Jessie, jest hand me a clean handkerchief. There's some in thet grip."

"I dont find any," Jessie said, rummaging. "Here, I'll empty everything out—it needs to be packed better, anyhow; I jammed things in every way—I was in such a hurry."

As she dumped the contents of the old valise upon the ground, pa bent over and lifted one of the garments.

"Well, I never!—if here aint my weddin' vest!" he said, in a pleased tone. "Where 'd yeh get this, Jessie? I never could find it before."

"It was in that false bottom of the trunk," said Jessie; "remember I told you, when I was hiding it?"

"No; I didn't take no notice what yeh said. Thet's queer, but I'm glad t' find it; I've got th' hull suit now."

"Let me see it," demanded Obed, suddenly. There was a queer, tense excitement in his manner, as he almost snatched the vest from Pa Flint.

"Why, what's th' matter, Obed?" pa queried in surprise, as Obed began rummaging thru the pockets.

"Nothin'," said Obed, dropping the garment, disappointedly; "I thought mebbe—but there's nothin' in it."

Jessie gave Obed a quick look—her womanly sense had divined his thought. She picked up the vest and turned it, scanning the lining. There was a tiny rip, near the bottom, and she poked in an inquiring finger, hesitated, ripped a little farther down the seam, her eyes shining with excitement. Suddenly she tore the lining wide open with a quick jerk.

"There," she cried, thrusting the vest into pa's hands, "look!"

There it was—layer upon layer of yellow notes, covering every inch of space between the front and its lining.

"Hooray!" yelled Obed, jumping to his feet, and pulling wildly at the half-dazed man. "Come on, quick, an' save th' old place 'fore it's sold—quick—come on, quick!"

All this happened half a dozen years ago. If you should drive today along one of the dusty, clover-edged roads that lead away from Bennington, you would come to the little home of Pa Flint, set well back from the road, surrounded by beds of nodding, old-fashioned flowers. I called there, the other day, for a drink from the spring and a chat with Pa Flint.

"Ever hear from Bob?" I inquired finally, with privileged familiarity.

The old man smiled, half sadly.

"Jest once, since I run away from him," he said; "they heard about me findin' th' money, of course, an' they both come hurryin' over ter see me right away. It seems it hadn't occurred to 'um till jest then, thet they wuz awful lonesome without me, an' they said th' children missed me so, an' they wuz worried about me livin' here alone. It wuz surprisin' how tickled they wuz ter see me, an' how many good reasons there wuz fer my goin' back ter live with 'um. I stood it fer a few minutes—I allus wuz slow ter get mad—but I riz right up fin'ly, an' told 'um ter get out of th' house. I'm 'fraid I spoke pretty plain—they hustled out pretty smart; an' jest at th' gate Obed met 'um, an' he sailed in an' finished th' job—he said he wuz so mad he jest had ter tell 'um what he thought of sech folks."

"Obed lives with you yet?" I asked, and, as if in answer, Obed appeared in the low doorway, with Jessie hanging to his arm.

"Yes; I've got both my children yet," the old man was saying. "They say blood's thicker 'n water, but I dont know—it 'd be hard ter find blood relations any nigher to me then they seem ter be. It's surprisin' how well things turn out. It's a good ole world, after all."

Great Mystery Play

A New Prize Contest for All. The First Prize Will Be \$100.00 in Gold!

BELOW will be found a photoplay with several missing scenes, and the reader is required to supply them. It is a MYSTERY PLAY, and the reader is asked to solve the mystery. Any person is eligible to compete, and to do so requires no knowledge of the art of photoplay writing. While it may be true that experienced writers will better be able to complete the play so as to bring out the strong, dramatic possibilities, yet this does not mean that the merest child may not be the successful contestant. We shall not insist on perfect technique and scientific construction. While we shall allow due credit for these, and while we may consider even careful penmanship or typewriting, and neatness of manuscript, the main thing we desire is the best solution of the mystery, in the best literary style. Eminent judges will be appointed to pass on the merits of the various solutions, and we shall, from time to time, publish some of the more striking answers. No person may submit more than one solution, and each manuscript must contain nothing but the missing scenes, the cast of characters (if desired), and the name and address of the contestant. It is not necessary to fill in *every* blank scene. If you require only one, or two, or none, to explain the action before Scene 49, or only one, or two, or none, to complete the action after Scene 57, so much the better. If you require them all, it will not count against you. You may not change, add to, or take from, the scenes that are already given: they must stand as they are, except that you may finish the incomplete Scene 57. If desired, the contestant may simply write the name of the person, or persons, who committed the crime, stating the circumstances and the motives. All manuscripts submitted must be considered our property, and no manuscripts will be returned. The judges and date of closing will be announced in the next issue. This photoplay, when completed by the successful contestant, will be called *The Mystery Play* of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and it will be produced by the Vitagraph Company, with full credit of authorship to the prize winner. All communications should be addressed to "Editor The Mystery Play, M. P. S. MAGAZINE, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y."

We cannot undertake to answer any inquiries regarding the contest.

THE DIAMOND MYSTERY.

PART I—SCENE I. Living-room. Disorderly, once fashionable, fitted up as laboratory.

Business of inventor's wife finding fault with him and his invention, reproaches him with their want, lack of suitable clothing, appearance of their home. Daughter Violet tries to make peace. Mother registers that she would like to tear the invention to pieces. Enter Olin. Mother stops instantly, so as not to let the young man hear their family troubles, greets him kindly, leaves the room. Olin is evidently in love with Violet, who is disposed toward him in a friendly way. The girl returns to invention, helping her father, writes down figures as he gives them to her, talks to Olin between times. Enter Phelps. Violet returns formula to father and goes to meet Phelps, receives him in such a way as to rouse Olin's jealousy.

SCENE 2—AFTER EXPERIMENTING FOR TWENTY YEARS, MOORE PERFECTS HIS FORMULA FOR MAKING DIAMONDS. Same as Scene 1.

Violet and father working over formula. Phelps standing by, can understand nothing, is not permitted to see formula which they repeatedly consult. Business of mixing the chemicals. Business of using pressure of machine on solution, testing repeatedly. Great excitement as the diamond seems to be coming. The final production of the diamond in a slight explosion in the crucible. Diamond too hot to touch, cooling of it. Triumph as the inventor shows a large, rough diamond. Business of Phelps realizing, with horror, what the invention will mean to his father, a diamond merchant. Enter Olin in midst of excitement. Violet runs to fetch her mother, and, while Moore is

(Continued on page 146.)



Dublin Dan

(Solax)

A Tale of the Underworld

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

JUST why Daniel Delaney, of the Secret Service, should be leaning contentedly against the brick wall of a railroad station, was particularly his own business. Certainly he seemed at peace with the world; now and then his big, Irish voice boomed in his throat as he hummed an old melody. The fact that the train was two hours late did not appear to worry him in the slightest. But it was a habit with Dan Delaney—those who knew his big-hearted nature best called him Dublin Dan—not to show on the surface everything that went on within. Mr. Delaney, of the Secret Service, was following a clue.

It had all come that morning in a short newspaper dispatch from a distant city—simply the fact that John Forsythe, alias "Duke" McCoy, a counterfeiter, had escaped from the State penitentiary. The name had stuck in Dan's mind. Time after time he had pounded his desk with his heavy fist, as if the physical exercise would bring forth that which he knew was in his brain. Then, suddenly, his blue eyes had twinkled. He remembered the story of the trial, the tale of a black sheep who had gone wrong, killing his father and mother

thru grief over his actions, and leaving behind a brother who had sought to shield him as long as he could, and then had thrust him forth into the world. The fact that James Forsythe, the brother, had money was what had brought Dan Delaney to the station. The detective was laying a few genial little bets with himself that the escaped convict would attempt a flying trip home, that he might procure cash with which to leave the country.

But, as the train, at last, came chortling into the station, the searching, blue eyes of Dan Delaney grew more and more serious. One by one he scanned the faces. Not in a single detail did one of the hurrying passengers coincide with the man he sought. A moment longer, and he turned slowly toward the city.

It was then that he noticed a girl, who stood undecidedly at the end of the station platform. Now and then she would take a card from her handbag, and, looking at it, would gaze toward the houses of the city. She seemed nervous, ill at ease. The big heart of Dublin Dan thumped within him.

"It's lost, you are," he said geni-

ally, as he approached. His laugh arrested the little look of concern on the girl's face, and she smiled in answer.

"Yes, I am," she confessed at last. "I'm looking for the home of James Forsythe, and I don't know where he lives."

"Forsythe? The div—begging your pardon a thousand times——" In his surprise, Dan had allowed the ejaculation to escape him involuntarily. He had expected that a convict would be the one to look for the home of James Forsythe, not an innocent, laughing-eyed, sweet-faced little girl from the country. For once in his life, he stammered—then just as rapidly his self-possession returned. "And it's me," he continued, "that'll be just bubbling over with joy to take you there. Hand me the satchel. We'll be there in three shakes of a dead lamb's tail," he laughed.

"You know, I wouldn't know him even if I saw him," the girl volunteered, as she hurried to keep pace with Dan's gigantic stride. "I'm coming to be his ward."

"Huh?" Delaney had stopped. "It's interesting you are, all of a suddint. Tell me the whole story."

And, as they walked along, the whole story came—of an old friendship between James Forsythe, the rich and respectable brother of a convict, and Jack Clark, a miner; the death of the latter, and the giving of Rosalie, the daughter, into the keeping of Forsythe.

"So, you see, I don't know him at all," came the voice of the girl. "I just——"

"No more do I," answered Delaney. "I never saw his face in my life, but I know where he lives, and, bless us, here's the street. Now, down there just three doors——"

He stopped, and looked after two hurrying policemen. He watched, with rather staring eyes, as they came to the Forsythe home and hastily ascended the steps. His head shot forward. His clue had been found by others! His huge hand caught Rosalie's arm and urged her forward.

"Hurry," he said, tersely—"trouble."

Ten minutes later, Dan Delaney, merely a traveling salesman who had assisted Miss Rosalie Clark to her new guardian's home, stood in the living-room of a mansion, looking intently at a black-bearded, pallid man as he told his story. In the next room, partly screened by the glass doors which separated it, lay the crumpled form of a man in convict clothes. A tiny stream of red crossed his face from a bullet-hole in the right temple. His smooth-shaven face, greenish pale in death, seemed still to bear some of the pallor of prison. The black-bearded man was trembling with the excitement of all that had occurred. The police had asked their questions and departed to summon the coroner, but Dan Delaney, traveling salesman, was still curious.

"A funny thing it is, these brothers," he said, by way of comfort. "To think that a man like you would have one mean enough to be a convict. And he came right in and tried to rob you?"

A look of pain crossed the other's face.

"I was reading when the butler brought me a card on which he had scribbled a name," came the answer. "I allowed him to enter, but when he came I refused to shake hands with him. He drew a revolver and ordered me to the safe, telling me to give him every cent I had. I demurred, and he struck me. We struggled. I got the revolver away from him—and pulled the trigger." James Forsythe shuddered. "If you'll pardon me," he asked, "I'll——"

"Go right ahead," came the cheery voice of Dan Delaney. "I'm knowing exactly how you feel. It's myself that'd feel no better. And you say the fight took place right in front of the safe?"

"Yes—I——"

"Go right ahead. I'll stay a minute, if you don't mind, until the little lady comes down from taking off her hat. She said she wanted to thank me, or some girlish little thing like

that. Her father must have been a nice man."

"My best friend"—the voice of the man at the door was choking. "When troubles come, they heap themselves on one. I lost my best friend by death—I am forced to kill my brother—I——"

He seemed to reel as he left the room, and Dan Delaney, of the Secret Service, watched him with feeling eyes. Slowly Dan moved toward the glass doors that separated the rooms,

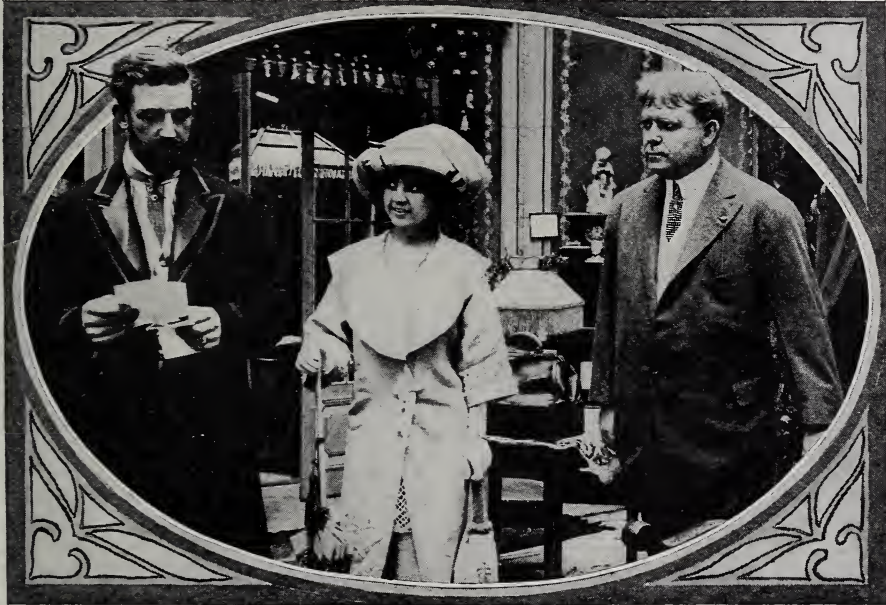
"What's the excitement?" he asked.

"Did you ever hear how to keep a team from running away?" queried Dan Delaney in answer, the twinkle again in his eye.

"Well, what's that——"

"Hold your horses, that's all; just hold your horses," came the chuckling answer, and the official was silent.

Two weeks later, as Dan Delaney again sat at his desk, a blurring form seemed to shoot into the room and



"I AM FORCED TO KILL MY BROTHER—I——"

and looked intently at something on the floor. He sauntered into the rear room and regarded the huddled figure by the safe, stooping once to run a hand over the smooth face. Then, very quietly, he went back to calm the frightened Rosalie, and to hear her broken sentences of thanks and her troubled exclamations over the tragedy into which they had stumbled. Then he left the house.

"It's a fine little case we'll be having by and by, it is," he said non-committally, as he again reached his desk in the Secret Service office.

An official looked up.

palpitate before him. Dan smiled into the face of Benny Epstein, the corner pawnbroker, and took his proffered bill.

"I'll answer your questions for you, Benny, boy, before you ask them," he said with a chuckle. "Yep, it's counterfeit."

The pawnbroker groaned. His hand went to his head.

"Counterfeit?" he gasped. "Ach Gott! counterfeit! Mein Louie, he——"

Dublin Dan stopped the flow of excited talk with a gesture, and handed Benny a good ten-dollar bill.

"Now trot along," he said. "You



"YEP, IT'S COUNTERFEIT"

weren't any surprise to me. This is the 'steenth bill that has come to me in the last three days. I'll be doing things soon, Benny."

A moment later he had turned to his desk again, but his eyes were not centered upon the markings of counterfeit bills. Dublin Dan, who had faced criminals practically ever since he had been able to work at anything, who had faced bullets, and who had seen dangers by the thousands, had fallen before a pair of laughing, brown eyes and two tempting lips. The thing he gazed upon and sighed over, with the fullness of his Irish heart, was a photograph of Rosalie. How he had gotten it he himself was not quite sure. He remembered that he had stammered as he had asked for it—the night before Forsythe and his ward left for their country estate. Days had been dark since then. Dan had not taken the interest in his work that he should. For once in his life, he realized that here was something that his strength of body or his courage could not overcome. He rose from his desk and reached for his hat.

"Sure, and it's me that's got to go

out there and stop in, even if it's only for a minute," he said to himself. "It's dying I am for the sight of her. And, incidentally"—he grinned to himself as he looked into a little mirror at one side of the office—"I'll have another look at the Honorable James Forsythe. Funny thing, Danny, but the more you see of that man, the less you like him. Pretty soon you'll be hating him altogether, I'm thinking."

An hour later, he had left his motor-car and was approaching three figures who sat about a rustic table in the park of a country estate far from the city. Forsythe was one of these, and a man and woman Dan Delaney guessed he never had seen before. The eyes of the detective narrowed a little as he looked at the woman, at her heavy countenance and somewhat dissolute, handsome features. The man, he looked at, once, then winked to himself.

"Bill Steele," he murmured, then hurried forward to grasp the hand of Forsythe.

"Sure and it's you that's saving my life," he burst forth; "I'm out of gasoline. Is there any——"

"Schwartz!" Forsythe had called to a dumpy German with a propensity for raking grass and falling over everything possible. Dan pulled forth a fifty-dollar bill.

"It's the teeniest thing I have," he said. "No storekeeper could change it. I'm thinking that perhaps you could——"

"That I could break it?" asked Forsythe, a queer light coming into his snapping, black eyes. "I think so. Here, Schwartz, trot over to Grimes' and get five gallons of gasoline."

The money was changed and Schwartz given a smaller bill. In twenty minutes he was back, his clothing torn, an eye blackened.

"Loog at me!" he burst forth. Loog vat I gets, huh! Counterfeit!"

"Counterfeit?" Delaney's voice mingled with that of Forsythe. The host seemed ill at ease. He drew forth a bill and examined it closely.

"Well, this isn't," he growled—"hurry up and get that gasoline. I

bet I know where I got that bill, too!"

Delaney did not answer. He had caught sight of a slim figure that was crossing the long, smooth lawn, and his eyes were only for that person. In another half hour, his gasoline-can safely in the road by his car, he stood at the gate, talking to Rosalie.

"Little girl," he said, and there showed in his face a look of worry, "I'm going to trust you. I'm no traveling salesman; I am a Secret Service man, and my office is in the Government building. I'm not going to tell you why, but I think you'll be needing to know that, some of these days. You're trotting in the wrong class out here—you'll find it out soon."

"Soon?" There was pathos in Rosalie's voice. "I've found it out already, Mr. Delaney. These are not the sort of people my father would have had me live with. Mr. Forsythe is not the kind of man I had always been told he was—and I'm going to leave."

"Going to leave?" Dublin Dan's eyes twinkled with their happy, Irish light. "Sure and I know a pretty little cottage, with a good old mother who'd be sitting up nights to take care of a darlint like you. Will you come—and come quick?"

The girl glanced fearfully over her shoulder.

"I must," she said hastily. "I cant stay here, I just cant. Mr. Forsythe has asked me to marry him—I hate the sight of him. Juno—the woman down there—I'm afraid of her, some way, Mr. Delaney." The broken sentence was ended with a bit of a sob that clung round his name. "I dont know what I'm going to do—I——"

"I know," answered the voice of Dan Delaney; "you're going to sneak away from here in the morning, and come into town to my old mother, bless her! Now aren't you? Say yes, and I'll stand on my head for the joy of it, I will!"

And thus it came about that the pretty, tree-shaded, little home, where



DAN BRINGS ROSALIE TO HIS OWN HOME

Dan Delaney lived with his mother, housed a new occupant. And it seemed, with the coming of that occupant, the place took on a new tone of happiness for the bluff, cheery man whose life carried him into the dangers and dregs of humanity. But, after all, it was better that life be sordid in the daytime. It made everything seem so much happier when evening came, with its double welcome at the door, with its cheery, little meal, and with the sweet face across the table—the face of the girl Dublin Dan was attempting to find courage to ask to marry him.

Life was good—it was growing better every day. Danny whistled as he trudged along the walk, a few nights later, and opened the door. Then he stood still a moment, and his face went blank. No voice had answered his call. A chair was overturned in the hall. The house was dark; there was no sign of life—Dan leaned forward a second, then leaped into the other room. A half groan had come to him. Hastily, he snapped on the lights, his face grim, his hands almost clawing in their eagerness.



"Mother, machree!" he burst forth. "What——"

The woman in the chair, bound hand and foot, a gag in her mouth, turned her eyes appealingly to her son.

"Mother!" Dan gasped again, as he tore the gag from its place, "what has happened—where is Rosalie—?"

Then, trembling with emotion, he heard the story: the arrival of a cab at dusk; the delivery of a letter by a heavy, low-browed person; a summons for Rosalie to a hospital where Dan was supposed to be lying injured; the acquiescence of the girl; an attempted interference later by the mother—and then the binding to the chair. Dan's breath whistled between his teeth.

"Kidnapped!" he burst out. "And I know who did it! Mother, you go next door to the Grahams' and stay there until you hear from me. I've stopped fooling around now. I'm out for trouble, and I'm going to find it. I know who did this, and I know a lot more, too—the electric chair is going to play a part in this thing before I'm thru! Good-by, mother, machree"—he bent low and kissed her—"don't waste a minute, and don't budge from next door till I call you. Which," he added, with a grim, little smile, "may be some wee bit of a time!"

He swung out of the house and onto the walk. He hurried into the lower streets of the city and into a tough saloon, where he found a drunken sailor wobbling aimlessly about the place. With a little coaxing he took him to his room, put him to bed, ap-

DAN SECURES THE "RIGGING" OF A WOBBLING SAILOR

propriated his clothing, and then worked long with grease-paint and beards before a mirror. An hour later, he was following the person whom he had hoped to find, the natty Bill Steele, as he wound in and out of alleys, finally to stop before a blank door, pull a cord and enter. Dan Delaney collapsed against the wall of a near-by building, and waved some money drunkenly in the air.

But within his coat, as he leaned there, something was concealed which meant everything to Dan. It was a police homing pigeon, with its message ring and paper. Once inside and sure of his ground, the hastily scribbled address on that paper, and the bird would be bearing the message which would bring him the aid he needed. Dan grinned to himself. The work of weeks appeared to be ending. He began to sing:

Oh, blue are th' eyes of me Mamie
O'Shaunnessy,
Jet is th' tint of her-hair-r-r,
An' over in Oirelan' she's waitin' an' trust-
in' me,
Divvil a bit do Oi care!

"Hello, mate!" came a voice.
"Three sheets in th' wind, aint yuh?"

Dan Delaney, drunken sailor that

he was, looked into the heavy-featured face of the man before him. He leered joyously.

"I've got money," he shouted, "all the money in th' world, an' I'm th' onliah man shever beat a game of pokersh in m' life."

"Yuh are, huh? Say, pard, my name's Black Matt. I'm a good guy, see. Wanta little drink?"

Dan Delaney leered and lurched forward, almost into the other man's arms. Black Matt laughed to himself. He pulled the cord and gave the signal which carried open the door before him, and descended with the drunken sailor.

And, as he was led to a chair in a far corner of the decrepit room, Dan Delaney found it hard work to keep the drunken laugh on his lips and the drunken leer in his eyes. He was at last where he longed to be, in the counterfeiting den he long had known to exist, but had never been able to find. Cautiously he looked around the room. There showed before him the face of Forsythe, the dead con-

vict's brother. Juno, of the little lawn-party, sat at a table with Bill Steele. An old hag, toothless, bent, was muttering to some one behind an enclosure in a far corner. Dan Delaney caught sight of the face within and repressed an exclamation. It was Rosalie. The counterfeiting tools and mechanism faded before him then. He reached for his revolver, and, with the slight movement, changed his mind. There was no chance for action now. Every eye was on him. He must take a chance of sending a note by the pigeon to police headquarters. As drunkenly as ever, he rose and began to approach the fireplace. He stuck the pigeon in its flue, and then turned again to leer before him. But it was too late. Forsythe stood coolly before him.

"What did you put up that fireplace?" he asked.

Dan Delaney, drunken sailor, only leered. Again came the question—then a leap, a cry.

"Fly cops!"



DAN RELEASES THE CARRIER-PIGEON

In a second the gang was on him. Here and there about the room, struggling, fighting, biting and kicking, Dan Delaney, a drunken sailor no longer, battled against the combined energy of three men. One after another he struck them away from him, attempt after attempt he made to reach his revolvers, but it was useless. Like a pack of dogs attacking a wolf, there was always one to harry, always one to bind his arms and to hold him. Inch by inch, they bore him down—a

his body by throwing it into a sewer thru a trap which evidently was in the counterfeiters' den. Dan struggled with his bonds. The water was rising. He jerked hard at the ropes—but they did not give.

"Just give me one hand," he begged of the empty air, "just give me one hand, and I'll make it——"

He stopped as his dull realization showed him something which crouched upon his stomach. A light of eagerness came into his eyes. A rat—and



DAN IS OVERPOWERED BY THE COUNTERFEITERS

rope came from somewhere, a great, crashing blow pounded down upon his head, and the world grew black.

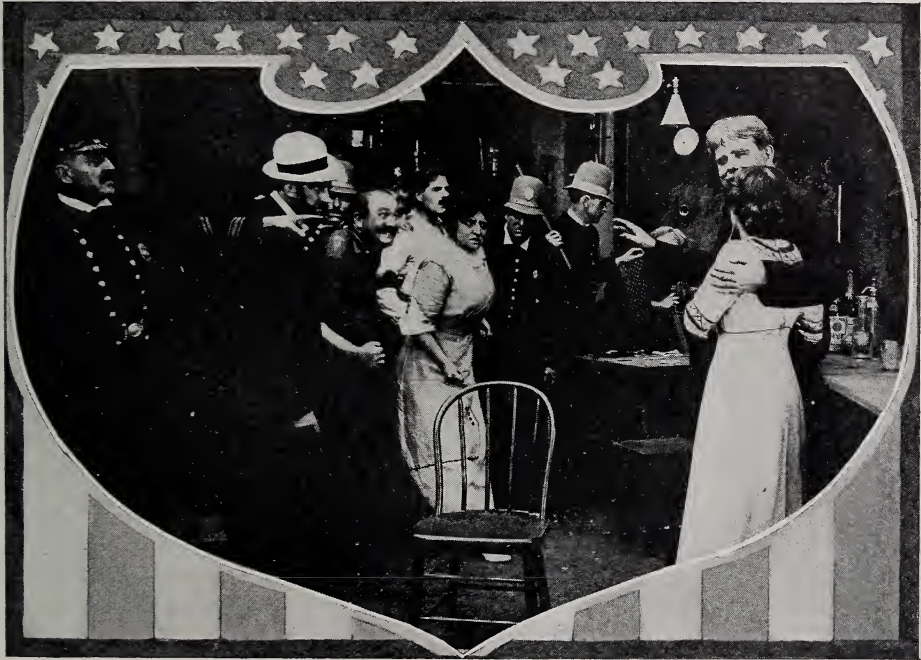
When Dan Delaney regained consciousness, he realized that he was lying bound in water which nearly covered him. All was dark, except for a tiny crack of light which descended from above and which illuminated the rounded brick walls of his confines. His head drummed. His eyes felt as tho they were about to burst from their sockets. Gradually he figured it out—the blow after the binding, the belief by the thugs that they had killed him, and the disposition of

it was gnawing the grease-soaked ropes. The presence of the first brought another—another. The eager, straining eyes of Dan Delaney saw strand after strand of his bonds part as the rodents chewed at the fresh rope for the food they desired. One bond parted—another. Dan's straining muscles broke a third. Again—he crawled to his feet, shook the rats from him, and felt for his revolvers. They were safe. He groped about him for the steel ladder which leads into every sewer-trap. He felt the cold touch and thrilled. Then, cautiously, he mounted, and raised the

trap, just as the hammering blows of the police sounded at the door without. The backs of the counterfeiting gang were toward him. Forsythe stood coolly facing the door, a short, ugly derringer in his hand. It was Dan's chance. He leaped to the floor and leveled the revolvers.

"Up," he shouted, and his great voice boomed, just as the first break in the door came from the hammering of police axes, "up with those hands,

when he was standing in front of the safe, and didn't I find that the shot had been fired from the glass door partition, breaking out one of its panes? And besides, my little one," Dan continued, "perhaps you didn't notice that the dead man had been shaved only about an hour? You see, Mr. Forsythe—Lord rest his soul, since he's going to the chair—was a cool one. He dropped in on his respectable brother, killed him, shaved



THE DEN OF THE COUNTERFEITERS IS RAIDED

and the first man that moves gets a bullet!"

"You see," Dan Delaney explained to a little girl who sat by his side in the quiet, snug home the next morning, "I was knowing all the time that your guardian gentleman wasn't the real one, a-tall, a-tall, as the story-books say. I knew it the very first minute I looked at him—I knew it in my own little heart of hearts, but I couldn't be sure enough to arrest him. And how did I know? Easy indeed, for didn't he say he had to shoot

off his beard, and by some very fine work patched up one for himself, dressed himself in his brother's clothes, and then told me the tale to fit them. But the dear boy couldn't keep away from his old love, counterfeiting. Besides, he was born a crook, and he'll die that way. That's why he kidnapped you, my colleen. But," he added finally, "what's the difference? Here we are, and there they are, every blessed soul of them looking out from behind the bars like a bunch of monkeys in a park-house, and so why worry? But, of course,"

he said faintly, "seeing everything that's happened, if you'd rather be Mrs. Forsythe than just Danny Delaney's wife, I'll sympathize instead of gloat, like I'm doing this very minute. And sure, it'd be me that'd go broken-hearted over——"

A hand, placed rapidly over the big Irishman's mouth, stopped his bantering.

"For goodness' sake, Dan," asked a girl's voice, "cant you ever be serious about anything?"

"Serious?" Danny grinned. "Sure and I'm bubbling over with it. You're a brave girl, you are. I dare you to kiss me."

"Ho, but you *are* brave," he added joyously a minute later; "try it again!"



Did You Ever?

By A. VAN BUREN POWELL

Did you ever get the notion you could write a Photoplay;
 Feel imagination's prompting, yield to its seductive sway?
 In the throes of plot creation, burn the midnight gas or oil,
 Till you find your effort, finished, worthy fruit of earnest toil?

Did you ever skulk, at 12 P.M., from your paternal door
 To mail-box on the corner, 'midst the city's stifled roar,
 Clutching tightly to your bosom envelopes both long and thick,
 Then, lest prying eyes discover, shove 'em in, and vanish quick?

Did you ever watch the postman as he made his daily way,
 Watch him hover near your doorstep (every second seems a day);
 Pounce upon the long manilla, like the salvers on a wreck,
 Trembling, fearing, doubting—hoping? "Glory be! It IS a check!"

Did you ever snatch the paper (journal of the trade, I mean),
 Looking quickly to discover when your play would reach the screen;
 Hasten to the nearest theater, where posters were displayed,
 There to see your picture advertised, "The greatest ever made"?

Did you ever sit and simmer, tho your heart was cold with fear,
 Watching, waiting, wild with worry till your picture should appear;
 There to throb and thrill and flutter as the story was unrolled,
 Gazing, starry-eyed and happy—did the audience seem cold?

Did you ever hate a critic when he dubbed your picture "shine"?
 Did you love him like a brother if his judgment said 'twas fine?
 If you haven't done these many things (and few have not, I trow),
 You've missed 'most half your life, my friend. Get busy; do it now!



SAMUEL L. DIXON sat moodily in the living-room of his comfortable home. For two weeks he had not been called out on any exciting case; he felt the need of action; the monotony of domestic life irritated him. His wife, a plain, quiet woman of thirty, flitted in and out of the room, busying herself with a dozen domestic trifles.

Dixon watched her critically, wondering blankly why he had chained himself down to such a tiresome existence.

Mrs. Dixon suddenly disappeared, in answer to a ring at the door-bell, returning in a moment with a telegram for her husband, which she handed him with an anxious little smile.

Dixon took the telegram impatiently and read:

S. L. DIXON, Young's Detective Agency,
Los Angeles, Cal.

An organized band of smugglers is operating on the islands off the coast. Go there at once and trace them.

Dixon turned snappishly to his wife, who had been reading the message over his shoulder. "Well, if it had been in cipher I suppose you'd think it was some great mystery, Helen. You see it is very simple," he said, his annoyance giving way to a selfish smile of satisfaction, as he looked forward to the excitement of adventurous work.

"Why, no, dear," said his wife, gently putting her arms around him. "But you are so reckless. I can't help worrying just a little when you're away. You will be careful this time, won't you?"

"Oh, yes, sure," he said quickly, pushing away her arms, to spring up with snapping eyes, and reach for a suitcase in the corner.

"It's all packed?" he asked, lifting the case to a chair and deftly unlocking it.

"Yes, dear, it's always ready; because goodness knows when you'll be called away. It's like being a fireman," she said, as he flung it open for inspection.

"Only a fireman doesn't get as much money and doesn't run half the danger," he said egotistically, making a quick survey of the contents of his suitcase, and picking up a picture of his wife, which lay on top of a pile of shirts. "I'll need more handkerchiefs than this!" he exclaimed suddenly.

Mrs. Dixon skipped to the next room and returned immediately with a handful of fresh handkerchiefs. As she entered, Dixon was about to slip her photo under a book on the table, but his hand stopped guiltily at her entrance, and he lifted the picture to his lips, to kiss it mechanically. Then, with great ceremony, he laid it in the suitcase, gave his wife a fleeting kiss, and slammed the door behind him.

Once outside, Detective Dixon drew a deep breath of relief, threw back his shoulders and became a different sort of fellow. Humdrum home life jarred on his high-strung nerves; the open, with a mission of romance and mystery, lured him, making him quite a different being.

Taking a train, he arrived within several hours at a small town, where he took a boat for the islands mentioned in the dispatch. Sitting in the bow,

salt many particulars about the fishing village, finding that a gruff old sea-dog, by the name of Jack Quigg, was supposed to make more money than any other fisherman in the locality, and learning that he had a daughter by the name of Bess, who was the despair of all the young men in the village.

"That sounds good to me," said Dixon, emphatically. "Think Quigg would board me?"



THE SMUGGLERS' HARBOR

he smoked a cigar musingly; watched the big nose of the vessel dive into the waves; drank deep of the salt air, and tingled with vigor and expectancy. He scraped an acquaintance with a longshoreman bound for the same little, island fishing village, and inquired about quarters there for a week's vacation. The fellow was taciturn, said there was no hotel, but that some of the men along the coast might be interested in getting a good boarder.

With his detective instinct uppermost, Dixon wormed out of the old

"Dont know's he would," remarked the longshoreman. "He's got a snug little cabin; he's well coaled and has plenty of stores, but they do say he aint above looking at the X on a ten-dollar bill."

"You fix it for me," offered Dixon, "and there'll be five in it for you." He paused and asked abruptly, with twinkling eyes: "You say the girl has black hair, big, dreamy, brown eyes, and an affectionate disposition?"

"That aint the half of it. Bess is as neat as a dolphin, as bright as a goldfish, and as mild in disposition as a

soft-shell. But she's got a lover—Ned; he lives right in the house with them and works for old Quigg."

"So much the better. I'd like to see this young Ned Romeo. I'll make it ten dollars if you can fix me up with lodgings for a week with old Quigg," replied Dixon, who had many interests besides his detective work.

When the steamer arrived, Dixon's acquaintance approached an old sailor lounging on the dock, and held a short, rapid conversation with him. As a

Quigg's, and can get me a room there, I won't forget you."

"Quigg 'd do anything for me. Saved his daughter Bess from drownin' onct, I did. Come along; I guess you're all right." He picked up Dixon's suitcase and shambled up the beach with a queer, rolling stride, leaving pigeon-toed prints in the damp sand at the water's edge.

Dixon followed, and, after a walk of half a mile, reached a rough cabin in a sheltered situation behind a big



DIXON ARRIVES AT QUIGG'S SHACK

result the veteran tar strolled over alone to where Dixon stood, and looked him up and down with keen eyes, beneath scant, grizzly brows.

"Why do you want a room at Quigg's?" he asked suspiciously.

"I don't care whether it's at Quigg's or Quagg's," Dixon responded promptly, with a smile. "I told my friend over there I was looking for a quiet, lonely place on the coast where I could spend a week recuperating. I'm very nervous; I need a quiet spot. He spoke of Quigg's, and the description suited me. If you're a friend of

bluff on the rocky coast. Dixon stood waiting on an eminence while the old sailor went ahead to prepare the way. The wild situation just suited Dixon; he noticed a heavily loaded fisherman's boat in a protected cove below, recalled the suspicious questioning of the old seaman, and wondered if, by chance, he hadn't actually stumbled on the cabin of the chief of the smuggling band.

Suddenly the sailor returned, shaking his head dubiously, and dropping Dixon's suitcase at his feet. "No use talkin' to him," he said. "Quigg says

he aint runnin' no hotel. He never wants nobody about, but if you was to show him ten or twelve dollars he'd let you stop a week, I guess. Says he dont want Bess left alone in the house with no stranger."

Dixon's eyes lighted anxiously; he stripped two ten-dollar bills and a five from a compact roll in his pocket and urged: "Take this and fix it up any way you can. Keep what's left. This is just the place for me. I can hear the rush of waves all night, and the sea air is mighty soothing to a worn-out business man."

The old sailor's eyes shone at the sight of the money. "I'll fix it, I'll fix it!" he cried, hobbling off at his odd, uneven gait.

Dixon was just fixing the location of the place well in his mind when the sailor returned with a broad smile on his face, nodded his head that all arrangements had been made, and led the way to the cabin, where Quigg sat on the narrow steps, smoking a short clay pipe. Quigg seemed sullen and annoyed; he looked up with sharp eyes at Dixon, and replied to the detective's greeting only by a jerk of his thick thumb over his shoulder, indicating the door to the hut.

Just as Dixon was about to enter his quaint lodging, a fresh, radiant girl, in a crisp, white dress, stepped out, her romantic, deep brown eyes opening wide as she smiled to the stranger, and stood aside for him to enter.

Dixon was captivated. He had not imagined such a fascinating, wild, care-free sea-sprite as Bess. He gave her a glance so personal that she dropped her eyes in confusion, fumbled with a telescope in her hand, and, with head down, rushed past him to give the glass to her father.

Dixon stood on the threshold, drinking in the beauty of the girl. As he turned at last to enter, he caught sight of old Quigg's face; all the sullenness had disappeared as the old man stared far out to sea thru his glass; a satisfied smile smoothed out his rugged cheeks, and he sat in silent contemplation of an object tossing on the waves beyond ordinary eye-range.

A second later, Quigg dropped his sea-glass and turned gruffly to Dixon, who stood staring in the doorway.

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded in a hoarse voice.

"Which room is to be mine? I was waiting for some one to show me in. I've had supper. I'll go right to bed, I guess," said Dixon, with an innocent air.

"Bess, take his suitcase; give him the forecastle room in the garret," replied Quigg, with a shrug of his massive shoulders, picking up the glass again.

Insisting on carrying his own suitcase, Dixon followed the trim little figure demurely tripping up a steep pair of crudely fashioned stairs leading from the large living-room on the main floor, cluttered with nets and piled with boxes, to the attic.

Evening was already drawing down protectingly about the little seacoast cabin, and when Dixon entered his bedroom he found it quite dark. Bess threw open a window and quickly lighted a candle, standing back apprehensively as Dixon pressed her hand, as tho by accident, in taking the light from her. He stood looking into her eyes with a meaning gaze as she backed toward the door, blushing, her head drooping, her breast heaving with rapid breathing.

Dixon dropped down on the edge of a hard mattress stuffed with dried seaweed and looked about him. It was an odd little box of a room, yet it seemed unaccountably snug and attractive. A faint fragrance of the girl lingered in the corners; everywhere he saw traces of her fingers. The folded towel on the wash-stand, so clean and neat against the dusty rafters of the hut, she must have hem-stitched, and there was a pleasant picture of a gorgeous moonlight at sea which none but her hands could have tacked above the bed. Dixon was charmed with the room, and many vague hopes flitted thru his mind as he mechanically unfastened his suitcase. He picked up the picture of his wife, lying on top of his clothes, and, with a shiver on comparing his hum-



THE SMUGGLERS START FOR THEIR
VESSEL

drum home life with his present situation, he threw the photograph angrily into a corner, and sat for some minutes thinking of Bess, whom he could hear below, doubtless washing the supper dishes.

Half an hour later, when the room below was silent, Dixon, who had extinguished his candle and lay fully dressed on his uncomfortable bed, dreaming pleasantly with open eyes, heard a faint sound of footsteps outside, and an indistinct tapping on a window-pane somewhere below. Immediately alert, Dixon sneaked to his window and looked down to the ground, making out the figure of a stocky seaman in a sou'wester, who tapped again on the window, listened, and, evidently receiving an answering signal, quickly withdrew into the shadows.

As Dixon crouched at the window, looking, listening intently, the front door of the hut opened silently, and he recognized the form of Quigg, clad in an oilskin coat, with a yellow

waterproof cap pulled down tightly over his big, round head.

Quigg glanced up apprehensively to Dixon's window, and then disappeared in the direction taken by the other man. Slipping off his shoes, the detective sneaked down the stairs, groped his way thru the cluttered living-room, lifted the door-latch and stepped out into the night, his pulse beating rapidly, his head in a whirl, as he realized how chance had played into his hands.

Instinct led him down to the sea-shore, and, crouching behind a rock, he made out the shadowy forms of two men standing knee-deep in the surf, watching a big, black object that rose and fell lightly on the angry, leaden waves.

"It's black as the devil's hat," said one of the waiting men, and, in the pause that followed, Dixon could hear the surf slapping against the waterman's hip boots. "The tide's coming in with a rush that'll carry 'em aground if we dont hold 'em off."

"We're in for it if the wind freshens. But it's got to be tonight. Heave to, there!" Dixon recognized the big voice of Quigg, tho he could not distinguish his form.



THE DETECTIVE IS HIMSELF DETECTED

The big, black mass floated close in, the two forms in the surf disappeared over the edge of the boat, Dixon heard a muffled shout of "Shove her off, now," and then the lashing waves drowned the slight sound of deep-thrust oars, and the freshening wind blew the voices of the boat's crew out to sea.

Alone on the beach, Dixon cast about for another boat in which to follow. But there was none. He would probably learn more if he re-

"Stop!" Dixon grasped both her hands and held them tight for a moment. Then he slowly released them, took the lantern from her, placed it on the floor and stood close to her, holding her hands gently in his.

Bess struggled to free herself. Releasing one hand, Dixon placed his arm around her and drew her toward him, whispering rapidly: "Everything's all right. I'm not going to harm you. You needn't signal for



QUIGG COMES TO HIS DAUGHTER'S RESCUE

turned to the hut and awaited the return of the smugglers. Hurrying back, he shoved open the door just in time to surprise Bess standing in the center of the room in her nightgown, nervously fingering a red sea lantern. She cowered in a corner as he entered, and her face became as white as her night-dress.

"You've been signalling!" shouted Dixon, rushing up to her.

"You've been spying!" she cried, her lips drawn tense as she suddenly flashed the lantern from behind her and waved it before the window.

your father to return. Listen! I love you! I love you madly!"

She wrenched away from him and flung herself on a pile of nets in the corner, sobbing. Dixon, an exultant light in his eyes, turned the lantern very low and stepped stealthily toward her. He reached out his hand to touch her fair form. She leaped up, avoiding him. Dixon lurched after her, stumbling on the tackle which cluttered the floor. He stopped abruptly, with a frightened cry. A circle of cold steel had been suddenly thrust against his cheek, and a shiver

had run thru him from head to heels.

"Dont move, or I'll shoot!" cried the girl, in a high-pitched voice that broke as she continued fiercely: "I went to your room after father left. I found you had followed him; your room was empty; but I saw the picture of the woman there, and I read her story in her eyes. I understand. I know all about you and your sudden love for me."

The detective stood trembling, afraid to move. Stealthily, without moving the revolver from his face, Bess drew the lantern to her with her foot, and quickly turned up the wick.

With her free hand she waved the lantern before the window, and when the detective attempted to speak, she ordered him sharply to be silent.

In this position they remained for nearly a quarter of an hour, each minute dragging hideously. The girl's eyes, which had flashed spiritedly at first, now smoldered angrily, and Dixon's head gradually drooped as he watched her warily, exerting his subtle mind to discover some ruse to turn the tables.

The door suddenly burst open, and Quigg rushed in, a revolver in his hand. The girl's tensity snapped; with a pent-up cry she dropped across the bare wooden table in the center of the room, her revolver clattering to the floor.

Covering Dixon, before the latter had time to draw his gun, Quigg lifted Bess gently to his knees, roused her to consciousness, and urged an explanation.

"Tell him to go! Tell him to go—now!" was all she could cry, her face burning as she faced Dixon. She feared the man she had fought, and feared more her father's uncontrollable anger.

Dixon smiled weakly. "I couldn't get to sleep," he said suavely. "I went out for a breath of fresh air. When I returned, your daughter pointed that pistol at me. I guess she mistook me for a burglar."

"So that is why you signaled, Bess?" queried Quigg, sharply.

"Yes—yes. Make him go—now!" She jumped from her father's knee, threw a cloak over her nightgown and rushed upstairs, returning, in a moment, with Dixon's suitcase and the photograph of his wife, which she threw at his feet.

Dixon picked up the picture and flung it into a corner, his eyes flashing; he took a step, impulsively, toward the girl. Quigg, only dimly understanding the situation, threw himself upon the detective and hurled him out of the open door, pitching his suitcase after him. Bess, to stop further questioning on the part of her father, quickly picked up the photograph of Mrs. Dixon during the scuffle and secreted it in her coat. When her father asked her to tell him everything, she could only repeat that Dixon had frightened her, nothing else.

Next day Bess, her sensitive nerves aquiver from Dixon's affront, strolled alone among the rocks along the beach, looking far out to sea thru red-rimmed eyes, wondering what success her father and Ned, her lover, were having with the smuggling expedition which she had interrupted by the lantern signal.

As she sat alone on a rocky elevation, anxiously scanning the water thru her spy-glass, Dixon, in a jaunty outing suit, looking refreshed after the strenuous night, appeared suddenly and seated himself beside her. Paralyzed by fear and surprise, Bess could neither move nor scream. She listened mechanically to Dixon while he repeated that he loved her, that he needed and must have her. Bess's eyes burned with tears, she made no answer, but drew out the photograph of Dixon's wife, and held it before his eyes, dumbly, accusingly.

Dixon snatched the portrait and tore it to pieces, crying madly: "I cant stand her stupid face. Listen! I've got to have romance—something more than love. It's life to me. Leave this deadly island. We'll go to China—Australia. We'll sail off toward the Eastern sun—anywhere. I can always be happy with you. Come!"

She turned from him and tried weakly to rise, but he forced her to remain seated while he poured wild words of love into her stunned ears. She shook her head dumbly. Dixon rose suddenly, and, his face fixed evilly, declared, in a climax of rage: "Well, if you wont listen to me maybe your father will when I tell him I am a Secret Service man, employed by the Government to catch smugglers. I've caught your father; I can have the coast-guard here to get him in ten minutes, as soon as he

At noon next day, Dixon paced up and down the wharf where he had first set foot in the fishing village. A neat little rented launch was tied to one of the piles, ready to bear off the girl in triumph, should she consent; and she must consent, or betray her father.

Suddenly Bess's form appeared on the beach; she was walking rapidly, glancing back furtively; in her hand was a large paper bundle.

Dixon ran to meet her. Disregarding the look of pain in her bloodshot



DIXON IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE BY THE SMUGGLERS

lands. Either you go with me, or you stay here alone, because if you refuse your father goes to jail."

Bess's head dropped, a sob escaped her; she sat stunned and crushed by the blow of full understanding. Suddenly she drew herself up proudly and looked out to sea with flashing eyes. Her father's boat was returning. She must protect him and Ned. Standing up quickly, she cried: "Give me until tomorrow. I'll meet you anywhere and answer you then. Tomorrow!" She turned and ran nimbly down the rocks to the beach, Dixon shouting after her: "Tomorrow at noon, then, on the dock. I'll have a launch waiting to take us to Arcady."

eyes, he pressed her hands eagerly and cried: "You are coming?"

"Yes," she said coldly, her eyes fixed on the curve of the sea far off at the horizon. "Father and Ned would not need me if they went to jail."

Dixon hurried her down the dock, gave a quiet signal to the boatman he had hired, and was about to help her into the launch, when he turned at the sound of rushing feet and beheld Quigg, with Ned and the burly fisherman he had seen outside his window the night before.

Quigg, in the lead, a heavy oar raised above his head, rushed upon Dixon like an enraged bull, and, giving him no chance for a word in

defense, crushed the heavy end of the oar down on his head.

Dixon crumpled under the blow and toppled backwards into the sea. Ned clasped Bess in his arms, and they stood peering over the edge of

the dock, watching a Mexican diver who plunged repeatedly in search of the corpse. At last the diver shook his head, and sat shivering; the sea had clasped her own to her bosom in final judgment.



The Song of a Hungry Soul

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

Oh, it's wait, wait, wait
 For a gracious stroke of fate
 To change my lot of cheerlessness
 To one regenerate!
 My daily path is merely
 The deadly commonplace;
 The streets I tread are ugly,
 Devoid of tint or grace.
 And I long for waterfalls!
 Every fiber in me calls
 For the music and the fragrance
 Beyond my sordid walls!



And I haste, haste, haste
 To a swinging door encased
 In a gilded frame of blazing lights
 In fairy circles traced;
 It's the Moving Picture magic
 That has charmed my cares away,
 And shown me the enchantment
 Of a mountain calm and gray;
 While some tender mountain mist,
 With her slim and dainty wrist
 Swathes herself in gossamer
 That mountain gods have kist!

And it's tramp, tramp, tramp,
 Back to light my dingy lamp;
 Where there's neither rocky precipice
 Nor dew-wet mountain camp.
 But the fragrance in my nostrils,
 And the breezes on my face,
 And the purples and the crimsons
 Of the mountains' deep embrace—
 These dwell with me and endure:
 Of this much of life I'm sure;
 And for friendlessness and bitterness
 At last I've found the cure!



The Last Rose of Summer

(Lubin)

By FELIX DODGE



SUMMER was on the wane. But not so with the love of Harry Myers and Charley Gunner for sweet, coquettish Ethel Borsden, the belle of the little fishing village of Pond Cove. Each man felt that with the close of summer would come the close of their maddening courtship in the choice of one of them as the successful suitor.

Gunner was a city young man, who had come to Pond Cove to spend his vacation, but had remained the whole summer long, to further the interests of his firm, the largest commission merchants in the city—and to pay court to Ethel Borsden. The village gossips conceded the victory to Gunner before the summer was half over. The glamor of the city clung to his clothes, his manner and his promises. At times, it was all too evident that Ethel was swayed by the delights and glories of the big town that seemed hers for the asking.

But long before she had met or

known the attractive Gunner, her coquettish young heart had fluttered in the warmth of Harry Myers' passion for her. There was no glamor about Harry Myers—he was a plain, honest, stalwart fisher boy. His ancestors had all been fisher folk before him. Until Gunner had appeared on the scene, he had courted Ethel in his bare, brown feet, sometimes wearing his oils, with their smell of fish clinging to them, that had always stood for meat and drink, life and future to both of them.

Then, one day, Ethel called his attention to his attire in a tone that made him feel ashamed of his fisher costume. It opened his eyes to its incongruity to Romance. He never came to see Ethel in his bare feet and fish-stained oils after that. But he did not become angry at her criticism. Instead, he experienced a sweet contentment at the thought that the suggestion had been prompted by her especial interest in him. In fact, it was the first expression of any kind she had vouchsafed.

Then it was he discovered the presence of a rival.

This rival not only wore shoes, but actually shined them. In addition, he wore starched white collars and gaudy-hued neckties.

That Harry was jealous he would never concede. Be that as it may, he shortly afterwards amazed the simple Pond Cove folks by appearing in a collar and tie that eclipsed Gunner's, both for height and for "loudness."

He could remember nothing that had ever before wounded his big heart as much as the laugh with which Ethel greeted his first appear-

ance in his new togs. Gunner was with her and echoed the merriment. This was too much for Harry. He ripped the mirth-provoking collar and tie from his half-choked throat, and then made for Gunner to do the same, or worse, for that gentleman.

Ethel's prompt interference prevented a splendid fight, for the two men were well matched physically, and seemed of one mind in deciding their claim to the girl's hand.

Whatever test Ethel Borsden desired the rivals to try out for her hand she did not divulge. She vowed she would have nothing to do with either of them if they ever *fought* about her. From that day forward, she tried to evolve some test, for, if the truth were known, she could not herself tell, in the bottom of her coquettish little heart, which man she favored more.

Ethel was a born coquette. She had been favored with lavish attention from the opposite sex since her pinafore days. The men were all so nice to her that she liked them all, and openly favored none. She had acquired a habit of toying and playing with their affections as a cat plays with a wad of paper.

Ethel Borsden needed some circumstance to sober her down to the verities of life and value of men's hearts and affections. And that circumstance was already marked down in the book of Fate.

During the summer, the men saw a

great deal of each other, perforce. Like bees about a pot of honey, they were in evidence about the Borsden cabin whenever their occupations permitted them. An acquaintanceship sprang up between the two men that might have ripened into friendship, had not the insuperable barrier stood in its way.

Which brings us to a warm Sunday afternoon about the middle of September.

Harry and Gunner sat idly on a grass-plot among the rocks, waiting for the promised appearance of Ethel. There was even more constraint than usual in their manner. The following week Gunner was destined to leave Pond Cove, to resume his position in town again. He was determined to take with him either Ethel herself, or her promise to be his wife. Harry, with equal determination, had set his mind on keeping her for himself in Pond Cove.

As for Ethel—she was still playing and toying with the men.

She appeared presently and sat down on the grass, too, taking care to favor neither of them by this simple action.

For several minutes there was no word spoken. Ethel's gaze was roaming capriciously about among the crags, far above their heads, that jutted perilously out into the bay. Suddenly her eyes paused and fastened themselves on the topmost crag, called "Eagle's Nest." She squinted



for a moment, focussing upon two white patches of color that sprang—tho they seemed no larger than the heads of pins—from the summit. Ethel was passionately fond of flowers. If she had lived in the big city she would have squandered her last cent for flowers. Gunner, with his usual perspicuity, had fathomed this weakness, and had walked six miles to Haverly to buy posies once each week. Harry, following suit, had scoured the cliffs for the fair wild roses that grew luxuriantly here and there, usually in dangerous places. Ethel loved these flowers above all others. This was sufficient reason for Harry, in his own mind, to risk his life. It seemed sufficient reason for Ethel as well.

Nearly two weeks before, Harry had appeared with scratched hands and torn clothing—and with the last flowers of the season he could find on the cliffs surrounding Pond Cove. Ethel sent him away with a rebuke, and then ran and got a vase to put the flowers into, kissing them all the while.

Ethel had turned her eyes now toward her two admirers, looking half amusedly, half mockingly, first upon one, then upon the other.

"Harry," she said, at length, "I thought you said there were no more wild roses to be had."

"There aint, either," responded Harry, half sullenly, filled with the dread that Gunner might possibly have found some.

"And you know how I like them!" pouted Ethel, to Harry's discomfiture and Charley's great delight.

"But, Ethel——" protested Harry.

"Why, I think I would give anything in this world I have to give for a single wild rose," continued Ethel, with a pensive little sigh that made both men sit up and scan the near-by crags furtively.

"Harry and Charley," she resumed, after a pause, a serious note creeping into her voice, "you boys have been plaguing me to tell you which I loved. Honestly, I dont know which—I like you both."

Plainly both men were highly dissatisfied at this conclusion. They glared at each other.

"Why dont you let us fight it out?" suggested Harry, belligerently.

Ethel shook her pretty head.

"I've thought of a better way," she said.

The men braced themselves, as tho preparing for a shock.

"What is it, Ethel?" asked Charley, at length, unable longer to stand the strain. He had half risen, nervously.

"To either of you—Charley or Harry," said Ethel, slowly, "who will bring me *the last rose of summer*—to him I belong." She paused. The men looked at her a little amazed.

"And if there is no rose left?" asked Harry, skeptically.

"Then neither of you get me!" she said mischievously. "But isn't the proposition I've made a fair one?" she demanded.

Neither would make answer, seemingly filled with the idea that there was some hoax attached to this, and that neither would get her if he promised.

Ethel was angry for a moment.

"There," she cried, pointing toward the topmost crag, "there they are—two of them. I want one of those roses, and you both want me! The one of you who brings me the last rose of summer I'll marry."

Charley and Harry had each slowly turned his head, and was looking steadfastly toward the coveted roses. Harry's face turned chalky white. He knew what the ascent of Eagle's Nest meant. No man had ever yet done it. He rose sternly, and, with a fond look at the girl and another of hatred toward Gunner, who was rising, too, with a half smile on his lips, he walked away toward the base of the cliff.

"I am going to bring you the last rose of summer, my dear Ethel," said Gunner, patting her hand and then hurrying coolly away.

Of the two men's conduct she liked Charley's the best. Of the two men—but there she was in her usual quan-

dary. She sat down again, facing the cliff, her hands locked over her knees, a serious expression suddenly come into her eyes.

Charley had disappeared. Harry had begun the perilous ascent directly in line of her vision. The sides of the cliff were as steep as the sides of any abyss. She became fascinated as she watched the man. Now she found the cold sweat starting on her brow. All the careless frivolity had fled from her heart. The boy, with superhuman

Now the boy had paused, hanging on by his finger-tips at a painful angle. The girl was sobbing as tho her heart would break. She was fairly grovelling in the soft earth, horror, love, agony wringing from her soul every vestige of its flighty uncertainty. *She knew now.*

She gave a scream. Harry had slipped, and, for a moment, hung swinging in mid-air, his hands gripping a supporting ledge.

Ethel would have run to the near-



ANOTHER HAND WAS ABOUT TO PICK THE ROSE

effort, drew himself from crag to crag. She wanted to run and scream to him to come down. She knew it would probably bring him hurtling at her feet, a broken, bleeding mass. She felt herself a murderess, and had unconsciously fallen to her knees and was praying fervently to God to spare the life of the man she had set at naught. The color of her soul had at last come to the surface. The tenor of her heart had at last found its voice. She loved, she had always loved, the brave, courageous lad whom she had sent upon this foolhardy errand.

by cabins and sent out a rescue party had she had the strength. But now he was almost at the summit. In another five minutes he would have reached it. She longed to welcome him—to take the rose and pin it next her heart and cry out the agony of her penitence on his manly breast.

Suddenly a turn in the climber's path lost him to her sight. She gasped, and fastened her eyes in awe on the place where he must emerge. And she prayed with all the fervor of her new-found heart and soul for this man who was about to claim her.

When he emerged into view, now less than four feet from the crest of Eagle's Nest, she laughed for joy. Now for the last stage! That white rose, by a strange magic of circumstances, had become her heart in fact. If it were dashed to the rocks below, it would still be her heart—shattered!

Now his hand had grasped the topmost ledge. In another minute the rose would be in his hand, and her life and his would be wrapped together.

But suddenly a shadow had risen

what seemed weeks, while those *two hands* struggled with death to gratify her whim. What did her whims matter now? She had but one wish, one world, one heaven, *one man*—that was Harry Myers. Nothing else counted.

Then it came—that terrible cry of a strong man filled with horror! She saw all her hopes in life slide over the edge of the cliff—with Harry Myers. She gave a scream and fell prone on the grass.



THE STRUGGLE ON THE CLIFF

from the opposite side of Eagle's Nest. She had forgotten the existence of any being in the world save her beloved Harry. Then horror froze her veins. Another hand had reached forth and plucked one of the roses!

Harry, too, had been surprised, for the hand that had nearly grasped one of the roses drew back, and he was obliged to support himself for a second. The hand on the other side reached again for the second flower. But Harry made a superhuman effort to thwart it.

Then Ethel lay wrapt in horror, for

She was lying on a seat on the stoop of her father's little cabin when she again came to her senses.

"Harry?" was her first bitter thought and whispered word.

"Yes, dearie," soothed her father, "the boys are out searching for him."

Some one had entered the room and hurried to the side of the couch before any one could interfere.

Ethel's clouded senses discerned nothing but a shadow that oppressed her, until a puff of fragrant white was thrust into her hand. She looked at it dazedly a moment, and then flung

it far from her, as tho it were an accursed thing.

"It is the rose—it has blood on it," she whimpered.

Her father had picked it up.

"Why, so it has," he said, dropping it, with a shudder.

"Ethel!" the newcomer was saying. "What on earth's the matter?"

Ethel was looking at him now.

"This man is a murderer!" she sobbed. "He murdered—pushed him off the cliff—I, too, murdered him! Oh, Harry!"

There was the sound of voices and many feet outside the door.

The girl threw herself on her face, in order not to see.

The party entered, and, at the sight of the girl, became quiet. One of their number approached and fell sobbing to his knees before the girl's prostrate, shuddering form.

"Ethel!" he whispered.

She looked around. It was a ghost! One arm was in a sling, and his bruised face was heavily bandaged.

"He got here first—and won you—but—I'm sorry, because I loved you so!"

All the men in the room had turned toward the door at this sight. One or two were sniffing. Another was pointing toward the figure of a man stalking away toward Haverly. "What they were doing up at Eagle's Nest, God knows. That fellow knew the secret path I used when a boy. Harry didn't. He climbed and fell over—thank God, on a ledge."

Back in the room, Harry had been filled with wonderment and unspeakable joy when Ethel had tenderly thrown her arms about his neck.

"My boy," she whispered, "God has brought you back to me!"

"But," protested the boy, lifting his unbound hand, and disclosing a half-crushed rose, "he

brought the first rose to you. How can I claim you?"

"I asked for *the last rose of summer*, dear—and I prayed for you."



ETHEL DISCOVERS BLOOD UPON THE ROSE

The Blessing of the Little Town

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

The city has its charms, we know—

To us the country's dear—

But in the little towns, how slow,

How long, and dull, each year!

How could the harshest critic frown

Upon the blessing of the town?

It cheers the day for age and youth,

The pictures flash and glow;

Fair fiction's charm, or vivid truth,

The changing films still show.

Oh, may misfortune ne'er put down

The blessing of the little town!



Facts Worth Knowing About the Film Industry

By ROBERT GRAU



THAT May Irwin and John C. Rice were the first prominent players from the speaking stage to pose before the Motion Picture camera.

That John Austin Tynes was the first to start the Nicolet movement in East Fourteenth Street and thruout 125th Street, in New York, in 1901.

That Archie L. Sheppard was the first to present an entertainment consisting exclusively of Moving Pictures in a playhouse of the first grade (Manhattan Theater, where the Gimbel stores are now located).

That B. F. Keith was the pioneer exhibitor of Moving Pictures in this country: Philadelphia, 1895 (the Vitascope and Eidoloscope), and New York, 1896 (Lumière's Cinematographe).

That Lyman A. Howe was the first to use Moving Pictures in lectures or travelogs, and was also a prime factor in solving the initial problems of operation and projection.

That the real vogue of the Moving Picture began in the year 1900, as a result of the famous White Rats' strike, when the camera-man prevented the closing of all of the vaudeville theaters in this country, and it was thus that the eyes of showmen were opened to the fact that an entire entertainment could be presented without real actors.

That the film industry was by no means a lucrative line of endeavor from 1896 to 1901, and that Thomas Alva Edison himself was lacking in confidence as to its future, to the extent that he took out no foreign patents up to that period, entailing a loss of millions of dollars.

That the American Biograph Company's output in the late 90's, from a

distinctly photographic viewpoint, has never been surpassed to this day.

That the expression Photoplay was originated by Edgar Strakosch, of the family of impresarios, who won a prize of \$100.00 offered by the Essanay Company, of Chicago, for the best suggestion to typify the product of the new art.

That more than half of Philadelphia's regular theaters have reverted to the silent drama, and that all but two of New York's popular-priced theaters have capitulated to the camera-man.

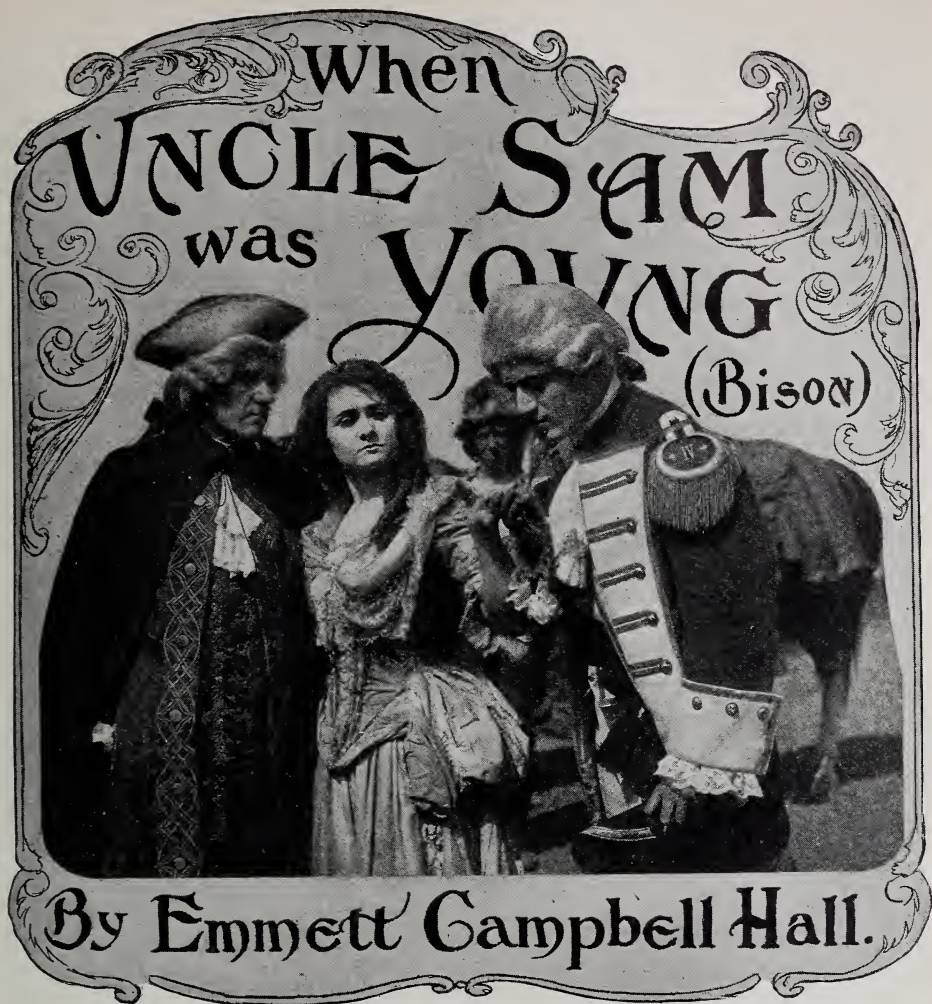
That there are fifty towns in New England, with a population between 10,000 and 50,000, where there is not a single stage available for a company of real actors.

That previous to the installation of stock companies in film studios, there were from forty to sixty melodrama companies on tour, playing at popular prices—today there are none whatever.

That six years ago there were six legitimate theaters on Fourteenth Street. Today, there are none, except the Academy of Music, and even that famous home of grand opera has been leased by William Fox, a Moving Picture magnate, to prevent any competitor from starting opposition to the City and Dewey theaters, both Fox enterprises.

That the American Vitagraph Company has on its roster in 1912 fourteen players of the first grade, who were members of Charles Frohman's forces before becoming photoplayers.

That David Belasco, David Warfield and William A. Brady have large interests in Photoplay houses, and are constantly adding to their investments in this field.



MUCH of the tale is written large upon scrolls of history, and needs no retelling, but that part which concerns the little lady, Constance Delemere, is to be found only in a quaint book, which must be handled with care, for the yellow leaves are crumbling. At the bottom of a forgotten old chest in the attic I found it, and, as I read, bending low over the pages, in order to decipher the faded handwriting of the girl of long ago, the deepening shadows seemed to take the forms of grim-faced men in buff and blue, of scarlet-coated grenadiers, of painted, lurking savages, and, like a brave sunbeam in the depths of a menacing forest, where the tangled trees crowd closely, a lightly flitting, laughing,

stout-hearted little maid—and the slightly stirring air seemed to bring a breath of deep woods, and the smoke of campfires and gunpowder. Had the little lady of the days when Uncle Sam was young been her own great-great-granddaughter, she would have made her journal into a wonderful photoplay—as perhaps some one else may do—beginning with that very scene, of which Mistress Constance says:

“On a day when my father played chess with Mr. Archdale, his lifelong friend, and father of Sydney—who had ever had my heart, and had then the promise of my hand—came an Indian runner, swift as a deer thru the forest paths, bearing an express from Boston. The news seemed to me

of no great moment—that tea brought into the Colonies should pay a tax of three pence per pound, and a pound of tea being a great quantity, and three pence but a small sum—but to my father and Mr. Archdale it seemed otherwise, so that very soon they quarreled furiously, my father declaring Mr. Archdale a rebel and traitor because he denied the right of His Majesty to impose the tax. So they parted enemies, and Sydney and I were told that our betrothal was at an end, and forbidden to see each other. Not long after, it was apparent, even to a girl, that war was to come, and word reached us that Mr. Archdale was drilling men to fight against the King.”

Shortly after, comes a mention of the appearance at the Delemere home of Captain Devereaux—that same Captain Devereaux of whom we have caught glimpses in other tales of the wilderness. Doubtless he was an unmitigated rascal, and cruel, but no braver, handsomer, or dashing daredevil ever found Old England too circumspect for his exploits, or wooed, or faced death with a lighter laugh. Constance, impressed, as would have been any girl by the gay soldier, who, as an officer of the King, was warmly welcomed by her father, could not have dreamed, for she could not have comprehended, even had she been told, that Devereaux came to her side, laughing, straight from a deed of utter brutality and heartlessness. Weary of the Indian girl, Osano, who had loved and served him with passionate loyalty, he had, in a fit of rage, struck her down, and, leaving her for dead, and abandoning to whatever fate the wilderness might decree the little son she had borne him, he galloped away. The child, wandering away from his unconscious mother's side, was soon lost in the forest.

Riding with her father, Constance chanced to hear the crying of the child, and Phillip, then six years old, was taken to the Delemere home, and, as they could learn nothing concerning him—Osano, believing the child

to have perished, having made her way back to her people, whose village was far away—he was reared as might have been a younger brother to Constance, who had developed a great fondness for the child. Osano, scorned by her tribe, lived but to wreak the vengeance she had sworn.

Presently came the call for all loyal men to take up arms for the King, and Delemere, accompanying Devereaux, rode away to the East. Since the finding of little Phillip, the captain had not been at the Delemere home, being busy upon official missions to the Indian tribes farther West, but, upon the day he finally started East, he contrived to see Constance, and prevailed upon her to accept, as a remembrance, a curious charm which he wore upon his chain.

When Delemere was gone, a great loneliness settled upon the home in the wilderness, and a taint of fear.

“Day by day,” Constance wrote in her little journal, “the dark forest seemed to creep nearer; the leaves rustled, when no wind stirred, with a blood-chilling menace, and, in the turning colors of the foliage, I could see only the yellow and scarlet of savage war-paint.”

So, accompanied by her servants and the boy Phillip, Constance abandoned the home that had grown to be a place of terror, and started upon the road to Boston to join her father, and, doubtless, with a tiny, unvoiced hope in her heart that, in the stir and confusion of the town, she might, perchance, again see Sydney, tho of this there is no hint in the journal. So far as deeds went, Mistress Constance was evidently a most obedient daughter—even upon this journey was she not wearing the charm given her by Captain Devereaux, whose suit was approved by her father?—but one may not always put a face out of the heart, at will.

The first night of the journey Constance proposed to spend at a small blockhouse, and at sunset her little cavalcade duly entered its portals, but valueless was the protection it offered. Suddenly the surrounding woods

stirred with life, wild yells uprose to the startled sky, and a great war-party of the Mohawks leaped forward to the attack.

Desperately, but vainly, was the blockhouse defended—within an hour a heap of hot and smouldering ashes marked the spot where it had stood—a single man was fleeing, with death yelping at his heels, along the Boston trail—and Constance, holding Phillip by the hand, was being hurried away, a prisoner, into the wilderness.

asking him to deliver the girl to her father. On his way to Connecticut, however, Delemere chanced to fall in with a party of Continentals, and, proudly refusing to deny his loyalty to the King, was seized as a spy and clapped into jail.

Meantime, Constance, at the Mohawk camp, had been treated not unkindly, Main Rouge having issued strict orders that no harm come to her. Knowing that the leagues of pathless forest that lay between her



Arriving safely in Boston, the survivor of the blockhouse fight hastened to seek out Constance's father, and to inform him that the girl had been taken by the Mohawks, who had recognized in her a person of station, and who intended to keep her, probably, as a hostage, inasmuch as she had not been at once killed. Delemere, frantic with grief, at once sought General Gage, who readily provided what was desired—a message to the Mohawk chief, Main Rouge, with whom Gage had formed an alliance,

and her own people formed an impassable barrier, the Indians set no guard over Constance and Phillip, who wandered about the camp at will. Thus it chanced that Osano and Constance met, and the Indian girl, recognizing the charm which Devereaux had given the other, and leaping to the conclusion that it was for love of Constance that she had been abandoned, was torn by a storm of hatred and jealousy. Tho she furiously longed to drive a knife to the hilt in the other's white breast,

Osano, for fear of the wrath of Main Rouge, carefully concealed her animosity, pretending sympathy and friendship. At length, as the little journal says, "Osano, cunningly pretending friendship, and promising to show me a trail which would lead to a settlement, did lure me far away from the camp, alone, having induced me to leave Phillip behind because he would not be able to walk so far, and promising herself to bring him to the town when she could steal a horse, and, when deep in the forest, did abandon me, thinking that I would be found by death."

But it was a kindly Quaker family, and not the Grim Reaper, who discovered the girl, weak with hunger, and stumbling blindly, very near that end which Osano had thought certain. When Constance had been fed and rested, the journey to Boston was continued.

At the Mohawk camp, Phillip had discovered the absence of his beloved friend, and, with the skill inherited with his Indian blood, had followed her trail. Osano, returning to the camp by another route, failed to see the boy, who held doggedly to his chase, and at length, all but exhausted, overtook Constance and her new-found friends.

In due course and safely, Constance and Phillip reached Boston, just in time to see that final act of defiance that meant civil war—the destruction of the cargoes of the tea-ships. Soon, too, from the housetop of her Quaker friends, Constance saw the pall of smoke which hung about the crest of Bunker Hill, toward which the scarlet columns moved with measured tread and in grim silence, only to break, roll backward, form, and charge again; saw, at length, the smoke-cloud grow thinner as the volleys from the trenches fell from a heavy roar to an uncertain crackle; saw the scarlet columns again surge up the slippery slope, pause for a desperate moment, and then, with gleaming bayonets, roll, like a wave, over the breastworks. Tho her heart beat high, how the breath would have

caught gaspingly in her throat could she have seen more nearly how Sydney Archdale stood in the foremost rank upon that stubbornly held and gallantly assaulted hill—stood until his men had burned the last charge of powder, and then retreated slowly, fighting desperately, striving with his single blade to cover the escape of his wounded! I am sure, reading between the lines of the little journal, that her heart was with the defenders on the crest, despite the fact that since he went away no word had come to her from Sydney, and that Captain Devereaux led the bold assaults.

"Men, it seems to me, make much ado over simple things," Constance wrote, a few weeks after the fight at Bunker Hill. "They told me it would be very difficult to obtain my father's release, and behold! Merely do I make my way—every one very courteously assisting—to Mr. Washington's camp, and tell him of my capture by the Mohawks, and of my father's mission to Main Rouge, to obtain my release, when Mr. Washington writes an order which permits my father to accompany me back to Boston. Father at first made a foolish difficulty by declining to sign a parole not to take up arms against the Continentals, but hastily did so when I wept, saying that, anyway, he was too old for active service. I think Mr. Washington a most courteous and charming gentleman."

During the remainder of the war, Constance, her father, and the boy Phillip lived quietly and contentedly in a cottage on the outskirts of Boston. In the journal are a few references to Captain Devereaux, who, apparently, called whenever his military duties permitted, and, at length, the statement, without any expression of regret, that he had gone to England to be treated for a wound. To Sydney Archdale there is no reference, but you may read of his deeds in the histories.

At length came peace, and in the journal was noticed to the extent of two lines, while the fact that Constance had seen Sydney on the street,

comments upon his appearance, speculation as to whether or not he might come to see her, and a discussion with herself of what she should wear if he did come, occupy seven closely written pages. After this the entries are at irregular dates, each covering some

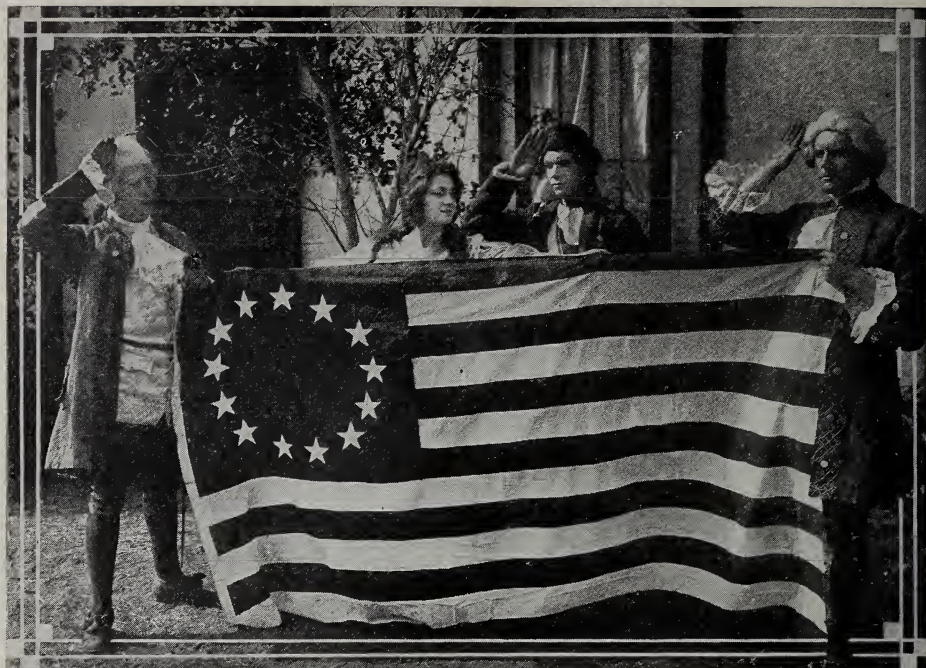
Phillip were strolling near their cottage, the still revengeful Osano appeared upon the scene, and, with a cry of hatred, flew at the girl with a glittering knife. Phillip, a stout little lad, bravely threw himself in front of his protectress, and, for a moment,



little time, and finally, in a somewhat inconsequential manner, drifting into recipes for pear preserves and elderberry wine, with a casual mention of the purchase of certain household supplies. But it is possible to piece together the facts to a reasonable whole, which is as follows:

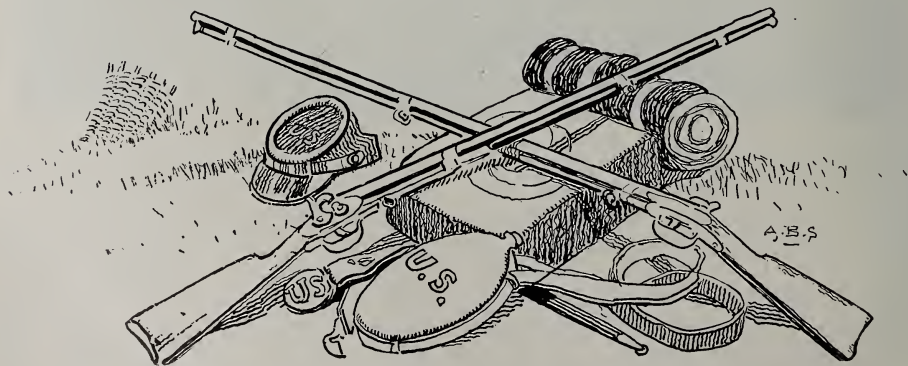
One afternoon, while Constance and

thwarted the murderous intent—long enough for Archdale and Sydney, who enter at this opportune moment, to come to the rescue. Osano, probably near exhaustion from hunger and her long journey in search of revenge, stumbled, and fell upon her own knife. The Archdales lifted the wounded woman and bore her to the



Delemere cottage, where, as the fate had turned dramatist and carefully arranged the climax, they found Devereaux, just returned from England. The dying squaw recognized the man, and, with her last breath, denounced him as the heartless villain he had proved himself to be. In a fury of disgust, Constance tore off and threw upon the floor the charm which Devereaux had given her, and impulsively ran to the ready arms of Sydney. In blind rage, Devereaux drew his sword and lunged at the unprepared young man, but the elder

Archdale drew his own blade in time to parry the thrust, and the next instant Devereaux lay dead beside the Indian girl he had wronged. It was not, apparently, difficult to reconcile the two fathers. Phillip, who was a most charming little chap, from all accounts, continued to live with Mr. Delemere as his adopted son. It isn't entirely clear from the journal just when the marriage of Constance and Sydney took place, but there are fifteen pages devoted to a description of what was evidently a wonderful wedding-gown.



The Mills of

the Gods*

Story by

EDWIN M.
LA ROCHE

Novel by

GEORGE
DILLENBECK

And done into a
Photoplay
by the
Vitagraph Company



A tale of a soul who had no soul, and who, because of a trivial incident in which he alone was at fault, spent his life in wreaking his vengeance on others

IT may be that the narrow, crooked streets of Milan have much to do toward the shaping of men's minds in tortuous channels, and that the ancient walls of the ducal city, with its scantiness of breathing spaces, have caused passions and hatreds to spin round and round, seeking for an opening. To the citizen carders of wool and weavers of silk was not given the vaunting defiance of their rival, Florence, but, rather, a keenness of mind and shrinking of limb that sought their outlet with the silent stiletto as against the singing sword.

Of such a cast was the illustrious Prince Gian Galeazzo, the greatest of them all, with his trick of infusing patriotism by a prick of the pen, or, that failing, such an exalted loyalty, in a goblet of spiced Montepulciano, as would never stare with earthly eyes upon him again.

For some two hundred years did Gian, and his descendants, rule Milan with a velvet hand, until the Milanese, easy-going people, came to judge that this was as life was meant, and that no death was more finished than an

official one. "It is pleasant to be led by the nose," they said, "for see what a multitude of malodors one avoids."

Signore Lorenzo Broletti, behind the drawn shades of his coach, rolled somewhat heavily on his cushions and meditated these things. The curator of the *Museo Civico* had told him only recently that, despite his plebeian name, most undoubtedly the blood of Galeazzo coursed unpolluted in his veins. His mother had kicked her heels and sung most stridently in the chorus of the *Theatro della Scala*, even in his memory. *Puh! pu!* What of that? Had she not taken the best of care of herself, and, when the time came, discarded the others, to marry Broletti, the wine merchant?

And what a fortune he, Lorenzo, had built up from old Broletti's few wine-sodden lire! Shares in the new railroad to Genoa; a fat Government contract to repave the *Piazza d'Armi*, and a finger on the innermost works of the lottery. He would even have undertaken the modernizing of his ancestor Gian's cathedral, if Saint Carlo Borromeo would not have res-

*This story is an adaptation of George Dillenberg's novel, published by The Broadway Publishing Company, New York.

urrected, thereby, from his silver sarcophagus.

A wealthy man was Lorenzo, with heavy, expressive shoulders and the face of a watching eagle. And the time had come, too, with his wealth, when he could afford to be driven of a late afternoon thru the crooked mazes of the city, reckoning up the belated pleasures of his life.

As his coach rolled down the populous *Corso Porta Ticinese*, the slight figure of a girl, dressed in the working clothes of the people, caught his full eye. Something about her effortless walk, her level chin, and the thick curtains of hair, the tint of dark grapes, combed low across her forehead, caused him to pull the cord, and to direct his driver to follow her.

She turned down a side street and disappeared within the low portal of a building, from which the pungent odors of garlic and greases, escaping, advertised it sufficiently as a tavern of the Milanese.

Springtime surged in the middle-aged breast of Lorenzo as his coach slowly followed her, even up to the door of the odoriferous tavern.

Noisy sounds of eating and drinking came from within. "*Animo!*" said Lorenzo, in excuse to himself, "surely, if the lily is descended from the leek, I can brave this hothouse!" And with the words, he slammed to his coach-door and entered the tavern.

The place was crowded with patrons, and his girl of the *Corso* stood before the table of two young Milanese, slipping on a white apron.

Lorenzo seated himself at a table near-by, permitting himself a full view of her face and figure. He saw that she was beautiful now, with a pallor and fineness of skin, like cathedral glass, and heavily fringed, musing eyes.

The two young men to whom she addressed herself were extraordinary, too: one as big and weather-worn as a sculptured Hercules; the other half priest, half soldier—a serious face with burning eyes, topped by hair as thick and unruly as the serpents of Laocöon.

Lorenzo rapped smartly on his table. His small gold piece shimmered in his hand as she approached. His eyes, in their frames of fat, measured her with appreciation.

"Come, little one," he said, "tell me at length what wines the tavern offers. It is not for nothing that I have braved the sun of the *Corso*."

To her poor list of white and red wines he stroked his chin, with no satisfaction.

"*Dolente me!*" he muttered in self-commiseration, then turned his smiling face upward. "Perhaps the good host will send out for a bottle of *Lacrimæ Christi*?"

"*Lacrimæ Christi*," she repeated slowly, as if of something sacrilegious. His eyes sought, and held, the depths of hers. She turned away, in search of the host in his fortress of a kitchen.

After an interminable time, Lorenzo saw her coming toward him with the precious bottle in its sheath of straw.

"As life sparkles," he said, taking her hand, "so should good wine."

A tremor seemed to pass thru her, causing the bottle's neck to tinkle against the drinking-glass. Her agitation was delicious to Lorenzo. "What!" he exclaimed; "only one glass!" and drew her toward him.

The stiffening of her arm and her quick intake of breath might have warned him of peril, but his pressure became firmer. "Be bold with the shy, shy with the bold," was a precept dear to his heart.

Then his heart jumped suddenly and stood still, as she tore her arm from him and dashed her hand madly against his cheek.

The tavern was all by the ears immediately: Maria, this good-natured girl with a Madonna's face, to strike a wealthy patron! It was unbelievable. She cowered away from him as if having trampled something sacred, as he rose to go. His glance took in the two friends, and helped to explain the girl's excess of virtue. The slighter of the two was held back by the other; his burning eyes searching for a hold on Lorenzo's throat.

"Zitti, un po'!" shrilled some one, "be silent. Let Miguel, the gold-carver, avenge the insult to Maria!"

But Miguel was held fast in the arms of his friend. His eyes scorched Signore Lorenzo's flaccid cheeks in helpless anger. The drinker of rare wine smiled evilly upon the undesirable patrons—a slow twisting of lips that recorded a mortal hate: then he quickly passed out, muttering, and sought his coach.

In a little while the diners had seated themselves, and the clatter of healthy appetites intermingled with argument.

"What would you? Cannot a signore please himself with a look at the girl?"

"Guarda! she is worshiped, body and soul, by the carver of gold."

"Oh! o! she will make him miserable."

"For shame! When he finds that her heart is gold, like her beautiful face, he will surely live in paradise with her."

Less than a month had gone by, when Miguel had already

sought out and furnished a home for Maria, almost under the shadow of San Ambrogio, the silver chimes of whose belfry tolled their hours of rising and of sleep. Pietro, his big friend, had, single-handed, carried the heavy furniture into their cosy tenement, with deep laughter at the amazement of the carter.

They had been married nine months now—months whose early days had been given over to a righting of their nest, and to an unfurling of bows and tidies and curtains over everything; but in these later days, a softer look had sunk deep into the

eyes of Maria, and the embroideries gave way to full pieces of linen, on which she sewed endlessly. Miguel looked at the growing pile half in jealousy, half proudly, knowing that the good Saint was about to bless them with a lusty token.

Even Giulia, the young sister of Maria, had stolen time from her ballet-master, at the *Della Scala*, and had tiptoed in upon Maria to comfort her with confectionery and warm kisses.

And, in the daytime, Miguel, bent over his bench, worked with his little

tools at the gold-carver's art, in a shop on the *Strada S. Margherita*. Many rare and curious figures he copied from the works of the masters, but none was more truthful than the golden infant Christ on the ivory knees of His Mother.

"Buono! it is beautiful!" said the goldsmith, leaning over the worker. "The day is not far off when I will greet you as maestro, my Miguel."

But, in a scant

week, there was ushered in that bewildering and mysterious series of events which was to begin with the dismissal of the favorite artisan.

The placid goldsmith was seated under his awning, fanning this way and that the ghost of a fickle summer breeze, when a short, well-dressed stranger approached him and tapped him on the shoulder. A conversation, begun in remonstrating tones by the goldsmith, and ending in a series of thick whispers, ensued. From the thumbs of the pair, constantly jerked toward Miguel within, it was evident that he was the pith of the argument.



MARIA BRAVELY RESENTS LORENZO'S
INSULT

At length, the goldsmith sighed audibly, and rolled his eyes heavenward. It was the sign of capitulation. For the briefest of intervals, the stranger sighed in sympathy—his was a hard task—and disappeared the way he had come.

Miguel was sent for, and appeared, carefully wiping the flecks of gold from nervous hands.

"Alas for me!" moaned the goldsmith. "It has fallen on me to tell you that you are dismissed."

Miguel grinned at his employer's summer jest. The eyes of the goldsmith, as if in an anguish, sought the awning, to remain fixedly there.

Miguel humored him by slipping an arm into his coat-sleeve. Still the agonized eyes stared above.

Miguel finished putting on his coat. A moist hand sought his, squeezed it eloquently, then waved him away.

Miguel, in a dream, passed from under the awning and on.

But there are other goldsmiths in a city famed for this craft, and the next day Miguel was seated at the bench of a delighted new employer.

Already he had sketched out the design of a graceful chalice in rococo, when the door behind his back opened and a stranger half entered the shop. His hand swung until it pointed to Miguel, then stopped with its thumb curiously pointed downward.

As of his yesterday, the carver of gold found himself summoned before the proprietor, to be tersely dismissed.

The good God, he thought, cannot overwhelm us with His blessings, and so hurried home to where Maria, propped in an arm-chair, among pillows, gave of her full breasts to the token—a tiny girl.

But soon, after noisy greetings, the sense of dread hovering over him brought him to a chair, with his face fixed vise-like in his hands, and his eyes staring before him.

Big Pietro had called unnoticed, but that was not unusual. "*Ehi!*" he finally burst forth, "tell me why you act as if the saints had parted company with you?"

Miguel, in staccato sentences, told

them of the strange occurrences of the past two days. When he had finished, Maria hugged her baby close, and Pietro whistled thru his jutting teeth.

Then there was a period of silence.

"I have a cure," the big fellow said, "which may baffle your evil spirit, be he man or devil." He drew closer. "In a little while I shall return with a carpenter's box of tools, a wig, and a beard. These we will apply to you with all the cunning we can muster. *Ecco!* a new man, with a new trade. Is it not clever?"

The little family laughed and cried in admiration of his plot. Maria put out a thin hand and patted his broad shoulders. The bells of nones had almost tolled from San Ambrogio ere the straight-haired and bearded carpenter, hugging both, put out from his tenement for the wood-working quarter of the city.

To Maria the days were short ones of love for her child, yet she did not recover her young strength as quickly as she longed for. As for Miguel, he seemed to have baffled the evil destiny which had hung over him, and to have picked up the craft of a wood-jointer with amazing rapidity; only, he was gone from sunrise to dusk, and his fine hands were cracked and bruised from the work. She saw very little of him, but the old light in his eyes, and his caress about her shoulders, told her that he was happy once more.

So things went on, until one day she rose from her chair, and, on the thin, awkward legs of a colt, walked to the window and back. She had meant to sit there to surprise Miguel, but her head swam so that it frightened her.

Old Nanna, her nurse, had gone out to haggle in the fish-market, and the sounds of the tenement had lulled into the lazy calm of late afternoon. Heavy, shuffling feet sounded on the stairs, and a halting knock came upon the door.

"Come in," called Maria; "the door is unlocked."

The door opened, and two men, dressed as street-porters, shamled

awkwardly in. "Is this the house of Miguel, the gold-worker?" asked one.

"Yes, yes; but he is not in."

"It is of no consequence—we have come to remove his furniture."

Maria did not understand. "He is not in, I tell you," she repeated slowly, as to a stupid fellow.

The porters spat upon their palms, seized a heavy sofa, and tilted it to pass it thru the doorway.

"*Sta!*" cried Maria, above the whimpering of her suckling. "Can you not understand?"

The sofa was worked laboriously thru the opening.

"It is the command of the grand signore—the new house-owner," the porter explained. "Such a pest! everything should have been ready."

The sofa continued on its way down the stairs. Maria heard them thump it heavily on the pavement and their steps again on the stairs.

One by one, the porters emptied the rooms of the heavier pieces. Maria was too weak from fright to interpose further, tho the people collecting on the pavement asked a hundred curious questions of the porters. Thru all the noise of bumping, creaking furniture, Maria's canary, in its cage, kept up a spirited song.

At last, as the rooms lay bare, save for her chair, and the canary's descending song told her that all was gone, a big voice, full of sorrow, called up from the pavement, "Ma-ree-a!" It was wonderful how sweet it sounded to her, then.

It was then, too, that friendly feet pounded up the stairs, and Pietro burst in upon her. "Pity me!" he said, sobbing, "that hate can go so far as this. This is all the fine work of that devil of the tavern."

She lay back in her chair, moaning, like a dog in the cold, and he picked her up, with her sleeping child, and worked down the stairs.

The sun had sought shelter behind San Ambrogio, casting its cloak-like shadow across the pavement, when Pietro laid Maria down on the sofa in the litter of her home.

As she lay in the half-light, a sleep

of exhaustion came over her, softening the sharp lines of her face. Many of the crowd turned away, struck with awe at her likeness to the Santa Maria of the cathedral.

It was thus that Miguel, returning, came upon her, and he would have cast himself upon her, believing her dead, had not Pietro guarded her with his arms, and hushed the frenzied man.

And Miguel, looking upon her, knew that sleep was better for her than his tears, for her spirit seemed to be beyond the reach of harm.

And, as the two friends waited until her sleep should be broken, a coach, with drawn blinds, was driven up the alley and stopped before the tenement. Its door opened, and a robust man, with eyes rimmed in fat, looked down upon the outcast family as upon no ordinary sight.

Of the face of Maria, with its cameo fineness; of Miguel, with his cap crushed in his hands, kneeling by her in vigil, he could not drink in enough. It was such a tableau as Gian, the patient, might have planned long years, in vain.

Miguel turned his head at the sound of a stifed chuckle, and his eyes, once more, looked into those of the signore of the tavern. In a flash, his tortured mind fastened all his wrongs upon the observer of his shame. And the fire in his eyes, as he crept toward Signore Lorenzo, seemed to hold that gentleman helpless upon the step of his coach.

Miguel's hands reached up to seek his throat.

"Drive on!" shouted the terrified Lorenzo.

The coach started slowly, and with it a tearing, choking sound issued from its step. Lorenzo's collar and cravat remained in Miguel's hand, and a red flush stained his thick neck. Beyond that he was unharmed, unless we except the terror that had struck in to his soul.

A police call sounded. Scabbards rattled against bootlegs. Miguel, with his hater's cravat still in his hands, was surrounded and marched

away. The coach of Lorenzo, followed by Pietro, had driven off rapidly to the safety of the Corso. Maria's dark eyes, full of the dusk of the street, opened to stare into moist ones against her breast.

At a later hour she was taken to the Hospital of the Good Sisters, where Pietro and Giulia sat watching by her bed. But she never spoke again. Once she kist her child, and smiled at the dancer, as if she was leaving her the most precious heritage of all. Then she lay very still.

have other workmen under him. With the razing of part of the old city walls came a demand for new tenements, and Miguel built a row that rapidly filled up with tenants from the overcrowded sections.

The evil spirit that had pursued him seemed dispirited at last, for, with the plodding Pietro as a partner, each venture that his daring nature planned was carried thru successfully. Together the two friends built a little cottage on the hills overlooking Lake Como, and here, with the



MIGUEL RECOGNIZES IT ALL AS THE WORK OF LORENZO

Ten years passed away, bringing with them many changes, not the least of which was the prosperity of Miguel. For weeks after the death of Maria he had appeared as one crazed with grief, shunning all who would commiserate with him, not caring even for the friendship of Pietro.

But with the sturdy growth of little Rosa, came a prop that softened the past, and held a promise that she would grow up wonderfully like the image of her mother. His life centered on her and on his work alone.

In time he prospered, and came to

child Rosa as playmate, they were accustomed to spend the hot months of summer.

The course of years had also sought out Giulia, the dancing-girl, and made of her the most famous and most beautiful actress in all Milan. Hers was the beauty of her sister passed on to her, with art and coquetry, added to bring men to her feet.

But she cared not for the attentions of men, unless it be for one, the elderly and princely Lorenzo Broletti, now the most powerful man in Milan.

"What a union," people gossiped in the tea-rooms and clubs, "this Lorenzo, the descendant of Gian, and Giulia, the child of the people!"

There was something about her interest in Lorenzo that startled the girl herself at times: a fascination of distrust that made her smile her sweetest in his presence, and shudder with repulsion when his back was turned. It was then that she recalled the slanderous stories told her that he could be wolf-cruel behind his mask

on the pulse of every interest worth while in the city, the smoldering fires of hatred, that he had loved, miser-like, to fan, would have died completely within him, leaving him only a pleasant man of fat and fortune. But fate willed otherwise.

One day, while Miguel dreamed away at Como, Lorenzo attended a board meeting of a certain rich fire insurance company, of which he was acting president.

The secretary droned out a long



PIETRO AND GIULA WATCH AT MARIA'S BEDSIDE

of urbane corpulency, and that he never ceased to love and nurture a hatred.

Concerning Lorenzo himself, he had had no occasion to regret the years that had thinned his hair until a few strands only lay plastered like seaweed on his high forehead—within, his mind worked smoother than ever, and his coach, with its footmen in the livery of the Visconti, had become a familiar figure on the Corso.

Perhaps had his financial interests not been so scattered, with his finger

list of premium delinquents, who, under the law, must be given notice of non-payment before their policies were forfeit.

"Miguel Tirano"—the hated name dropped upon his ears like a lighted match—"eighteenth of August—fifteen hundred lire." The monotonous voice passed on to other names.

"I will notify Miguel personally," he said to the bowing secretary at the close of the meeting; "he is an acquaintance of mine—erase his name from your list."

Left alone in the room, he turned to the ledger reciting the location and amount of Miguel's risk. "*Eh! e!* a row of tenements to his credit! Very well, on the eighteenth of September I will permit my fondness for Miguel to show itself again."

On the evening of the nineteenth of September a disastrous fire broke out in a row of tenements in the new section of the city. By a singular good fortune, they were deserted at the

praying, then her scorched body hurtled to the pavement.

She fell almost at the feet of a stranger to the neighborhood, a man whom the crowd pressed closer and closer toward the victim of the flames. A little girl was pushed thru the ring, and threw herself, choked with sobs, upon the body.

The eyes of the stranger widened and dilated until the lids curled back like useless shutters; tremors of pity,



LORENZO, IN DISGUISE, ENGAGES TANO, THE INCENDIARY

time—a burst water-pipe compelling a temporary exodus.

The flames gathered an unchecked headway, working from a cellar thru the flimsy plaster hall-shafts. The buildings soon became a blazing, spark-spangled mass, and the hopeless firemen turned their apparatus upon the surrounding buildings.

Suddenly, above the crowd, the wraith-like figure of a woman appeared in one of the windows. She stood, framed in fire, a few seconds,

or of fear, coursed thru his frame. He staggered from the scene, moaning, as the crowd gave way before him. "*Oise!*" they murmured, "a relative of the poor creature."

Still later that night, when all respectable people had barred their doors, the stranger kept a rendezvous with a heavy, bearded man, in the dress of a sheep-drover, in a certain disreputable inn known as the Silver Heron.

The stranger seemed completely un-

nerved. Had his intimates not been used to a certain lidless stare of his eyes, they might have accused him of being insane.

"Come, Tano, out with your story," said the bearded man, in the smooth tones of Lorenzo.

"There is nothing to tell—here," moaned the other. "I have done it." His voice rose to a wail. "It was murder, signore—murder, do you hear?"

"Hush, sheephead!" said the other quickly, with his hand across Tano's

Miguel's hand, but Rosa was too adorable and Toto too funny to have it spoil sport. She was growing more and more like her mother, he thought, with her pensive, restful ways.

In this pleasant mood, he opened his letter. His drawn look, as he finished, caused Pietro to spring to his side.

"What is it?"

"I am utterly ruined!"

Pietro tore the ill-omened letter from him and scanned it feverishly.

"Tenements burned down—insurance



A LITTLE GIRL THROWS HERSELF UPON THE BODY OF THE VICTIM

mouth. "Here is drink—and after that the gold that you have always craved."

The stranger was silenced; the light of a double greed narrowed his yellow eyes; but he sat staring moodily, and starting with sudden tremors, long after the drover had left him.

Rosa was bathing her spaniel puppy, Toto, in a foot-tub, while Miguel and Pietro laughed at his antics in the lather, for all the world like a whitened clown. A letter from his brokers in Milan lay unopened in

unaccountably lapsed—an incendiary suspected," he read.

He was the first to speak, after a silence that spelt the loss of all they possessed. "Come," he said, "we are both young and fearless, and life is worth living yet. Besides, there is devil's work afoot, and we must take the first train to the city before this goes further."

A few hours later found the friends in the insurance company's office. It was as their broker had written: their property had been swept away, unprotected. Signore Lorenzo, they

were further informed, was in Turin on important, personal business.

"Turin!" said Pietro, on leaving. "We must leave for there without stopping."

As nightfall brought their hurried trip to an end, and as they were leaving the Turin railroad depot, a glaring theatrical poster caught Miguel's eye. It announced that Signorina Giulia was playing a week's engagement at the *Theatro Vittorio*.

He grasped Pietro's arm. "Telephone," he said, "to the theater and find out at which hotel she is stopping—there is gossip going about Milan of her intimacy with Lorenzo, and we may as well put it to the proof."

"The Grand," announced Pietro, returning shortly, and a hurried cab trip found the two friends waiting in the famous beauty's parlor.

It was years since they had seen her—their life had lain in a different sphere; but they found her but slightly changed—the same frank, dazzling creature, with the added charms of her training.

Then Pietro planted his chair closely in front of her and recited, at length, the life and deeds of Lorenzo, the descendant of Gian.

She listened intently, with perfect control of her feelings, as one atrocity upon another was disclosed to her.

"*Largo!*" she said, when Pietro had finished, "he is coming here tonight. My attorney, De Waldis, is coming, also. Wait—we shall see!"

The clerk in the insurance office was misinformed when he stated that Lorenzo had already left Milan, but he was preparing to do so, and forever. All his securities had been converted into cash; a magnificent necklace of pearls—a gift for Giulia—lay in his traveling-bag. One deed only remained to be consummated, which should forever place him on a pedestal with the velvet-handed Gian: he had bribed a band of roving gipsies to spirit away the daughter of Miguel. With her gone, he reckoned, then will his spirit be broken beyond the mending.

His plans made, the infatuated

man caught the last train for Turin—and Giulia! A telephone message from the station announced his coming. Miguel, Pietro and De Waldis hastily concealed themselves behind the curtains of Giulia's boudoir.

Giulia received Lorenzo as he entered. His fat face glowed with the thoughts of his coming triumph. The string of royal jewels hung, swaying and shimmering, in his hand.

But her glowing smile did not answer him back, nor call him on. Instead, she walked quietly to the hall-door and turned the key. "My friends are here to welcome you," she announced. Lorenzo looked up with surprise.

The three men entered the room, De Waldis with his hands in the pockets of his dinner-coat.

Lorenzo steadied himself against the edge of a table. Truly, he saw ghosts from Milan. His hand sought an inner pocket, but De Waldis' revolver peered coolly in his face. "There is a gentleman here," he said, "who would speak with you alone."

Pietro and De Waldis withdrew behind the hangings.

The mortal enemies, at last, had come face to face. Miguel advanced upon Lorenzo. His hands were opened, claw-like. His eyes burned so brilliantly that Lorenzo was forced to notice, fearfully, the curious dilation of the pupils. Miguel's hands sought the folds of the heavier man's throat and closed upon them. Layers of tissue squirmed between his tightening fingers. A choking, gasping sound filled the room. Miguel, panting and furious, was fast finishing his victim, when De Waldis and Pietro appeared and supported the unconscious man to a sofa. Lorenzo was not to die—yet. With difficulty did they hold the enraged Miguel off. A carafe of water was dashed over the purple face—a water of torture rather than of mercy.

In a little while Lorenzo's eyes opened and he partially recovered. De Waldis and Pietro again withdrew. Miguel, now calm and alone, stood over him.

"I will tell—everything," murmured the descendant of Gian, thickly. "Take your eyes from me."

"You shall be stripped to the soul," said the other, with singular repression, "before me alone and your Maker."

And then the wretched man unfolded the long chain of his revengeful and ruinous deeds. When he had done with the shameful, sordid recital, the other said impressively: "The mills of the gods grind slow, but grind exceeding fine!"

was always singing in his brain to delight him.

A winding stairs led aloft to a room in the tower above the Heron, and Tano grasped the drover's arm to lead him above, as before. But, somehow, this night the man of gold and plans for Tano hung back, undecided.

His faithful was surely losing his wits—a cheap riddance; but then, too, his own iron nerves were shattered. The cunning in the creature might see it—he might lose control of him up there away from every one.



MIGUEL IS INTENT ON HAVING HIS REVENGE

Two nights later, the broken figure of the sheep-drover was seen entering the Silver Heron. He appeared sleep-worn and fear-driven; the fat around his eyes hung in loose bags. His neck was swathed in folds of linen. A spectral creature who had lived a lifetime in a night.

Tano, the faithful, was the creature whom he sought. But Tano smiled now when his name was called. A permanent cunning look had come to stay in his former mild eyes. "Fire, fire! nothing so beautiful as fire,"

No, no! he had better not risk it. As if reading his thoughts, Tano's grasp tightened on his arm, and the perilous ascent was begun. Step by step, the two men felt the narrow treads of the stairs.

A bar of clear moonlight lay across the floor of the high room as they entered. The drover breathed more freely. He could watch . . .

Again the sound of a key turning in its lock—a sinister sound to some.

The drover turned to look for Tano. Nothing showed but the whites of his

eyes—clear, like pearls, to the other. He shuddered at the thought.

"Tano!"

No answer.

"Tano!"

"Signore, listen! Can you not hear the flames?"

"No, fool—what do you mean?"

"Flames, hell's flames, signore, creeping against the door." He bent his head as if sniffing smoke. A faint, crackling sound now came to his companion.

The heavy man sank upon his knees in a fit of weeping and cursing.

Tano sprang to the window, and hung poised in the air. At last only his grasping hands showed on its sill.

"A necklace of pearls for the key! . . . Mercy!"

The hands slipped lower—lower—disappeared! The shrieking, reviling, imploring voice of Lorenzo was stilled forever in the mellow roar of the flames.



TANO LEADS LORENZO TO HIS DEATH

"It is fire!" he cried. "Come."

Smoke oozed thru chinks and crevices, setting the heavy man to coughing.

"I love fire," said Tano, simply.

"You are mad—mad," shrieked the other. "Let me out."

A roaring, as in a clear flue, filled the room. The door shone full of red veins.

Thus perished the last descendant of Gian; a consistent hater, a patient spinner of other men's ruin, a princely votary of the pleasures of life. Into his wine had never come the lees of remorse, nor had his heart ever warmed to the touch of humanity; but the mills of the gods are inexorable in the ultimate gristing of souls.

Prize Puzzle Contest

The Prize Puzzle Contest, which was announced in the September and October issues, closed on October 2. We were in hope of announcing the winners in the present issue, but the unexpectedly large number of answers received necessitates a postponement till the next issue. Following is the story with the correct answers supplied:

A Tale of the First French Settlers

IN the olden days there lived a FRENCH king, who was known to his subjects as KING BAGGOT. One AUGUST, as he walked in the EASTCOURT of the palace gardens, his HARTE was filled with PAYNE as he gazed about him at the MARKS of decay and desolation.

"Ah," he sighed, "what a change from the days when the land was YOUNG and my forefathers were NOBLE and RICH! Somehow, I must redeem the FORTUNE of the royal family, or our POWERS will be at an end."

After REIDING many books, and dreaming many dreams, a journey to America was decided upon as a means of enriching the royal family, and preparations were made for the CRUZE. A large party of adventurous volunteers, eager for gold and glory, accompanied him. Many a GAILLORD left his ancestral HALL; many a GOODMAN said tender good-bys in humble HOLMES. Of course, the king's CHAMBERLIN accompanied him, as well as his BARBER.

"We shall need men who know useful trades," said the wise king; "let a SAWYER, a MASON, and a COOPER be included in the party. In order to preserve decency and religion, we will take a devout man of the CHURCH, and, lest life be dull, find me some roistering BLADE who can sing a good CARROLL and tell a good STOREY."

PRIOR to this time, the king had never sailed the seas, so it chanced

that as he was STANDING on deck one day he became violently ill.

"I am DUNN for," his Majesty groaned; "I must pay the price of my folly. LITTLE did I think, when I ROSE this morning, that ere the sun sank in the WEST I should DYE."

Every courtier turned WHITE with alarm, but the ship's doctor only laughed heartily.

"Re-JOYCE," he cried; "no man since ADAMS time has died from *mal de mer!*"

"Very well," replied the king; "I feel better, already. Come to a game of cards; I will deal them. What is my HANDWORTH?"

At last they stood in the wilds of America, with the GREENWOOD stretching away for miles. A guide with an EAGLE EYE had accompanied them. Once he had been a BUSHMAN in Darkest Africa, and he spoke with a queer dialect.

"I will be DE GARDE tonight," he declared, "and sit upon DE GRASS while a bright fire BURNS; dar might be LYONS around, or a WOLFE, for dis country is WILDER and FULLER of dangers dan my own."

They composed themselves to rest in a clear space by a shining BROOK. Suddenly a RUSSELL was heard in the bushes.

"I will DARE the peril!" exclaimed the king, rushing forward with his gun, but instead of a furious beast, a frightened BUNNY scurried away from him.

Day after day, the party pushed onward, until, to the king's delight, they came to a rushing river with broad FIELDS along either bank.

"Here will I dwell forever," he cried. "A MOORE delightful spot does not exist. Why should I return to my native land? We will FORD the stream, and upon the further bank we will build a solid STONEHOUSE, and BARNES to hold our crops against the winter's SNOW. The FISCHER shall employ his art in the stream; the GARDNER shall cause the ROSE to blossom where we see the WEED. This BLACK-

WELL needs only a cleaning to cause it to give forth pure water. And hark to the FINCH, singing in yonder BIRCH, as if to rejoice at our coming!"

"But our families!" exclaimed the ELDER courier.

"Send for them," responded the king. "The best WALKER shall return to the coast and equip a ship to bring them hither. Your wives and little ones shall come, accompanied by my queen ANDERSON."

So endeth the tale of the first French settlement in the Valley of the Mississippi.

A Vision of Home

By ADELBERT CLARK

I went to a picture show last night
And saw a scene of home:
A cottage quaint, with roses sweet,
Beside the ocean's foam.
I saw a mother, and I thought
Of one so far away,
Who loves me well, and prays for me
When skies are blue or gray.

And so today I wrote to her,
The first time for a year.
'Twill cheer her heart and make her glad,
And drive away each tear.
And so, my friend, perhaps these lines
May just remind you, too,
That you've a mother far away
Who longs to hear from you!

Just write a letter home, my friend,
It wont take very long.

'Twill mean so much to mother,
friend;

'Twill cheer and make
her strong.

A line to her is better
far—

And more than gold,
I know—

And the thought
came home to
me last night
While at a
Picture Show.





CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS



EDITH STOREY, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY



THE parting instructions to me were: "Don't go after too many facts; anybody can catalog facts—the inquiry editor or the studio publicity man will disgorge a bushful for the asking—get acquainted; get personality; get a breathing picture of Miss Storey herself."

With my pet queries denied me, I sat myself down before Miss Storey and her mother, in their Riverside Drive apartment, overlooking the Hudson, and waited for her to burst into a glad song of all about herself.

But she kept demurely and busily at work on the Indian bead-work belt in her lap. Now and then she glanced up at me with big, gray-blue eyes, set in a frame of almost copper tan, as if I were a long-lost piece of bric-à-brac.

"If Sherlock Holmes could lay bare a maiden's soul, without the use of words," I thought, painfully, "here goes," and I scribbled down: "She is domestic, fond of sewing, and dumb thru overwork in picture plays."

"Furthermore," I wrote, marveling at her wonderful versatility of character work, "she is patient, receptive to the coaching of directors, and undemonstrative. Her face . . ."

I happened to glance up and catch the fag end of a smile on lips until then expressionless. "Do girls always affect you this way?" the bead-worker demanded.

"The true interview must be done in silence—and aloofness," I pronounced.

She studied me a moment, according to the new rules, then laid down her work, and laughed whole-heartedly. "When your parents bottled you up, and sent you out in the world," she began, "they forgot one ingredient: ginger—maybe, in compensation, I'm suffering from an over-measure of it myself.

"It's hard to pick it up in this steam-heated atmosphere," she resumed, "but if you had started these inquest proceedings on me on a Texas ranch, I would have first ridden you across country for a day, perhaps playfully pushed you over a cliff, and ordered you to swim home."

"Do you enjoy these things?" I asked, disregarding the rules.

"Immensely," she emphasized, becoming interested;

"I am a thoro outdoor girl. For several years my engagement with the Méliès Company demanded long daily rides in a stock saddle—sometimes bareback—swimming, shooting, roping, and nearly all the qualifications of a cowpuncher—except swearing, which the boys on our ranch never did, in my presence, anyway.

"Such good fellows!" she reminisced. "A happy mixture of fun, business, kindness, bravery and deviltry. They used to call me 'Billy,'" she added, proudly; "it was a token of comradeship.

"Then I was suddenly called back East to the Vitagraph Company," she went on. "You see, they had merely loaned me to their friend, Mr. Gaston Méliès, and I came back to the city to ride on subways and academy horses, when I got the chance. But the work was very new and very interesting—all kinds of parts; one week Matilde in 'The French Spy,' another Ellen in 'The Lady of the Lake,' or a Russian immigrant.

"It called for a good deal of study and reserve strength, so many diverse rôles, and, thanks to my outdoor training, I have been able to stand it and remain lusty.



"The hours of work, as compared with the regular stage, are not long," she continued, "but one is compelled to compress a good bit of emotion into short scenes."

"Edith feels intensely every part she plays," Mrs. Storey explained.

"I always have," Miss Storey went on; "ever since I used to stand in the wings and cry over the troubles of my stage mother, 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch'—she seemed so awfully put upon to me, as a child."

She bent forward a moment, chin in hands, staring at the hard coils of a lariat on the wall beyond—coils which twisted as heavy and thick as the mass of chestnut hair over her dark face. "Dont you think," she asked, almost wistfully, "that life in the open, under the stars and close to the ground, makes one feel big and true, if it's only in dumb show?"

"It does more than that," I said impulsively, "it makes honesty and strength and frankness, and mothers genius as no four walls can do."

"Will you please allow me to open the door," I added, as she caught up her beads again, "and to kick my 'Sherlock Holmes' deductions downstairs?"

JOHN OLDEN.

ROBERT G. VIGNOLA, OF THE KALEM COMPANY



"**B**OB" VIGNOLA is one of that bashful kind who shrink from an interview. When I was in the British Isles last month, I communicated with Mr. Vignola to meet me half way, but he would not. If the mountain wont go to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain; so I went to Beaufort, Ireland, where the O'Kalems make their headquarters, and sought out "Bashful Bob." Director Olcott said that he was not around; Miss Gauntier said that he was out fishing; and Jack Clark said that he had gone for a horseback ride. All of these stories were not founded on fact, because I soon discovered my victim in hiding, and then I had the laugh on his accomplices. Once cornered, he was easy, and I extracted my interview painlessly. Mr. Vignola is about four inches higher than I am, which makes him five feet eight, and he weighs about 155 pounds. He has a sort of olive complexion, with dark eyes and hair, and my first guess was that he came from the Orient. But I was wrong, for he was born at Albany, N. Y., August 5, 1882, and was educated there.

"No one would ever think," he said, in answer to my questions, "that I was quite a contortionist and slack-wire walker at the age of fourteen, and always dreamed of running away with a circus. At seventeen I became interested in amateur theatricals, and a year later organized the Empire Dramatic Club, which still exists in Albany. I went on the professional stage eleven years ago, and later joined the American Stock Company, in New York City. I have toured with Kyrle Bellew, Eleanor Robson, Melbourne MacDowell, also in several melodramas. I am quite content being in Photoplays, tho at times, after seeing a real good show, I do long for the glare of the foot-lights for at least a short season. I am very fond of dancing and social events. I am the first actor that the Kalem Company engaged on a weekly salary. I love baseball, and I miss the games here very much. I am not much interested in politics, altho I am a Republican. I am very fond of music, but I do not sing or play. Name some of the great Photoplays? 'The Fall of Troy,' 'The Coward,' and 'His Mother.' I dont like to speak about myself, but I think I have done my best work in 'Arrah-na-Pogue,' 'The Stranger,' 'An Arabian Tragedy,' and as Judas in 'Jesus of Nazareth.' My parents are Italians. No, I am not married, and I fear there is no hope. My favorite pastime is horseback riding when outdoors, and reading when indoors. I like Shakespeare and Victor Hugo best. No, I am not a writer—my friends across the water will vouch for that! I never kept a record of the parts I have played, but it must be over three hundred. Where do I live? Why, all over the globe."

We got along very nicely up to this point, and then I asked, "Would you care to say what you think are your principal characteristics?" The young man blushed violently, took a sly glance to see if the other members of the company were listening, and replied: "Please dont embarrass me."

"What interests you most?" I asked, and "harmony" was the quick answer.

I then arose, and remarked, "That will be about all. Thank you very much."

Mr. Vignola's face lighted up, and so did his body. He seized my hand and shook it athletically.

"Awfully much obliged," he laughed, "for letting me down so easy. 'Twasn't near

so bad as I thought it would be. Now go after the others over there, and make them give you their life histories."

I did so, and the result you shall hear later.

THE GLOBE TROTTER.

MR. CRANE WILBUR, OF THE PATHÉ FRÈRES COMPANY

An accidental meeting of a manager, a friend and a photograph—and Mr. Crane Wilbur became a Motion Picture artist. Purely a case of the time, the type and the man. To be the right type at the right time is sheer luck, but Mr. Wilbur appears to be the right type all of the time, and that, I take it, is a gift.

Ensnconced in the spacious Pathé Frères studio, we ran the gamut of years together—not so many years, either. I saw a lively small boy of the hand-spring, somersault variety, with merry eyes and a great crop of wavy, black hair, fight his way thru the course of commercial life in Athens—for, as is most fitting, that is where this athlete came from (students of the geography of New York State alone are qualified to add the limiting initials)—until he was thoroly familiar with the boot-black, newspaper, grocery and butcher businesses. This training was, of course, interspersed with compulsory work in the little red school-house, where adventure ran rife, such as—

"I followed her from spelling, with her hands behind her—so,
And I slipped the apple in it—and the teacher doesn't know."

Mind you, he didn't *say* so, but being the right type of man presupposes the kind of boy who never failed to scent an apple-tree or present Her with his treasures; and besides—he confessed to a special liking for James Whitcomb Riley.

But the best adventures of all came in the evening. Fancy a real opera house to play in, you who have risen to fame from attic beginnings! Fancy one, two and three-cent shows, you whose box-office receipts yielded a paper of pins or a box of buttons! What luxury! What inspiration! No wonder that the boy who managed impromptu plays under such conditions now dashes off sketches at the rate of two a week, playing them two nights in one theater and the next two nights in another. No wonder that in his twelve years' experience in the theatrical business he has played many parts, both here and abroad, including four seasons with Mrs. Fiske in "Mary of Magdala," and finally had his own stock company—before a Motion Picture manager went a-searching for a type. No wonder, too, with Tyrone Power for his uncle!

List to some of his early stage experiences:

"My first leading part—my very first?" he said, smiling broadly at the recollection. "It was with Henry Irving. I led a mule across the stage!" (I'll wager that mule had to hustle!)

"My first speaking part," he went on, "was in 'Robespierre.' The line was, 'Oui, oui, monsieur!'—and I forgot it, and got fired. They re-engaged me, tho, and after that I went to Australia, and played Little Billee in 'Tilby.'"

In spite of his tremendous success, however, Mr. Wilbur has no desire to go back to the stage. In fact, he declared that he wouldn't give up the Motion Picture business for any amount of money. I liked his earnest, whole-souled enthusiasm. Any man who is wrapped up in his work like that is bound to make a success of it. And one of the secrets of his fondness for Motion Pictures, I found, lay in the opportunity for outdoor work thus afforded; for he is an inveterate athlete, likes to ride and swim, and he revels in every Western picture which comes his way. They must be legion, judging from the posters of recent releases which surrounded us in the studio.

Another reason for his preference for Motion Pictures is that they are synonymous with home life. No traveling, transient, changing hotel life, but a real home. In his case it is on the heights—ideal and Jersey City, both, I picture—

"A cozy little cot,
Hid in a nest of roses with a fairy garden spot."

Right here and now I cease to wonder that Motion Pictures recruit their ranks from the stage.



"When I first saw my acting on the screen," he told me, "I could see nothing but faults, but—well, I got used to it." Another illuminating smile.

"I like to try new methods," he added. "I believe in using very little gesture, in depending almost entirely upon expression and strong, slow, tense action," and those of you who are familiar with his work know that it is the kind that counts.

The next moment he gave me a real treat—he let me glimpse his appreciation of the Italians. He took me into the Motion Picture theaters on Mott Street, where the cosmopolitan audience presents such a broad scope to work upon; he showed me how grossly the Italians are misjudged; he pointed out their serious, emotional side, explaining what passionate hearts they have, what earnest, deep-feeling souls. I heard the villain in the "Movina-Pitch" dubbed a "son-o'-me-gun," I caught the tense "Santa Maria!" which swept over the house at some intensely dramatic scene, and I saw the broad, many-creased smile which greeted the appearance on the screen of some favorite actress, accompanied by the caressing "bambina mia," or more Americanized "one fina girl!"

Then, suddenly, there sat beside me in the studio a typical Italian. Lines of intense feeling seaming his mobile face, his deep-set eyes eloquent with pathetic appeal, and in a voice thick with pent-up emotion, an Italian tramp told me, in the language of that wonderful poem, "Da Besta Friend"—a volume of pathos in every line—about a little street cur who had licked his face, and followed him, the only friend the tramp had made in all America.

I left that studio with thankfulness in my heart that that power of impersonation and appreciation was not lost to the world. For Mr. Wilbur, who, by the way, speaks the Italian language, and has often played Italian parts, including Michele, in "Little Italy," has written many Italian poems and sketches, which he frequently gives at those Motion Picture theaters before mentioned; and let me tell you that it would be worth a trip under two rivers or across the Jersey meadows to hear him!

Fond of all things athletic, fine, strong and American; appreciating keenly both the humorous and the serious; with a heart open to the under dog—what better example than this of the adage, "Tell me what you like, and I will tell you what you are"?

GLADYS ROOSEVELT.

KING BAGGOT, OF THE IMP COMPANY



It was indeed a kingly occasion when I met Mr. King Baggot, of the "King Edward"—kingly in more than mere name, for his bearing is regal, his manner royal, his actions princely. By which I mean that he is young (not too much so), dignified (just enough so), and gallant (oh, most so!). In a word, he is hero-esque.

Now this is not the opinion of one poor student of human nature, as displayed by Motion Picture artists, but an obvious fact that he who runs may read, and that those who run plays have been reading ever since they saw Mr. Baggot on the amateur stage in St. Louis and lured him into professional leading-manship. For he stepped direct from this Players Club, which has turned out many actors, managers and playwrights—just the sort of club which years before sent Augustus Thomas on the road to fame from the same illustrious city—he stepped direct from this club, you must know, to the position of leading man, and a leading man he has been ever since, with Amelia Bingham, Marguerite Clark, and a host of other stars.

But there was a first step which had to be taken before even the amateur club was reached, and that was done when the high school baseball and football star left his orbit of triangle and gridiron to take part in a church entertainment. Ruined, contaminated, lost forever? I

think not, judging from the man who, after twelve years of stage life, speaks of his faith as naturally as of his profession.

So the fever started, and the boy haunted the theaters, hoping, perhaps, but little dreaming what would be his destiny. Years later, when it fell to his lot to play in "Human Hearts," every gesture, every detail of Tom Logan's interpretation, stamped so indelibly upon his impressionable mind, as he watched it as a boy from the gallery, came back to him and stood him in good stead.

For nine years the stage held him—stock companies in and out of St. Louis; work with Charles E. Blaney, and under Liebler's management; comedy; melodrama;

(Continued on page 164)

APPRECIATIONS AND CRITICISMS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS BY OUR READERS

THE editor of this department has succeeded in sending several hundred verses of surplus matter to the various players whose praises they bespoke. To have published them all would have been impossible between the covers of an entire copy of the magazine. The next best thing has been done, and that the recipients are pleased is evident by the letters we have received from them in thanks and in appreciation of their efforts. In this way, too, we have put friends in the audience directly in touch with their fleeting favorites, without the aid of our medium. We have received, also, by reason of this intimacy, quite a few snapshots of photoplayers, taken informally in their homes, or on pleasure bent. These we will be glad to publish from time to time. In the meantime, kind friends, please keep on applauding, picking out the finer work and finer plays, and thus helping one another in the enchanting land of Photoplay.

Cassie Sands, of Indianapolis, doesn't see Fred Church often enough to satisfy her, so she sends this verse:



Just a word in praise of Frederick, my Romeo of the West,
Of all the Motion Picture boys to me he looks the best;
As villain of the Essanay, he certainly is grand,
And why I cant see more of him I do not understand.

"A Man" from Huntsville, Ala., writes, in a round, school-boyish hand, that he loves Julia Swayne Gordon, and goes to the picture show whenever she is to appear. He thinks "Rock of Ages" was a beautiful film, and that no one could have taken the part of Madeline better than Miss Gordon did.

A Photoplay writer calls attention to some defects in the production of Moving Pictures:

Permit me to call your attention to some *defects* in the producing of Moving Pictures. *Serious Defect No. 1:* When the title of a scenario appears on the screen, it frequently disappears before one has a chance to read it. Five seconds is a short enough time for a title to remain, and ten is better, but I have repeatedly seen titles disappear in *one second*. *Serious Defect No. 2:* There should always be a pause between plays. Many times I have witnessed the ending of a Photoplay with relief, and was about to rest my eyes and think it over—when, behold, another had immediately started. This is wrong, also foolish, for time is an element to a manager. *One minute* between plays is not too long. Do not, oh, managers, give one the feeling that he is on a limited express. Recreation is never hurried.

131 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

H. B. TUTTLE.

The 'Rah 'Rah Girls, from Winnipeg, Can., seem to be a bright and interesting crowd, and we welcome this letter from their club secretary:

We are a club and we get the magazine every month. Your Greenroom Jottings are fine, also the Picture Gallery. That is some gallery; the only difficulty is that when we frame our favorites it often happens that there is another favorite on the other side.

For instance, in the September issue there is Alice Joyce on one side and Warren Kerrigan on the other. But there are a lot of us, and we each get a magazine, so we can divide up and it is all right. Our club room is simply covered with the different players. We put them up in sets, all Vitagraphs together, etc. We have them all framed, because it looks so much better. The club meets every Thursday and discusses the Motion Pictures and players. At our last meeting we finished up with refreshments, and this toast was given to Warren Kerrigan, the favorite of the 'Rah 'Rah girls:

Here's health to you,
And wealth to you,
Honors and fame a thousand strong;
Here's name to you,
And fame to you,

Love and blessings a whole life long.
But, lest bright fortune's star grow dim,
Or ever cease to follow you,
I fill my bumper to the brim,
And pledge a lot of love to you.

In a later letter the 'Rah 'Rah Girls send a poem which we shall try to find room for in a later issue.

K. S. B., of Mobile, would like to see pictures of Warren Kerrigan in costume. She also asks for pictures of Mr. Richardson and Mr. Neilan, of the same company.

From H. L. Parker, of Princeton, Ill., comes the suggestion that some company make a film of "Gulliver's Travels." It seems a good suggestion; perhaps some company will follow it. Certainly the scenes would be interesting.

And now the Answer Man gets some appreciation:

TO THE ANSWER MAN.

This is to you, dear Answer Man,
To you I sing my ardent lays.
I used to be an M. P. fan,
But you, sir, are my latest craze.

I'm tired of handsome Lancelot,
My ravings wild I disavow;
For, like the Lady of Shalott,
"I am half sick of shadows" now.

You are my idol, but to see
Your shadow I have no desire.
Your clever answers give me glee,
It is your BRAIN that I admire.

In heaven you will find your peace,
Wise Oracle, of this I'm certain;
For, unlike Vitagraph's Maurice,
You'll leave no shadow on a curtain.

V. T.

An admirer of Gene Gauntier, who lives in Hoboken, but fails to sign any name to his effusion, says that if he had his way every picture theater in the country would be named for Gene Gauntier.

We are glad to print this appreciation of J. A. O'Leary, of the Kalem's "The Siege of Petersburg." Criticisms of the Photoplays are a most helpful feature of this department, and we should be pleased to receive many more of them:

Upon seeing the film, "The Siege of Petersburg," advertised to be shown in our city, I was quite certain that it would be fine, especially when I saw "Kalem" printed in the corner.

I went home and read about the operations around Petersburg in a history written by Alex H. Stephens, in which he quoted some parts from Mr. John Laird Wilson, an able historian on the Federal side. After I saw the film, and how historically true, according to the above writers, I was sure that the only way it could be equaled would be for the siege to happen all over again in reality.

C. W. F., of Nyack, sends this interesting letter, and we should be glad to have others express their opinions along this line. We are inclined to think that many of our readers will sympathize with this writer in the disapproval of "unhappy endings":

As a lover of Motion Pictures I want to enter my emphatic protest at the Photoplays with sad endings that the writers and film manufacturers are lately putting out.

The readers of fiction and the attendants at the picture theaters do not want sad stories. The originators may claim that they are picturing life as it is, but the lovers of fiction do not want stories true to life; rather to the ideal, the happy ending that ought to be. "Mockery," in the June number of the magazine, was *horrible*—when it is released I do not care to see it, and the "Laurel Wreath of Fame" is another undesirable story in the magazine. The attendants at the theater expect enjoyment; there is enough tragedy in real life, and as a relaxation we desire to see the ideal, the sunny side of life. I venture the prediction that if votes were taken at all the picture theaters in the country, the majority would be emphatic for the "happy ending" Photoplay.

Beatrice Kupler, a fourteen-year-old girl in the Bronx, sends this verse to Adele De Garde, of the Vitagraph:

I like the girl with the big black eyes,
For in my mind she always lies,
When to a Picture show I go,
To mostly see this girl I know;

Whose name, I guess, you all have seen,
When a Vitagraph picture is on the screen.
Adele De Garde is the girlie's name,
Whose acting, in time, will bring her fame.

Roy Moore contributes an acrostic entitled, "My Favorite":



Forests and flowers and babbling brooks
Lure nature-lovers to cool, shady nooks;
Only these are surpassed by the power I've seen
Revealed in the charm of a Photoplay queen.
Every movement a grace, each expression a thrill,
No rival her equal in beauty or skill.
Comedy, melo, or farce, are her sheen;
Even tragedy proves her a dramatic queen.

Like dew to the meadow, her influence thrills,
And lightens and brightens the mind it fills.
With millions her pupils, she rules a school,
Revealing humanity's Golden Rule;
Every moral she teaches our girls will apply;
Now, really, can any her power deny?
Can you find the name of this Photoplay queen?
Every one should who has "Lubin" reels seen.

With all due respects to Mr. G. M. Anderson, whom I could not help but admire, I wish to say three cheers for Mustang Pete and Brinsley Shaw; also the little Todd girl, whom I consider the best child actor on the screen. The first time I saw her I knew she was Mustang's baby.

MISS HARRIETT WARNER.

P.S.—Ask Mr. Shaw to smile just once.
Louisville, Ky.

Miss Mae Hotely, of the Lubin Company, receives the following tribute from an anonymous admirer:

Fairer than the dew-kist roses
'Mong the old Virginia hills,
Is the winsome Miss Mae Hotely,
Every heart her acting thrills.

Other actresses may leave us,
And we'll soon forget their names,
But Mae Hotely we'll remember,
Praise from all attests her fame.



Our hearts are in her keeping,
She's our favorite for all time,
All our troubles she will banish
For the price of half a dime.

Leo Delaney, of the Vitagraph, has a sincere bit of praise in the following from A. J. Prescott:

"After putting in all you want in your valuable department about your favorite player's curls and dimples, I wish you could spare a tiny place for a word about Leo Delaney, who, altho he has no curls or dimples, has what is more important, a fine, manly presence, a modest bearing, and is, I think, a fine, natural actor."

• Miss Fannie Newmans, Toronto, Ont., sends an excellent pencil sketch of Crane Wilbur, which, we regret, lack of space prevents our reproducing.

Gilbert Anderson's admirers, like a certain familiar ghost, "will not down":

BRONCHO BILLY.

Talk about your cowboys, in the wild and woolly West,
I think, and hope we'll all agree, that Anderson's the best.
He makes the greatest bandit seen in any Photoplay;
If I could only get the chance, I'd see him every day.

And R. I. S., New Jersey, says that, in her estimation, "not one of the players compares with Gilbert Anderson. He seems to put his whole heart and soul into his work, but in one way he sets a bad example—he makes such an attractive villain that one is ready to forsake the 'straight and narrow path' and try his luck at being a 'bad man.'"

Jack Clark, of the Kalem, has an admirer in Miss Alberta Lightfoot, Williamsport, Pa.:



There is a man on the Kalem staff,
And I want you to know he's their better half;
And every night to the show I go,
To see this man I would like to know.
Impatient, I view each passing scene,
'Til his face appears at last on the screen.
And I watch him as he moves around,
And wish that he could make some sound.
I watch his eyes, but I always see
That Jack J. Clark never looks at me.

We will now pause in our congenial task of handing out bouquets to others, as we notice a bunch of posies having our name on the attached card. We would like to print the laudatory comments of Edgar Kosan, Bridgeport, Conn., but modesty forbids.

And, while on the subject, we will acknowledge, with pleasure, the following from Robert Rappold, Coronado, Cal.:

Of all the magazines they write,
There's one that I adore,
Which shows the members of the plays
In perfect Photo lore.
I see them play in Photoshows,
I read of them at home;
When I can have that magazine
I never care to roam.
There's one improvement, tho, I seek—
I'd like to see it once a week.

Here speaks D. B., of Indiana, a Vitagraph "fan":

The Vitagraph Company is the best;
In my opinion it beats all the rest,
For there is Costello and Florence T.,
Sweet Lillian Walker and Johnny B.,
And last, but not least, is Flora Finch—
For a laugh I'd choose her, and that's a cinch.



Miss Lottie Briscoe is in danger of being lost to picturedom, if C. J. carries out his avowed intention:

TO MISS LOTTIE BRISCOE.

By C. J.

Shining tresses,
Pretty dresses,
Draped upon a form divine;
Dimples many,
Faults not any,
Would that I could call her mine.

Wide her range is,
Great her changes,
From the hoyden to the queen;
Full of laughter,
Moment after
Pathos moves across the screen.

If I'd known her,
I would own her,
With a love naught could decrease.
Then I'd kiss so
Lottie Briscoe,
For a film I'd ne'er release.

To no Film Co.
Would that film go;
Never would I set it free.
All my lifetime
Would that wife-time
Licensed only be to me.

From H. H. Shultz, Sutton, Neb., comes an interesting letter, in which is given a suggestion of what the Middle West wants in the way of Photoplays:

"There are a great many people in this Middle West section who attend 'Movies,' who have never, except in pictures, seen the ocean. Why not give us more water scenes, and less 'cowboy,' with which we are fairly familiar? Give us a chance, for instance, to see Coney Island scenes, or a bathing scene in the surf anywhere. Give us water scenes of any kind. You would be surprised to hear the exclamations of pleasure and delight from the audience when we do get water scenes."

How does it feel to be "the nicest of the very best"? Ask James Morrison:

Do you know Jimmy Morrison?
You've seen him oft, I ween;
He's the nicest of the very best
That show upon the screen.

His manners are perfection,
His smile is free from guile;
To see him kiss his lady-love
Is really worth your while.
Washington, D. C.



He's not afraid of danger,
But can fight as well as laugh.
He's the niftiest little hero
Ever seen in Vitagraph.

We just cant do him justice,
Our adjectives wont fit;
But let me say, just once for all,
With us, Our James is It.

ELEANOR WILSON.

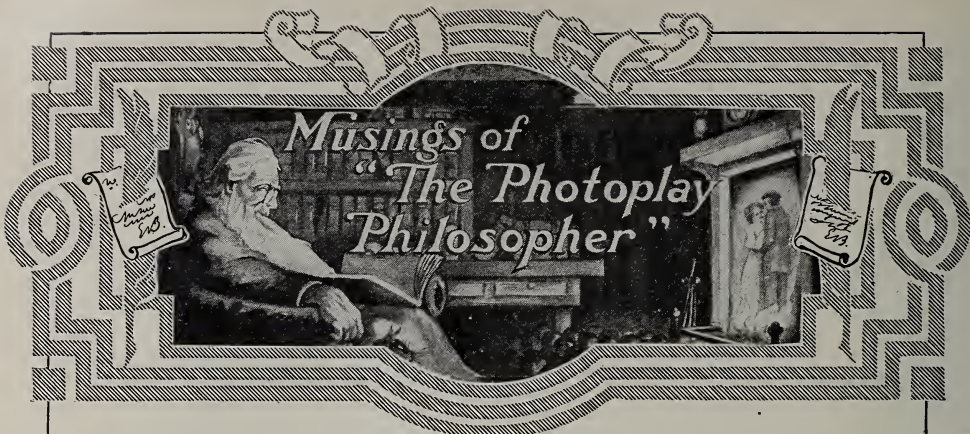
Miss C. L. H., Charleston, S. C., says that with her it has "come to the point that we no longer go to see the picture, but the players. Our first choice is Warren J. Kerrigan and Miss Bush, of the American; then right next comes James Cruze, and, after those, we love Maurice Costello, Earle Williams, John Bunny and King Baggot. I am sincere in my belief that 'flowers on coffins laid lend no sweetness to departed days,' and I want you, *please*, to try to find room in your columns to print my little mite of praise for the actors I have named. They are *so* good, and I am so devoted to them that I want to let them know it."

James Burns, of Oyster Bay, regardless of the opportunity to utilize all his hero-worship on a home product, sends in a laurel wreath of poesy for Master Kenneth Casey:

There's a lad with the Vitagraph, that we all adore,
When we see him once, we want to see him more.

King Baggot evokes the following from Miss Virginia Hiller, Meriden, Conn.:

King Baggot of them all is "King,"
And he rules on the picture screen.
Every time I know he's to be in the show,
I put on my bonnet and off I go.



IN every large city there are one or more societies devoted to the uplifting and protecting of the young, and they devote much of their time to discussing methods for improving the leisure time of the children. They all know that most children spend a great deal of their time at the Photoshows. They know that Photoshows are both good and bad. They know that Picture Theaters are also good and bad. They know that the influences are both good and bad. They also know that all children love Motion Pictures. They also know that many theaters and Photoplays are good, and that all can be made good. They also know that, taken as a whole, Photoshows and Photo Theaters are mostly good, and that it is a comparatively easy matter to double the good effects and influences, and to diminish, if not entirely obliterate, the bad effects and influences. With all this knowledge, which none can deny, it would seem that the proper course was plain and clear; but, the fact is, that there be many persons so short-sighted, or prejudiced, that they can see no other path than that which leads to the destruction of the Photoplay and theaters. Instead of coming in and helping to build them up as great powers for good, they would rather tear down and destroy.

As is commonly known, actors and actresses, both in the theatrical and picture world, are, as a rule, a whole-souled, generous, sympathetic, honest, free-and-easy class. They live in a world of their own. They make money easily, and they spend it easier. Not many of these artists die rich, for the value of money is not learnt until it is gone. And from these facts, I draw a lesson for all: It is a great thing to learn the value of money, and the quickest way to learn it is to try to borrow some. Also, a dollar in the bank is worth two in the pocketbook.

An able writer on *The New York Dramatic Mirror*, who conceals his identity under the pseudonym "The Reviewer," takes me to task, in a recent issue, for having said in this column that it is easy to criticise, and that criticism is like the microscope, that magnifies the little parts, and loses sight of the whole. He seems to take the paragraph to heart, but he need not, because it referred only to bad critics, which he is not. The point is that many critics seek only to find the defects, and that they think their mission is not to see the good, but to discover the bad. A critic is more often too severe than too lenient, but severity of criticism, nevertheless, has its beneficent results. As somebody has said, the bad critic is like the fly that passes over our good parts and lights only on our sores.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Have you read "The Poet and the Peasant" in this number? If not, it will pay you to read this superb story by

ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

who has just been added to our staff. Mr. Brown's work is well known, his stories having appeared in Everybody's, Pearson's, Metropolitan, Munsey's, People's, Blue Book, Black Cat, New, Leslie's Weekly, Illustrated Sunday Magazine, Argosy, Cavalier, All Story, Scrap Book, Ten Story Book, Short Stories, Country Gentleman, Coming Nation, Young's, Top-Notch, etc., and he must be classed among America's foremost writers.

The December issue will contain a story by Robert Carlton Brown, and one by each of the following distinguished writers, all of whom are well known to our readers and to the great fiction-loving public:

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER
HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS
EDWIN M. LA ROCHE
LEONA RADNOR
MONTANYE PERRY

and others of our staff.

Of Mr. Cooper we have spoken before. Of Mr. Phillips, as an author of various works on Short Story Writing and as one of our great American writers, nothing need be said because our readers are already familiar with his wonderful tales.

It is our aim to get together the best staff of writers possible, regardless of cost.

Dont forget that we have a story on hand by the great

REX BEACH

which will be published as soon as the Vitagraph Company has completed the making of the photoplay by the same author; and that we have promised our readers another story by the great poet,

WILL CARLETON

And dont forget that it is getting more and more difficult every month to buy The Motion Picture Story Magazine. The October edition was an increase of 20,000 copies over September, and the November edition was an increase of 20,000 over October, and the indications are that the result will be "Sold Out" at most of the stands and theaters. Hence, it is wise to *order in advance*; or, better still, **SUBSCRIBE**. Subscribers have the additional advantage of getting the *twelve colored art pictures* of the players. Besides, they get the magazine delivered at their doors, or at the P. O., and a little ahead of time. Subscribe, now, for

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE



ROBERT CARLTON BROWN



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

MUSINGS OF "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER"

I have no patience with those writers and critics who denounce Photoplay schools and Photoplay school-books of instruction. Perhaps eight out of every ten persons who see a play imagine that they could write a good play themselves; but, without previous instruction, how many of them could do so? Photoplay writing is not a difficult art, nor is the art of playing a banjo. Any person of ordinary intelligence might learn to do either, without instruction, but it cannot be denied that that person could have learnt much quicker, and that he would be more proficient, had he had the benefit of correct training. There is a right way and a wrong way of doing everything, and the wrong way is the one usually adopted by the uninstructed. The various text-books on Photoplay writing are, doubtless, all helpful, but they are not enough, any more than a book on banjo or piano playing is sufficient to teach a beginner how to play those instruments. The advantage of an instructor, even if the instruction be given thru correspondence, is apparent. He corrects mistakes; he points out weaknesses; he suggests ideas that did not occur to the writer; he points out where certain scenes are unnecessary, or certain characters are superfluous, or how that, by adding another scene, the action is made more intelligible. A book cannot do all this. A book can tell you how to write a play, but it cannot come back and point out your mistakes. It cannot correct your mistakes. Therefore, books are necessary, and schools are necessary. No doubt there are good schools and bad schools, and schools that charge prices out of all proportion to the value of the service rendered, but, on the whole, the Photoplay writing schools are a necessary and a useful institution.



* Anger is a file that grinds off the joys of repose. Boil within, but dont boil over.



Henry Ward Beecher once said, "Every man carries in his own head more pictures than are to be found in all the galleries of the world. This is equally true of Photoplays.. There are new ideas all about us, everywhere, if we only can see them. And ideas are worth money. There are two ways to submit a play to a company. One is to send in a complete, working play; another is to send merely a simple idea in the form of a brief narrative. The latter should be condensed into about three hundred words, or less. If the editor likes it, he will pay for the idea, and write the play himself. Do not be discouraged if your manuscript comes back from the first five or six companies to which you submitted it. I know of one scenario that was refused by eight companies, and then accepted by the ninth. Remember that what suits one company would not suit another, and there are, perhaps, ten good reasons for this. What they want is a new idea. Remember that about two thousand persons are at work all the time, trying to think out something new, and that you are in competition with them. The manufacturers have been producing Photoplays for nearly twenty years, and this means that a great deal of ground has been covered. If you cannot think out something new, the chances are strongly against your success.



While we are to profit in the future by the mistakes of the past, we should think of today and of tomorrow—not of yesterday. There are about 2,191,985 yesterdays, more or less, but there is only one today.

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Why not a series of inventions on "The Great Fathers"? Such a series might include some of these: Pericles, the father of oratory; Æsop, the father of fable; Pythagoras, of philosophy (also of scientific boxing); Aristotle, of deductive reasoning; Æschylus, of tragic poetry; Aristophanes, of comedy; Copernicus, of astronomy; Galileo, of the telescope, microscope, thermometer and pendulum; Archimedes, of mechanics, hydraulics and geometry; Bacon, of inductive reasoning; Gutenberg, of the printing press; Lycurgus, of laconic speech; Chaucer, of English literature; Mandeville, of English prose; Moses, of political liberty; Homer, of poetry; Hippocrates, of medicine; Faraday, of the dynamo; Thespis, of the drama; Humboldt, of physical geography and botany; Morse, of American photography and telegraphy; Bryant, of American poetry; Washington Irving, of American literature; Emerson, of American philosophy; Cobden, of free trade; Newton, of modern science and gravitation; Washington, of America; Peter, of Russia; Magellan, of circumnavigation; Pasteur, of the germ theory; Paré, of modern surgery; Plato, of the theory of transmigration of souls; Marconi, of wireless telegraphy; and Edison, of the phonograph, Motion Pictures, and modern electricity.



If love is blind, as they say, how can there be love at first sight? Anyway, beware of love at first sight—always take a second look.



It has been estimated that nearly half a million persons read this magazine every month. Not all of these are satisfied with the conditions that exist in the Motion Picture world, as evidenced by the numerous complaints we receive. While there is no unanimity on many points of complaint, on one point our readers appear to be almost unanimous—namely, that *the standard must be raised*. The large number of regular theaters that have abandoned vaudeville and melodrama for Photoplay indicates an evolution, or revolution, in favor of the latter; and, if the Photoplay is to supersede the speaking drama, we must certainly *raise the standard*. Lovers of classic drama and comedy will never be satisfied with some of the pieces that are now being put out by careless manufacturers. Those who remember Booth and Barrett in "Hamlet," Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," Irving in "The Vicar of Wakefield," and so on, or some of our great living actors in the plays of Shakespeare, Sheridan, Goldsmith and Sardou, will never be satisfied with many of the Photoplays that have been exhibited during the past few months.



Alma Webster Powell, who has written several stories for this magazine, is one of the handsomest women in Brooklyn, if not in the country. She sleeps winter and summer in a hammock on the roof of her elegant brownstone house, while her envious neighbors sleep in bedrooms with closed windows and weather-strips, and wonder why they have not the same sparkle to the eye and color to the cheek. Fresh air is a great beautifier and health-preserver, and it is pretty hard to get too much of it.



It is really a wonderful thing that Trouble seldom troubles us till we trouble Trouble. Standing beside Trouble, you will always find Fear. Fear is like a barking dog: fly from it, and it will pursue you; turn on it, and it is gone. The threatening trouble either can be, or it cannot be, averted. If it can be, avert it; if it cannot be, forget it. Every thought or worry put on it, makes it larger, unless it be applied to make it less.



GREAT CROWDS GREET THE RIDGELYS ALL ALONG THE LINE

DICK RIDGELY AND CLEO RIDGELY, who left Brooklyn, N. Y., August 26th, as representatives of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, on a horseback trip to San Francisco, Cal., are meeting with tremendous success in all cities which they visit. Those theaters in which they appear are crowded to the doors, and they are always given an enthusiastic reception.

On date of writing, September 20th, they are at Harrisburg, Pa., and during the next two months they will probably pass through the following cities:

PENNSYLVANIA			OHIO	
Harrisburg	Hollidaysburg	Oakmont		Millersburg
Dauphin	Altoona	Sharpsburg		Coshocton
Duncannon	Gallitzin	Pittsburg	Youngstown	Frazeysburg
Newport	Lilly	Allegheny	Washingtonville	Newark
Millerstown	Portage	McKees' Rocks	Lisbon	Pataskala
Mifflintown	South Fork	Coraopolis	Hanoverton	Columbus
Lewistown	Johnstown	Aliquippa	Minerva	West Jefferson
McVeytown	New Florence	Freedom	Malvern	Springfield
Mt. Union	Blairsville	Rochester	Waynesburg	Osborn
Huntington	Saltsburg	New Brighton	Mineral City	Dayton
McConnellstown Sta.	Apollo	Beaver Falls	Canton	Brookville
Williamsburg	Vandergrift	Ellwood City	Massillon	West Alexandria
	Leechburg	New Castle	Dalton	Lewisburg
	Free Port	Sharon	Fredericksburg	New Paris

Those exhibitors in the above-mentioned cities who desire to make arrangements with Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely to appear at their theaters, can do so by writing to us direct.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE
26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

During the past month many busy-bodies have interested themselves in the question of censorship of the films. There is something good in all that is false, and something false in all that is good; and as to films, there is a great deal of objectionable matter that should be eliminated—which is being done with reasonable speed. But there is a class of people who have a natural inclination to throw stones at everything that is popular, and they are variously cataloged under such names as Prudes, Moralists, Meddlers, Reformers, I-am-better-than-thou's, and Busy-bodies. The world is made up of many kinds, and it needs the Grumbler just as much as it needs the Let-things-alone-man, for one balances the other. There is a happy middleground between radicalism and conservatism.

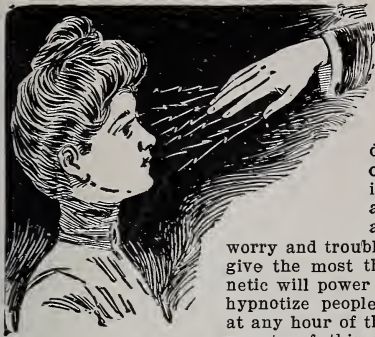
Every man is his own ancestor, and his own heir; for, does he not carve his own future and inherit his own past? Heredity, training and environment have much to do with it, but, after all, we are what we make ourselves, and our influence here and hereafter are of our own creation.

How pleasant life would be if every person owning an automobile could afford to own one! Many a man is the proud possessor of an auto who cant afford to own a wheelbarrow. As autos increase, so do second mortgages on homes.

We worry most about the troubles that never come. Worry is founded on fear, and we are often afraid of that which can never appear. Ignorance is the mother of fear. Face a fear, and it is gone: fly from it and it will pursue.

Why not a series of Photoplays on American discoverers and explorers? It is a field replete with interest and dramatic features, to say nothing of its educational aspect. It is remarkable how few of the conquerors and discoverers of the New World died in peace, and the superstitious, no doubt, believe that some cruel and relentless fate followed all who tried to open up the Western hemisphere. Columbus was put in chains, and died in poverty and neglect. Roldin and Bobadilla were drowned. Ovando was harshly superseded. Las Casas had to seek refuge in a cowl. Ojeda died in extreme poverty. Enciso was deposed by his own men. Nicuessa perished miserably by the cruelty of his own party. Vasco Nunez de Balboa was disgracefully beheaded. Narvaez was imprisoned in a tropical dungeon, and afterwards died of hardship. Cortez was dishonored. Alvarado was destroyed in ambush. Almagro was garroted. Pizarro was murdered, and his four brothers cut off, and there was no end of the assassinations and executions of the secondary chiefs among the energetic and daring adventurers.

I have many times noticed a tendency on the part of Photoplay writers to put their subtitles at the beginning of a scene, rather than at the place where they belong, and the editors usually allow this defect to appear on the film. It is quite natural for the writer to begin the scene with a subtitle announcing the main incident of that scene, but the proper place for the subtitle is usually at a place just preceding the incident. I have seen many films made unintelligible by this fault. As a general rule, it is wrong to begin a film with a subtitle, and it is wrong to begin a scene with one, unless the beginning of that scene requires explanation.



HYPNOTISM

Would you possess that strange, mysterious power which charms and fascinates men and women, influences their thoughts, controls their desires, and makes you supreme master of every situation? Life is full of alluring possibilities for those who master the secrets of hypnotic influence; for those who develop their magnetic powers. You can learn at home, cure diseases and bad habits without drugs, win the friendship and love of others, increase your income, gratify your ambitions, drive

worry and trouble from your mind, improve your memory, overcome domestic difficulties, give the most thrilling entertainment ever witnessed, and develop a wonderfully magnetic will power that will enable you to overcome all obstacles to your success. You can hypnotize people instantaneously—quick as a flash—put yourself or any one else to sleep at any hour of the day or night—banish pain or suffering. Our free book tells you the secrets of this wonderful science. It explains exactly how you can use this power to better your condition in life. It is enthusiastically indorsed by ministers of the gospel,

lawyers, doctors, business men and society women. It benefits everybody. It costs nothing. We give it away to advertise our institution. Write for it to-day.

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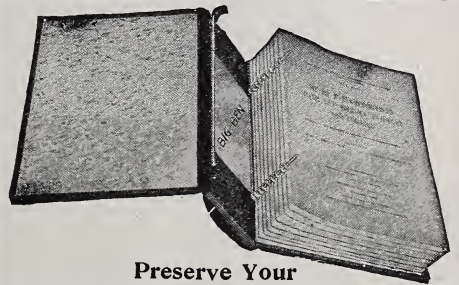
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D. E. KNORR, Mgr., Pergola Theatre, Allentown, Pa.

The Photoplay Dramatist, the newest of many similar periodicals, has a remarkable article, entitled "Modernizing Euclid," as follows: "A good rule in the construction of the Photoplay is best illustrated by the procedure of Euclid, whose examples in geometry may well serve as a fitting guide. The only difference between the procedure of the famed geometrician and that which I subscribe to, is, that I would do with words what he so exquisitely accomplishes with figures. In other words, consider your Plot as the problem; your Cause as the first half of the example; the Effect the other half, and the Sequence as the solution. Once sure that your initial figures are the *a priori* part of the problem to be developed, proceed to its solution, permitting no interfering figure, mark, or incident to creep in, which has no direct bearing upon the end sought. Take a simple case of division, that of 7 divided by 2:

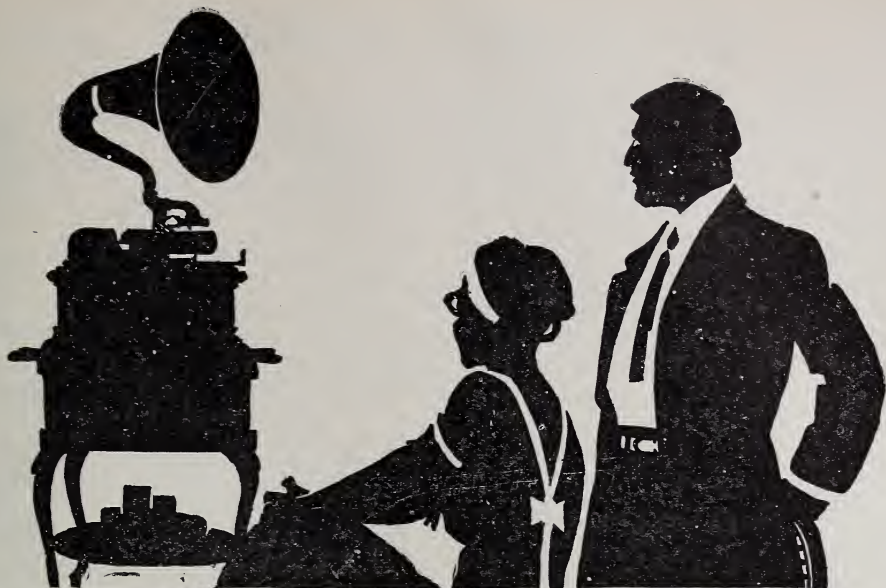
$$\begin{array}{r} 2) 7 \quad (3 \\ \underline{6} \\ 1 \end{array}$$

"'7' represents the Plot, '2' the Cause, '3' the Result or Effect, and the figure '1' the Sequence, or that which remains as a result of all that which has gone before. There can be no deviation from the rules which surround this illustration. Each of its participating elements follows a non-diverging line of reasoning, and that is one of the distinguishing marks of competence in the writing of a Photoplay."

This plain, simple, scholarly article on how to write a Photoplay is so illuminating that nothing more need be said; for, with these clear rules in mind, the art is so simplified that the merest child should now have no difficulty in winning fame and fortune.

Motion Picture stars come and go. During the past year some have died, some have left the screen for the stage, some have retired, and, in the meantime, other stars have arisen. New players have come into prominence, and many, who a year ago were comparatively unknown, have shown such talent as to place them in the foremost ranks. Hence, the situation is different today from what it was yesterday, and it will be still more different next February from what it was in February a year ago. For these reasons, this magazine will start another Popular Player Contest in the February number, and an effort will be made to ascertain the real sentiment of the public. It is proposed to conduct this next contest on different lines from any that has yet been devised.

A number of correspondents have written me regarding my expressed opinion on the proper place for the cast of characters. All seem to be agreed that the cast of characters should be given, but there is much difference as to whether it should be at the beginning, in the middle, at the end, or at the head of each scene. At the regular theater the logical place is on the program, where the spectator may examine it at his leisure, before, during, or after the play; but at the Photoshow, this is out of the question, unless the managers conclude to co-operate with the manufacturers, and provide the patrons with a complete program of every performance, or—and perhaps this is the most feasible plan—post in the lobbies such a program, so that the audience may examine it either before or after the performance. From now on, the demand for the casts will undoubtedly increase steadily, and the demand must be met.



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(Continued from page 80.)

displaying the result to Olin, Phelps gets his chance to slip away. Business of mother entering with Violet, prone to doubt, sees diamond, amazed.

SCENE 3—PHELPS WARNS HIS FATHER. Interior of shop of a diamond merchant.

Firestone, the merchant, has just shown diamonds to two customers who are leaving. Enter his son, Phelps. Business of telling his father about invention. Father slow to believe, begins to show alarm.

SCENE 4—OLIN FEARS THE INVENTION WILL PLACE VIOLET BEYOND HIS REACH. Same as Scene 1.

Great excitement. Olin alone is sad. Violet cannot understand, makes him tell what troubles him. She begins to understand, assures him that she will always be the same to him.

SCENE 5. Same as Scene 3.

Firestone considerably alarmed, fetches hat and coat, decides to go with son to see invention.

SCENE 6. Same as Scene 1.

Violet still talking to Olin, unnoticed by parents who are examining diamond (father explaining to mother), finally succeeds in reassuring him. He does not seem happy, however. Enter Firestone and Phelps. He is an old friend of the family, and is invited to see the diamond. Business of examining diamond. Alarm of Firestone, tries to congratulate Moore, registers that he must be going. Some surprise at his actions. Violet follows him.

SCENE 7. Entrance hall of Moore home.

Firestone comes out into hall, dazed, stops as tho trying to think. Violet, following him, is troubled, touches him on the shoulder. He turns and faces her.

HIS FORTUNE IN DIAMONDS, THE INVENTION MEANS RUIN.

Business of Violet asking him whether she can help him. Business of realizing that her father's invention will ruin her good friend, Firestone.

SCENE 8—THE CABLEGRAM. Same as Scene 1.

Moore, showing same cautious, fearful attitude as heretofore, draws down blinds, takes diamond and formula, hides them in drawer, locks it, hugs key and secretes it, is about to write, thinks he saw some one at window, snatches up shade, draws it down again, takes diamond and formula, hides them elsewhere, sit and writes:

INTERNATIONAL DIAMOND SYNDICATE, LONDON, ENG.:

HAVE NOW PERFECTED MY FORMULA FOR MAKING DIAMONDS. CABLE OFFER. JONATHAN MOORE.

Business of leaving to send message, looks about cautiously, turns down light, takes key from door to lock it on the outside.

SCENE 9—THE RESPONSE. Office of the International Diamond Syndicate.

Bloodgood at his desk. Business of receiving Moore's message. SCREEN cablegram for a few feet. Excitement of Bloodgood, thinks quickly, shrewd look, decides, proceeds to write cablegram to his New York agent. SCREEN:

ROLLINS COMPANY, N. Y.:

DO NOTHING ABOUT MOORE'S INVENTION TILL I COME. BEST NOT TO SEEM TOO ANXIOUS. BLOODGOOD.

Rings bell. Enter private secretary. Bloodgood registers that message is to be cabled at once. Exit secretary with paper. Bloodgood, making hasty plans, exits.

SCENE 10—ROLLINS, NEW YORK. Office of Rollins.

Rollins at desk. Business of receiving Bloodgood's cable. SCREEN cable for a few feet. Rollins understands his orders.

SCENE 11—PHELPS RECEIVES AN INSIDE TIP ON THE RACES. Same as Scene 3.

Phelps receiving inside tip on races from a reckless-looking youth, registers that he has no money, sees his father coming. Youth urges him to ask his father. Phelps registers that he will, hurries the young man out. Business of Phelps asking his father for money. Father troubled, refuses. Phelps turns pockets inside out, pleads. Father flatly refuses, denounces son as a spendthrift. Phelps' companion keeps peeping in on the scene. Phelps leaves to join him.

SCENE 12. Street.

Phelps and companion enter, seem to be wondering where they can get money, discouraged at their destitute condition, see Olin coming. Phelps registers that he knows the man who is coming, will ask him. Companion urges him on. Enter Olin. Phelps greets him. Business of asking Olin to lend him some money. Olin hesitates, finally agrees, asks them to his home, just beyond.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

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"The Fisher Maiden"	Edison
"A Wooden Indian"	Edison
"The Red Trail"	Biograph
"His Brother"	Selig
"The Lineman's Hope"	Essanay
"The Mysterious Caller"	Vitagraph
"The Schoolmaster's Courtship"	Vitagraph
"Small Things They Forgot"	Edison
"The Soldier's Sacrifice"	Vitagraph
"The Proving of a Coward"	Selig
"The Strike Breaker"	Selig
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SCENE 13. Living-room of Olin's home.

Enter Olin, with Phelps and companion, Bill, asks them to be seated, exits from picture, returning with strong-box. Business of lending money to Phelps, gets receipt.

SCENE 14—PHELPS LOSES HEAVILY AT THE RACES. Close range of Phelps and Bill on stand with field-glasses, watching close of race. Their horse loses, leave heartbroken.

SCENE 15—DISHEARTENED. Same as Scene 1.

Violet sewing. Enter Phelps from races, seems utterly disheartened. Business of Violet wanting to know what has happened. He pretends it is his head. Business of Violet caring for him. Enter Olin, interrupting scene of tenderness, slips back into concealment of door, furious, steps forward, asks Phelps if he may see him a moment, leads way into hall.

SCENE 16. Hall in Moore home. Enter Olin, followed by Phelps. Face each other.

OLIN DEMANDS HIS MONEY.

Business of Olin demanding his money, will not be put off. Business of Phelps registering his destitute condition, tries to keep Olin's voice down, afraid that Violet will hear them, promises anything. Olin, threatening him, walks away. Phelps nervous, returns to Violet.

SCENE 17. Same as Scene 1.

Phelps returning to Violet, tries to appear indifferent, yet seems to be thinking desperately, gets an evil idea. Business of examining invention closely, it is useless, can make nothing of it. Business of asking questions. Violet goes over to him.

GETTING THE SECRETS OF THE INVENTION.

Business of Phelps holding up the mixing-glasses, and asking his questions so artlessly as not to arouse suspicion; by clever acting, he finally gets, not only secret of machine, but even of mixture; having what he wants, he suddenly remembers that he must be going, consults watch, takes his leave.

SCENE 18. Hall room. Bill's lodging.

Bill seated with head in hands, seems desperate over loss at races. Enter Phelps, slaps Bill on the shoulder. Bill too blue to speak to any one.

"I HAVE PERFECTED AN INVENTION THAT WE MIGHT SELL."

Business of Phelps cheering Bill up in words of subtitle. Bill thinks he is fooling. Business of making Bill understand. Realizing that Phelps really has an invention to sell, Bill thinks desperately, knows to whom they can sell it. They set out at once.

SCENE 19. Room of counterfeiters. Machinery.

Counterfeiters at work, seem to be clever rogues. Some one knocks. Counterfeiters startled. Business of asking who is there; open door, admitting Bill with Phelps. Bill is a good friend of theirs. Business of looking into their machinery, assures them he has brought them some one who can put them in the way of making far more money, introduces Phelps. Counterfeiters interested. The two counterfeiters, Bill and Phelps take seats about table. Business of opening proposition.

PHELPS SELLS THE INVENTION AS HIS OWN AND RECEIVES MONEY ON ACCOUNT.

Business of Phelps betraying to counterfeiters the secrets of the invention, is drawing plans for them, which they are watching eagerly. A bag of money in evidence. The closing of the deal. Phelps receives a considerable sum on account, gives some to Bill. Bill and Phelps exit. Enthusiasm of the counterfeiters.

SCENE 20. Living-room of Olin's home.

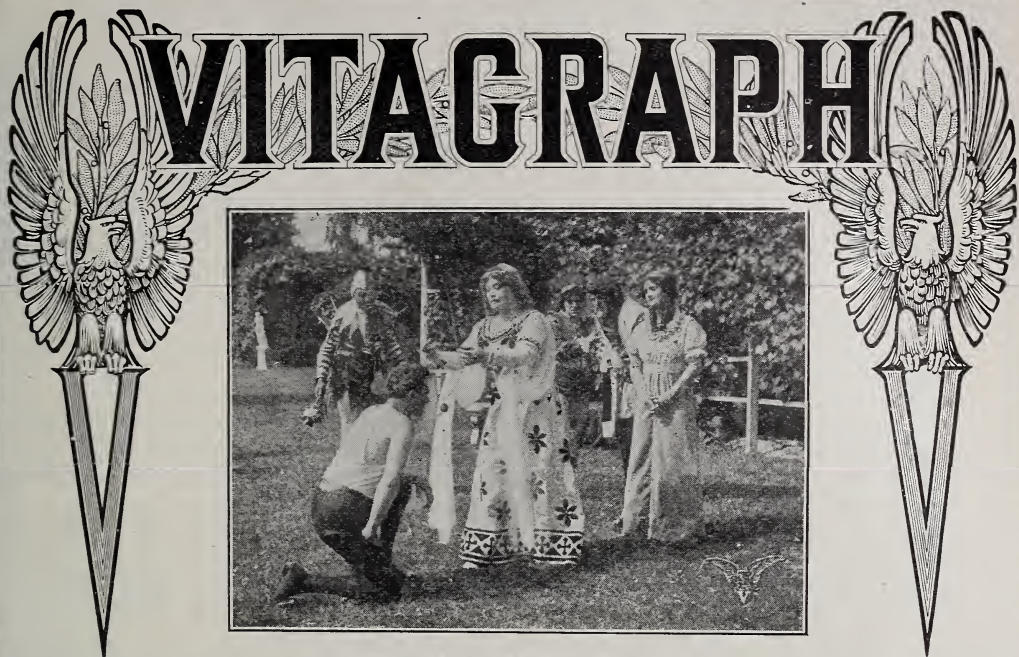
Olin nursing a secret grief. Some one knocks. Enter Phelps. Business of discharging debt and tearing of receipt. Open animosity of the two men. Exit Phelps.

SCENE 21—ONE WEEK LATER. THE INVENTION PROVES INADEQUATE. Counterfeiters' room.

Counterfeiters at work constructing machine according to plan. Business of arguing excitedly. Show one another that the plan will never work. It is inadequate. They have tried every way. Some one knocks. Cautiously asking who is there, they admit Bill. He is just the one they are looking for. Point out to him that invention will not work, blame him. He is sure it is all right, will fetch Phelps to explain. Exits.

SCENE 22. Firestone's shop.

Business of Bill entering, asking for Phelps. Father registers he is not home. Bill is most anxious to see him.



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"YOU MAY FIND HIM AT THE MOORES'."

Father, shrugging his shoulders, gives words of subtitle. Bill wants to know where that is. Father directs him, pointing. Bill thanks Firestone, hurries away.

SCENE 23. Same as Scene 1.

Phelps calling on Violet. Bell rings. Exit Violet to answer it, returns with Bill. Phelps horrified. Bill rushes upon Phelps, knowing, in absolute trust, that he can give the solution. Business of Bill seeing the invention. Business of realizing that Phelps has stolen the invention. Mute appeal of Phelps. Bill about to denounce Phelps, thinks better of it, and giving him a terrible look, exits. Violet bewildered. Business of Phelps explaining it away.

SCENE 24—BLOODGOOD IN NEW YORK; PLANS TO BUY THE FORMULA.

Rollins' office.

Business of Bloodgood instructing Rollins in what he is to do. The latter sets out. Bloodgood waits for his return.

SCENE 25. Same as Scene 1.

Mother dressed in her best, ready to go out calling. She is on the warpath again, pulls on her gloves, shows the torn fingers, throws down the gloves, cannot possibly wear them, blames it all on the invention. Father tries to quiet her, assures her that things will soon be different.

"THEY HAVEN'T ANSWERED YET. IT'S A FAILURE LIKE ALL THE REST."

Mother shouts words of subtitle, has no faith in anything, would like to tear the miserable invention to pieces. Violet begs her to be still. Mother leaves. Father sinks to chair. Business of Violet kneeling beside him, assuring him that mother did not mean what she said.

PART II—SCENE 26. The counterfeiters' room.

Counterfeiters still arguing, and waiting for the return of Bill. Some one knocks. Asking who it is, they open the door to Bill. Business of Bill entering in alarm, begins to tell them of what he has discovered.

SCENE 27. Same as Scene 1.

Business of Phelps and Violet rising as inventor enters with Rollins and followed by Olin. Business of Rollins introducing his purpose and registering his desire to look into the invention. All group about invention with varied emotions, fear on the part of Phelps. Business of Moore mixing the chemicals, keeping formula carefully concealed.

SCENE 28. Same as Scene 19.

Business of fury on the part of the counterfeiters.

SCENE 29. Same as Scene 1.

The process of making the diamond continues as in Part I. The coming of the diamond. The cooling, the producing to Rollins. Strained situation on the part of all. Amazement of Rollins, as he examines the large, uncut diamond.

SCENE 30. Same as Scene 19.

Business of plotting, between the counterfeiters and Bill. Business of sending Bill with directions. Exit Bill.

SCENE 31—AN OFFER OF \$1,000,000. Same as Scene 1.

Rollins, having looked into invention, makes his offer. All watch Moore with suspense. Offer refused. Business of increasing it several times. Business of rising to a climax and offering \$1,000,000. Business of Moore emphatically refusing. The two men face each other. Hold situation. Suspense of all, wondering whether inventor will yield. Business of Rollins leaving, with an ugly sneer. The relief of Phelps. Exit Olin, stunned at the enormous price the inventor will command. Exit inventor, impatient.

SCENE 32—CONSOLATION. Living-room. Comfortable.

Mother among friends. Business of telling her troubles, raging at husband's invention and his obstinacy. All nod in sympathy, understand perfectly. Business of one of the women drawing the others together, tells what she would do. Business of plotting with heads together.

SCENE 33. Same as Scene 1.

Phelps and Violet present. Enthusiasm of Violet. Business of making Phelps realize what the invention will mean. Business of Phelps, under momentary relief, drawing her to him. Business of Olin watching scene, intense rage. Exits slowly backward thru door.

SCENE 34. Hall.

Olin coming out backwards from living-room. Business of registering intense hatred, determination to get revenge. Exits.

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SCENE 35. Same as Scene 1.

Continuation of tender scene between Phelps and Violet. Phelps slightly troubled by fear. Bell rings. Business of Violet going to door and re-entering, somewhat alarmed, with Bill, who brushes past her. Emotion of Phelps. Business of Bill wishing to see Phelps alone. Violet slowly retreats, as tho fearing trouble. Business of Bill facing Phelps with accusation. Phelps breaks down, pleads, cowardly.

SCENE 36. Office of Rollins.

Bloodgood waiting. Business of Rollins returning. Business of telling Bloodgood of his failure.

SCENE 37. Same as Scene 1.

Continuation of scene between Phelps and Bill. Scene spied upon by Violet, who, realizing what it means, rushes forward, begging Phelps to tell her that it is not true. He confesses his guilt. Business of all facing the horror of situation and realizing that something must be done.

SCENE 38. Office of Rollins.

Business of intense scene between Bloodgood and Rollins. Bloodgood registers that something must be done.

**"IF THAT INVENTION COMES OUT, OUR DIAMOND FIELDS
ARE WORTHLESS"**

Business of Bloodgood speaking words of subtitle.

SCENE 39. Same as Scene 1.

Intense scene between Violet, Phelps and Bill, in which Violet and Bill are ready to do anything to save Phelps from his just punishment. Enter Firestone. Business of stepping back unnoticed and taking in scene, realizing with horror his son's guilt, breaking into midst of scene, facing his son. Business of son's confession to father.

SCENE 40. Rollins' office.

Business of Rollins and Bloodgood leaning over table, plotting attitude.

SCENE 41. Same as Scene 1.

Firestone's denunciation of his son, sending him out of his sight. Exit Phelps. Business of Firestone seizing Bill in anguish. Something must be done to save son's reputation. Suggestion of a budding scheme between Firestone and Bill.

SCENE 42. Rollins' office.

Bloodgood and Rollins plotting, register that they will go out and have a drink and think it over. Exit.

SCENE 43. Same as Scene 19.

Business of counterfeiters working a plot. Drawing their plans on paper as fast as they suggest themselves.

SCENE 44. Interior of a drinking-place. Tables.

Enter Phelps, takes place at one of the tables, orders drink. Business of desiring to drown his broken spirits. Enter Bloodgood and Rollins. Business of Rollins pointing out Phelps. Bloodgood and Rollins register that they may be able to work him into their scheme, take places at his table. Rollins, recognized by Phelps, introduces Bloodgood, orders drinks.

SCENE 45—EVENING. Same as Scene 1.

Inventor tired. Business of closing for the night, same fear and caution as thruout, puts out light, retires on cot in corner.

SCENE 46——. SCENE 47——. SCENE 48——.

SCENE 49. Same as Scene 1. Dark.

Window is seen to open. A figure that cannot be recognized, as to size or sex, climbs in and flits about the room. We cannot see whether intruder has secured formula, diamond, etc., or not. Disappears. Then there is an explosion and bright light where the machine is, and general chaos. Pause. Darkness. Enter Violet with light, is shocked, almost faints. Light shows machine wrecked and inventor missing. Business of Violet phoning to police.

SCENE 50. Interior of police station. Captain's desk.

Captain taking up receiver, gets Violet's message. Business of sending policemen. Hangs up receiver, puzzled.

SCENE 51. Same as Scene 1.

Captain, taking up receiver, gets Violet's message. Business of sending policemen. questions, taking notes, etc. Business of mother returning from visit and breaking in on scene. Explanations. Business of officer deciding to report case to captain, phones.

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SCENE 52. Same as Scene 50.

Business of captain receiving details of case, decides it is case for detective. Business of calling up central again and asking for detective's number.

SCENE 53—LAMBERT CHASE, THE GREAT DETECTIVE, IS CALLED INTO THE CASE. Well-furnished library.

Detective, throwing down paper, yawns, is about to retire when phone rings. Business of answering it, becomes interested, registers that he will go there, hangs up receiver. Rings, enter valet. Is sent for hat, coat and cane. Detective thinks, eyes narrowing as he does so. Re-enter valet. Business of detective leaving.

SCENE 54—LAMBERT CHASE. Same as Scene 1.

Detective enters on scene. Business of making his inspection, asking questions, etc.

SCENE 55—NEXT DAY. FINDING THE GUILTY ONE BY PULSEOGRAPH.

Same as Scene 1.

Detective presiding. Olin, Phelps, Bill, counterfeiters, Firestone, Rollins, Bloodgood, Violet, her mother present. Detective, producing pulseograph, arranges the possible suspects around the table, places instruments on their pulses, connects wires with numbered charts, places the latter out of sight. When all is adjusted, detective speaks.

"THE GUILTY ONE IS PROBABLY AMONG YOU. WHEN THE PULSEOGRAPH HAS RECORDED YOUR FEELINGS, I WILL POINT OUT THE CRIMINAL."

Detective speaks words cut in, prepares for work, places miniature machine like the inventor's, a formula, and a diamond or imitation about the size of the missing one, successively on the table.

SCENE 56.

Close range of pulseograph machine at work, making marks on card.

SCENE 57. Same as Scene 1.

Sudden explosion of model of invention. Business of detective collecting charts, scanning them. (Might show charts with their jagged lines.) Detective then dramatically raises his hand to name the guilty one—

SCENE 58——. SCENE 59——.

A Thanksgiving Story

(Not a "Pathe's Weekly," nor an "Edison Educational," but a complete Photoplay in two scenes)



SCENE I



SCENE II



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GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERING FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERS'DOM

ADELE LANE is one of the new leading women of the Lubin Company. While she has been with it for some time, only lately has she been playing leading parts.

John Steppling is back with the Essanay Company. His stay with the Biograph was short and sweet; the Essanay Company missed him too much.

Please observe that in the beautiful story "From the Manger to the Cross" the character of the dark-haired maiden is purely imaginary, and was created for literary purposes; hence, you will not see her in the film—she is used simply to tell the story. By the way, they do say that this play is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, ever done in Motion Pictures.

Mae Hotely, of the Lubin Company, has a new motor car, and she is a most excellent chauffeur as well as a charming player.

King Baggot, of the Imp Company, will go down into history as the founder of the "Screen Club," which was started a month or so ago and which is composed of an excellent assortment of players, directors and all kinds of persons engaged in the Motion Picture industry.

Certainly the reputation of Alice Joyce was enhanced by her clever work in "The Street Singer." She is one of the sweetest singers we ever heard; the only trouble is we could not hear her.

Mabel Normand, called by some the "Divine Diver," formerly of the Vitagraph and Biograph companies, is now diving for the Keystone Company. Appropriately mixed in with her diving is that same winsome smile, pretty pout, and vivacious action.

Pearl White left the Pathé Frères and has been "Crystallized." (For those who do not understand this joke, we supply this chart: *Crystal* is the name of an Independent company.)

Some people there be who think that Benjamin Wilson did some of his best work in "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (Edison). Too bad Tennyson could not have lived to see this film.

Kenean Buel is now in the South doing spectacular military dramas for the Kalem Company. One of the notable plays soon to be produced is Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah," with Fort Sumter, Winchester and other historic spots as settings. These dramas will be very realistic.

George P. Dillenback (not Dillenbeck as printed on page 113) has turned his hand to photoplay writing. He is a prominent member of the Atlantic Yacht Club, of which J. Stuart Blackton, of the Vitagraph Company, is commodore. Mr. Dillenback's novel, "The Mills of the Gods," shows that he has a keen dramatic instinct.

Hal Reid, who was the champion manuscript editor of the Universal Company, has left, to become the champion director of the Champion Company.

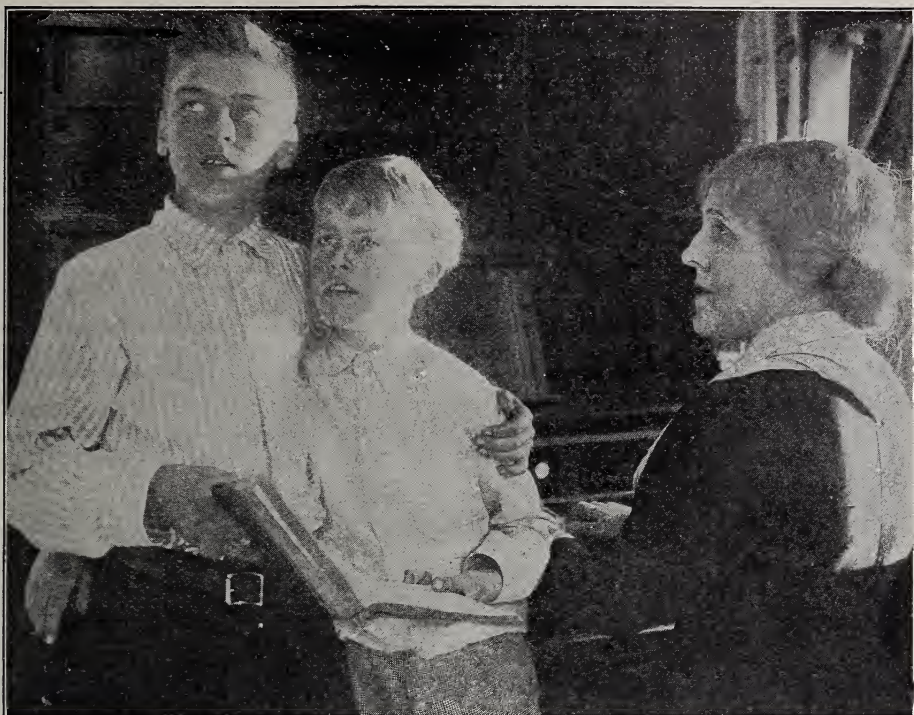
Over three hundred members of the California exhibitors lunched with "Broncho Billy" Anderson, of the Essanay Company, at Niles, Cal., on September 19th. After luncheon, he gave them an exhibition of cowboy riding, which they wont soon forget.

Clara Williams is known as "The Crack Female Rough Rider" of the Lubin Company. Her riding in "It Happened in the Hills" is terrific.

Next month, an interview with Edwin August, formerly of the Biograph Company, and now one of the leading men of the Lubin Company.

John Bunny is anxious to do serious parts. Isn't that funny!

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THE POWER OF A HYMN.—Depicting the results of a mother's early teaching.

PAYING THE BOARD BILL

This comedy shows how three impecunious artists try to jump a board bill, but find their landlady right on the job.

THE PLOT THAT FAILED

A rich manufacturer tries to steal a poor young man's invention, but with all his power and resources fails in his mean attempt, and finally pays a good round sum for the patent.

RIVAL ENGINEERS

Two engineers are rivals for the new engine. Rivalry and revenge lead to thrilling action.

THE COUNTY FAIR

A pretty country girl is flattered by the attentions of a side-showman at the county fair. An elopement is prevented by the father and sweetheart of the girl.

THE PERIL OF THE CLIFFS

A combination of thrilling rescues makes this story especially interesting.

THE GIRL IN THE CABOOSE

The city drummer tries to win the Caboose Girl, but meets with difficulties.

"DEATH VALLEY SCOTTY'S" MINE

"Death Valley Scotty" (Walter Scott) portrays the principal part in this realistic Western story.

PAT THE SOOTHSAYER

Pat and his wife have trouble, and Pat turns fortune-teller, but his wife puts Pat in a different frame of mind.

THE SKINFLINT

The old, old story of a miser who realized, when too late, that money was not all in this world worth having.

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KALEM COMPANY

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New York

Warren Kerrigan, the big, handsome cowboy of the American Company, nearly shot his foot off recently with a Colt that was supposed to be loaded with blank cartridges. It is always the unloaded gun that goes off and kills somebody.

The Edison reputation for "Educationals" was not made any the less by "A Curable Disease," which was done at Colorado Springs. It offers a new hope to many who suffer from the white plague. It was a nice piece of work.

Anna Q. Nilsson and Guy Coombs have left the Kalem New York studio and gone with the Southern Company, under the direction of Kenean Buel.

Our Answers Man had his wires twisted in last month's issue. He had the audacity to say that Lillian Walker had left the Vitagraph Company, and since then our Answers Man has had no rest nor peace. Miss Walker is still with the Vitagraph Company and expects to stay there, and is more popular than ever.

Martha Russell has again left the Essanay Company for a lecture tour, but she will probably return.

Giles R. Warren is now directing for the Victor Company, and thus Florence Lawrence comes in contact with an old friend. They were both with the Lubin Company at the same time.

Kathlyn Williams, of the Selig Company, after having established the reputation for bravery among the beasts of the forests, is now busy taming the birds of the air. Her last victim was a Wright biplane.

James Young Deer, of the Pathé Company, has taken a company of players to Yama, Ariz. The Yama Indians ought to make interesting pictures.

The Gaumont Company have received so many photoplays that they were compelled to send notices to all of the periodicals stating that they do not make pictures in this country, and, therefore, are not in the market for plays.

Augustus Carney, of the Essanay Company, better known as "Alkali Ike," and a vest-pocket edition of John Bunny, recently visited Chicago. *Veni, vidi, vici!*

Poor Benny of Lubinville! He planted too many press notices, and now he will confine his operations to the telephone switchboard. Poor Benny! We mourn our loss.

New York was not big enough for Pathé Frères, so they moved over to Jersey City.

There is still doubt as to who is the real, genuine dyed-in-the-wool Bison. Mr. Ince has his ideas, however. Now that the Publicity and Sales Company have done the great Roosevelt in pictures, it is to be hoped that there will be no conflict between the Bisons and the Bull Mooses.

The O'Kalems arrived in New York about the middle of October. After finishing their Irish campaign, they stepped over into Scotland for a week or two and then sailed for America on October 3d. Gene Gauntier, Jack Clark, Sidney Olcott and each of this company is entitled to a laurel wreath. They have certainly done some great work in the old world, and they are welcome back to the new.

The latest hero in the Moving Picture world is Mrs. Arthur Mackley, of the California Essanay Company. She saved a baby's life at the risk of her own. She was injured, but is now playing again.

Noodles. This does not sound very poetic, but the Lubin Company has made an interesting film entitled "The Noodle Industry."

Florence Turner is still busy preparing for her great masterpiece, "L'Aiglon."

That "Custer's Last Fight" by the "Genuine 101 Bison" Company was a fine production. More than 1,000 Indians and 1,000 soldiers were engaged in the play.

Adelaide Lawrence and Hazel Neason did some nice work in "The Heart of John Grimm" (Kalem). This play will bring a tear to your eye.

Wish there were more H. A. Spanuth's in the business. It was he who gave us the Nat Goodwin series and the Roosevelt film, and it is he, as President of the General Film Publicity and Sales Co., who has done much to uplift the business and to put it on a higher plane. Roosevelt and Goodwin are all right in pictures, but how about Spanuth himself?

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Larry Trimble, of the Vitagraph Company, was visited by the stork last month. The baby girl has not red hair.

Jane Wolfe and William Herman West quite distinguished themselves in "The Village Vixen," "Family Tyrant" and "The Plot That Failed," while Ruth Roland carried off the honors in "The Belle of the Beach," all Kalem productions.

Barney Gilmore, who gained a reputation for his work in "Kelly from the Emerald Isle" and the "Rocky Road to Dublin," was featured by the Solax Company in "Dublin Dan." The comment seems to be that Mr. Gilmore was well cast.

Mildred Bracken (Méliès) shows to good advantage in "A Western Coquette."

Lillian Christy is still playing opposite Carlyle Blackwell, in place of Alice Joyce.

Roger Lytton, who did such strong work in "The Mills of the Gods," will be seen regularly in Vitagraph plays.

Maurice Costello's main recreation consists in driving his Ford motor car. He is a good driver, and he has a good eye—as the ladies know.

The Universal Company hit upon a bright idea when they introduced "Who's Who in Stageland."

At a big Society Circus, given in the mammoth Arcadia Palace in Chicago lately, Ruth Stonehouse, Evebelle Prout and Beverly Bayne, of the Essanay Company, gained new laurels in a song and dance act, Miss Stonehouse's poetic dancing of Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" being particularly popular.

As we announced last month, Mary Fuller went to London with an Edison Company, and she is still there. That is what happened to Mary.

Blanche Walsh has just finished playing in a three-reel production of the Masko Film Company, entitled "Resurrection."

Those who have not seen Sarah Bernhardt on the stage should not fail to see her on the screen. Her work in "Queen Elizabeth" is quite wonderful.

Betty Harte's friends think she made a decided hit in "Kings of the Forest."

The sixty-odd "Flying A" players have returned to Chicago from Starved Rock.

Robert Brower can boast of something besides his playing. He numbers among his former associates, Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Adelaide Nielson, Lawrence Barrett and Lester Wallack.

Mrs. William Todd was given a birthday party last month by her husband, and she received many presents from members of the Essanay Company. It is gratifying to know that Mrs. Todd has not yet reached the age when women refuse to have any more birthdays, which is somewhere in the early thirties.

Many admirers of Pauline Bush, of the American Company, are taking exception to the criticism of "R. G. M.," which appeared in our last issue. Miss Bush is getting plenty of sympathy. Our readers are getting busy criticising other players, and our "Popular Plays and Players" department will prove interesting, if not helpful.

The pretty and popular Dolores Cassinelli (Essanay) certainly looked the part in "The Lemon," and so did Whitney Raymond, who impersonated the alleged lemon.

Miss Billie Tischler, of Cleveland, O., writes that May Buckley and John Halliday, who are now playing in a regular theatrical stock company, are getting all the applause now that she couldn't give them when she saw them in the pictures.

We are thinking of adding about 1,000 pages to our magazine, and printing thereon a portion of the poems we have on hand concerning the various players. Nothing short of 1,000 pages would do, and nearly every player would have two or more verses. (This is meant for a joke, but it is really no joke.)

Thousands of people are writing to us for a list of the names of all the players. We are sorry, but we have no such lists.

The Eastman Kodak Company kindly made a present of a handsome camera to Cleo Ridgely, with which to amuse herself on her trip West.

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Answers to Inquiries



This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to matrimonial and personal matters of the players will not be given. A list of all film makers will be supplied to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. No questions answered relating to Biograph players. Those who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. Write only on one side of paper, and use separate sheets for questions intended for different departments. Always give name of company when inquiring about plays.

E. S.—Peter Lang played the part of the minister in "The Derelict's Return."

M. G., CHICAGO, ILL.—Flo La Badie was Portia in Thanhouser's "The Merchant of Venice." Marguerite Snow was Dora in "Dora Thorne," by the same company. Grace Nile was the daughter in "The Miller's Daughter."

R. M. H.—One or more films is released for every exchange. Alice Joyce is the leading lady in the New York studio; Carlyle Blackwell, leading man of the California section of the Kalem Company.

SWEET MARIE AND DOTTY DIMPLES.—We dont know what you mean when you say "Who was the central in Marshal P. Wilder?" Pearl White does her share of acting.

I. F. F., LEWISTON.—Harry Myers played the part of Harry in "The Derelict's Return." Your other question answered above.

F. H. REED, BROOKLYN.—Edgar Jones played Jim in Lubin's "Over the Divide."

MAY, ST. LOUIS, MO.—In Lubin's "Honor Thy Father," Charles Brandt was the father, Madge Orlamond the mother, Arthur Johnson the son, and Lottie Briscoe the daughter-in-law. Helen Gardner was Betty in the Vitagraph "Betty" series.

DOROTHY S.—James Cruze has not left Thanhouser. His picture appeared in May.

J. S., NEWARK.—Pathé Frères' studio is in Jersey City Heights, N. J. We do not know the private address of Florence Lawrence.

J. S. M., JR.—Your questions have all been answered above.

B. T., CINN.—George Melford is still with the Glendale section of the Kalem.

ALL INQUIRERS.—On one day last month just seventy-four letters of inquiry were received in just one mail. Since there are about twenty-six business days a month, and six mails a day, the "Answers Man" fears that some walking delegate from the union will bring him up on charges for working overtime.

T. S., WASHINGTON.—"The Barrier That Was Burned" was taken in the Vitagraph studios. George C. Stanley was the sheriff in Vitagraph's "At the End of the Trail." We had an interview with Maurice Costello in the April, 1912, issue.

M. P. FAN NO. 9999.—If the pictures of "Rube Marquard Wins" were blurred they must have been poor prints. The pictures we saw were clear and in good condition.

L. M. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—We thank you for the Biograph information, and are glad to hear that you will be able to distinguish the players hereafter.

RHODA O., YONKERS, N. Y.—Arthur Johnson was a member of the Biograph and Reliance companies before going to Lubin.

D. ELLIOT.—Alice Joyce played Mary in "Freed from Suspicion." It was a Kalem picture. We dont know Mrs. Costello's name before she was married. We cant tell you how to become a Motion Picture actress.

A. A. C., GRANITE STATE.—We cannot distinguish the play by the brief description. If it is a Biograph, you know the rest.

J. C. M., TONOPAH.—Rose Tapley was the rich woman in "The Light That Failed."

D. D. D.—Jack Standing was with the Lubin Company. He played opposite Cleo Ridgely in the play you name. William Garwood is with the Thanhouser Company. And you dont know about Biograph questions?

INQUIRER.—You may take your choice of Clara Kimball Young, Rose Tapley, Leah Baird and Julia Swayne Gordon, as "the première leading lady of the Vitagraph Company during Florence Turner's absence." Dolores Cassinelli will be seen in "An Adamless Eden," "Her Adopted Father," and "The Old Wedding Dress."

F. A. K., HUNTINGTON.—Frederick Church was the loafer in Essanay's "The Loafer's Mother." Mrs. Mackley was the mother.

E. M. S., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Anna Q. Nilsson was Susanna in Kalem's "The Soldier Brothers of Susanna," and Guy Coombs was her younger brother. Mabel Trunnelle was the leading lady in Majestic's "A Game of Chess."

G. F., CLEVELAND.—Cannot answer Solax questions.

V. D.—Leonie Flugrath was the owner's daughter in "Children Who Labor."

L. B., MONTREAL.—The Biograph names you give are not correct.

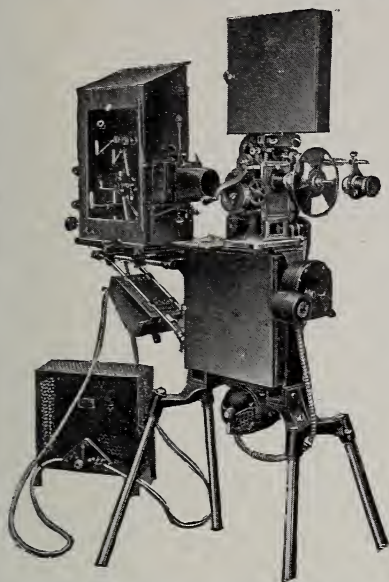
DELA E.—We have used Marie Elines' picture in the May "Gallery," under the title "The Thanhouser Kid." Cannot answer Solax questions.

C. W. S.—The Gaumont picture, "The Prison on the Cliff," was taken abroad.

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YVONNE YELOAND.—Mr. Costello did not play in "Diamond Cut Diamond."

A. F. D., LYNN.—Gene Gauntier's pictures can be had at the Kalem studio.

L. E. COSBY.—Mr. McGee was the thief in Vitagraph's "Chased by Bloodhounds."

MARGUERITE.—Will publish the pictures of Wallace Reid and the Costello girl.

JUANITA, SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.—We certainly must publish the picture of Wallace Reid after such an appeal.

M. A. K., NEW HAVEN.—Your question was answered above.

E. B. BURDOCK, CHICAGO.—"The Street Beautiful" was taken in the Edison studio.

A. T., JERSEY CITY.—The picture you enclosed is of Alice Joyce.

KITTY L. R., SALEM.—Richard Garrick played the boy's part in Selig's "His Father's Bugle." James Cooley is with the Reliance Company.

G. PRESTON, NEW YORK.—William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman had the leads in Selig's "Double Cross." Arthur Johnson's picture was in the March, 1912, issue.

D. J. W.—Lottie Briscoe played opposite Arthur Johnson in "The New Physician."

F. E. GRAYCE, NEW YORK.—Bless your heart, "the handsome man with the dimples in the Vitagraph Company" is Mr. Costello. Is it possible that his fame has not yet reached New York? "Broncho Billy," of Essanay, is a person by the name of G. M. Anderson. Perhaps you have heard that name before, somewhere.

A. E. G., NEW YORK.—Harriet Parsons was the godmother in "The Magic Wand."

R. B., DENVER, CO.—The fashion plates you send are of Alice Joyce.

RUTHIE M. L.—Priscilla and John Casperson were the children in Lubin's "The Child's Prayer." Marion Leonard's picture was in the March, 1912, issue. Ormi Hawley was the widow in "Choir of Densmore."

(Continued from page 130)

Shakespeare, and the well-remembered plays of the type of "The Squaw Man" and "Salomy Jane," and then came a day when "The Wishing Ring" company closed its season in Chicago, and the "Seven Days" company awaited his arrival in New York. Two interviews were necessary before the final arrangements could be made, and between the one at ten and the other, set at two, a friend, who needed a certain type for a Motion Picture he was producing, persuaded Mr. Baggot to play it—and he never went back to the stage.

He firmly believes that Motion Pictures have made a better actor out of him than he ever was before. "The Silent Drama is an art," he declares. "In it no bad actor can ever succeed, and many a good one may fail—fail because he lacks repose, or because he is a type-actor and cannot be photographed."

It is three years since Mr. Baggot cast his lot with Motion Pictures, three years of hard work and study with the Imp Company, successful years, and, therefore, happy ones. During much of the time he has played the leads with Miss Florence Lawrence, who, by the way, is, in his opinion, the best Motion Picture actress to be seen on the screen today, and to whom he bows in acknowledgment of the many things she has taught him about Motion Picture work.

Mr. Baggot prefers comedy, but is usually called upon to play straight parts in more or less dramatic pictures. Eternal mankind—I wonder if any one is ever really satisfied! One part which especially appealed to him, however, was that of Tony in "Tony and the Stork," in which he was able to run the whole gamut of emotions to his heart's content, from lightest comedy to deepest tragedy. His next work is to be "Othello."

Forty or fifty scenarios to his credit and decided aspirations toward playwriting, is the record of this indefatigable player. By a singular chance it happened that the first time he saw his own acting on the screen was in a scenario which he himself had written. Naturally, his chief desire was to see how the audience liked the play, but so distracted was he by the unreal sensation of seeing himself upon the screen, that he forgot the play completely. It is no unusual thing, I am told, for actors, seeing their work for the first time on the screen, to fail to recognize themselves. Truly, Motion Pictures have come as near as anything ever will to giving us the power for which we oft have sighed—"to see ourselves as others see us." Evidently we don't look as we think we do.

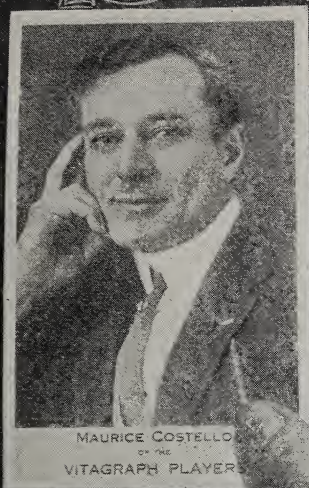
"Motion Picture work is no longer mere pantomime," Mr. Baggot says. "It is acting. Everything must be done naturally, and that requires thought and study. The audience must be told everything in the most direct, simple way, and yet it must be effective. I am a great believer in turning the back to the audience. It seems to me that there are times when it is most expressive."

From leading man to leader of men is a natural sequence. One is not surprised then that Mr. Baggot should have been the moving spirit in the mystic circle of seven who met in a Broadway café one night and originated the idea of a Screen Club.

Knowing Mr. Baggot's dignity, ease and repose of manner, his quiet wit and keen sense of humor, one can readily imagine how that club will be conducted, and in the future the Screen Club will, no doubt, vie with the Lambs and the Gamblers in their play.

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H. H., R. O., E. R. W., T. B. ALBANY, ELSIE K., M. T. ORE., J. W. B., T. H., YOURS 1, 2, 3, 4, A. K. HAZELTON, V. H. ANXIOUS, R. E. D., DOLLIE, I. G. HAND, C. K. NEW LONDON, E. C., ESTHER, ST. LOUIS, F. C., BLONDY, A. S., will please note that their questions have been answered before.

H. E. BRAZIL asks: "Can you tell me where I can, how I can, and when I can secure the pictures of Motion Picture actors and actresses?" What pictures do you mean? Most companies sell pictures of their players.

SMITH, N. J.—You are one of many who have asked us to publish a picture of Whitney Raymond (Essanay). We shall have to do so soon.

M. M. L.—Anna Lehr and Dorothy Bernard are two different people. I guess you are trying to find out where Dorothy Bernard is. Yes?

M. T. E.—The last picture Miss Bertram posed for was "Broncho Billie Outwitted," released September 14th. We shall have to tell Flossie C. P. to keep all her back numbers and refer to them, as you suggest.

HENRY S., ST. LOUIS.—Robert Gaillard played opposite Julia Swayne Gordon in "The Aching Void" (Vitagraph).

W. N. McCURE.—Judson Melford is still with the Glendale branch (Kalem).

SHIRLEY FLEWELLYN.—G. M. Anderson's leading lady has not yet been made public. Thank you for the information.

C. P., READING, PENN.—Earle Foxe played opposite Alice Joyce in "The Street Singer" (Kalem).

PAL & HUN.—Margaret Loveridge was with Essanay and then joined Imp, where she is now playing.

KING BAGGOT'S LOVER.—Jane Fearnley is King Baggot's leading lady. It is unknown to us why May Buckley left Lubin.

L. M. M., TAUNTON.—Dont ask Biograph questions. Fred Mace is with Bison, Mabel Normand with Keystone. Send stamped addressed envelope for list of manufacturers.

A. R. M.—Belle Harris played opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "The Frenzy of Firewater" (Kalem). It was a real fire in Kalem's "Jim Bludso." Edward Coxen and Ruth Roland had the leads in "The Loneliness of the Hills." Marie Newton was the sister of the thief in "The Thief." And now you want to know why Lubin doesn't get somebody to play opposite Buster Johnson, of his own size. We'll have to give that up.

GEORGE, 999.—Look above for Mabel Normand. Cleo Ridgely severed her connections with Rex to take the trip West. Look in ad. pages. And so you want to know where Flossie C. P. lives. If she wants to tell you, all right; we wont. We dont know who H. M. & F. C. are. By the way, your number should be 19,999.

C. M., CALIFORNIA.—Mae Marsh was Belle in "Kentucky Girl" (Kalem). Frederick Church was the revenue officer in "Moonshiner's Heart" (Essanay). We have no Mr. Felton in the cast for "Little Sheriff" (Essanay). Mrs. William Todd is always Alkali Ike's girl. Helen and Dolores are the only two children of Maurice Costello.

M. N.—Ruth Roland was Mary and Marshall Neilon was Jack in "The Pasadena Peach" (Kalem). Herbert Prior was Mr. Vale in "The Thorns of Success" (Majestic).

E. S., CHICAGO.—The Vitagraph is not planning a studio for Chicago.

E. B.—Bison 101 will not tell us who the colonel was in "The Bugle Call."

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ.—Karl Formes, Jr., was the father in "The Colonel's Escape." J. W. Morrison played opposite Miss Walker in "Forgotten Dancing Slippers."

W. H. FIELDS.—George L. Tucker was Jas. Ross in "The Winning Punch" (Victor). George Periolat was the prospector in "Where There's a Heart" (American).

J. B. L., ALBANY.—Burt King was the detective in "Detective's Conscience." Ethel Clayton was the girl in "For the Love of a Girl," both Lubin. Myrtle Stedman was White Bird in "When the Heart Calls" (Selig).

MILDRED A. M.—There are duplicates made of every film, and distributed all over the world, so you may see the same play in different cities at the same time.

H. L. No. 4.—Timmy Shechan was the boy in "Under Suspicion" (Selig).

E. T.—The play was an old Vitagraph.

M. K., BUFFALO.—We never heard of Lillian Walker being called Julia Arnold.

OLGA, 16.—There really is such a place as "The Chamber of Horrors," at the Eden Musée, N. Y. City. They are wax figures. Whitney Raymond was the lemon in "The Lemon" (Essanay).

L. K.—Write direct to the companies for photographs.

J. E. H.—Mary Fuller did not play in "The Little Quakeress"; Mabel Trunnelle did.

ANGELA.—We dont give personal addresses.

G. G. B.—Yes, George Healey was the son in "His Mother's Shroud" (Vitagraph).

B. B., SANTA CLARA.—Norma Talmadge was the maid in "Wanted a Grandmother" (Vitagraph). Dont ask for Mary Pickford's picture.

JOHNNY CANUCK, SHERBROOKE.—William Carr was the smuggler in "The Smuggler" (Lubin). Alice Joyce was the blonde heroine and Carlyle Blackwell her lover in "Freed from Suspicion." There are several Canadian film manufacturers.

BESSIE.—William Mason was Adam Boob in "An Adamless Eden" (Essanay).

D. VAN PELT.—Write to American Co. for Warren Kerrigan's picture.

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M. F. W.—Fred O'Beck was the padre in "The Divine Solution" and he was the outlaw in "Minister and Outlaw" (Lubin).

ELSIE, N. Y.—Adele Lane was the girl, Burton King was the sot, Richard Wagemann was the sheriff in "The Sandstorm" (Lubin).

C. M.—Most all the actresses and actors are subscribers to the magazine. We believe Mary Fuller's hair is dark brown.

M. M. OWEN.—We cannot tell the name of the play from the description you give.

RENY, R. B.—Mabel Normand was the daughter in "Troublesome Secretaries" (Vitagraph). No Biograph questions. Harry Morey was the lighthouse keeper in "The Light of Saint Bernard."

UNKNOWN.—Dwight Mead was the millionaire in Essanay's "Out of the Night." Francis Bushman was the tramp in the same play. Ethel Clayton sometimes plays with Harry Myers. May Buckley has been on the stage for some time. Myrtle Stedman was Dolly in "Boob" (Selig). Winnifred Greenwood had the lead in "The Last Dance."

W. R. B.—Betty Cameron and Wm. Lewis were Mr. and Mrs. Suspicious in Lubin's play of that name.

M. C.—Sydney Ayres is playing in stock at Portland, Ore. Myrtle Stedman played in "The Wayfarer" (Selig).

B. N. No. 2.—"Billy the Kid" was a Vitagraph production. Mae Hotely was the count's wife in "A Hot Time in Atlantic City." James Morrison was the valet and Dorothy Kelly was the maid in "Suing Susan" (Vitagraph).

A. P.—May Buckley and Jack Halliday had the leads in "Betty and the Doctor" (Lubin). Lillian Christy is still leading lady for Carlyle Blackwell. George Lessey was the Corsican brothers in the play by that name (Edison).

INQUISITIVE.—William Clifford had the lead in "Making Good" (Méliès). Earle Williams was the son in "The Church Across the Way" (Vitagraph).

H. H.—Charles Clary was the leading man in "The Devil, the Servant and the Man" (Selig). Pearl White is with the Crystal Company. Dorothy Kelly was the ward in "The Pupil of the Eye" (Vitagraph). Brinsley Shaw was Texas Dan in "Story of Montana." George Reehm was the constable in "Revenge" (Lubin).

D. L. R.—Dorothy Phillips is not with the Essanay Company. Frank Lanning is in vaudeville. It was the real Rube Marquard that played with Alice Joyce. Ethel Clayton did not play in "Shepherd's Flute." Lilly Branscombe had the lead in "The Clue." Owen Moore had the lead in "The Chance Shot." George Melford is still with the Kalem Co. Pathé wont answer.

RUTH K.—Charles Clary had the lead in "Officer Murray." Ormi Hawley was Jane and Charles Arthur was Dick in "Tricked Into Happiness" (Lubin). Carlyle Blackwell had the lead in "The Family Tyrant."

MORNINGSIDE.—The first picture is Charles Sutton, second Bigelow Cooper, and the third Willis Secord. Richard Neill was Reginald in "The Relief of Lucknow." Adelaide Lawrence was the little girl in "The Little Keeper of the Light" (Kalem). John Stepping is the "short, stout, handsome little fellow" in Essanay's Eastern pictures.

M. ST. CLAIR.—Whitney Raymond is the "handsome little fellow with the pompadour" in the Eastern Essanay Co. Dont ask questions about the Answers Man.

OLGA, 16.—This is the second for you. William Mason was the lover in "Cupid's Quartette" (Essanay). Other question answered above. Independent pictures are not as expensive as Licensed pictures. We haven't time to consider Harold Shaw's acting in "How He Made Good," but we agree with you.

D. H.—"A Tale of Two Cities" was a Vitagraph, and Maurice Costello was Sidney Carton, and Leo Delaney was Darney Evermonde. Write Vitagraph Co. for postals. August issue for Harry Myers' picture.

"STELLA."—James Cruze and Marguerite Snow had the leads in "She" (Thalhouser). You had better read the old magazines for your other questions. Alice Joyce made the dress she wore in "Freed from Suspicion," that is, we think she did.

FLO, NEW ORLEANS.—William Mason, John Stepping and Bryant Washburn were the lovers in "Cupid's Quartette." The wife in "A Wife of the Hills" is unknown.

E. W.—Charles Arthur was Lord Milday in "What the Driver Saw" (Lubin). Kenneth Casey and Adele De Garde are not orphans.

N. W., LA GRANGE, GA.—Howard Missimer and Mildred Weston had the leads in "Pa Trubells' Troubles" (Essanay).

D. E. LUTZ.—Alice Joyce had the lead in "The Organ Grinder" (Kalem). Hazel Neason had the lead in "A Political Kidnapping." Edith Buemann was Mona in "Thru Trials to Victory" (Great Northern). Mary Charleston was Monah and Robert Thornby was John Strów and George Stanley the ranger in "The Ancient Bow" (Vitagraph).

G. T., CLEVELAND.—Anna Nilsson was Agnes Lane in "The Darling of the C. S. A." The Pathé Co. wont answer. Other questions answered before.

E. G.—Charles Clary was the leading man in "The Three Valises." Harry Lonsdale was Lord Lonsdale in "An Unexpected Fortune," both Seligs. Pathé wont tell who the detective was in "The Detective's Desperate Chance." He is a professional woman-impersonator and hired just for this picture.

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MUTT AND JEFF, ILLINOIS.—James Cruze and Marguerite Snow were the mother and father in "Nursie and the Knight" and the Thanhouser Kid was the child. Jane Fearnley was Lady Audley in "Lady Audley's Secret." Marguerite Snow was Dora Thorn in the play by that name.

R. E. FOELL.—Joseph Gebhard was the villain in "Jealousy on a Porch."

J. L. S.—Vedah Bertram was the girl in "The Foreman's Cousin." Alice Joyce does not write photoplays.

MISS SYRACUSE.—William Duncan had the leading part in "The Equine Hero."

ELLY M.—Howard Mitchell was the bachelor in "A Bachelor's Waterloo." Richard Stanton was John Allen in "The Will of Destiny." Martha Russell was the wife in "Her Hour of Triumph." Carlyle Blackwell was the lieutenant in "The Love of Summer Morn." Guy Coombs was Fighting Dan McCool. Yes, we interview children.

K. E. G.—Wallace Reid was the crook in "The Hieroglyphic."

BUSY-BODY.—Knut Rahm was Mark Hunter in "The Stolen Invention." Sue Balfour was the mother in Reliance's "The Toy Telephone." Pathé wont tell. Donald MacKenzie was James Calley in "Her Convict Brother."

K. C. A.—Charles Arthur was the husband in "Love and Tears." Wallace Reid was the son in "His Mother's Son."

H. R. C.—Gladys Field was the girl in "The Corporation and the Ranch Girl."

SMYTHE, KEYPORT.—John Steppling had the lead in "All in the Family."

CHIPPY.—Dont think Bunny was ever with Biograph. Look above for other question. Glad you like the Answers Man.

PERCIVAL.—O. K. Francis Xavier Bushman. John Steppling had the lead in "Teaching a Liar a Lesson." Look above.

CHERRIE B., ELM TERRACE.—Crane Wilbur is in Jersey City Heights. Cannot answer your Edison question; company does not know.

C. A. H. FANWOOD.—Mildred Weston was Ethel in "After the Reward" (Essanay). Lubin did not produce "The Newlyweds on a Visit." Marion Leonard is not playing at present. Robert Gaillard and Edith Storey had the leads in "Fighting Schoolmaster."

FRENCH-CANADIAN GIRL.—Glad you know the Biograph names.

L. D., ATTLEBORO, MASS.—Dont think Carlyle will answer.

S. W.—Edgar Jones and Clara Williams had the leads in "The Bank Cashier." Irving White had the lead in "When Father Had His Way." Thanks for the verse.

C. L. C. states that Warren Kerrigan comes from New Albany, Ind.

F. K.—In "The Sheriff's Sister" (American) Pauline Bush was the sister, Jack Richardson was the villain, and Warren Kerrigan was the hero.

B. T., TOLEDO.—If you dont like the Independent pictures, write the exhibitor.

R. H.—We got our answer direct from the company, and if they gave it to us wrong, we cannot help it. Write American Co. for pictures.

"JUANITA."—Flo La Badie was the wife in "The Wrecked Taxi" (Thanhouser). George Lessey and Miriam Nesbitt were the man and wife, and Robert Tansey was the artist in "The Little Artist of the Market." Jeannie MacPherson was the teacher in "Mary Had a Little Lamb." "When the West Was Wild" is not an American.

F. K. L.—Edgar Jones was Roger West in "The Deputy's Peril" (Lubin, not Edison). Yes, Florence Lawrence has been on the stage since she was three years old.

E. T., CLEVELAND.—Brinsley Shaw was the villain in "Broncho Billy's Pal."

BERTHA, SAN FRANCISCO.—Zena Keefe was the mother in "Tommy's Sister."

R. E. LITZ.—Warren Kerrigan was the sheriff in American's "The Outlaw Colony." Marshall Neilon was the deputy.

CHERRY, LAFAYETTE.—Harold Lockwood was the tramp in Nestor's "Heart of a Tramp." Pauline Bush was the wife in "The Telltale Shell." Marshall Neilon was the husband, and Jack Richardson was the old lover.

J. W. QUESENBERRY.—James Cooley was the officer in "Love Knows No Law."

IRENE FOXALL.—Frances Ne Moyer was the daughter in "The Smugglers." Charles Clary usually plays opposite Kathlyn Williams.

FLOSSIE.—No, Flossie, Hobart Bosworth did not play in "Pennant Puzzle." The "Tin Can Rattle" was made by a Western branch, and the company cannot tell who the girl was. That was in the magazine two months ago, Flossie.

ANNA L.—Helen Costello was the girl in "Church Across the Way." John Levertton was Stuart in "The Sewer." Dolores Costello played in "She Never Knew."

WESTERNITES, WASHINGTON.—Signorita Bertina was Juliet in Pathé's "Romeo and Juliet." Anna Nilsson was Ruth and Marion Cooper was her sister in "The Prison Ship," Harry Benham, lead in "Out of the Dark." No pictures of Mary Pickford.

MRS. ROBERTS.—Roy McKee and Frances Ne Moyer had the leads in "Lover's Signal." Leona Devoe was the sister, and Walter Stull the brother in "His Little Sister."

WARREN, A. G.—"The Chance Shot" was taken in New Jersey. Cant remember your second question; write again. Lubin is not going to produce pictures in color.

"JUNE."—Sounds nice. Jack Richardson was the secretary in "The Meddlers." Mr. Kerrigan has no younger brother playing in Motion Pictures. William Garwood and Jean Darnell were the man and wife in "Conductor 663" (Thanhouser).

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Oct. 14
1912

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OCTOBER 7, 1912—3 Reels

Shakespeare's As You Like It

Presented by the Vitagraph Company, with Rose Coghlan as Rosalind.

General Film Co.

K. W. & H. A.—Louise Glaum was the girl in "A Stubborn Cupid" (Nestor). Rex Company wont answer. Alice Joyce is with the New York Company.

M. E. P.—Virginia Norden was the actress in "Baby Hands" and James Cruze was the father. Jean Darnell was the mother. In "The Greaser and the Weakling" Pauline Bush and Jessalyn Van Trump were the girls and Jack Richardson was the foreman; Marshall Neilon was the weakling.

"QUERIES."—Myrtle Stedman was Dolly in "The Book."

TEXAS TWINS.—Arthur Johnson had the part of the grandfather in "The Wooden Bowl." Buster Johnson was the child in "In After Years." Arthur Johnson was Bill Jackson in "The Missing Finger." "The Cave Man" was made in Bat Cave, N. C.

MISS MIRIAM HOWE.—There is a difference between the Bison, and the Bison 101. Ray Gallagher was Steve Aldrich in "A Romance at Catalina Island." Jack Clark is not with American, but with the Kalem.

JOSIE C., ALTON, ILL.—Edward Boulden was the husband in "Holding the Fort" (Edison). Ethel Clayton played opposite Harry Myers in "A Romance of the Coast."

D. F.—Guy Coombs was the bugler in "The Bugler of Battery D." William Mason was Mason in "The Eye that Never Sleeps" (Essanay).

C. M. W., YONKERS.—The "Thief" was taken in the New York Kalem studio. Leo Delaney and Edith Storey played in "Old Love Letters." Florence Turner was chatted in October issue.

"UNKNOWN."—Guy Coombs and Marion Cooper were Don and Daisy in "Fill-busters." Violet Reid was Mabel Hampton in "Poor Relation." George Reehm was the hero in "At High Tide" (Lubin).

JIM A.—William Mason was in love with Mildred Weston in "Cupid's Quartette." Alice Weeks was Thelma. and Irving Cummings, Sir Philip, in Reliance's "Thelma."

K. S.—Barry O'Moore was Jack in "The Little Woolen Shoe." We dont believe a Licensed Co. ever produced "Robin Hood."

ELSIE.—Phyllis Gordon was Isabel in Selig's "A Message to Kearney." Anna Dodge was the mother and A. E. Garcia was Palo Vasquez. Beverly Bayne was the girl in "The Butterfly Net" (Essanay).

FLORENCE D.—Florence Turner's mother has acted in Moving Pictures; she was the mother in "The Price of Big Bob's Silence."

R. G. MARTIN.—Write Lubin for portraits. Vedah Bertram was Sue Clayton in "A Story of Montana." Mabel Trunnelle and Herbert Prior had leads in "A Game of Chess." Owen Moore leads Victor Co.

H. B. W.—We will print Flo La Badie's picture very soon, also a chat.

E. B., 42.—No, "anybody" cannot pose for Moving Pictures. There is only one American Company.

W. L.—They are the foreign Pathé initials. Howard Missimer played Hinks in "Three to One." Lilly Branscombe was the stenographer (Essanay).

M. W.—Ruth Roland and Edward Coxen had the leads in "The Woman Hater." Kenneth Casey is not the son of Maurice Costello.

M. A. C.—Florence Lawrence is not Arthur Johnson's wife.

J. J.—This is a technical question, and we cannot answer it. Jack, in American films, is Jack Kerrigan or Jack Richardson; have your pick.

P. D. Q., LOS ANGELES.—No, Mrs. Mary Maurice is not Maurice Costello's mother. Arthur Mackley was Vedah Bertram's father in "A Story of Montana." Gwendolen Pates is still with Pathé Frères.

BETH, GOSHEN.—We cannot tell you anything about scenarios. Send them direct to the manufacturers.

F. J. STEIGERWALD.—Lillian Walker is still with the Vitagraph.

E. S. B.—William Garwood is with the Thanhouser Co.

"FRAGILE."—We dont know what Flossie C. P. is; dont believe she is an actress.

F. H. R.—May Buckley was the country bride in "Won by Waiting." She was also the dancer in "Sacrifice."

F. H. R.—Staten Island. Mr. Goerner was the minister in "The Moonshiner's Heart." Robert Burns was Bob and Walter Stull Walter in "His Vacation." John Stepping is still with Essanay. Richard Stanton is still with Méliès. Thomas Moore was Jack in "The Thief."

E. W. M.—Hazel Neason was the country girl in "In the Lair of the Wolf."

M. P. KIDS.—James Cruze had the lead in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Lottie Pickford is now playing with Kalem.

FLOSSIE FLUFFY, ST. LOUIS.—Please dont ask Biograph questions.

ROSE CHIESSA.—Ranchman was Arthur Mackley and Young Elliott was Frederick Church in "The Ranchman's Trust."

On account of the six pages devoted to the Great Mystery Play, we are sorry to be compelled to omit five pages of Answers. Next month we shall try to print ten or twelve pages of Answers, and bring them up to date. Hereafter we shall give the preference to Subscribers. If you are a Subscriber to this magazine, write "Subscriber" at the top of your letter.

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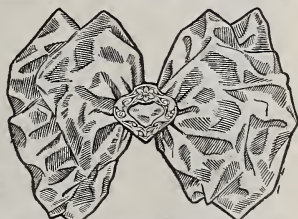
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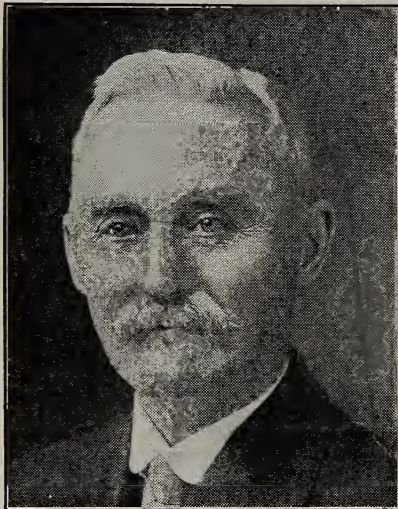
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Scene from "The Informer" (page 74)

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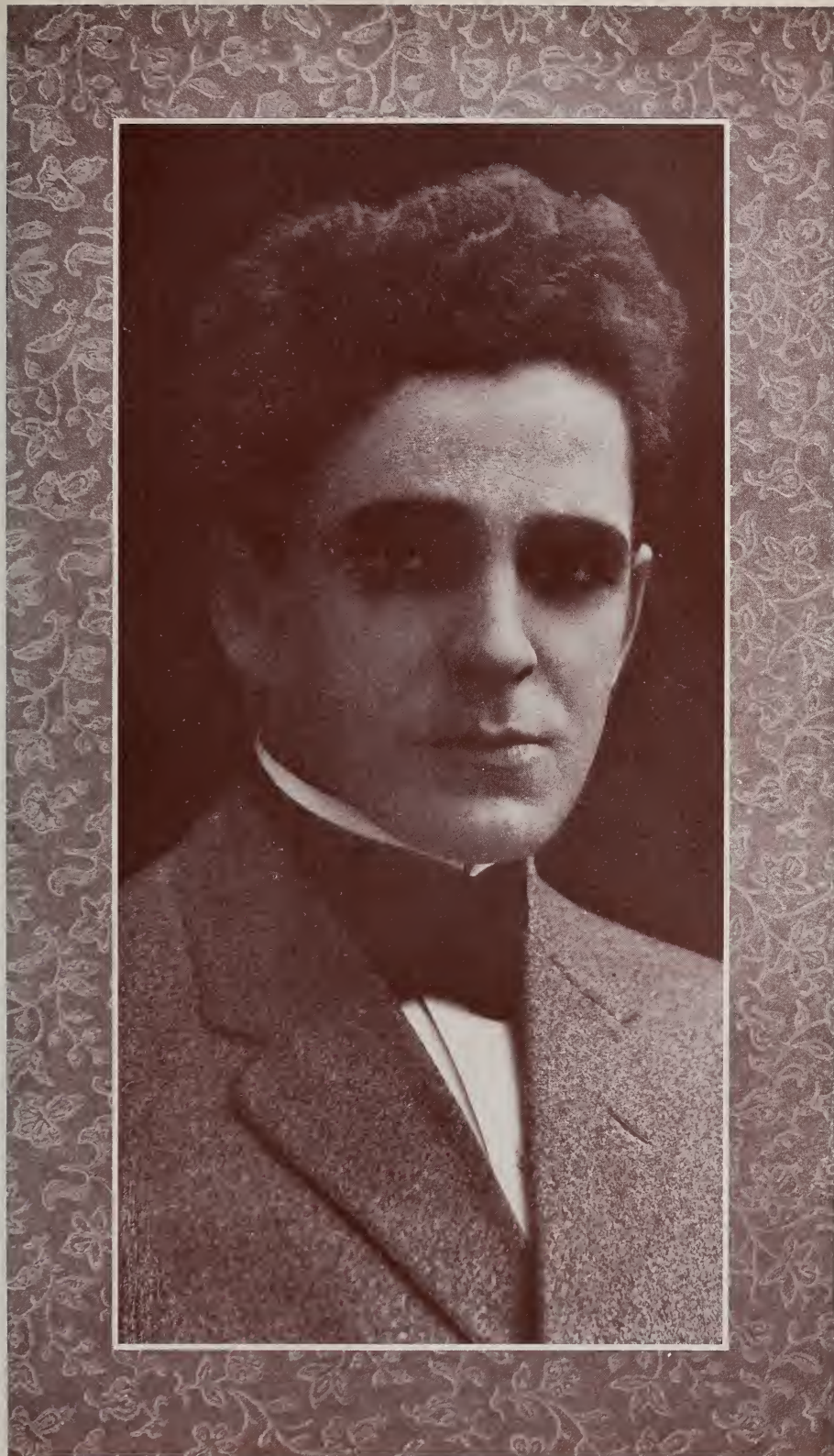
GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



Alice Hollister



ADELE LANE
(Lubin)



CRANE WILBUR (Pathé Frères)



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
(Essanay)



LEO DELANEY
(Vitagraph)



LILLIAN WALKER
(Vitagraph)



JACK J. CLARK
(Kalem)

FRANK

MERRITT



ANNA Q. NILSSON (Kalem)



RICHARD NEILL
(EDISON)



JACK WARREN KERRIGAN (American)



RUTH STONEHOUSE (Essanay)

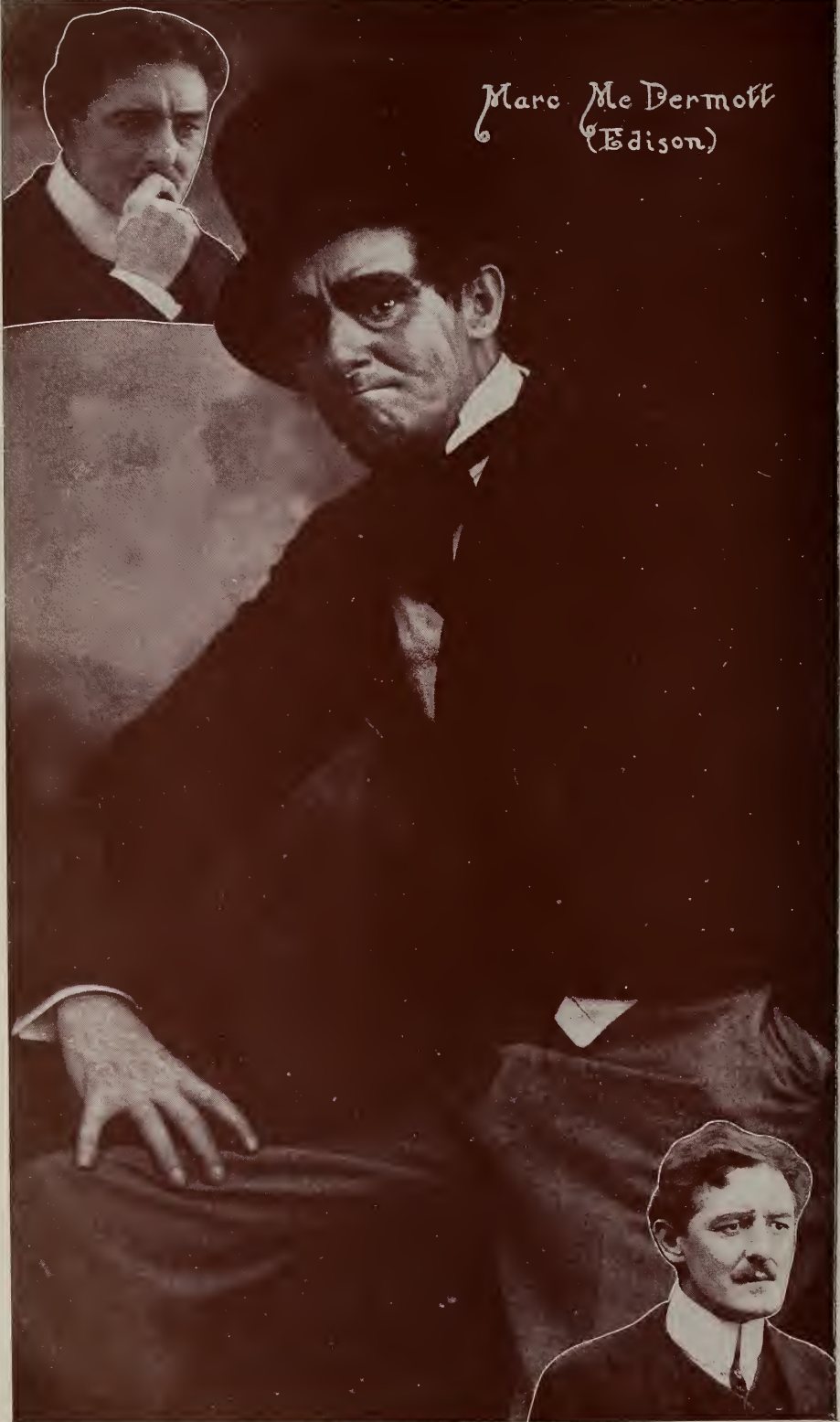


FLORENCE LABADIE (Thanhouser)



LOUISE GLAUM
(Universal)

Marco Me Dermott
(Edison)

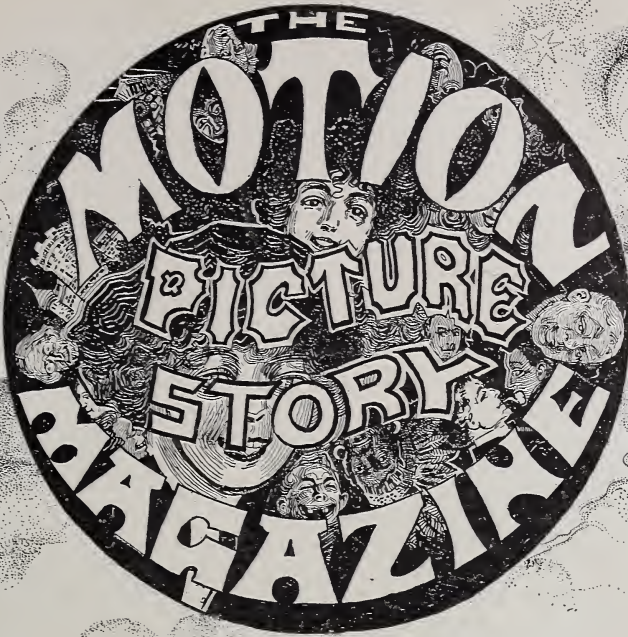




FLORENCE LAWRENCE (Victor)



DOROTHY KELLY
(Vitagraph)



Volume IV

Number 11

DECEMBER, 1912

The Country Boy

(Pathé Frères)

By GLADYS ROOSEVELT

From the play of H. Handworth

HERALDED by a great cloud of dust, and a cracking and snapping of a mighty horse-whip, the High Valley stage-coach swept around the gulch on two wheels, and drew up before Old Pete's ranch-house, with a prolonged whoa. Not that Stage-coach Sandy had taken the whole trail at that speed—far from it, in these civilized days, when stage-coaches are held up only by daring damsels from the East in search of adventure denied them at home—but the latent daredevil spirit within him could not resist bringing forth frightened gasps from the pale-cheeked girl who was his only passenger.

She sat huddled in one corner, surrounded by numerous bags and coats and bundles, her feet and elbows braced against the swaying of the

coach, her lips pressed tight in an effort to suppress her fear, which, however, found outlet thru her wide, startled eyes.

This was Betty Williamson's very first trip to the wild, much-storied, pictured, aye, Motion-Pictured, West, and she was forced to make it alone, and for her health. The doctor had promised that a few months in the clear, dry air of Colorado would restore the vigor to her drooping spirits, so her father had written to an old college friend, who had settled on a ranch, and made arrangements for his daughter's comfort.

The railroad journey from New York had been much to Betty's liking, but the loneliness of the long trail over plains and mountains, and thru canyons, now hot and flat and dusty,

now between dark-timbered passes, now narrow and winding, clinging closely to the mountainside, while precipitous cliffs dropped away into the gully hundreds of feet below—all wore on the girl's shattered nerves. She started at each crack of the whip, and each lurch of the coach set her trembling; the sight of the narrow passes and the bottomless chasms struck terror to her heart. Small wonder, then, that when Sandy drew rein before Pete's ranch-house, Betty was almost too weak to stand.

The unaccustomed gusto and speed of the lumbering vehicle's entry drew a crowd at once, and Betty alighted into the midst of High Valley's curious citizens, a timid, trembling object, gazing with frightened eyes into a host of unfamiliar faces. At last, from out the mass, the features of her father's friend, "Old Peter," met her eye, bronzed and aged, to be sure, but still wearing the same smile as in the class-day picture she knew so well, and so she placed her hand trustingly in his, and began to feel a little less forlorn.

Behind him stood a young man, also tall and bronzed, who exchanged a smile of friendly greeting with her, and then busied himself with her luggage. Betty felt that it might not be so bad out in Colorado after all, if cowboys and ranchmen were all as well-mannered as these.

"For my old friend Jim's sake, welcome to High Valley, and to Old Peter's ranch!" was Pete's greeting, once they were within the shack-house. "And for your own sake, too, for I guess we're pretty much in need of a girl around these diggings, to brush up our manners. How about it, Bob?" he questioned, turning to the young man, who was following with the luggage.

"This, Miss Williamson, is my right-hand man, and right-hearted friend, Bob Saunders," he added, slapping him affectionately on the back. "And this, Bob, is the young lady I warned you was coming to improve our etiquette."

"We certainly are glad to have you

come," Bob said, simply, clasping her hand firmly, and looking squarely into her eyes. "It is well for you that Pete warned us, tho—I sewed up the sleeve of this shirt this morning in honor of you."

Betty laughed brightly. The novel informality of the place was getting into her veins already, like a tonic.

"Here's Aunt Sally!" announced Pete, as an old negro woman shambled into the room. "She's our salvation. Whatever good is left in us is due to her. Aunt Sally, here is your new charge. You've got to look after her, and see that she gets strong and well."

"Lor!" she exclaimed. "Ah reck-uns that'll be th' easiest job ah done had sence ah been here. Aint nothin' th' matter with them cheeks, they's as pink as that there table-cover."

And Betty suddenly realized that she was not at all frightened, but was really enjoying the novelty of new ways and new people.

Her assurance was short-lived, however, for, turning around to note the queer, rough furnishings of the room, she was startled to find a Chinaman standing behind her, calmly inspecting her dress.

"Dont be alarmed, Miss Betty," Pete interposed, seeing her evident distrust of the man. "Hop Lee is perfectly safe; he is our cook, and he will make you some of the most wonderful dishes you ever ate. Wont you, Hop?"

Hop Lee continued to regard Betty with imperturbable expression for a moment, before vouchsafing a reply.

"Makee like fun," he retorted, at length, and departed noiselessly, his hands tucked up inside his wide sleeves, his pigtail bobbing with each abbreviated step.

Betty was nonplussed.

"He isn't exactly polite," she ventured.

"Oh, that's just his way of saying 'With pleasure!'" Bob assured her. "He's painfully polite, really. Why, he has more manners and customs than all the rest of us put together."

Betty was not quite convinced as to the race in general, but she knew that she did not have to be afraid of that Chinaman, anyway.

"Now take me around and show me all the things I've read about, cowboys and bronchos and your wonderful scenery. I think I shall enjoy it more, now that I feel I'm in safe hands."

And Pete, noting the eager expression that lit up Bob's face at the

his frank, free manhood, broad-thinking, plain-speaking, true; she, rich in her woman's intuition, gentle, winsome, sincere.

So, thru the afternoon they wandered. He took her to his favorite haunts of forest and cascade, found rare flowers for her, pointed out strange birds. When she exclaimed over the invigorating air, and threw back her head to enjoy it, he showed her how to draw in deep breaths of it



OLD PETER WELCOMES BETTY TO HIS RANCH

suggestion, promptly detailed him to be her escort.

So the two started out, but, if the truth be told, the scenery had not their undivided attention. For, after all, what in Nature is as wonderful as human nature, and what road more interesting than the road to friendship? While they looked down from the heights of the mountains, and watched, with enthusiasm, a typical round-up in the valley, they looked across from the heights of their ideality, and found their eyes on a level, each measuring up to the standard of the other: he, strong in

correctly, till the canyon rang with their laughter over her quaint efforts, and the demon of illness knew that his doom was sealed.

It was the flaming face of the sunset that recalled to them the hour, and sent them back to the ranch-house, where they said good-by, with the promise of more delightful climbs to come. Bob lingered at the door-step, after she had gone, and pledged himself to the task of making her strong and well. But the boys, hovering near-by, could not know how worthy were his thoughts; they could judge only by appearances, and when a

man stands stock still on a door-step, and stares at a door which has just closed on a girl, there is only one interpretation in the cowboy mind. So poor Bob, not being in the humor to stand their jokes, speedily took himself off to his shack.

The passing weeks flew by, with walks and climbs and pleasant talks, and, daily, Betty's health grew better, daily the bond of comradeship grew stronger—until, at last, she was quite well, and her father sent for her to come back to the handsome home in New York which so sorely needed her, and to her merry circle of friends. And Bob, awoke one day to find himself standing in the middle of the road, a cloud of dust in the distance, a merry voice ringing in his ear—"Be sure to write to me," and a little piece of pasteboard in his hand, bearing the inscription:

MISS ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

300 RIVERSIDE DRIVE

But he also awoke to several other things, and straightway went to his favorite mountain haunt to thresh them out. First of all, he loved Betty—loved her with the whole clean, untarnished soul of him—and he had let her go without telling her so. Next he found that Colorado was a barren, sunless, songless land without the glory of her presence. Then, the life of a ranchman and cowboy became unsatisfying; it led to no great heights of achievement, gave no gratification of ambition, no chance for much growth of mind. At last the thought took hold of him, and grew and grew, that if he went to the East, to the great city of opportunity, he, too, could achieve and do and become, for Betty would be there.

He came down out of the mountain, the light of a great determination on his face, and the very day that saw Betty welcomed home, by friends and family, saw Bob mount the old stage-coach out in High Valley, with his comrades bidding him God-speed, and faithful Pete shouting admonitions after him.

One wonders what a Westerner, bred in the vast rolling expanse of Nature's building, where mountains rise thousands of feet and roll down infinite depths, only to rise sky-high again—one wonders how the new Pennsylvania Station in New York, which seems so great a work to Easterners, impresses such a man. One wonders how the city of opulence, its hurry, its sham, strikes a man who has lived all his life where every stone rings true, and every man is known for what he is, rather than for what he has.

But one must keep on wondering, for Bob's attitude will not enlighten him, owing to undue influence. I really doubt if he ever saw the station, or heard the noise in the street, for the picture in his eyes and the singing in his heart. As straight as steel to magnet, he was drawn to her house, and, as he approached it, she came down the steps with her mother and father. Genuine glad surprise shone in her face as she greeted him and presented him to her parents. Her handclasp bespoke the same good-fellowship as before, but Bob was to meet his first rebuff in the indifferent attitude of the girl's father, the coldness of her mother, and in the call of social duty, which forced them to step into the waiting motor and drive off, leaving him standing, alone, on the sidewalk.

Alone in a great city, hemmed in by high brick walls! Alone, with nowhere to go, and Betty speeding out of sight! Alone! And the joy of return, and meeting and being together, past!

For many blocks he walked on, dazed, until he came to a fire-house, into which the firemen were trying to back an engine. Instinctively, he offered to help, and, when he got his hand on the powerful machine, he found a satisfaction in pitting his strength against it. It seemed to take the pressure from his mind.

"I believe I should like to become a fireman," was his unexpected reply to the men's word of thanks.

A man looked him over critically.

"You'd do," he declared. "You've got the build for it. Why dont you take the civil service examination? Here's a card that will tell you all about it."

And so it happened that Bob became a fireman. And how he achieved fame, and what he dared and did, we shall see.

It is a bright, sunshiny morning, some weeks later, and Mr. Williamson is seated in the window of the factory office, the sun streaming down upon his desk, examining some textiles under a magnifying-glass, when Betty bursts in, and begs him to show her around the new building. Reluctantly, he puts down his work, and goes with her, showing her the new machinery, and introducing her to the foremen.

Now, it happens that the magnifying-glass has been laid on a piece of paper, and directly in the sunlight. Before many minutes have passed, from the magnified rays there springs a little tongue of flame, which twists and turns and gropes and reaches out, quickly consuming the paper. Unsatisfied, it spreads to other papers, crackling them in its grasp—and now the cloth—to the woodwork of the desk—growing stronger with each new article it feeds on. Soon the whole desk is burning, and the flames have spread to the rug, the floor, the walls, consuming hungrily, insatiably, everything they touch. Smoke begins to fill the building, men rush for chemical extinguishers, girls flee to stairs and fire-escapes, while the fire gains greater headway, roaring, sputtering, hissing, in its greediness.

Fireman Bob is sitting in his quar-

ters, in a thoughtful, almost dejected, attitude, which has become almost habitual with him, except when called to action, when the alarm rings. He is on his feet and into his boots in an instant, and slides down the pole a full minute ahead of his fellows. The alarm shows the fire to be in the center of the factory district, a fact which is enough to strike terror to the stoutest heart. Another half-minute, and they are speeding to the rescue.

Meanwhile, the smoke in the building has become blinding. Betty, separated from her father by frightened factory-hands, has been driven to the top of the building, by the ever-increasing heat and smoke. She makes her way to the window, stifled for a breath of air. She leans out, in an effort to call, but no sound comes from her throat.

Below, men are shouting orders, the fire-engine has arrived, and the men are

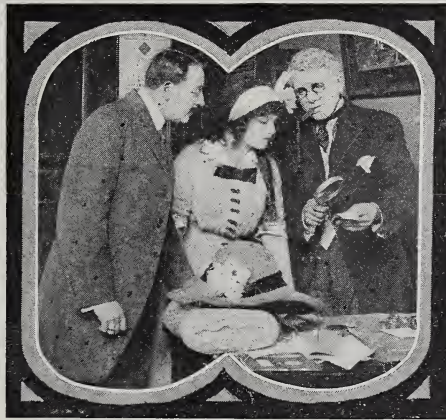
playing the hose and adjusting the ladders. A frenzied man—people say he is the owner of the factory—cries out: "My daughter! Save my daughter! She must be on the top floor! We were separated! Who will save her?"

Bob, who has kept his head in this, his first great fire, has seen a girl lean out of the top-story window, and then stagger back. With iron nerve, he adjusts the ladder and makes his way up. The flames roar at him in fury, the dense smoke all but suffocates him. At last he reaches the window, and climbs in.

"Betty!"

"Bob!"

Then for her, blessed oblivion!



EXAMINING THE TEXTURES UNDER
THE MAGNIFYING-GLASS



For him, the realization that for this has he been called out of his native West; for this has his spirit yearned to be strong and to achieve. For a moment, the exaltation and the glory of it fires him. Then the agony of the situation sweeps over him, and fear assails him for the first time in his life—fear for his so precious burden. Hesitation, doubt, mistrust of his own prowess wring him thru and thru, only to give way before the power of his tremendous will, and, as

he steps out upon the ladder, he is once more the fireman—calm, cool-headed, unflinching, answering the call of duty and of humanity.

The picture seems to fade. I cannot see distinctly, for the smoke that's in my eyes. And yet I feel, I *know*, that all is well.

The Kerry Gow



(Kalem)

By LULU MONTANYE

(This play was purchased from Mr. Joseph Murphy, the original author, and produced in Ireland by the Kalem Company, under the direction of Sidney Olcott.)

"Now listen to me, Miss Nora; are ye goin' to mind what I'm sayin'?"

"Not if you're goin' to be cross, Alice."

Nora Drew laughed roguishly at the exasperated look that Alice Doyle fixed upon her, and, when Nora laughed, the twinkle, that always danced in her Irish-blue eyes, leaped forth into quivering, dazzling lights that made her irresistible. In spite of herself, the older woman smiled at the sunny face.

"Cross, is it?" she said, hastily. "Faith! is it me that ye call cross? No one ever saw me cross but Dennis, and, sure, if a woman cant get cross at her own husband, there's no use gettin' married at all, at all!"

"Now, Alice, dear, sure it's little you mean what you're sayin'."

"Dont I? Mind me now, Miss Nora; a married woman has some experience in life, and that same ex-

perience teaches her not to waste her temper on outside parties, when she's a husband at home who needs the benefit of it."

"Well, then, dont be scolding me for teasing Dan a little."

"Dan's a fine lad, and it's time enough to be teasin' him after ye get him, tho it's true that men are a desavin' lot, and a woman's not to be blamed for distrustin' 'em. Whin a man axes for your heart, he'll kneel at your feet and sigh, but whin he's got it sure, he buttons it up in his breast-pocket, and forgets whin he bruises it!"

"That's a terrible reputation you're giving the men, Alice; I dont think I shall ever marry at all. But, look, who is that coming?"

Both women leaned forward, looking at a solitary horseman who was dismounting beside the low hedge that separated the farmyard from the smooth country road. He was in

military dress, and, as he came forward, doffing his cap respectfully, his eyes lingered, with evident pleasure, on Nora. Her cheeks were flushed a trifle with the excitement of greeting a stranger; her brown curls were ruffled by the crisp breeze, and the blue eyes, that met his so frankly, were very pleasant.

"May I trouble you for a drink of water?" the stranger asked. "I am exhausted from a tramp over your green hills, and I will repay your kindness by presenting you with a brace of birds."

"In Ireland, sir, we dont take pay for hospitality," replied Nora, but Alice interposed, offering a brimming mug of water, while she stretched out a hand for the birds.

"Arrah whist, Captain, never mind the girl. Sure, she dont like to touch anything that's dead. She has given ye the sentiment, but I'll take the birds."

"For shame, Alice!" cried Nora, impulsively, but Alice, laughing, ran off with the birds, and Nora was left, perforce, to entertain the stranger.

"A pretty place you have here," he said, his eyes taking in the quaint beauty of the prosperous homestead, with its comfortable cottage and dairy, its wide-spreading trees and well-kept gardens. "And is this your brother coming?"

The quick blush that spread over Nora's face, as she turned to greet the stalwart young man who was hurrying toward her, was proof that the newcomer was not a brother, even before she spoke, with winning shyness.

"Oh, no, sir, this is Dan."

"And who might Dan be?" he queried, laughing at her shyness.

"I'm called about here the Kerry Gow," replied Dan, speaking for himself, good-naturedly, as he saw nothing but honest friendliness in the stranger's eyes; "and you, sir, are the Captain of the soldiers."

"Right you are, my lad, but what does Kerry Gow mean?"

"The Kerry blacksmith, sir."

"Oh, then you must be Dan

O'Hara," said the Captain, looking at Dan with new interest. "Well, I've heard you well spoken of, and I doubt not you'll present a clean record when my men call at your shop."

"There's no man in County Kerry with a cleaner one, sir," was the proud reply, and, as the Captain, with a last admiring glance at the pretty Nora, rode away, Dan looked down at Nora with an adoring smile. "Sure, it aint his min that are troublin' my heart," he said softly, "it's a slip of a teasin' girl, and ye know her name, Nora, dear."

"Whatever did the Captain mean about the soldiers comin' to your shop, Dan? It scares me! What's it about a clean record—what's the trouble?"

"No trouble for me, my darlin', at all. But you know there's trouble—some times in Ireland just now, and the Government is searchin' all over the country for concealed arms and the likes of that; so I suppose they're comin' to my shop to see if my work is honest, and no swords or pikes around my forge."

"Pikes are what they fight with, aint they?"

"You're right; that's what the boys in Ireland use when they discourse politics with the Government."

"What could they do with a blacksmith if they found him makin' weapons?"

"Hangin' is the penalty; for one blacksmith could arm hundreds of rebels. But you've no cause for fear; Dan O'Hara niver works in the dark, and they're welcome to all the pikes they can find in my forge. But, Nora, dear, niver mind all that now; tell me, when are you goin' to say yes, and marry me?"

Nora's face settled into wistful lines, and the twinkle fled from the blue eyes, at the serious tone.

"I'd like to say yes, Dan," she whispered, "but you haven't got father's consent yet, and I cant talk to you until you do. You see, my mother's dead, and he's no one but brother Raymond and me to comfort his old age, and, since Raymond went

off to school, father seems to depend on me more and more. But now that Raymond's come home, I'm thinkin' he will help us out, for he likes you, Dan. Sure, here comes father now, with Raymond and Major Gruff, and they all look as serious as the priest on a Sunday. You'd better go, Dan; I'm thinkin' it's no time to be arguin' with father just now."

With a quick pressure of his sweet-heart's fingers, Dan obeyed her suggestion, and she turned to the approaching men, asking, anxiously, about the cause for their grave faces.

"It's just this, Nora," the Major said. "Your father is in sore trouble, and I've proposed a possible way out of it, but he wont listen to me, and it's angry at me he is for even mentionin' it."

"What is the trouble?" Nora asked, anxiously.

"The girl needn't be bothered with it," Patrick Drew began, angrily, but Raymond interrupted him.

"Yes," he said, "Nora must know; it is better for her to be prepared, than to have trouble come unexpectedly. You see, Nora, father mortgaged the farm to get money for my college education. I never knew it until today, when the Major told me, against father's wishes. In two weeks the mortgage falls due, and there is no money to pay it. It seems that we will have to leave the old home."

"Leave the old home!" Nora echoed, her cheeks whitening. "Oh, surely, there is some way to raise the money—what can we do?"

"There's just one thing could be done, Nora," declared the Major, "but your father wont listen to reason. There's to be races here soon, and I've been tryin' to get him to allow Raymond to run his horse—there's a good purse up, and the money would save the place. But your father dont believe in racin', and he wont consent."

"No, I wont," declared Patrick Drew, turning an angry face to his son. "I dont believe in horse-racin', boy; ye know that. It's the edication of a gentleman I've given ye, and I'm

not sorry I mortgaged the place to do it, even if it's causin' me bitter trouble now. Somehow, it'll come out right. But mind what I'm sayin'—ye've a fine horse, but whin the races come off, ye'll leave that horse to eat his oats in peace in his own stable."

"Who holds the mortgage?" asked Nora, suddenly. Her eyes were fixed on a man who was coming up the road, and there was a look of startled dread and fear in their blue depths.

"Hay, the land-agent—and there he comes now," Raymond exclaimed, his eyes following his sister's.

There was an evil smile lurking on the land-agent's face as he greeted the little group, with elaborate politeness, and requested a few words with Patrick Drew, alone. Nora looked after them with troubled eyes, as they went into the house, and, as she walked slowly down to the hedge and stood leaning on the little wicker gate, she wondered, sorrowfully, if her brother had told her all the trouble. Somehow, she felt sure that he had withheld something, and the dread in her eyes deepened as she thought of Hay's evil smile. A step sounded on



CONCEALING PIKES IN DAN'S SHOP

the grass, and Hay stood close beside her, bowing low, as he spoke in smooth tones.

"How fortunate I am, Miss Nora. I feared I should not have a chance to speak to you."

"Please let me alone," begged poor Nora. "It's come out here I have to fly from sorrow; don't pursue me with it."

"That's the farthest from my intentions, pretty one. Hasn't your father told you that I bought up the mortgage on purpose to save you and yours from trouble—that all you have to do is accept my suit, and I give the papers to him?"

"So that's the part they wouldn't tell me!" cried Nora, her cheeks blazing. "And you think I'd sell myself to you! You were never more mistaken, Mr. Hay. The Drews ain't that kind of folks."

"Ah," he sneered, "then it is true, as I heard. You prefer the blacksmith—that poor, ignorant lad."

"Poor he is, but not ignorant—nor is he black-souled like yourself! Between you and him there lies a gulf you can never bridge. It's me that will share poverty with him, if need be!"

"You'll talk differently, my pretty lady, two weeks from now, when you see your old father leaving his home," Hay growled, angrily, as he climbed into the smart trap that awaited him by the roadside. "Just think it over till I see you again—perhaps your precious blacksmith won't look so good to you, then."

Rage burned in the land-agent's heart, as he drove homeward, his feelings tingling with the fearless girl's rebuff.

"If it wasn't for the blacksmith, it would be easy," he muttered. "Somehow, I've got to get rid of him! Once he's out of the way, she will give in, rather than see her father suffer."

But the blacksmith had no intention of getting out of the way. On the contrary, his sympathy and devotion in their time of trouble won favor from Patrick Drew. Every day Dan came to the Drew homestead with

some word of cheer or some new suggestion, and the old man learnt to look for him with kindly eyes.

"Ye're a good lad, and I appreciate your kindness; it's like another son ye seem to me," he said one day, and Dan looked up quickly, his eyes kindling. Now was the chance for the question he had so dreaded to ask.

"Arrah, and that's just what I'd like to be, Mr. Drew," he said, his honest face flushing; "if ye'd let me be a son to ye in real earnest, there'd be two sons, instead of one, to work for ye, in case things go wrong."

Then, as Nora came forward, slipping her hand into Dan's, and looking, pleadingly, at her father, he suddenly understood.

"What—rob me of my Nora, now, when I'm losin' everything else?" he said, sadly. "Ah, Dan, it's another sore trouble you're bringin' upon me."

"Ah, no, sir," cried poor Dan; "don't say that—sure, we love each other, and it's far from me to be wantin' to take her heart from ye. There's room in it for us both, and we'll both be good children to ye."

"Well," consented the old man, slowly, "it's a sore trouble to give her up, for it seems like puttin' your heart between hers and mine. But she's lookin' up in my face with her mother's eyes—and I can't say no. Take her, Dan; thank God, you're a good, honest man."

With a cry of joy, Dan caught Nora in his arms, and there was a moment of perfect happiness. Only a moment, however, for, to Dan's amazement, a heavy hand fell on his shoulder, and a stern voice said:

"I believe you told me your name was Dan O'Hara?"

It was the Captain who had made their acquaintance a week before, and Dan looked at him wonderingly as he replied: "I did, that."

"Then I am very sorry, but my duty compels me to make you my prisoner."

"Now, did any one ever see the like of this?" cried Dan. "What have I done to a livin' soul that I should

be a prisoner? What's the charge, Captain?"

"Pike-maker for the rebels. Information was given; your shop was searched, and a quantity of pikes was found in your forge."

"Oh, Dan," screamed Nora, clinging to him desperately, "it isn't true, is it? Why, it means death—you told me so!"

"Aisy, Nora, dear," said Dan,

it will be found out. Give me a smile now, to take to my prison cell with me."

"Everything shall be done to clear this up, Dan," said Patrick Drew, taking the blacksmith's trembling hand. "Raymond will help you, and the Major. We all believe in you."

"Then I'll keep up my courage," Dan answered. "Good-by, sweetheart, and hope for the best, but if the worst



"GIVE ME A SMILE NOW, TO TAKE TO MY PRISON CELL"

patting her head, as he tried to speak calmly. "Captain," he continued, looking that officer straight in the eyes, "I never made a pike in me life; I cant understand—who gave the information?"

"I cannot say—it was under seal. I am sorry for you, Dan; I only execute my orders."

"Now, Nora, darlin'," said Dan, bravely, "dont weep like that; it's some mistake that will be set right. Some one is wantin' me out of the way—I dont know who it can be, but

comes, remember that Dan O'Hara was an innocent man, and that he died lovin' ye in his last minute. Be brave, me darlin'."

But, as Dan marched calmly away, between the lines of soldiers, Nora fell, fainting, into her father's arms.

"Ah, well, the days do seem terrible dreary," sighed Dan, sitting by the little table in his cell. "Well, as long as we have soldiers and jailers, they've got to be after earnin' their money some way, I suppose. Society

wouldn't feel aisy unless it had some poor boy under lock and key, and, faith! being locked up in a stone jug like this doesn't improve a man like it does liquor."

"Hello, Dan," a voice interrupted his musings. It was the Captain, who had come in so quietly that Dan had not heard the sound of the door opening. "I hope they are making you comfortable. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Sure, I'm as comfortable as a man can be, penned up like this," the prisoner replied, "and it's kind of ye to be comin' in to see me, sir."

"I've got a nice surprise for you, Dan. Whom would you like to see coming, just now?"

"Faith! I see it in your eyes—it's Nora! Can it be true, sir, and me with my eyes a-hungerin' for her sweet face till it's half crazed I am?"

"Well, keep sane a few minutes longer," laughed the Captain, as he left the cell, and Dan stared after him, listening eagerly for the light footfall he hardly dared to hope for. At last it came—a quick tread—a hasty rush thru the cell door—two arms stretched out to him—a sweet, tear-drenched face upturned to his.

"Oh, Nora, dear," he sighed, "is it yourself? Do I hold you in my arms again, or is it another dream?"

"Ah, Dan, when they shut you up, they put my heart in a vise at the same minute; it echoes every sigh you utter, and, if they send you to the

scaffold, it's two lives they'll be takin', for my soul will be seekin' yours."

"Aisy, now; dont be talkin' that way. Sure, when the scaffold is built for me it's time enough for me to be complainin' of sore throat."

Dan's old, confident smile accompanied this assertion, and his eyes were so merry and bold that Nora looked up with quick suspicion.

"What do you mean, Dan?"

"Now, darlin', listen to every word, for I have to talk low and quick. Last night I stood up on the cot, and was lookin' out of me window, there, and who should I see but Dinny Doyle, hidin' below, at the foot of the prison wall, waitin' in hopes that, somehow, I'd see him, and he could be after helpin' me. So I took a pin, and pricked a message on a bit of paper, and I told him to go to me shop and find a pair of breeches and boots, just like the ones I have on, and to bring them here in the night. Well, he did it,

and he tied them to a long string, wid a stone on the other end, and threw the stone up till it caught in the bars of the window. Thin, ye see, I drew up the clothes, and I have 'em hid under the bed. Now, tonight, I'll dress up a dummy in the clothes, here by the table, and, when the guard comes in wid my supper, I'll be standin' close by the door, and slip out before he discovers that the man wid his head on the table is only a dummy man. Once outside that door,



DAN UNFOLDS TO NORA HIS PLAN
OF ESCAPE

it'll be aisy, for you must have Dinny waitin' for me wid a boat, at the foot of the prison wall. It's only a big dive, and I'm free! Dinny will pick me up in the boat—hist, there comes the guard!"

"I'm sorry to hurry you, Miss Nora," said the Captain, looking at the couple with pitying eyes, "but the time's up. She can come again, you know, Dan."

"Now, dont cry, darlin'," coaxed

work later, now that Dan's in prison, and, what wid the spies a-watchin' him ivery minute, it's hard to get done at all, at all. And how are ye feelin' about Dan by this time? Maybe now ye wont pout at me if I scold ye for teasing Dan—didn't I tell ye that ye shouldn't be plaguin' a man till after ye got him, and now ye may niver get him at all!"

"Oh, Alice," Nora begged, tearfully, "dont talk like that—if Dan



THEY FIND ONLY A DUMMY IN DAN'S PLACE

Dan; "we'll just live in hopes that the truth will come out."

So Nora, hushing her fears at the hazard that Dan was about to run, went away with a lighter heart than she had brought. There had been no time to perfect the plan for escape, but her quick wit had caught the idea, and she knew that Denny Doyle would not fail in his part. Straight to Denny's home she went, bursting eagerly into the little cottage, and asking anxiously for Denny.

"Sure, he's not home from the forge yet," said his wife; "he has to

should go to the gallows my heart will break! But, you know"—she came nearer, looking around fearfully as she whispered—"you know what's going to be done tonight, dont you?"

"Do I know? Faith! the man that can keep a woman from findin' out what she wants to know is more than mortal! Why, Dinny couldn't be readin' the pin message at all, whin he got it! He brought it home to me, and I soon studied it out for him."

"Well, Dan wants Denny to be waitin' tonight, when he dives off the wall of the prison. Oh, Alice, it scares

me so to think of it! Dont you think it's an awful dangerous thing for Dan to do?"

"Less danger than stayin' where he is, waitin' for them to come and hang him," said Alice, grimly. "Niver fear, child; Dinny and me will pick him up and hide him as safe as a bug in a rug."

"Oh, are you goin' with Denny? Then I can go, too, cant I?"

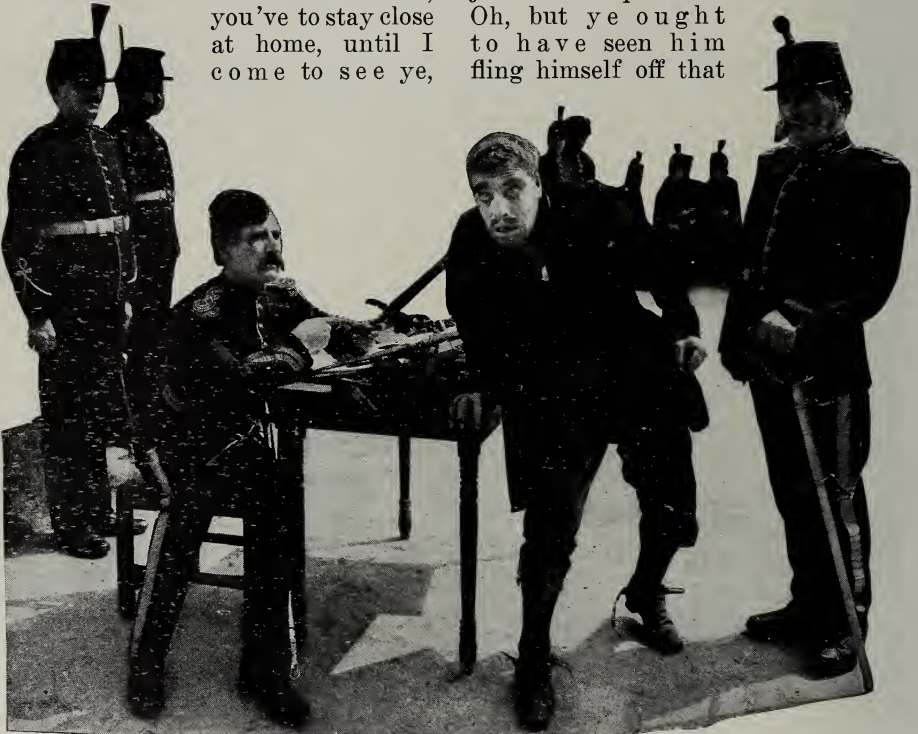
"Not a bit of it; you've to stay close at home, until I come to see ye,

noon, and Nora's face was white and drawn with the long strain of waiting, when she saw Alice running across the field that separated their homes.

"It's all right, Nora, dear, it's all right," she called, breathlessly. "Dan's a free man, and nobody can touch him now, glory be!"

"Hush!" cautioned Nora.

"There's no need to hush, my dear. Wait till I tell ye. Dan got away, just as he planned. Oh, but ye ought to have seen him fling himself off that



THE CONFSSION

some time tomorrow morning. Yes; I know it will be hard to wait for news, but listen to me, me dear. His escape will be known within three minutes of the time he leaves his cell—the first place they'll watch is your house. You must be there, actin' as innocent as a lamb—dont ye see?"

Nora saw, and, tho the night seemed interminable, she stayed quietly at home, praying fervently while the long hours dragged by. With the early dawn, she began to watch for Alice's coming, but it was mid-fore-

noon—it seemed an hour to me before he struck the water and we had him safe in the boat. We got him away, tho they was a-firin' after us before we'd gone far, but they might better have saved their bullets. For, listen to this! The man who hid the pikes in the forge wint and confessed, last night. If Dan had waited half an hour longer, he could have walked out the door, a free man, instead of jumpin' off the wall into the sea—but sure, Dan always loved a bit of excitement!"

"But who hid the pikes? What object did he have?"

"His name is Kiernan; he's a worthless fellow, but when he found his act was goin' to cost Dan O'Hara his life, his conscience would give him no rest, and he owned up. But what his motive was, no one can get out of him; he wont say what made him do

"The mortgage money is due this afternoon," she sighed, "and there's no money to pay it. Hay will take the place, and I dont know what we shall do."

"Niver ye fear; you've your brother and Dan both to work for ye," consoled Alice. "Ye ain't goin' to starve for a long time yit!"



DAN SENDS A MESSAGE TO NORA AFTER THE FIRST HEAT

it. But—now dont breathe a word of this—your brother and the Major and my Dinny have had their heads together, and they think Hay was at the bottom of it. They say he wanted to get rid of Dan, so he could have ye for himself. So just ye keep quiet and watch, and something will be comin' to light yit!"

But the mention of Hay had started Nora's thoughts in a new direction, and she sighed dismally.

"But the dear old home—I love it so," sighed Nora.

In spite of her great thankfulness for Dan's escape, she was very unhappy, as she thought of her father's distress at losing his home.

"Where's Dan?" she asked, suddenly.

"Down to his shop, hammerin' horseshoes as if nothin' had ever happened."

"I'm goin' to run down to see

him," she declared. "I'll feel better when I see him, with my own eyes. You go in the house, Alice, and try to cheer father up—I'll soon be back."

When she reached the shop, Dan was pounding away busily, shoeing a splendid coal-black horse, but he stopped instantly, to take Nora into his strong arms.

"It's good for sore eyes ye are, darlin'," he vowed, "but, sure, ye

"It's everything to ye; Raymond has entered his horse, unbeknownst to your father—and right he is; it's for the old man's own good, and he'll see it whin the money is won to save the place."

"But maybe Raymond wont win."

"You bet he will win, and Dan O'Hara's the man that's goin' to see that he does. Listen, Nora"—he bent close to her, whispering—"do ye



THE CARRIER-PIGEON ARRIVES WITH THE FIRST MESSAGE

dont look as happy as ye ought to, wid me just escaped from the hangman!"

"Oh, Dan, I am happy and thankful—but poor father feels so bad, and the old home has got to go—it seems wicked to be happy when father feels so terrible. You know the mortgage is due this afternoon."

"Cheer up, sweetheart; somethin' else is due this afternoon, too."

"What do you mean?"

"Sure, the races come off this afternoon."

"But what's that to us?"

mind this horse I'm shoein'? Aint he a beauty? He ought to be—he's the famous Starlight, the horse that's never been beaten—and that villain of a Hay has brought him here to race against Raymond this day, and spoil our hopes of winnin' the purse. But that horse will never win—it's Dan O'Hara that's a-shoein' him now, and all's fair in love and war—that horse wont be in shape to win a race!"

Nora pulled away from Dan's arms, suddenly, and looked straight into his eyes.

"You cant do that, Dan," she said, sharply. "That's not fair!"

"Fair, is it? Does he play fair? Have I got a reason to be fair to him? Listen, child; I didn't mean to tell ye yet, but ye can keep a secret. Raymond and the rest of them have found out that it was Hay that made all my trouble—he hired the fellow to hide the pikes in my forge, so I'd be out of

belonged to my best friend. Hay doesn't suspect that I know what horse this is, or he'd niver have sent him here, but he needn't worry—Dan O'Hara will play fair."

"And we'll win, just the same," declared Nora; "just see if we dont—but, oh, Dan, how can I ever wait till the race is over, for the news? You'll all be there, watchin', but I must stay



PATRICK ARRIVES IN TIME TO PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE

his way. Have I got a right to get even? Hay'll be arrested for conspiracy as soon as ever the race is over."

The girl's eyes never wavered as they held her sweetheart's steadily.

"He's a false man, but you're a true one, Dan. We cant win the race at the price of your honor."

For a moment Dan hesitated; then he bent and kist Nora's hand.

"Right ye are, me darlin'," he said. "Sometimes a man sees crooked, and it takes a woman to set him straight. I'll shoe the horse as if it

home with father, eatin' my heart out with suspense."

"No; I've been thinkin' of that, and I've a fine way figured out, to keep you posted. You know your little carrier-pigeons? I'm goin' to take three of them wid me, in a basket, and after each heat I'll let one of them loose, with a note tied to its neck. 'Twill fly straight to ye—and you'll have the news. Now run along, me darlin', and let me finish this work. And pray God that the race may be ours—sure He ought to give ye that reward, when your sweet, honest soul

kept me from a mean, dishonest way of winnin' the prize, and He will. Tonight, at sundown, we'll all be standin' together by the old home, and your father will be thankin' us for disobeyin' him."

And Dan's prophecy came true. The setting sun that night touched a happy group on the green lawn of the Drew homestead.

"I cant hardly believe it, yet," Patrick Drew was saying, his eyes dwelling fondly on his children. "First, when Nora told me the horse was runnin', in spite of my orders, I was mad—then I begun to think what it would mean! Then, when the little

white pigeons begun comin' with their messages, I forgot everything else, and just hung on their wings like an old gambler! Sure, my old grandfather was a sportin' man—there must be some of it in me, after all! But the farm is saved; Hay's in jail for his conspiracy against Dan—it cant be that races are so wicked, after all!"

"Arrah, me old mither used to say, there's a time for ivrything," laughed Dan. "I'm thinkin' this was the time for us to take up horse-racin'. And, thanks to Nora, dear, it was an honest, clane race. Sure's there's a woman at the bottom of ivry good thing!"



Laura's Birthday Party

By KATHERINE MAXWELL RICHARDSON



Invitations had been issued to the party,
But mother suddenly was taken ill;
There was to be no noise, the doctor ordered,
And Laura's little world seemed cold and chill.
Mother saw the saddened childish face,
And wondered how she could dispel the gloom;
When suddenly a bright idea came to her,
So she called her little daughter to her room.

She told her when her little friends assembled,
Instead of fun at home, they all could go,
In company with sisters Grace and Jessie,
To a most delightful Moving Picture Show.
Laura brightened up, and soon the fairies
Were dancing in her mischievous blue eyes;
She declared it was much better than a party,
And would be just like a regular surprise.

And so it proved to be—no gayer party
Ever passed within a picture theater's doors;
How they laughed and thrilled in turn at each new picture,
And with all their might they joined in the applause.
And when the show was over, they were taken,
As a finish to the treat, to get ice-cream;
Between the mouthfuls they kept up a constant chatter
About the pictures they had seen upon the screen.

They voted it a grand theater party,
And that night, before Laura went to bed,
She stole quietly into her mother's bedroom,
And, kissing her good-night, she softly said:
"Mother, dear, I'm sorry you were ill,
And I hope you are not feeling very bad,
But I'm glad I couldn't have a regular party,
For this was the *best* birthday I ever had."



Twist Love and Ambition

BY
HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

"WINKIE" DAN had his own private opinion of that story his Uncle John was forever telling him about, "The Lady of the Hills."

Only once had Winkie Dan expressed his unbiased thought about the tale, and then "Junker"—which was the way he had always got "Uncle John" twisted around his tongue from the first day he began to speak and to notice things—Junker both laughed and *cried almost* at what he had said. Winkie Dan would rather a good sight be locked up in a dark room with "white things" and go without jam for nine million days, than cause Junker's face to grow one mite sadder than it was already.

But that time when he, Winkie Dan, had hurt Junker by what he had said, was ever present in his mind. Junker had started in, as usual, to tell something about her, when Winkie Dan had merely remarked:

"But, Junker, I'd a good deal rather hear about Injuns, or robbers, or——"

Then Winkie Dan saw that he had

done something to Junker's feelings; he stopped abruptly, with a hard lump, like a glass alley, in his throat.

"In other words—she's got to be a 'chestnut,' eh? I don't wonder, Winkie Dan; I've told you something about her nearly every night since my dear sister died, and left you to me. I'll not bother my little side-partner any more. I'll keep it inside, if it burns a hole clean thru me."

Winkie Dan was on the point of saying something about offering assistance with the little fire-engine Junker had given him for his sixth birthday, but something told him that the remark was inappropriate. "You c'n tell me about her, if you want, Junker," he had said, shamefacedly.

But Junker had only smiled and looked down and kist Winkie Dan, with his eyes awful shiny-like.

Then it was that Winkie Dan began to go about really and truly thinking, with an expression on his fair little brow just exactly the same as Junker always wrinkled on his when he took him to the big city restaurant and studied the bill-of-fare.

Then it came over Winkie Dan, for the first time, that Junker had always gone around with an awful unhappy look that got into that part of little boys' insides where the sighs come from. He had felt the same way, he remembered, when his hound pup had died and he had thought of the way she used to come and lick his hand. It was a lump on, or a hole in, one's feelings—which, he was not yet prepared to swear to. But there was something wrong with Junker's feelings, and it wasn't any wobbly hound pup, either.

Then, suddenly, it flashed across Winkie Dan's mind that possibly—"Now don't go an' tell anybody what I say—yet," he told his only confidant, Teddy Bear—that The Lady of the Hills had something to do with it—maybe.

"I'd shoot her with a bow'n-arrrer, if she done anything to him!" he vouchsafed many times during the day.

He waited, impatiently, until Junker should come home from his day in the city.

He found it a most delicate subject to broach, when he had snuggled up in Junker's lap before the open fire that evening.

"Well, what can I do for my little side-partner tonight?" asked Junker, on observing his anxious, inquiring gaze.

"I want you to tell me all over again about"—Winkie Dan shifted uneasily; so did Junker, but he kept silent—"about The Lady of the Hills!"

Junker made no immediate reply, but just hugged Winkie Dan tight.

"You're a brick, Winkie Dan," said Junker, at length, tho the latter couldn't see the point of his remark. "Nothing will make me happier than to talk about—her. It's all a fairy story, you know."

Winkie Dan didn't quite agree, but he had special reasons for wanting to hear it all again. "Tell me it all over again."

Junker cleared away all that thick, funny sound that had come in his voice, and then, looking deep into the smoky shadows of the fireplace, he began:

"Once upon a time, there was a most beautiful and sweet girl. A Beggar of a fellow fell in love with this beautiful girl, and asked her to marry him. She said 'Yes,' and the Beggar was very happy. Then there came along a handsome chap who made love to the sweet girl, and, finally, won her heart. Now this chap was really a Prince in disguise, and his name was Music." Junker paused, and



THE POPULAR SINGER

seemed lost in voiceless thought.

When Winkie Dan could stand it no longer, he asked: "But, then, you went around and got the girl, didn't you?"

"Me?" said Junker, a little sharply, looking at Winkie Dan in a half scared way. "You mean the Beggar chap! Oh, yes, he went around to the girl's little home, but he found the sweet girl sitting at the piano, in company—heart and soul—with that chap, Music. Then she told the Beggar fellow that she had changed her mind, and had decided to go off to another land, for she had found

that she loved the other fellow better."

"Junker," burst forth Winkie Dan, wrathfully, "I dont like her a-tall!"

Junker laid his hand gently on the boy's shoulder. "But you would, if you knew her." He always said this, and Winkie Dan had his doubts. "Well, she went off to another land to

Let's call her Marie. Well, Marie's husband soon began to make her very popular in their new land. She won the admiration of kings and queens thru her Prince Charming, Music. Gifts, honors and wealth were showered upon her."

"And what became of—of——"

"Oh, he just went his quiet way. He, too, had found a treasure to



THE DYING MOTHER GIVES HER BOY INTO HER BROTHER'S KEEPING

study. She said she still loved the Beggar—but——"

"She didn't," snapped Winkie Dan.

"I'm afraid you're right, side-partner. Anyway, the poor Beggar fellow loved her with all his heart. He left the big city, and went to the country. But he couldn't get away from——"

"What was her name?" demanded Winkie Dan.

"Oh-h, it makes little difference.

love." Junker's arm tightened about Winkie Dan. "And together he and his little treasure lived in their quiet valley. On the distant hills lived Marie—The Lady of the Hills!"

"Where is she now?" persisted Winkie Dan.

"There is no *now*—or future to fairy stories, little side-partner," said Junker, in a way that reminded Winkie Dan painfully of his hound pup licking his hand again.

"Is she still away in that place?"

"Bless you, no. She is somewhere in the big city."

"The Beggar man's big city?"

"No doubt," Junker said, uncomfortably, and then abruptly: "I think little side-partner better be running up to bed. Good-night, Winkie Dan."

"Good-night, Junker. Thanks."

Winkie Dan fully decided, as he lay for more than an hour that night thinking it over, to shoot Marie with his bow'n-arrier—if he ever found her.

He told this to both Teddy and Miggie the next day. Miggie was Winkie Dan's nurse. She was a good nurse, Winkie Dan thought, because she took cold tea from a bottle, and let him go 'most anywhere while she slept. He could trust her with every word he said, too. Miggie used to take Winkie Dan down to the little park near the river, and spend the larger part of every clear day there.

It was about the middle of the summer that Winkie Dan was asked his name by a very beautiful lady dressed all in white. The lady smelled just too beautiful for words, and, besides, she had about the funniest-looking thing around her wrist that Winkie Dan had ever seen. Miggie had told him to come and wake her at once if any stranger ever spoke to him, and he would probably have done it, had it not been that the beautiful lady in white, seeing his interest in the curious wrist-bag, took it off, and placed it in his hand.

"Winkie Dan," he said, suddenly remembering the question that he had been asked.

"What an odd name!"

There was something about the voice of the lady that reminded him of some musical instrument he had once heard.

"May I sit down here on the bank and talk with you, Winkie Dan?" she asked gravely, bending over him.

"I'll see if Miggie's awake first," said he, prudently. Winkie Dan could never remember having had a stronger wish for anything than to open that funny bag, fast to the lady's wrist. Miggie was asleep.

"Gee, but this is a funny bag," chuckled Winkie Dan, a few minutes later. "It's nearly worth as much as my stone blocks that Junker gave me."

"This was given me by a real live foreign queen," countered the lady, smiling.

Winkie Dan suddenly remembered something that presents from a queen suggested. Unfortunately, he had left his bow'n-arriers home this day of all days. He drew away, and fairly bristled as he asked:

"Are you The Lady of the Hills—an' I aint foolin', either?"

The beautiful lady looked quite astounded for a moment, and then she replied, very softly: "I dont think I am, altho I live on a hill—that's my house yonder." She pointed to a splendid place across the river.

Winkie Dan breathed a sigh of re-



THE FAIRY STORY

lief. He didn't want her to be the hated Lady of the Hills; she was too nice.

"I'm glad you're not her," he said, emphatically. "She's in a fairy story with Junker. She ran away from Junker with a feller named Music, and when I catch her, I'm goin' to shoot her with my bow'n-arrrer."

Winkie Dan paid no attention to the funny way the woman acted, because he believed all women were kind of funny, anyway. He might have told her more about the story, for there was something about her soft and sweet that he seemed to have always been looking for, and just found. He never liked to have Miggie hug him, but he sort of wished that this beautiful lady would. But everything was spoiled by Miggie suddenly waking up.

"Miggie, and Junker, too, said I mustn't speak to strangers," he said, regretfully, as he abruptly left her.

There was something in the look she gave him that made him turn several times, thinking she had called him. A few minutes later she walked away to a large automobile that was waiting in the roadway.

It must have been two weeks later that Winkie Dan saw the beautiful lady in the park by the river again. Without even looking to see if Miggie was asleep, he ran straight up to her, with less dignity than he ever remembered having shown.

"Have you been looking for me?" he asked, boldly.

"Yes," she confessed.

"I have been looking for you," said Winkie Dan, and she took his hand, and they walked to a cool, shady spot on the river's bank.

"Tell me the story of The Lady of the Hills—whom you are going to shoot with your bow'n-arrrer. Did you bring it with you today, my little Cupid?"

"No, but I can run home and get it while Miggie is asleep," he said, half rising.

She detained him with a hand he wished she would keep there a long, long time, it was so sweet to feel. Even Junker's hand was heavier than that.

Then he sat down, and she held him gently near her, while he told her the whole story of The Lady of the Hills. He tried to put all the gruffness in that Junker did, and added a little for himself. He felt a queer little movement of her body by his side when he had finished, and looked up. The beautiful lady was crying to



WINKIE DAN WANTS TO GO ROWING

herself in her handkerchief!

"I didn't mean to be so rough when I told it. Honest I didn't," said Winkie Dan, taking the beautiful lady's hand, and caressing it, while a sympathetic distress clutched at his own heartstrings in a way that made him hold on tight to keep from crying, too.

"And you don't feel a bit sorry for The Lady of the Hills?" asked the beautiful lady, at length.

"I only feel sorry for Junker. Will you cross your heart, if I tell you something?"



JUNKER HEARS OF DAN'S
DISAPPEARANCE

"Cross my heart," swore the beautiful lady, solemnly.

"Well, Junker is the Beggar of that fairy story; he can't fool me." Winkie Dan tossed his head the way he had seen Miggie do it. "An' he thinks—"

"Winkie! Winkie!" a shrill voice was calling.

"She'll tell Junker that I was naughty, if I don't go right away," lamented Winkie Dan, as he ran away.

The sun was creeping low in the western hills before the beautiful lady rose, half wearily, and walked slowly back to her waiting car.

Miggie took a different route after that, passing under the bridge and down to the stretch of wharf by the very river's edge. Winkie Dan knew that Junker had expressly forbidden her to go there, but he had lots of fun playing among the bobbing rowboats, so he said nothing. He always was on the lookout for the beautiful lady, and would have stolen back up to the bank if he had seen her in the park.

Above all things, Winkie Dan

wanted to confide his adventure of the beautiful lady to his side-partner, Junker. For hadn't Junker confided in him? Winkie Dan would have given his whole boxful of mechanical toys, and been content to let Santa Claus skip him altogether next Christmas, if Junker and the beautiful lady could only meet. Junker was so kind and good and *lonely*. And the beautiful lady was so sweet and beautiful; and that was what would make you laugh—*she was so lonely, too*.

Winkie Dan didn't know just how to tell it, but he was of the opinion that the beautiful lady might take the place of The Lady of the Hills, and so settle this whole matter that made Junker unhappy and Winkie Dan miserable.

Then, suddenly, it occurred to Winkie Dan how he might broach the great compromise—he would tell Junker *his* fairy story!

For five days he made up and made up, but each time gave up in despair. Finally, he decided to tell Junker what he had made up.

Junker was scowling over the even-



WINKIE DAN'S HAT TELLS THE
STORY



THE LADY OF THE HILL'S POPULARITY INCREASES

ing paper the way you scowl at the cat when she has knocked down a fine house of blocks you have just built.

"Four weeks' triumphal tour!" sniffed Junker, over the article he was reading. "The whole country at her feet! Oh, did you speak, side-part-

ner?" he asked, looking over the top of the paper at Winkie Dan.

"I was going to tell you a—a fairy story," said Winkie Dan, half fearfully.

"I'll be a bad audience tonight, little Winkie Dan. Let's wait until tomorrow night, and I'll promise you

everything. I'm all upset, little shaver. I'm going out for a walk. Good-night!"

Winkie Dan was alarmed. He glanced at the news-sheet belligerently. He sprang towards it with a cry. There was a large picture printed that looked ever so much like his beautiful lady. He went up to bed with the beginnings of a great plan forming in his puzzled brain. He was desperate.

It was about noon the next day that

before his door. A pale-faced servant handed him a note the chauffeur had brought. He read it:

You have probably heard terrible reports about precious Winkie Dan. He has been rescued from the river. He is practically well and safe with his friend. Take the car and come at once.

"My God!" was all that passed Junker's trembling lips.

It was a drive of about four miles across the nearest bridge. The chauffeur



AND THEN WINKIE DAN, HAPPY, WENT FAST ASLEEP

one of the rivermen woke the rum-soaked Miggie to tell her that the last he had seen of her kid he was playing in one of the boats. Now, the boat and the kid were both missing. He was nowhere to be seen on the surface of the water. The tide was fast going out; a squally wind had sprung up. A bend in the river hid the worst part of it from sight. Junker, or John Sterne, her charge's uncle, was due home on a train that arrived in less than an hour!

Miggie fled to parts unknown.

When John Sterne arrived home, he found a big touring-car drawn up

feur made it in something like seven minutes. A hush hung over the great country-house as he was admitted by a butler.

"This way, sir."

With dread, Junker followed him up the broad stairs. The butler paused before the door of a room, softly opened it, and respectfully stood one side, closing it again when Junker had entered. He was about to rush up to the great bed, when he saw, in the subdued light, the form of a woman bending over it, with her arms around his little side-partner, Winkie Dan.

There was something about it all that made him tremble like a flame in the wind. Then the child saw him, and gave a cry of delight.

"Oh, it's Junker! It's Junker!"

The woman sprang up with a little shudder, and turned, and faced him.

In that moment, the boy was forgotten. Neither moved until his little voice piped up: "Junker, this is the beautiful lady of *my* fairy tale. I

wanted you to take her instead of that old Lady of the Hills!"

Then it was that she moved forward, and gently took his hands in hers.

"I have come back," she whispered. "Seven lonely years have I spent in fairyland."

"Marie!" was all he said, folding her tightly to his hungry breast.

Winkie Dan, the author of the pretty tale, had gone fast asleep.



The Picture Show

By SYDNEY RUSSELL

(Age 14 years)

Oh, what is the thing whose praises all sing?

Where every one can go;

What is it brings joy to every girl and boy?

Why, the picture show!

That's where I have learnt all my geography;

That's where all my favorite players I see.

Oh, there's no other place where I'd rather be,

Than the picture show.

What is it brings joy to every girl and boy?

A place we all well know;

Where you'll have a good time for a nickel or dime,

Why, the picture show!

What is it whose memories none can erase?

Which, sooner than you think, will be the one place

Which will be patronized by the whole human race.

Yes, the picture show.

The talkative couple behind you!





HAD not a blanket of fog hung over the island of Niihau, these events would never have happened. If the ship's carpenter had not been fitting a new combing to a lifeboat, dropping his tools when the *Perdita* shoved her nose on the reef, after-events would have probably come out very differently. But if the Rev. John Grangor, a retiring missionary, coming home from China, had not been on board, there would be absolutely no after-story to tell.

The trade-winds from the northeast had cooled the steamer's decks all the way across from Hongkong, but, as she neared Hawaii, they suddenly died down, and a hot, damp wind came up from the southwest, smelling of the equator.

Presently, close off Kaula, the fog set in, and the air became thick and breathless; the *Perdita* slowed down to half speed, and nosed along blindly, grunting her whistle like a pig in a sack.

Second Officer Edward Willard was shaving his chin by the light of a bracket-lamp when the *Perdita* struck—it was as if something big

had risen out of the Pacific and slapped the steamer a resounding buffet, the way she quivered and groaned—and, almost at the same time, pandemonium broke loose.

Willard had barely run to his station, in the stern, when the mob from the stoke-hole burst on deck, and, cursing and howling, started to rush the boats.

It was a man's work, then, holding them back, with a cracked skull or two, until the passengers were lowered over the rail. As each boat was filled, it rowed off southward, for a few strokes, then was swallowed in the fog.

The sea had risen to the *Perdita*'s counter when Willard, with the five remaining members of her crew, prepared to lower her last boat—a little one off the second cabin smoking-room. They were tumbling in—not the pick of the crew, the officer noticed—when a girl appeared on deck, leading an old man in the black clothes of a clergyman. He was very feeble, and controlled his feet with the utmost difficulty.

Willard sprang to their side—a

fathom below, the boat's crew were muttering at his delay—and lifted the invalid over the rail.

"Below there!" he ordered; "lend a hand," and the clergyman was eased into the boat. The girl nimbly followed, then Willard, and soon they were putting off, steering west, with a last backward look at the sinking *Perdita*.

They had been out in the fog some

disclosed an ugly head of high rock within a ship's length of them.

Willard skirted its base, and steered for the lower lying coast beyond.

With the fog still lifting, and the sun coming thru against the foliage of hills back of the coast, the crew put the lagging boat thru the water at a smart pace, and soon had opened up a bit of coral beach.

Here they beached her, and every



FLORA RECOVERS FROM HER FRIGHT AND FATIGUE

three hours, with four men at the oars, and the old man shivering, even in his heavy coat, when Willard distinctly heard the slap of the surf against rocks.

He leaned forward, as if trying to cut thru the gray wall of the sea. "A little to starboard—steady there!"

The boat kept on—an interminable time—until the sounds became plain to all.

"I'm thinking, sir," said one of the men, "it's Niihau."

As he spoke, the fog lifted, and

one got out and stretched, as if at the end of a nightmare journey.

While the girl set her companion upon the beach, where he sat humped up and disconsolate, Willard ordered their little store of provisions brought ashore, and made a careful inventory of them. For, he thought, in his methodical way, this might be the coast of Niihau, inhospitable at best, or, again, it might not be.

The crew, one of them carrying a wicker demijohn, started on a tumbling walk down the beach.

"Here, you!" sang out Willard. "What have you got there?"

The man with the demijohn stopped, and faced about his ugly, blue mug. Willard beckoned for him to return, and, on his obeying, ordered him to leave his burden on the beach. The man reluctantly obeyed—it was evidently rum filched from the ship's stores, in the scramble for the boats—and turned back to join his companions.

Willard glanced at the demijohn,

said in a low voice, glancing toward the old man.

"Danger? None," he assured her, smiling, "save what we may make for ourselves. To tell you the truth," he added, lowering his voice, "I don't half like the looks of the men in the boat's crew that we brought with us."

"But they are under your command." She said this as if he were a species of monarch.

"True," he answered, "but Jack ashore is different from Jack on ship-



WILLARD ORDERS THE CREW TO STOP DRINKING

and was tempted to smash it, then and there, and have done with it. But it was a valuable store, in case of sudden sickness, and he added it to his other supplies.

All this time the girl, sitting on the beach, had been eyeing him boldly, and he suddenly thought of her.

"I don't know where we are, miss," he said, lifting his cap, "and won't know until the men come back. At a guess, I should say we were on the almost uninhabited island of Niihau."

"Then there is no danger?" she

board—especially after a wreck the worst part of him seems to crop out."

"Have you noticed anything wrong with them?" she asked.

"Only little things—but I know the reputation of Hongkong dock-rats and beach-combers, such as these. It's a fist between the eyes first, and after that love and respect."

He turned away, to busy himself with the stores; then, awkwardly, approached her again.

"Would your father care for a little stimulant?" he asked, with an eye on the demijohn.

"Oh, no, thanks," she spoke up quickly; "Mr. Grangor would never think of taking any."

There were several tins of soup in the stores, and Willard set about prying off the covers, and in gathering driftwood for a fire.

Presently the girl joined him. "Can't I be of use?" she asked, and, for the first time, Willard noticed that she was good-looking, with a round, even chin and wide-set, childish eyes.

"Yes," he admitted; "if there's anything more to cooking than making a fire, I'll gladly take further commands from you."

The supper was well under way when the boat's crew returned, and Willard assigned them a place on the beach, with one of them, the man with the blue chin, to wait on the others.

They ate noisily and with relish, with an eye ever on the demijohn.

After the meal, Willard questioned them, at length, on the results of their exploring trip, but not one of them could say, definitely, whether it was an island or not. In fact, they admitted they had not left the beach.

Willard figured that he had at least two hours before sunset to climb the range of hills back of the beach, so, ordering the men to explore the coast to the north of the head, he set out alone.

Like most sailors, he was a poor climber up the rocky, lava-covered slope, and it was almost dusk before he reached the summit. What he saw to the east was beautiful: a rare tropic sun-bath of orange and red streaking the purple sea, but it convinced him that they were upon a small island some distance from the true coast of Niihau.

As he clambered down the slope, now and then he caught a glimpse of the roaring fire on the beach, and, as he drew nearer, the wind blew the sound of boisterous voices to him. There was trouble of some kind ahead for him.

Willard broke thru the fringe of candle-nut trees, and started on a run down the beach. The boat's crew had

ceased singing and shouting, and were standing in a little group by the fire. Quite near them, with the flames playing shadows over her, stood the girl passenger. Her half crouch suggested the action of a big cat at bay.

The second officer drew his revolver, and appeared suddenly out of the night. The firelight showed up the faces of the men plainly: that they had been drinking hard was evident.

"Draw off," Willard ordered, "and build a fire for yourselves farther down the beach. I'll have no drunken trouble-makers in this camp."

Seeing the shining thing in his hand, they silently obeyed, and, a half-hour later, a second fire started into glowing life on the sands.

Willard lay on his back some few yards from his charges, and stared up into the vault of blackness above him. At last, a kind of troubled sleep came over him—a sleep in which visions of sinking steamers, countless demijohns floating on the sea, and a pair of sparkling, wide-set eyes were mixed in chaotic confusion.

He was dreaming that these eyes were staring at him, like pools of reproach, when a light hand upon his shoulder caused him to sit up and to look at these creatures of his dream.

"Mr. Willard," said the girl, "something dreadful has happened during the night."

He sprang to his feet, looked about him, and needed no further words. The store of provisions was gone, the boat was gone; no signs of life appeared on the beach. Only an empty demijohn rolled, lazily, in the shallow, sparkling water. The boat's crew had evidently taken a scant French leave during the hours of his vivid dream.

"Well," said the officer, after a few minutes of slack-jawed gazing, "they're gone, kit and boodle. We can't make any worse start than Adam did, anyway." Then, suddenly remembering that the girl was very much in the position of Eve, he stopped, and blushed fiery red under his sea tan.

"There's breakfast to be thought of," he resumed, "and I'm going

back of the beach to knock down some cocoanuts."

When he returned, with an armful of the tough-shelled nuts, the girl had rigged a sort of beach-chair for the old clergyman, against which he rested easily. Willard noticed one other contrivance that made him wonder at her ingenuity. It was a silk signal flag, tied neatly to a long pole, but, by its flounce, it would have been recognized as the offspring of a brown silk petticoat by almost any one but an unmarried seafaring man.

After a breakfast on the nuts, which, when fresh plucked, are as tender as porridge, Willard asked permission to light his pipe. He might as well tell them the worst, he thought, and be done with it: that they were a good twenty miles from the nearest inhabited island, and out of the regular path of vessels.

They took the news cooler than he thought—there was no fright, nor complaint, from the girl. It was only the old clergyman who groaned and looked feebler than usual, if possible.

Then the girl told him that her name was Flora Cavendish, and that her guardian, the Rev. Mr. Grangor, was taking her to San Francisco for the first time in her life.

A week passed on the island, but little of consequence happened, except that Willard dug up a patch of kalo bushes, and instructed Flora how to

bruise and bake the roots into a flour—the *poi* of all righteous Hawaiians. Then, too, the clergyman grew feebler day by day, just a natural petering out, and watched their signalling from the head, with an interest of resignation.

One day, as the sun turned their little bay into molten silver, and the coral sand around them sparkled with the luster of pearls, he called them to

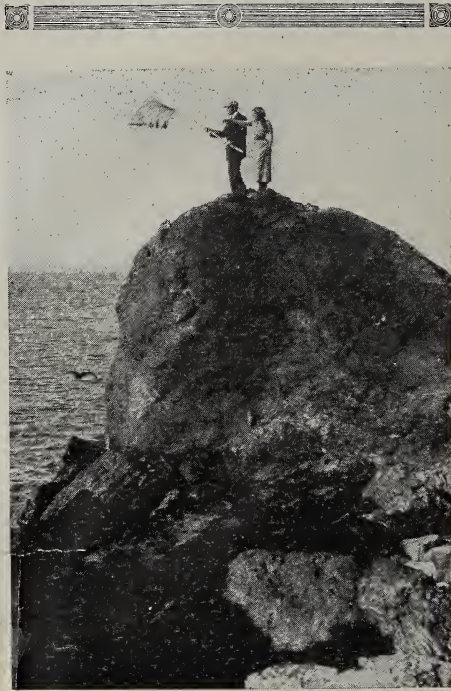
his side, and told them that he did not expect to survive the night. One thing lay on his mind, almost greater than the contemplation of his call to the beyond: it was that he might have the satisfaction of uniting them, then and there.

Such a thing Edward Willard had conjectured in his dreams only, and he could see it came as a sudden shock to the girl. But the old missionary held them, with his filming eyes, and warned them that his duty lay clear and shining before him.

It is only in penny novels that marriage is pro-

posed so suddenly, especially on a strip of uninhabited island in mid-ocean, so it is natural that the principals should have shown signs of reluctance and embarrassment.

But the scarcely lingering old man was insistent: a vision had come to him that they two should spend the remainder of their days on the island, and he, who had had his Christian will with so many stony-eyed Orientals, succeeded in joining their hands,



HOPING TO SIGNAL A PASSING
VESSEL

if not their hearts, together on the sands in front of him.

Having had his will, some time later in the day he looked squarely into the setting sun, told Flora to pluck out his scanty purse, murmured a blessing, and, folding his hands tightly, passed away, quickly, in the invisible boat that plies wherever a soul beckons from the shore.

From then on, for several days,

where harmony and friendliness had ruled before in the little camp of three, a species of frigid formality hung over the open-air home of the two survivors. As a matter of fact, both these normal young people thought the other had been sacrificed to the whim of the late Mr. Grangor, and, while Flora took to long walks on the beach and among the rocks, Edward developed strong domestic tendencies, and set to work keeping a diary. He soon tired of this child's play, however, and, one day, throwing down his notebook, set out upon a trip of exploration down the beach.

While this model of domesticity was absent, Flora came back to the little patch of velvety sand, misnamed home, and spied his diary, thrown carelessly upon the beach. She picked it up, and, with pardonable curiosity, ran thru its pages. It contained a dry and unromantic record of the set of the winds, tides, and a seaman's carefulness for dates. The passage that caused her to groan miserably,

however, and to cast the book back on the beach, ran something like this: "Thursday, April 28th. Wind N.N.E., back in the trades. Minister is dying. He insists that I should marry Flora, this little girl. If I ever see you again, Evelyn, remember that I loved you——"

At almost the same time that this domestic tragedy was being acted, Edward ran down the beach to some

rocks on the water's edge with a hoarse shout of discovery. A native boat, but slightly damaged, lay wedged in the grip of two boulders. He looked it over, almost tenderly, with a lump rising in his throat, and realized that, with a little repairing, it would serve to escape with, from the island. What a providential thing, he thought, feeling the little boat's broken ribs, that the *Perdita's* carpenter had left his tools in the life-boat, and that the boat's crew had cast them on the beach. In a day or two at most—

He broke into a mellow bass care-free song.

Before the stars had paled the next morning, he shook himself awake, and was off down the beach, carrying his tools. What a stupendous surprise he had in store for his wife, when he should come, rowing the little boat up to their front door, so to speak. Visions of a smooth, swift passage to Niihau, a two days' trip to Honolulu, and then San Francisco, shot thru his brain. It was glorious!



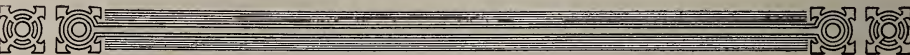
THE DEATH OF MR. GRANGOR

He stripped himself down to his shirt, and set to work, feverishly, on the damaged boat, which, to him, looked as fine as a Pacific liner, in the rising sun.

It must have been about noon, with

nod, and soon he was sleeping as only a man in the open can, soundly and serenely.

Again came dreams, or were they half reality? For, he thought, a trim young girl, with wide, hazel eyes,



EDWARD DREAMS OF FLORA AND THEIR HOME-GOING

the sun riding hot overhead and blistering his naked feet on the beach, that he knocked off from his work, and ate a giant's portion of gummy *poi* and cocoanut meat. Then, something in the monotonous sound of the slap of the sea against the head, and the cries of sea-birds, caused him to

came softly to his side, and looked long and brokenly at him. A sound of bitter weeping mingled with the slap of the sea, but he could not raise an arm, to put it about her and to check the sobs.

Presently he awoke, with a start, rubbed the uneasy vision out of his

eyes, and set to work again. Had he been less of a sailor, and of a more observing nature, he might have taken notice of the little footprints in the sand by his side, which the rising tide slowly obliterated.

As the sun was unblushingly preparing its bed in the west, he pushed the little boat into the sea, and rowed, with lusty, impatient strokes, toward their camp in the sand-carpeted bay.

As he neared the spot, Flora was not in sight, but some of her things strewn around told him that she was not far away.

The first thing he noticed was her jacket, then her saucy little chip straw hat—then her shoes. Strange; was she bathing at this hour of the day?

But she was nowhere in sight. A panic seized upon him, and he ran up the beach, calling her, frantically, by name. Only the waving palms gave back a mocking echo.

In the semi-darkness, he explored the treacherous rocks of the head. He thought even of setting out to circle the island, but the last blood-red ray of the sun, vanishing suddenly from the sea, warned him of its futility.

For two days, and two nights, he waited, sleepless and without food, on the beach; then he seemed to realize that she had passed away from him, probably into the sea, and he put out, rowing southeast, in a dazed, miserable sort of way. Two days afterward he reached Niihau, without mishap,

and from Honolulu took a steamer for San Francisco.

It is hard to fathom why Flora did such a desperate, foolhardy thing as to flee from the man that she really loved, but, as she leaned over his sleeping body in the little boat on the beach, she must have felt that, with rescue near, she stood between Willard and the girl he loved back in

the States. He had done a heroic thing in marrying her, out of a sense of honor, and, suddenly, she thought that her sacrifice should measure up to his. She determined, as by inspiration, to place all her clothing, but what was absolutely necessary, on the beach—it was a sure token of her death by drowning—and to flee deep inland into the woods. He would be free to work out his own destiny, then.

For two nights she came down to the fringe of palms, and watched him sitting, hunched up,

by the fire. Now and then, he detectedly put fresh wood on it, but, tho the sobs swelled and strangled in her breast, she stuck bravely to her resolve, and did not warn him of her presence.

A week later she saw an incoming, native schooner off the head, and promptly signalled it. The schooner's people saw her, and sent a boat ashore. By paying out half of her scanty store of money, they agreed to take her direct to Honolulu. She arrived



FLORA FINDS EDWARD ASLEEP

in time barely to miss the steamer on which Willard had sailed. Two weeks later, she booked a passage, under an assumed name, for San Francisco.

The years passed by—two of them—in which Flora became a milliner's assistant in a smart shop on Market Street. Everybody liked the pretty little girl, who dressed always in the severe black of mourning; it is even rumored that she sternly rebuked the attentions of a purse-proud, fond mamma's only darling son, and that she opened his eyes, wide, upon the first thing that had ever been refused him—but that is a different story.

She lived, frugally, in a compact, sunlit room, with a canary, and was in a fair way of becoming an old maid, or, rather, a contented grass-widow, if such a thing is possible.

In the meantime, when his ship was in, Edward Willard, a Simon-pure widower, dwelt with his sister, Miss Evelyn Willard, in a snug little cottage, not three squares away. There! my secret is out, and Edward is not a villainous bigamist at heart, but only a simple, home-loving seafarer, without a wife to bless him. It was said of him that he was good-natured, very shy with girls, and that, curiously, he never left his cabin when his steamer passed the islet, Kaula.

On his return from his last trip, he had stopped at a milliner's, and ordered a stunning hat sent home, as a surprise for Evelyn. To show that the Fates were unkind to him, he must have missed Flora by inches, for she had just stepped out.

But he never knew, and, back at home, dozed the afternoon away in a steamer chair. The slap of the sea against rocks, and wide, haunted eyes, always came close to him then.

He did not hear the bell ring, nor a girl in black enter, with a box as big as a trunk.

Evelyn met her, finger on lip. "Ss-sh!" she whispered; "do not wake up brother."

Flora, for it was she, glanced toward the sleeper in the steamer chair. Something about his bigness, and the sprawl of his legs, looked familiar, and her eyes traveled upward to the bronze-bearded face.

She gave a little cry, reeled, and dropped the hat-box with a thud.

Edward slowly opened his eyes—

and saw his sister, with her arms supporting a trim figure in black.

A pair of flashing, hazel eyes—not dream eyes this time—met his.

"Evelyn, sister," he called, excitedly, "it is she—my wife!"

He fully expected to have Evelyn say, with a hand on his shoulder: "You are dreaming again, Edward," but, instead, she led the girl in black gently toward him.



THE MEETING OF FLORA AND
EDWARD, AND THE RESULT

The Regeneration of Worthless Dan

(Nestor)

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

BLACK FABER, horse-thief, lay forward in his saddle, and grimly swung his head to survey the paths which led from the forks in the trail. His eyes were glinty and near-closed against the bite of the shrill wind, his lips had formed themselves into a straight line of aggressive hatred. One arm hung useless. Frozen blood was on his sleeve.

"No; I'm not going any farther!" he burst out, at last. "Do what you please, Sam—go on or come back. I don't care—if you want to act yellow about it! Hear me?"

There was an ejaculation from behind. The implication of Black Faber was not pleasing. But that person did not seem to hear. His eyes had suddenly opened, and he was looking far down to the trail, to where a traveling form showed on horseback. His jaw shot forward. He grinned, evilly.

"After the sheriff, eh?" he growled. "Well, when I get thru, there'll be something to need a sheriff for! Sam Stern!" he commanded, as he wheeled his horse, and faced his companion, "are you coming back or not? Are you going to let a pard get winged, and then not help him? Are you—huh?"

Sam Stern, tall, angular, weak-faced, vacillated.

"Who's that down the trail?" he asked, in variance to the other's question. Black Faber frowned.

"Allison's wife," was his crisp answer. "She's going after the sheriff to inform him that two very respectable hoss-rustlers are needing lynching, and that one of 'em's

winged, likewise her husband. That's why I'm going back, Sam Stern!" he muttered. "Allison winged me, and I'm going to finish him for it!"

"Finish him—why, he's got it, too; saw his left arm drop as you shot, Blackie. What do you want to act pizen like this for? Cant you—"

"Coming—or going to show your yellow streak?" Black Faber's voice was as cutting and cold as the wind which swept up from the canyon. He spurred his cayuse. He was gone.

An hour later, watching, in the growing dusk, the form of Black Faber, as that individual of crime and hatred faded into the shadows, Sam Stern crept forward toward the ranch-house of Jim Allison. He had seen the sneaking approach of his fellow "rustler." He had heard the shot, the cry, the falling thud of the body—he had known that the revengeful nature of Faber had been satisfied. One glance thru the window, and he discerned the lifeless form of Allison on the floor. Another glance—and Sam Stern turned pale.

"The pore little son-of-a-gun!" he broke forth, and hurried for the door; "the pore little son-of-a-gun!"

For there had showed, beside the form of the dead man on the floor, the tiny figure of a creeping baby—a baby which crooned and wondered, and touched the still face of its father with non-understanding hands; a baby who might suffer and hunger and cry in vain for food in the long hours that would intervene before Mrs. Allison, who had left after the first skirmish between the ranchman and the horse-rustlers, might return

with aid. Sam Stern felt that he trembled a bit. He laughed to himself in an awkward way—and then his face grew grim. In the gray of dusk, the snow was beginning to fly a bit. The air was growing colder—the wind had more of a bite to it than ever. It is not so brave to kill a baby

mured again, as he mounted and swung his horse's head against the growing blizzard. "We've got a tough trip home, and Lord knows what I'll do with you when I get you there, but I'm going to make the try. Your maw aint going to be here for a long, long time—not in this blow-up!"



THE DISCOVERY OF ALLISON'S DEAD BODY

by suffering and hunger as it is to kill a man with a bullet. Sam Stern hesitated but a moment more; then, swinging open the door of the ranch-house, with clumsy, trembling hands he lifted the baby into his arms, and wrapped it well against the cold without. Then he hurried for his horse.

"Pore little son-of-a-gun!" he mur-

But the matter of what was to be done with the child was settled for Sam Stern by a greater power, when, after hours of battling against sleet and snow and whipping, shrieking winds, he reached his lean-to, far above the canyon. Cramped, with aching limbs, and a head which throbbed from the bitter cold, he thumped his

way into the little one-roomed house. He laid the human bundle he had striven to protect on the bunk; he pulled aside the coverings—then his face went white.

"Pore little son-of-a-gun!" he murmured, with awkward sympathy; "pore little kid!"

And far away down in the valley, a woman, still weak and fatigue-laden from her wild trip for aid, reeled as the sheriff and physician, who bent over her husband's body, told of his fate—reeled in the realization that her husband was dead, and that her baby was gone, she knew not where. Perhaps, could she have seen a tiny mound of frozen clods, which later showed, far up in the hills, she might have known—but the mound was miles away, and Sam Stern, weak-willed tho he was, had gone, with a vacillating determination in his mind to leave horse-rustling behind, forever.

Determination can last long sometimes. With Sam Stern it lasted nearly eighteen years. The old game of horse-rustling, where bullets and lynching parties went hand in hand, had resolved itself into the more respectable business of horse-trading. Business was growing, too. There had come the time when help was needed. And it was at that moment that Sam Stern, horse-thief of the past, had met Worthless Dan.

"Kid, all that's the matter with

you," Sam had said, as he bought the half-starved boy the food and drink he had needed, and for which he had begged, "is that you aint got balance. You mean well enough, all right, but you dont know how to handle yourself. Suppose you come with me, and let me make something worth while out of you. What do you say?"



STERN INDUCES DAN TO JOIN HIM

And Dan Bertram, a wanderer at eighteen, penniless, unhappy, driftwood on the sea of life, looked up happily.

"What do I say?" he asked. "Thanks—that's what—thanks!"

And thus it was that Worthless Dan—they knew him by that name around the horse-yards—became the protégé of Sam Stern. Together they wandered from city to city; together they visited farm after farm, and ranch after ranch in search of horses. Worthless Dan's clothing was better. There was beginning to be a better color in his cheeks—but there was something the eyes lacked.

"If I could just have a home," he said one day, as they approached a farmhouse, "a place like that to live in, maybe things 'd be different. I aint bad, honest, Mr. Stern. Things have just been against me, that's all!"

Stern did not answer. He was looking at the woman who stood on the veranda of the house, and a queer expression had come into his eyes. Some way, his voice had taken on a

queer tone. He did not push his trading as usual. He noticed that the woman looked often at Dan, and that her eyes seemed to carry something of sympathy in them. Quickly he turned to the boy, as they left the place.

"What did that woman say to you?" he asked, shortly.

"Nothing much—why?"

"What was she talking about?"

"Something about her baby," was the answer. "It seemed she lost a little boy about eighteen years ago,

told the story of the mountain fight of years before, of the attempt to save the child's life, of its death thru exposure, of the burial in the high hills, and of the saving of the little brooch as a memory. There was something of cunning in Sam Stern's face as he told the story. It seemed that the memory of other days was reawakening old desires within him. There was the racing for money—and money which came easier and quicker than by horse-stealing. He reached



MRS. ALLISON SHOWS DAN A PICTURE OF HER LOST BABY

and that he'd been about my age if he had lived, or hadn't been kidnapped, or something of the kind. I didn't pay much attention to it——"

"I knew it!" Stern's voice had broken in. "I thought I remembered that name!"

Hastily he led the way to a cow-stable, and pulled a glittering something from a pocket.

"See that brooch?" he answered. "You've been wanting a home. Here's your chance to get it. Now listen!"

And, as he passed the tiny brooch before the eyes of Worthless Dan, he

forward, and grasped Dan by the shoulder.

"Take this brooch," he ordered; "tell your story. She'll believe you—she'll think you're her son, see? You'll have a good home. All I'll ask is that you'll help me out on a little deal, see? That's all, just a little deal. I'll come back in a month. You'll have the lay of the land by that time—you understand?"

Something had turned awry in the mind of Sam Stern. The old feeling of generosity and kindness, which had caused him to make the fight

against the blizzard for a baby's life, seemed to have disappeared. Like a Fagin with an *Oliver Twist*, he urged Dan forward. The boy followed his directions. Mrs. Allison, old, lonely, her heart crying out for the child who had disappeared, opened her arms, and received the wanderer as her own flesh and blood.

And so, life for Dan Bertram changed from that of a gypsy existence to a happy life—the like of which he never had known before.

arms of Mrs. Allison were about the form of the boy she believed to be her son. "I just——"

"And I thought I had forgotten how to live," the woman answered.

Then came silence, while the boy and the woman sat before the fire, watching the dancing flames, the glowing coals, the dropping ashes. The big clock on the mantel boomed out the hours. At last Mrs. Allison arose, kist the brow of the boy beside her, and left the room.



DAN INFORMS STERN OF MRS. ALLISON'S INTEREST IN HIM

Here was home, here was happiness. And more than that, here was the something he had wished for all his life, here was the lone something he had longed for and craved—mother-love! To Mrs. Allison, widow, Dan Bertram was a son—a son who had disappeared years ago, who had come back, and who must be made to feel all the happiness of stored-up love and cherishment. Life was good in that home—life was happy.

"I never knew what it was to live before," Dan said, one night. They were standing before the fire. The

"Good-night!" she said, softly.

"Good-night!" answered Dan. He was staring ahead. His thoughts were surging with the realization that this life he was leading was not a truthful one, that he was playing a game of deception, and that, worst of all, he was playing it against a woman.

Long he sat there—then started. There had come the sound of a twisting door-lock. Again it came—again. Dan Bertram whirled, to come face to face with Sam Stern. The house-breaker held up a hand for silence.

"Quick!" he said, "is she asleep?"

Dan Bertram recoiled a bit.

"I don't understand you," he answered. "What——"

"You know what I want!" came the voice of Sam Stern, and the tone was gruff. "You know what I put you in here for. You've gotten the

what you put me here for, was it? You didn't put me here to give me a home, then—but just to act as a tool for you; to help you in a game of robbery! Well, I won't help you, see? Get out of here—out of here!"

His clutching fingers met the other



DAN PROVES MORE THAN A MATCH FOR STERN

combination of the safe by this time, and I want it. It's time for you to be moving on. We've got to have money—see?"

For a moment they glared at each other. Then, with an inarticulate cry of anger, Dan Bertram leaped forward, straight at the throat of the other man.

"Thief!" he cried out. "That's

man's throat. Together, breast against breast, glaring eyes staring into glaring eyes, they struggled about the room, over chairs, bumping against furniture, crashing against the walls. Now and then Sam Stern cursed. More often he strained the muscles of his neck, that the tense fingers of Dan Bertram might not choke him. Again—again—again they struggled about

the room. Then, a wild cry, one final wrench of the form of Sam Stern, the slamming of a door, and he was gone. Dan Bertram, savior of what money Mrs. Allison possessed, turned, and looked into the face of the woman.

"Well," he said, and his voice was slow and strange, "I guess you under-

help him in a game of robbery if he gave me the home here. But—well, I guess I 'preciated the home too much." He crossed the room. He reached for his coat and hat. "If you'll let me get what few little things I have here, I'll come and get them tomorrow, Mrs. Allison." His head



MRS. ALLISON MOURNS THE LOSS OF HER SON

stand now—you see what I was put here for."

"Put here for?" queried Mrs. Allison, still reeling from the excitement of the events which had passed. "Then——"

"I am not your son." The voice of Dan Bertram sank low. "I am no relation to you. Stern had the brooch. He thought I might be persuaded to

was bowed. "I've loved the home I've had here—I used to fool myself into the belief that I really was your son, and that I'd amount to something some of these days. But I don't guess that's possible. I've always been Worthless Dan—I guess I always will be."

He turned the knob of the door. He paused for just one more look about

the place—at the books he loved, at the fireplace, at the face of the woman who had been so kind to him. And there, there instead of the anger he had expected to see, there instead of the frown, there were tears and the smile that means forgiveness. Her arms were outstretched. She had

fought her battle, and had won it. "You have made yourself a son to me, Dan," she said, simply. A broken sob broke from the boy's throat. A moment more, and he was on his knees before her.

"Mother!" the boy sobbed, brokenly, "mother! God bless you!"



The Passing Show

By HARVEY PEAKE

(As seen by the girl at the ticket window)



A shuffling man, with a careworn face,
And a child of most appealing grace,
A woman with gnarled and knotted hands,
And a swarthy couple from Eastern lands,
Seek an hour of joy in their dull, gray day,
Thru the magical lure of the Picture Play.



The blonde with the jeweled lavallière
And a dancing gown, is Miss Vere de Vere;
And the man in the faultless evening clothes
Is Stoxon Bonds, who, as every one knows,
Lures her from dinners and dances gay
To coo in her ear at the Picture Play.



Two grinning urchins are eagerly
Crowding ahead of a group of three,
Who came from the rural fields and lanes,
To be rewarded for time and pains
By journeys adown the primrose way,
Via the Motion Picture Play.

So day by day they come and go—
Never the same is the passing show.
Some are seeking to find respite
From a day of worry, or sleepless night;
Others ask pleasure alone when they stray
In to the Motion Picture play!





"It might as well be now as any time," he muttered, savagely.

A swift glance from one end of the bridge to the other showed that there were no interfering passers-by to dread. He cast one look at the stars—blinking at him thru a thick pall of fog—another one at the swirling, black water beneath him. Then, his hand was on the rail—his body bent forward—his muscles drawn tense—

"Oh, no, no; you mustn't!" cried a voice, from out the fog. There was a soft rush of footsteps, and a light hand lay upon his. It was very dark on the bridge; he could just distinguish a slender form, in a long, dark ulster, standing close beside him.

"You mustn't!" the voice begged again. "How could you think of such a thing—you, a man, able to fight the world?"

"To fight it, yes; to work with it, no," he replied, bitterness burning in his tones. "That's all I've ever done—fight it! And I'm floored, now, down and out, ready to cry 'enough' and quit it. Why didn't you let me alone? I'd be at rest now."

"At rest?" she questioned, quietly. "Does the soul of a coward ever rest?"

Somehow, I picture it a black, skulking, cringing shadow, driven up and down thru eternity by an unquiet, tormenting fear that forbids peace."

"A coward!" he exclaimed. "You take a great deal for granted—you judge with no knowledge of the circumstances."

"There are no circumstances that justify a man, or a woman, in giving up the fight."

They were walking toward the end of the bridge now, her hand still resting lightly on his arm. He was vaguely conscious that her figure was slender and graceful; that her voice rippled lightly, with trained modulation; that she carried herself with the light, sure poise of the woman he had known long ago.

"What do you know about it?" he demanded, harshly. "What do you know of the world—of poverty, temptation, sin, regret, despair?"

At the fierceness of his question she stopped, drawing him swiftly into the circle of pale radiance from the arc-light at the bridge's end.

"Look at me," she said.

He stared at her, dumbly: at the slender figure, so shabbily clothed; at the holes in the tiny shoes; at the

hands, thin to boniness; at the great braids of dark hair, framing a face so pallid that the big eyes, beneath their heavy lashes, looked like smouldering coals, from which the light had almost died.

"You see," she said, very quietly, "I know all about it—all! Poverty, sin, temptation, regret, despair! But you must keep fighting. The way out,

waiting. At last the line began to move up, irregularly, with much unsteady shuffling. Charles Hutton moved with it, dully, only half conscious of his surroundings. He was faint and sick; his brain was whirling; wherever he looked, he seemed to see black, swirling waters, stars shining palely thru the fog, a slender form beside him in the darkness.



CHARLES RETURNS TO HIS DYING FATHER

for you or for me, does not lie by the river, my friend. Good-by."

She was running swiftly away, into the darkness. He called after her, hoarsely:

"But who are you?"

"One of the submerged," floated back the lightly rippling voice.

The bread-line was an unusually long one that night, a shivering, fog-drenched thread of humanity stretching far down the Bowery. At the very end stood Charles Hutton, grimly

"Here, take your coffee," a voice growled, good-naturedly. "'Taint often youse is last in line; must be you had a date tonight."

"I did—and it was a good one." The black coffee had cleared his brain and braced his flagging energies. "Say, let me see your paper a minute, will you? I want to look at the want ads."

"Sure. Goin' to work, I s'pose," chuckled the lucky owner of a paper, facetiously.

"That's just what I am," declared

Hutton, scanning the page, seriously. Suddenly he gave a quick exclamation, staring at the paper with wide eyes. A moment later he had dropped it, with a hasty "Thanks," and hurried away.

"Now I wonder wot got him?" soliloquized the man who was left behind. He picked up the paper, spell-

The bread-line continued to train its dingy length down the Bowery every night, dumbly patient while it lengthened; then, hitching unsteadily forward, shortening, disintegrating, flinging its miserable fragments of humanity out upon the city's tide again, to drift until another night closed in. The fragments varied in



THE BREAD-LINE—BUT CHARLES NO LONGER APPEARS

ing out some of the "wants" laboriously. "Dont see nuttin' for him to go nutty over," he decided, folding the wrinkled sheet for further perusal on a park bench.

But the paragraph that had sent Charles Hutton off, in such desperate haste, was not a want ad. It was headed personal, and it read:

CHARLIE H.: Come home to me. I am dying. I forgive all. FATHER.

name and birthplace, perhaps, from night to night, but the type seldom changed. Always the dull, discouraged face, the shifty glance, the stolid indifference of the man hardened to poverty and alms.

Round the corner lay Chinatown, quiet by day, awaiting the visits of tourists, philanthropists, and the ever-present social workers, studying "types," making copious notes in leather-backed note-books, as if man's

problems could be cataloged, indexed, filed away, and so disposed of. At night Chinatown woke up; the tourists and social workers continued to come, carefully guided and chaperoned now, but others came, too. Women with yellow hair and painted faces and eyes that showed, beneath their artificial glitter, the pain of world-weariness and despair. Men— young, old, rich, poor, sympathetic, curious, careless—they all came, looked on, amused themselves, and

their presence—they lay in studied attitudes, smoking, and awaiting the inevitable visitors, who seldom failed to leave substantial coin in token of their sympathy.

Into this den stepped Charles Hutton, handsome, prosperous, well-groomed, with a richly gowned beauty clinging to his arm, while she peered around with wondering, amused eyes. Other women in the party looked horrified, or sympathetic, but this girl seemed to see, in the tawdry, miser-



SLUMMING IN CHINATOWN

scuttled away with the first streaks of dawn.

A reeking, noisome opium den on Mott Street stood wide open, one night, for tourists to enter—a certain indication that the loathsome details of the room had been worked out with an eye to the tourist's patronage, rather than for the actual use of Chinatown's habitués. Slant-eyed women in gaily flowered kimonos; narrow-eyed men, with long, slimy braids coiled above yellow faces; others, both women and men, without even the claim of nationality to justify

able scene, only a cause for contemptuous merriment.

"Wake up, Charles," she said, impatiently, noting the dreaminess of his eyes. "You stand there looking as if you had all the sentimental sympathy of my Aunt Nell. See her over there, now, talking to that horrible woman. She looks ready to cry—it's all foolishness. If these folks didn't want to live this kind of life, they wouldn't do it, that's all."

His eyes had turned to her now, with a calm, half accusing scrutiny, which made her flush, impatiently.

"Are you quite sure you know what you're talking about, Dolores?" he asked.

"Certainly," she flashed back, positively. "I told father, tonight, where we were going, and he said it was all right, if you came with us, but not to let my sympathies carry me away, for all these places are fixed up to impress sightseers and get money out of them. And he said these people could be decent, if they wanted to."

was her right to know. But, was he to marry her? He glanced down at the beautiful face again, and a flood of doubt swept his heart. A few hours ago he had been sure that he loved her. He had tried to propose to her, first in the conservatory, then, when an interruption came at an inopportune moment, he had led her out to the balcony, away from all her guests, to try again. But again an interruption had come, and then the pro-



CHARLES IS ABOUT TO PROPOSE, BUT——

But Charles Hutton made no response. He was thinking of the vast difference between his life tonight and the life he had been living two years ago, when his dying father's message had called him home, to receive his blessing and share in his vast fortune. He felt a sudden impulse to tell this girl all about the follies that had sent him from home; the pride and rebellion that had kept him living on, in abject poverty and despair, only a few miles distant from his home; the message that had called him back. If he was to marry her, it

posal for a slumming party banished his chances of further tête-à-tête for that night. Was it fate? Her heartless attitude toward the miserable beings she was looking upon made him vaguely uneasy.

"Nonsense!" he said to himself, with an impatient shrug. "I'm getting too critical. How can I expect Dolores to understand? She's had no experience with life."

She had left him for a moment; now she came dancing back, her lovely face glowing like a flower in the sordid surroundings.

"We're going down on the Bowery, to see the bread-line," she said. "Uncle says it's great fun."

"Fun for the bread-line, or for the spectators?" he asked, cynically, but, in the bustle of departure, she did not notice his question.

The bread-line! Yes, there it was, just as it had been two years ago. The same slinking, shuffling file of outcasts, waiting for the scant portion which would put a little warmth into

spirit, he was walking a long, dark bridge, with an arc-light flaring dimly thru thick fog, in the distance. Beside him walked a slender, dark-cloaked figure. A chill wind was cutting their faces, a dank mist was floating up from the black waters beneath. The girl was speaking to him, in a rippling voice, and her hand was resting lightly on his arm. In a flash, Charles Hutton realized what it was for which he had been vaguely hunger-



CHARLES IS AGAIN INTERRUPTED

their starved bodies. Somehow, he had never realized before that the bread-line was still forming every night; that while he lived in luxury, the rest of them were there, living the same old life. His thoughts were interrupted now by Dolores, who put a delicate hand on his arm as she leaned forward, pointing.

"See, what a lot of them there are," she said, "and they all look alike, don't they? Isn't it funny!"

Funny! What was it that swept over him with the touch of her hand upon his arm like that? Suddenly, in

ing, thruout the long months; why it was that he had felt unsatisfied with life, unsatisfied with Dolores, doubting his love, not knowing his own mind, and, with the realization, came a great wave of thankfulness that he had not committed himself, that he was free to seek her—the girl whose name he did not even know, the girl who had saved his life and fled away into the darkness.

"It is time to go home," he told the party. "The best part of the show is over, now that the animals are fed," and they laughed, not noticing the

irony of his voice. And, while they made their way homeward, flying up the long avenue in cozy limousines, his mind was asking, over and over: "How shall I find her—not even her name to help me? Where shall I begin?"

"Begin at the river, where she found you, before," some inner voice seemed to urge, and, for want of a better suggestion, he acted upon this one. Bidding Dolores good-night, at her own door, he ran down the steps, and gave a hurried direction to the chauffeur. In another moment he was speeding toward the river.

The bridge was dark and silent; a gray mist was rising from the water, obscuring the stars. It was very late, and no one had crossed the bridge for a half-hour, when a slender form crept softly out from the shadows and peered cautiously up and down the dim length of the structure. No one was in sight; no footstep was approaching. She caught her breath in a strangling sob, and turned her face, for an instant, toward the stars, but the fog hid them—there was no tiny ray of light. She leaned far over the rail, looking down into the swirling water.

"It's cowardly," she whispered, softly. "I hate myself for doing it—but I must have rest—I must have rest!"

For an instant, she stood motionless, watching, listening. Then, her hand was on the rail—her body bent forward—her muscles drawn tense—

A rush of heavy footsteps, a horrified cry, in a man's strong tones, a hand upon hers, closing over it, drawing her back, with firm grasp.

"You mustn't do that, you know," he said, and his tones were shaking. "I was just in time, wasn't I? There, there, don't cry, now. I'm going to take you back to my car, and take you where you'll be cared for, until you get on your feet again. Wasn't it lucky I came? You see, I am looking for some one—some one that I'm terribly anxious to find, and I just thought she might possibly be walking

in this direction. But I'll see to you first—then I'll look for her again."

He was patting her hand, and soothing her, as one soothes a wayward, frightened child, but she did not speak. She only sobbed and shuddered and pulled her worn scarf closer about her face.

"Walk back to the end of the bridge with me now," he went on. "My car is there. And don't take it so hard. Let me tell you, I was all ready to take that dive myself, two years ago, and I was stopped—stopped by a slip



ONE OF THOSE MINISTERS WHO ARE
ALWAYS READY

of a girl, who ran away into the darkness, and I never saw her again. But I'll find her, if it takes the rest of my life. She'll be your friend, too, after I find her; we'll be friends to all the unfortunates—the submerged," she called them."

They were walking toward the end of the bridge now, his hand beneath her arm, but still she did not speak. They came out into the glow of the arc-light, and he beckoned to the waiting chauffeur.

"Drive close here," he said; "the lady is faint."



WELCOMING THE BRIDE

Then, as he would have lifted the slender form, to place it upon the soft cushions of the car, the light fell full upon her face, and he gave a sudden cry of joy and wonder.

"You!" he cried. "You! is it possible? And I was just in time! A moment later, and—my God!"

His arms closed around her, and she yielded, with a long sigh. For a time there was silence—a silence tense with gratitude and love and hope.

Then he turned to the chauffeur, who was discreetly watching the river.

"Dan," he said, "do you know where one of those ministers live who'll perform the marriage ceremony at any hour?"

"Yessir," said Dan, promptly, his face betraying no emotion whatever; "I've taken many a couple to one."

"Then take us, immediately," ordered Hutton.

"Yessir," said Dan.



Sevens

By LALIA MITCHELL



EVEN times one this week I've seen
 Pictures thrown by the deft machine.
 Seven times two the films I'd view
 If they'd show the number I want them to.
 Seven times three the actors gay
 I've learnt to watch for in picture play.
 Seven times four were those in the row
 Ahead of me tonight at the show.
 Seven times five the times I clapped
 My hands at a climax deftly capped.
 Seven times six the friends I've known
 Whose admiration is like my own.
 Seven times seven the times I'd go
 With you if I could to a Picture Show.

At It Again

(Keystone)

By LULU MONTANYE

In which the famous sleuths continue to follow in the footsteps of Sherlock Holmes, with no hopes of catching him

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Myred Face.....	<i>Fred Mace</i>
Sack Mennet.....	<i>Mark Sennet</i>
Mrs. Smith.....	<i>Mabel Normand</i>

NOR the least bit put out by the sudden termination of his dazzling, but, on the whole, unsuccessful career in New York, Myred Face, gentleman detective, crossed the Continent to Los Angeles, and opened offices there for the detection of crime and of baffling mysteries in those intricate cases that were so often woodyly handled by the police.

As he had settled deep in his ulster in the Pullman, he had realized, with delight, that his inseparable side-partner and fellow sleuth, Sack Mennet, was not his traveling companion. The fact is that he had deliberately shook him.

They had worked out together their first famous cases, braving the perils of high society and the underworld, but then, suddenly, had come reverses. They had bungled some highly important cases, and, henceforth, Face, the more daring of the two, had decided to start a clean slate, alone.

He had barely established himself in his new quarters, when a tall, thin man, dressed as a steam-fitter's helper, presented himself, and started belaboring his office radiator with a hammer. It was in August, and melting hot, with the windows thrown open, and Face stood the mechanic's pother as well as he could.

Presently he got up softly, crossed over back of his peace-disturber, and looked fixedly at the kneeling man's

shoes. They were of a stylish last, but caked with mud on the soles.

"Ah!" said Face, in an even tone, "it is Sack Mennet, and no other."

The noise on the radiator ceased, and the tall mechanic turned a sheepish, injured face toward the speaker.

"Yes," he admitted, slowly, "it's me—but how did you spot me, Myred?"

"It was the acme of simplicity, bonehead," answered Face. "The noise at the radiator apprised me that some one was in the office, the inappropriateness of a steam-fitter in August warned me of a disguise, and I had only to notice the caked mud on your soles to complete the discovery."

"I had first thought of appearing as an iceman," began Mennet, somewhat sadly, "but that rôle has been done to death.

"Tell me, Myred," he burst out eagerly, "what the mud on my soles——"

"Nothing more simple. That particular kind of mud is found in quantity only around the excavation of the New York subway. As soon as I recognized it——"

"But I've brushed my shoes repeatedly since then," protested Mennet.

"It makes no difference," said Face. "Why argue? With your lack of theory and imagination, you will never make a great detective."

The late steam-fitter was silent for a long moment.

"At any rate," he resumed, "I found you again—give me credit for that."

"Yes," admitted Face; "you have me there. How did you do it?"

"I will begin in the categorical method," said Mennet, sententiously, "by asking you: Do you remember the chauffeur who drove you to the Penn. Railroad Station?"

"I do not, nor never will. I *walked* to the Central."

"Oh, punctures! Have it your own way. Do you happen to remember the organ-grinder who followed you on foot, then?"

"Yes," said Face, puffing excitedly on his calabash. "Was it you?"

"Certainly, fathead!" cried Mennet, triumphantly, "and the hand-organ was nothing but my trunk, ready-packed. I had but to jump on the Pullman, change clothes——"

"S-s-h!" said Face, suddenly. "Did you hear a step on the stair?"

"Let me investigate," said Mennet, his instincts aroused.

"No; by the time you have found a clew on the stairs, the person will have moved either up or down."

It was as Face had predicted. The sound of hurried feet continued on up the stairs, and, presently, a knock came upon the door.

"A woman," said Mennet; "no one else would knock on an unlocked door."

Face seated himself at his desk, rustled some documents sharply, then called out: "Come in."

The door opened, and a diminutive young lady, with a very flushed face, advanced timidly into the office.

"Is this the office of Mr. Myred Face?" she inquired.

"I am he," said Face, with a slight inclination of his head.

She looked wonderingly at the easy attitude of the steam-fitter in a Morris chair.

"Pray be seated," said Myred, hurriedly, "and do not be embarrassed at the presence of my co-worker, Mr. Mennet, who has just

returned from a highly important investigation of the organ-grinders' union."

"Steam-fitters," corrected Mr. Mennet.

"I have come to consult you," she began, "about the actions of my husband, Mr. Nehemiah Smith." She paused to brush a fugitive tear from her peachblow cheek, which made the steam-fitter sigh in a hollow manner.

"Mother," she resumed, "always wanted me to marry a middle-aged man—she said I was too romantic—so I finally fell for the attentions of Nehemiah, who was the proprietor of the swellest barber shop in town. All went well—Nemmy was a model husband, until he decided to increase his business by carrying a line of theatrical wigs for chemical blondes. From that day," she faltered, "Nemmy has not been the same."

"Calm yourself," said Face, gallantly. "It is shockingly cruel—I, too——" He left off abruptly, his head bowed with memories.

Mennet came to his rescue. "My colleague's researches," he began, "in the field of chemistry have been profound. She was the dearest old lady!" he exclaimed, and ended, as Face glowered at him fiercely.

"What made me decide to consult you," said the little lady, abruptly, "was the receipt of this unsigned letter, which intimates that Mr. Smith has transferred his affections."

Face took the sheet of scented note-paper which she held out to him, and scrutinized it closely thru his magnifying-glass.

"To the profession which honors me," he said, "this simple missive whispers a hundred little stories; but, first, let me ask you: Have you consulted the police department?"

She shook her glossy curls emphatically.

"Then," advised Face, "there is no time to be lost. In the detection of crime—or in this case, let us hope, only a passing fancy—there is nothing so inconspicuous as the conspicuous. We will, therefore, proceed to track your

husband in a touring-car, in which vehicle he would not be likely to notice you."

"Why not use a fire-engine?" breathed Mennet, ironically, but Face's pretty client began to appreciate his cleverness. "I'm so glad I came to you," she said, demurely.

She was rather frightened, tho, at the elaborate preparations of the detectives for their trip. The roomy pockets of their tweed ulsters seemed

and a well-preserved man, in his shirt-sleeves, came out, and walked slowly down the street, shaking his head in perplexity.

Mrs. Smith almost screamed as Face grasped her arm. "It's my husband," she panted; "tho what he is doing at home——"

"Silence!" said the detective. "I was unable to see his face; but what I have noticed convinces me that the man is a consummate actor: his slam-



ON THE WARPATH

to swallow an armory of revolvers, brass-knuckles, and even handcuffs.

As the car bowled along, too, toward her bungalow in the suburbs, with the two determined men in fore-and-aft caps on either side of her, she decided that she was become heartily sorry of the peril she was invoking for Nemmy.

But it was too late to revoke. Already the car had drawn up to the curb, a few doors from her home, and the inexorable men at her side were watching it.

Presently the front-door slammed,

ming of the door, his perplexed manner, and his coatlessness."

"I should deduce them in his favor," said Mennet.

"You tyro! of course you would," sneered Face. "You reason from the evident. The whole thing was a fine bit of acting to disarm suspicion."

Mrs. Smith was now convinced that her husband was in the clutches of unerring justice. Still she hesitated, as she descended from the car, in leaving him altogether to the mercy of his pursuers.

"Whatever happens," she said, the

tear coming on her cheek again, "do not use those horrid things in your pockets."

Face and Mennet bowed impressively.

"It is only in extreme cases——"

begged one.

"When the bearded lamb becomes a lion——" commenced the other.

But the chugging of the motor, as the car started, cut off their fateful conclusions.

Under Face's direction, the car trailed along at a snail's pace, keeping just within sight of the unconscious Nehemiah. For the first time, they noticed that he was carrying a small, white box. Presently he turned into a side street of small shops, and was lost to view. The detectives stopped the car, and, ordering the chauffeur to await their return, immediately followed their quarry.

As has been said, it was a piping hot afternoon, approaching dusk, and the sleuths cannot be blamed for the extraordinary events that now occurred.

It had so happened that, at the solicitation of his buxom wife, Nora, the celebrated Police Captain Larkin, also in his shirt-sleeves, had gone around the corner to a little shop for a box of ice-cream, tho, personally, he preferred the contents of a two-quart pitcher. It was Nora's birthday, and he had made up his mind to go right home.

Thus it was, as Face and Mennet turned the corner and opened up the side street to their view, that they came almost face to face with their supposed victim, carrying his little, white box.

Face, with rare presence of mind, took out his calabash, lighted it, and stared at space with the vacuity of an English tourist. Mennet sank deep into his ulster.

Captain Larkin, however, humming a bit of a song, had no sooner turned his own corner than they were after him like hounds.

The happy officer ascended his steps, and was greeted by Nora, in the doorway, with a boisterous hug. Per-

haps he had never come home with such a harmless package before.

"Trapped!" said Face, his eyes glinting, "and now to business. I had thought at first of engaging rooms across the street, disguised as a teacher of music, and of weaving the net from there, but, now that the husband is caught *flagrante delicto*, we have but to make the arrest and notify his wife."

"Whatever that is," murmured Mennet. "By the way, my part is to notify wifey."

"Not at all," said Face; "send the car back for her."

"You dont mean that you're going?" demanded Mennet, paling. "Smith looks like a peevish person, when aroused."

"Nonsense! We will make the arrest together—Mrs. Smith having stopped at the station-house, and bringing up reënforcements in the car."

"I see. If Smith proves an ugly customer, the sight of his wife and a flock of policemen in the car should cool him somewhat."

"Yes—after we have held the spotlight, they can do the dirty work."

Face, being a man of action when the time came, drew his revolver, and stealthily approached the house. Mennet ran around the corner, whispered to the chauffeur, and returned.

Even as Face held his finger on the button, in a long, sickening ring, he could see, thru the parlor window, the husky, faithless Smith fold the woman to his breast again.

As the chain was slipped from the door, Face and Mennet stood tense, with leveled weapons. The joy of the chase shone from their refined faces.

The culprit stood cowering before them.

"What the d——" he said, and started to close the door. But Face stuck his foot against it, and flashed his badge in the hall-light.

"Silence!" he commanded. "Come with me—in five minutes she will be here to view your shame."

Mennet succeeded in slipping the

slide of his bull's-eye, and its beam caught the Captain full in the face.

He made passes, as in a nightmare, then lowered his hands, with resignation, before the battery of weapons.

Face slipped the handcuffs over them, and led him out to the street. It is true that Nora Larkin kept up a running fire of mixed abuse and entreaty from the parlor window, but they treated her as a fallen angel, and proceeded firmly on their way.

Not so with Captain Larkin. At sight of the bluecoats and waving nightsticks, his chest expanded, as does a South American generalissimo's before his army.

"Casey, O'Reilly; this way!" he shouted.

With a final chug, the car slowed down, and the bluecoats shouldered a path thru the crowd. Before the handcuffed prisoner they halted, saluted, and became men of bronze.



AS USUAL, THEY HAVE BAGGED THE WRONG GAME

A crowd collected, and impeded their progress in this hour of triumph, even as far as the corner. At the self-same instant the musical humming of a high-power car could be heard coming down the asphalt, with three policeman leaning far out of the tonneau. A pretty, young woman, with a tear ever on her cheek, was sandwiched in among them.

At sight of her, a shirt-sleeved, middle-aged man in the crowd stared till his mild eyes were popping from their sockets.

Mennet looked at Face, and his features became convulsed with bitterness, as he noted the Roman grandness of his pose and expression.

"Wake up," he said; "the ball's been knocked over the fence again."

"*Flagrante delicto*," said Face, imperturbably, "which means——"

"To the cooler with them," roared Captain Larkin, in unconscious interpretation.

In the tonneau, the middle-aged man was kissing the tear from the peachblow cheek.

THE Informer.



Biography

BY ALLEN STANHOPE

THE Trysting Garden, they called it. And in all the sunny Southland there had not been a happier or more beautiful spot for nearly a century past. The garden lay just outside the prosperous village of Arden, looking over one of the fairest valleys in all Tennessee. It was reached thru a friendly walk of lilac bushes, just high enough and thick enough to hide the soft murmurs and gentle caresses of amorous swains.

It had been said that they who wooed here never knew sorrow.

But that was before the days of '61 and the years that followed.

The sun was setting on a spring afternoon in the year '62. Three pairs of lovers stood together—yet each alone in the tumult of their own hearts—wistfully gazing off toward the northwest. There the sky, as if in prophecy, was bathed in crimson, with a host of gray clouds pursuing and closing in on a patch of blue sky.

Each of the young men wore a

uniform of gray. They could see the bayonets of their newly formed regiment flashing fire at the descending sun yonder in the valley.

At length, two of the pairs departed, leaving the garden alone to Harvey Dixon and Mary Dexter.

"It is not as tho I were leaving you alone, to the possible ravaging and pillaging of our enemy," said Harvey, comfortingly. "Either my brother or I had to remain home to hold our acres. He was more fitted for the task than I. He, Mary, will protect you and your mother, and watch over you with the same care as I. Why do you shudder, dear?"

Mary did not reply at once.

"I value your care more, Harvey."

"Naturally," he said, smiling.

"There! I hear the bugle calling 'assembly'; you had better ride along." Her voice was strong, yet she clung to him dissuadingly.

"I understand that our regiment is to be stationed near here, and carry on a guerilla campaign until——"

She was looking at him strangely. Then, without a word, she threw her arms about his neck and wept. The bugle called again, and he gently disengaged her arms, and slowly made his way down the hillside, with a heaviness of heart he had never before known.

The girl lifted her eyes and watched him until he mounted his horse and rode out of sight. "Good-by, good-by," she sobbed.

Less than a year before, three of her uncles had ridden away—never to return. This was the thought in Mary Dexter's mind.

This thought grew as the months passed by and Harvey's regiment was driven farther and farther from Arden. No word came from Harvey, but, already, seventeen of Arden's young sons had been brought home to sleep forever in the village burying-ground. It was well known that many more had been killed.

The sacred Trysting Garden was now used as a park for a vicious Union battery that menaced the home-coming of any but the dead.

Stephen Dixon, Harvey's brother, gave ample attention to Mary and her mother. In fact, his attitude was that of one having assumed not only the duties but the privileges of the other. He never failed to speak of his brother except in terms of bereavement, and always supplemented his lamenting by soothing Mary in the most personal and intimate way.

One day the girl was so incensed over his insinuating manner and comforting caresses that she turned on

him with: "Now, look here, Stephen; I don't want you to take such liberties, as you are doing more and more every day, until your brother—but——"

Stephen flushed crimson at first, and then said contritely: "I have every reason to fear that my brother is dead, Mary. You rebuke me, yet I am doing nothing more than he asked me to do. You know what a great, unselfish heart he had, and what his dearest wish was?"

She shook her head; already she was sorry for her impulsive words.

"While he lived," he continued, speaking in such a way as to impress the idea that Harvey really was dead, "his dearest wish was that you should become his wife. But should he die—he has told me so many, many times—above all things he desired that I might——"

"No, no, Stephen; I shant listen to more of this. He is not dead, I tell you; he is not dead!"

But Mary's words and her

heart did not agree. She believed that he was dead. But the weeks wore into months, and, at length, the months grew into a long, weary year.

Arden had become a pivot of action. The outposts and scouts of both armies were camped on its outskirts. The village was suffering great hardship that brought its inhabitants into a closer communion than they had ever before known. They were as one heart with their bleeding South. They prayed and wept and clung to each other closer than brothers and sisters.

Stephen had been obliged to abandon the Dixon plantation temporarily, and he was welcomed to share the roof



of the Dexters by both mother and daughter. His daily acts of thoughtfulness soon won him a close place in their affections.

And soon Mary caught herself drinking in the many little tricks of gesture and speech that belonged to her lamented Harvey, and trying to reconcile them and her heart to Stephen. As for Stephen, his line of attack was never allowed to waver or pause for a moment. He first won her sympathy, then preyed upon it in the name of him who had passed away forever.

"Oh, if I only knew," she mourned one day, after Stephen had taken her in his arms and let her weep out the bitterness in her heart. He had done nothing more than that, yet there had been, in this manly strength to fall back on, a comfort that she scarcely dared acknowledge. And it was *his* wish, she told herself.

They were constant companions now. Stephen's burning passion for the girl had now risen to a pitch that frightened her. He no longer hesitated in declaring his love.

"Harvey has been dead more than a year now," he urged. "God knows how sincerely we have both mourned him. Let us unite our griefs. Accept my love and my proposal of marriage, and let us leave our pillaged lands and aid the Cause on a foreign shore."

There was neither promise nor refusal in her words. "I must know, before I shall ever think of anything or any one else but him." Yet, half in despair, she knew that the very roofs would probably be soon burned

over the heads, so fierce had become the struggle to possess Arden, the bone of contention. Both sides had sworn to demolish it.

Stephen left Mary that day, his face reflecting anything but the sweet patience of his words. He went to his room, and gave a private exhibition of his pent-up feelings. A few pieces of the furniture were smashed in the process. Then he went away, leaving a note saying that he would be gone for several days on a matter concern-

ing his late brother. As a matter of fact, Stephen secreted himself and stayed for three days in the old Dixon homestead, which had been closed.

Mary was frantic with unrequited anxiety. This was heightened by the fact that there had been a great deal of desultory fighting around and about Arden, which grew fiercer each day. Strangely, she found herself anxious now lest Stephen, too, had met the invisible fate that



she no longer doubted was Harvey's.

Her anxiety was relieved, in a great feeling of thankfulness, on the afternoon of the third day, when Stephen returned, looking very much as tho he had been on a rough campaign. He had, too, in some measure, for an outpost of Union soldiers, in search of an escaped prisoner, had routed him out of his old home and given him a lively chase that bid fair to end fatally.

"Oh, you are safe!" cried Mary, giving free vent to her feelings. "I had feared——"

He had actually drawn her closely to him. "No," he said, "but I had a narrow escape, and I have news."

She drew away from him, and looked, searchingly, into his eyes.

"Yes," he said quietly; "my brother Harvey is—dead. He was killed—in battle. I have seen—his grave." He enumerated these particulars as tho they were indeed hard to utter.

She did not weep. But, turning to him a very pale and solemn face, she spoke quietly: "I shall go to my room a little while."

eyes, unconsciously, sought the window of Mary's room. She, too, was looking out in alarm, and beckoned for him to hurry in.

They met in the parlor.

"They seem actually to be fighting on Rocky Mound, right on our own plantation. There is some sort of disturbance going on there. As much as I hate to do it, I can see that we shall soon have to desert the dear old place."



When she turned, he had taken a step toward her, as if to make some further statement. Had she paused, he, no doubt, would have said something calamitous.

Stephen then turned his attention, with no little apprehension, to the warlike situation now developing on every side of the Dexter plantation. He saw, with alarm, that a small body of Yankees had quartered themselves between the farm and the town of Arden. The town itself seemed to be in the hands of Confederates. He seemed to view this latter fact with even greater apprehension, and his

"Mary," began Stephen, taking both her hands. She looked up at him, and resignedly followed the pressure of his arms. "I can protect you better now," he said, "my wife-to-be."

There was a fusillade of shots now, not two hundred yards from the house, several of the bullets splintering the shingles.

Stephen frowned at this sinister interruption. Mary had drawn away and was listening for the recurrence of a sound that had taken all the blood from her face, that had been crimson but a moment before.

From the window they could see a party of Yankees running hither and thither, as tho they had lost something. Next they were conscious of some one having entered the house, and heard Dave, their young slave, speaking in a voice that was full of tears. Then the door of the room, in which they stood, was cautiously shoved open. A face peered thru that was half covered with blood, and next a man, with his tattered clothing covered with mud, half fell forward into the room, with a groan.

Stephen was truly looking the part that he no longer played. His face had become cruel and savage under the weight of his keen chagrin.

The man was his brother, Harvey Dixon.

Mary, with tears streaming down her face, had fallen like a crushed flower at the soldier's feet for a single moment. Then she became the capable woman that Harvey had learnt to love. She dragged the wounded man to a near-by settee, all the while calling assistance. Soon there were her mother and old Mammy Cindie and her boy, Dave. Stephen had stepped out of the door and stood leaning against a post, like a man who had suddenly lost his sense of comprehension.

Mary came rushing out to reconnoiter. Unspeakable disgust came into her eyes at the sight of the man who had tried to steal her love.

"If I were a man, I'd shoot you!"

Stephen turned at this rebuke, with an evil fire smouldering in his eye. Whatever his intention may have been, he did not carry it out, but walked away without a word.

Mary went back into the house, where she found Dave looking on with saucer-eyed wonder. "Here, Dave, quick! You follow Master Stephen. He's going to do something wicked that will maybe kill us all. Use all the brains you have now."

In the meantime, thru the tender and efficient treatment he had received, Harvey Dixon had considerably revived.

"You haven't much time to lose; they'll be after me again. I got away from them two days ago, and they will hound me to death. Oh, Mary, I can die now that I have had a sight of you once more!"

"Come, Cindie! You take hold of Master Harvey's other shoulder; we're going to take him to your cabin and hide him there."

The plucky girl and the old mammy supported the wounded man to the cabin. They had just deposited their burden and had begun to screen him in a way that he would never have been discovered by the casual looker-in, when, at that moment, Dave came running, his face ashen.

"Massa Steve's done gone an' tole dem good-for-nothin' Yankees we got Massa Harvey heah, an' dat we gwine to stow him 'way in duh cabin heah!" he whispered to Mary.

"They know you are here, Harvey."

"It's no use," groaned Harvey. "Load my pistols and leave me to have it out with those fellows. I'll get more than one of them before they get me. Oh, God, I can hardly breathe!"

"Dave." There was a note in Mary's voice that made all present turn to the girl in abject obedience. "I want you to get to the village, even tho you lose your life in the attempt. Our men are near there somewhere. Go the back way, even if it is a mile farther. If we are not rescued, we mean to die here in this cabin. Now fly!"

All three watched him run cautiously thru the orchard, and thence down the fence that skirted the lane. Hardly a minute later there were several puffs of smoke from the hill-top, and the boy was seen to roll over and over. The onlookers groaned with chagrin. All except Cindie, who gave a chuckle. "Dat aint nuffin' but dat nigger playin' 'possum—you doan' know dat coon."

Sure enough, a few seconds later, they saw him crawl out of sight over the weed-grown crest of the hill.

Harvey was shaking his head. "I dont like to disappoint you, but the

Yanks have a cordon for a mile about this place, on the lookout for me. They'll have Dave before he gets much farther." The next instant, almost, they heard shots, and four or five Union soldiers appeared, with their muskets ready for immediate use.

Mary's face paled. "Close the door—quick!" she cried. "Now, mother, you devote all your attention to Harvey. Get down as low as you can. Come, Cindie, help me barricade the door and all the windows but this one.

takes a step nearer," she warned them, darting inside and leveling the pistol thru the open window.

All four of the men advanced with a shout. None of the plucky girl's first shots took effect. The soldiers dropped down and began to fire, still approaching. All of a sudden one of them threw up his hands and fell back, shot thru the head. As tho she had found her range, another met the same fate the next instant. The remaining two fled.

One of them was seen, a minute later, signalling from the top of the hill for his companions. A dozen blue coats appeared, and there was an exciting colloquy, with frequent gesticulations in the direction of the cabin and the two prostrate forms before it.

Mary turned, panting, and blackened with powder. Harvey was too weak to do much more



If they think they are going to take us easily, they will find themselves mistaken!"

Harvey had half risen, trying to load one of his pistols. But he fell back with a cry of anguish. Mary's mother was obliged to give immediate attention to his bleeding wounds.

"There, Cindie," commanded the girl, "are two heavy boxes of ammunition, where we hid them in case our men came. Get out the two pistols and the muskets, and load everything up."

The four soldiers were approaching, with little or no caution. Mary went to the door, one of the big pistols in her hand. "We women are here alone, and don't want to be molested."

The soldiers gave a laugh of derision, one of them raising his musket menacingly.

"I will shoot the first man who



than smile, but it was the proudest smile that can come to a man's face. That the attacking party had increased to two score men was nothing to her now. It would make her service all the more glorious. Only once did she show emotion—that was when she saw the form of Stephen slinking about among them. It provoked her to fire the pistol point-blank into their midst. She thought she saw Stephen fall.

This brought an angry shout and

an immediate attack. The men surrounded the cabin for the distance of a quarter of a mile, stealthily advancing in squads of four and five. Soon the cabin was riddled with bullets, and that any of its inmates escaped being wounded was something of a miracle. On the other hand, seven soldiers now lay outstretched on the level plateau before the cabin.

Mary was nearly exhausted, and could scarcely lift to the ledge the

were loaded, and then turned her attention to the door, that was being furiously assaulted.

A minute later, a young officer burst in, sword in hand. When he saw the lone girl defender, he fell back in amazement and admiration. But his men had seen the prostrate form of Harvey. A minute later, they were taking him away, dealing gently with the women who had attacked them so furiously.



muskets and pistols that Cindie regularly loaded for her. At length the faithful ducky sank back with a cry, swooning under the pain of a slight wound. Mary sat down limply, with tears of desperation in her eyes. Harvey looked on with helpless admiration. Mary's mother was washing Cindie's hurt.

There had come a lull. Then, suddenly, there rose a shout from all sides. Mary wearily rose and discharged the remaining weapons that

But this victory was short-lived. A troop of Confederate cavalry had been informed by the intrepid Dave. They had swept across country, and met the victors off guard as they were emerging from the cabin. Their force was overwhelming against the handful of men in blue, and there was nothing to do but surrender.

It was an important victory just at that time, and Mary Dexter's valor was responsible for it. She learnt,
(Concluded on page 156.)

THE DEBT

BY
MONTANYE
PERRY

REX



"BUT I've loved you all your life, Beatrice; it doesn't seem possible that you don't care for me!"

"I do care for you, Paul; you're the dearest friend I have, but I don't love you—not that way—I can't, don't you see——"

She broke off, stammering, her gaze fluttering away from his ardent eyes, while the rosy color flared, suddenly, in her face. An amazed, incredulous wonder crept into Paul's eyes, and his face paled a trifle.

"Why, Beatrice," he urged, "tell me what you mean; it can't be possible that there is any one else——"

The blue eyes met his beseechingly, now; tears were trembling on the dark lashes, as if to quench the fire of her cheeks.

"Haven't you noticed——" she began bravely; then she paused, tilting her fair head quickly to listen. Footsteps were crashing thru the brush, a man's gay voice was calling: "Beatrice—oh, Bee—where are you, anyhow?"

"Here I am; come on," Beatrice called, and, as he saw her face brighten, and heard the note of unconscious gladness in her voice, a sudden, appalling realization swept over Paul Warren. It was Jack whom she loved! Jack, his careless, handsome, lovable, young brother, who had never had a wish thwarted, nor a

desire ungratified. For a moment, he stood stunned by the revelation that destroyed his fond hopes, but, with quick command of himself, he forced a smile to meet Beatrice's anxious eyes.

"There, children, run along now," he said lightly. "This tree needs trimming up, and I'm going to do it before I go back to the house."

"Come on, Bee," laughed Jack. "Paul's grumpy; he doesn't want us."

Hand in hand, they ran down the wooded path, their light laughter floating back to the man, who watched them out of sight, his eyes filled with bitter longing; then his head dropped against a low, friendly branch, and he stood very still.

The branches of the encircling trees parted, softly, and a slight figure stole warily toward Paul. It was a young and very beautiful girl, black-eyed, with a mass of straight, black hair, and a complexion whose clear, olive tints needed a second glance to proclaim her an octoroon. As she stood now, looking down at the bowed head, her features were distorted with a passion of rage, blended with fear and dread. Twice her lips opened, as if to speak, and closed again; once she stretched out a slender hand, as if to touch the bowed head, but the hand wavered, hesitated, and was

withdrawn. Turning, she crept softly away, along the green forest path, unseen and unheard by the man, who still stood motionless.

"What shall I do—what can I do?" she sobbed, as she went on. "Oh, why couldn't she have loved Paul? Maybe Jack would have married me, then! But she is not to blame—poor, innocent little Beatrice!"

Jack Warren, whistling idly, as he sauntered down the path, after leaving Beatrice, came to a sudden stop, and his face darkened with a frown as he saw the sobbing girl who was waiting for him.

"Well, what's the matter now, Zelma?" he demanded, impatiently.

"Please give me a few minutes, Jack," she begged. "I must talk to you."

"Well, come back here, then, out of sight of folks," he growled, leading the way, sulkily, "and make it short—I've got a date in half an hour. And, for heaven's sake, cut out the weeps!"

The girl conquered her sobs, and stood for a moment looking, pitifully, into Jack's angry eyes. When she spoke, her voice was tensely subdued.

"Jack," she said, "are you going to desert me and marry Beatrice?"

"I'm certainly going to marry Beatrice," he declared. "We may as well have an understanding right now, Zelma. I'm not deserting you; I'm not really your husband, and never will be. Haven't I told you I'd provide for you? I'll give you plenty of money. If you're so afraid of your brother finding out, you can go away from here."

"But, Jack—" she had sunk to her knees now, and was clutching desperately at his unwilling hand, "—you promised to marry me—and I love you so! What can I do? Think of the awful trouble for me—you have no right to marry Beatrice—she would not have you, if she knew—you *must* marry me, in the regular way, Jack—before a minister."

But he flung her away, savagely. "Marry you?" he sneered. "Why

should I? You were a fool if you ever expected me to."

"But you promised, again and again," she pleaded.

"Oh, drop it," he snarled; "you knew I was a white man, didn't you? Here"—he thrust a roll of bills into her hands—"take this and go; I'll give you more, any time, if you'll be sensible, but you ought to know that I can't really marry one of your kind!"

With a bound, she was upon her feet, flinging the money savagely into his face.

"Take your accursed money!" she shrieked. "I wouldn't touch it if I starved! God never made one law for white and another for black. Under your white skin, your soul is as black as night. Marry Beatrice, but remember this: your children and hers will pay the debt of your sin, just as the child that is born to me must pay the debt of mine! The sins of the father will rest upon the children—it is God's law!"

With this, she was gone, running desperately, like some hunted animal, across the fields to the pretty cottage where she lived with her brother, Jim.

When Jim entered the cottage, after his day's work, Zelma was bustling about the kitchen, heavy-eyed, but outwardly composed. He eyed her keenly for a moment before he spoke.

"Did you know Paul Warren's going away, to stake a claim in the new diggin's?" he asked, suddenly.

"Paul going away?" Zelma repeated. "Oh, you don't mean he is going to *stay*?"

Her thoughts were of Paul as she had last seen him, in his bitter disappointment, and her eyes filled with sympathetic tears. To her brother, who had been struggling against suspicion of his sister for many days, her agitation came as an agonizing corroboration of his worst fears.

"What's it to you?" he demanded, suddenly catching her by the shoulder, and turning her terrified face up to him with a strong hand. "Why

should you be so worked up if he has gone to stay?"

"Why, we—we've always been friends," she gasped. "You know the Warrens have always been good to us."

"Friends!" he repeated bitterly. "A nice kind of friendship—do you think I don't know, girl? I've known for weeks, only I wasn't sure, till now, who it was. I suppose this is the result of poor mother sending us to school with them, and bringing us up like white folks! I'm glad mother's dead! But I'll find him, wherever he's gone, and I'll kill him like a dog—mind that!"

Then, as the girl stood sobbing, the door opened, and Paul stepped in.

"Hello, Jim," he said, "I just dropped in to say good-by. I'm off for a long stay." He stopped as he came nearer and saw Zelma's agitation. "Why, what's the matter—can I do anything?"

"There's a lot wrong, as you know very well," roared Jim, his control snapping at what he thought was heartless hypocrisy, "and there's just one thing you're going to do about it, and that's to die—right here and now!"

In an instant, he had whipped a heavy revolver from its shelf and leveled it at the astonished visitor, but Zelma sprang forward, clutching the weapon desperately.

"Don't, Jim, don't—you're wrong—it isn't Paul—it's—"

A sharp exclamation made all three turn, sharply. There, in the doorway, stood Beatrice—pretty, tender-

hearted Beatrice, who was adored by every one on the ranch.

"Why, whatever is the matter?" she asked, coming forward slowly, her cheeks paling before the shining weapon. "Oh, Paul, what is it?"

She looked from Paul to Jim, from Jim to Zelma, and back to Paul's face. A terrible doubt began to form, vaguely, in her innocent mind, as she spoke to Paul appealingly.

"Tell me what it means."

All the horror of the situation passed thru Paul's brain like a flash. He saw Beatrice, whom he loved better than his own life, crushed, heartbroken, her confidence in Jack destroyed, her love and happiness blighted. He saw his young brother's life wrecked, saw him stretched dead by Jim's vengeful hand. Only a moment he hesitated, then, with a meaning glance at Jim, he took up his burden.

"It was a mistake of Jim's," he said calmly. "Jim thought I was going away and

leave Zelma, but I'm not. I'm going to marry her, and take her with me."

For an instant, Beatrice stared into Paul's set face. Then she shrank back, shuddering.

"Oh," she said, "and I had such confidence in you, Paul, and you said you loved me—you dared to ask me to marry you, when you had this guilt on your soul! No wonder you did not come to say good-by to me! And I ran after you to say it, because I thought you were grieving for me! Oh, Paul, how could you?"

Without waiting for any reply, she



ZELMA PLEADS WITH JACK

left the room, and Paul stood staring at the spot where she had been. Then he turned to Jim.

"I'll sleep here tonight," he said quietly, "so that you wont worry about my running away. In the morning, I'll marry Zelma, and we will go. No, be quiet, Zelma"—as the weeping girl tried to speak—"I know best; obey me."

But when Jim, after a watchful, sleepless night, knocked at Zelma's door, her room was empty; her bed was unrumpled, but a tiny note was pinned to her pillow:

DEAREST JIM: I cant let Paul make such a sacrifice. I have gone forever.
ZELMA.

"Well, I cant kill you—you were willing to marry her, and that clears you, I suppose—now get out!" were Jim's only words to the man, who, without reply, took up his sorrowful way across the mountains.

A year had passed, when Paul left the rude cabin on his claim one morning, and took the trail to the settlement. As he paused for a moment, at a spring, a faint, wailing cry came to his ears.

"A baby!" he exclaimed. "It cant be possible!"

A few rapid strides around a bend in the trail, and he paused in utter amazement. For there, on the green grass beside the trail, crouched Zelma, her head pillowed against a mossy stump, a tiny babe clasped close to her breast.

"Paul!" she exclaimed, as he bent over her. "God has sent you—I am dying."

"But how—" he began, but the weary voice interrupted.

"Never mind how; it is fate. I wandered far—into the darkness and the unknown—now I shall rest. Take my baby, Paul. Care for her—see how fair and white she is—my Minna! But she must pay the debt—the sins of the father—"

The voice trailed into silence; there was a gasp, a struggle—then a great silence.

Late that night, Paul Warren,

with the babe in his arms, knelt beside the newly made grave near his cabin door.

"The sins of the father," he whispered. "God grant that I may avert the penalty."

But his brooding vision pictured not the dark-eyed woman who lay so quietly beneath the fresh earth, but a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl, shrinking away from him with reproachful, horrified eyes.

It seemed that the tiny stranger brought luck to the new claim. A paying streak of silver ore was discovered soon after her appearance, and Paul's fortunes prospered. When Minna was old enough for school, they moved to the nearest settlement, and there, happy in Paul's love and protection, she grew into a lovely, joyous womanhood. No hint of her parentage ever darkened her life. To her, Paul was her devoted father, and the lonely grave back on the mountainside held her mother, who had wished that her last resting-place beneath the pines should be undisturbed.

And to Paul, Zelma's child was the reason for his living; the comfort for his lonely, misjudged life. Thru all the years, he had remained silent, not once communicating with the old home.

"It is better for them to think I am dead," he had decided. When old memories, poignant with pain, swept over him, he looked at Minna, and was comforted, trusting that his faithful care of her might atone for his brother's sin. Often he pictured Beatrice, happy with Jack and the little son, of whose birth he had heard, and, tho his eyes darkened with pain, his heart was serene, knowing that he had saved her from sorrow.

At last the time came when Minna was sent East to study, and he waited anxiously for news from her. She had been so unwilling to go; at the last she had clung to him, sobbing.

He thought of her clinging arms, and of her tear-stained face, now, as he waited for the mail-carrier, and his eyes were very tender.

"Perhaps I was wrong to let her go," he mused; "she is a good girl, and so tender-hearted—suppose something should happen to make her unhappy 'way out there alone? Suppose she should meet some one who knew about her mother? But that's impossible—there's not a soul in the wide world but myself that knows the secret. I've kept my trust, and it isn't possible for any complications of that kind to hurt her now."

Not possible? No mortal can foresee the strange and sudden turns of Fate's handiwork. Twenty minutes after Paul had made his confident assertion, he was staring, with horrified eyes, at a letter from Minna. The sentences, written in the pretty, girlish handwriting, seemed too grotesquely improbable to be believed—and, yet, they must be true; he was not dreaming:

DEAR DADDY: I have so much to tell you, and I must make it very short, or I won't catch the mail. There was a dreadful wreck of our train, and the car I was in got the worst of it. Not a person was saved in that car, except myself and a young doctor named Robert Warren. He pulled me out thru a window, or I should have been burned to death. And, daddy, he took me to his home, which was not far away, and we are very much in love, and are going to be married at once, so he can bring me back home to you, for I can't go on to school now, after such a shock. I know you will not object, when you see him—they are the loveliest people. His mother is the sweetest woman in the world—her name is Beatrice. Isn't it strange, their name being Warren, just like ours?

With heaps of love,

MINNA.

"Going to be married at once," Paul groaned, dropping the letter. "I must stop it; I must hurry—suppose I should be too late? I must tell her—and Beatrice—that she is his sister! There is no other way! Oh, why did I let her go from me?"

There was a swift ride to the nearest railroad station, a telegram sent in advance, a long, nerve-racking ride on a fast express, and Paul Warren was walking up the wooded path, toward the home he had left more than twenty

years before. Old memories swept over him, flooding his heart with yearning pain. Ah, the dear old days—the dear old home—and the awful errand that had brought him here!

"Jack has my telegram before this," he thought. "I wonder what he told them—did he confess the truth? Poor Minna—poor Beatrice! And Jack's son will suffer—it is as Zelma said, his children must pay the debt of his sins."

The house was strangely silent when he reached it. A young man, scarcely more than a boy, was sitting in the library, his head bowed in his hands.

"You must be my Uncle Paul," he said, his voice trembling; "I am so glad you have come—perhaps you can advise us. It is so terrible—we do not know what to do—it seems impossible to think clearly yet!"

"Minna?" questioned Paul, hastily.

"My mother has her, in her room. She will comfort and help her, if any one can; let them alone for a little while. You know it is not twenty-four hours since your telegram came.



PAUL FINDS ZELMA AND HER BABE

It was just in time—the minister was here. In five minutes more, she would have been my wife. Oh, my God—I loved her so—I love her now!”

He threw himself down in an agony of tears, and Paul recognized, in this stricken lad, all the lovable, reckless traits of Jack. He laid a pitying hand on the dark head, not trusting his voice. At last he said: “And your father?”

“I quite forgot that you did not know,” Robert replied. “It has all been so sudden I hardly know what I am doing yet. My father is dead.”

“Dead! How?”

“By his own revolver. Your telegram was given to him, just as the wedding was to begin. Such a look as came over his face—it was terrible. Then he seemed to go mad. He turned, and gave the message directly to mother. You can imagine the effect on us all. I think I was stunned at first. When I realized what was happening, the minister was helping Minna and mother out of the room.

Father was in a chair, wringing his hands. Over and over he moaned: ‘The debt, the debt! She said that our children must pay it—the debt, the debt! Suddenly he rushed into his room; in a moment I heard a shot. It was all over.’”

His voice broke again, and there was a long silence in the room. At last Robert spoke again.

“Tell me, uncle, what shall we do? How shall we take up the threads of life and go on? Mother understands

all the past now; she has pieced it all together: your telegram yesterday, and what she knew of your going away, and Minna’s story of her dead mother. She has told me how noble and good you are. Tell me, now, what shall we do?”

“I must take Minna back home; you must live on here with your mother. In time, my boy, the wound will heal. Perhaps you will be glad to see Minna as a loved sister, some

day; if not, your lives must lie far apart. We must go—at once. But first, let me see your mother, alone.”

So, as he waited, faint and trembling with emotion, in the great west window of the library, she came to him. Beatrice, fair-haired and sweet-faced, as in the olden days, so fragile and slender in her trailing gown of black. She held out both her hands, and, for a long moment, they looked deep into each other’s eyes.

“Forgive me for misjudging you, long ago,” she said simply. “You were noble and

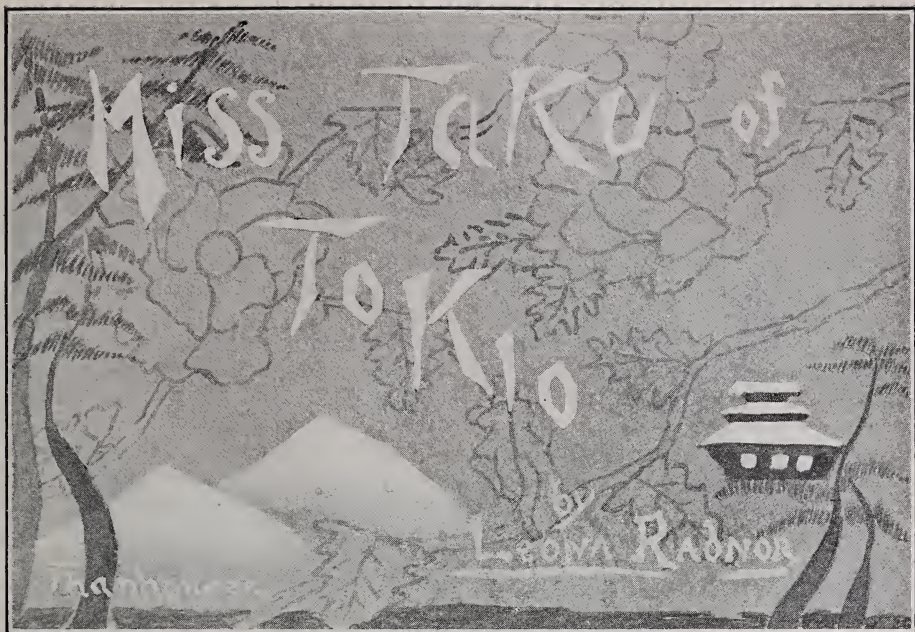
self-sacrificing—you carried all the burden, for my sake. I understand now. It is terrible that these children must suffer so—terrible that Jack has died with this burden of sin on his soul; but, thru all this blackness, the strength of your devotion will shine like a golden thread, lighting the dreary days.”

“Some time, when the children’s wounds have healed, may I return?”

“Some time—who knows?” she answered, a tender mist in her eyes.



“SOME TIME—WHO KNOWS?”



WHEN Jack Elwood left his home—and his weeping mother, to begin a tour of the world, he was convinced that his heart was broken. He was not looking forward to his journey with any enthusiasm—it was merely a recourse to distract his melancholy thoughts. He felt that he should never experience any pleasure in anything again, and as for women—he was done with them. He had wasted his love on one of them, so now he was ready to condemn them all as selfish and calculating.

As he recalled the incidents that followed his return home from college, he could entertain nothing but gratitude for his mother's objecting to—nay, forbidding, under penalty of disinheritance—his marriage to her companion, Susan Lee. Had his mother yielded to his pleadings and his defiance, the discovery of the girl's mercenary character would have come too late.

"And she looked so sweet and genuine," he murmured, as if excusing his obtuseness. He took from his pocket her farewell note, and pondered over it for the hundredth time since the evening the servant had brought it to him.

"Dear Jack," he read, below his breath, so that the driver in front

should not hear, "you will never see me again. Your mother would disinherit you, and I don't intend to marry a poor man." He tore the note into bits, which he scattered along the road. Then, with a sigh, he leaned back in the padded seat of his car, and drearily pictured a loveless future.

It was evening in the city of Tokio. Among the trees, in the garden of the geisha-houses, lighted lanterns swung gently in the breeze, and from the flower-bedecked balconies of the tea-house came the beat of the *koto*, and the light twanging of the *samisen*. Little figures, in gorgeous, embroidered kimonos, flitted gaily about, posturing, dancing, laughing, and singing in sweet, piping voices. Hara, the master of the geishas, suddenly appeared among them.

"An honorable guest arrives," he told them, as he hastened to the gate.

Jack Elwood entered the garden. Hara met him, with a deep obeisance and an obsequious indrawing of the breath. Then, clapping his hands, he summoned a *mousmé* to bring the exalted stranger a cup of *saké*, and sent another, to command the presence of his star geisha, Taku.

Seated in the garden, with the weird thrumming and tinkling affect-

ing him with a pleasurable sense of anticipation, Jack forgot, for the moment, to brood over his broken heart. Then Taku came, bewitching, smiling, saucy. She danced for him, her lithe, young body bending and swaying, her tiny hands moving in odd little gestures, her small head, with its decoration of bright-hued flowers, nodding coquettishly. Jack watched her with growing delight. He thought her the daintiest bit of humanity he had ever seen, and, when the dance was finished, he tried to tell her so. Taku had little difficulty in understanding him, for she was accustomed to compliments from the English and American visitors. She modestly concealed her face behind her fan, while she thanked him in broken English. They had tea together, and, under the spell of her merriment, the last vestige of his bitterness vanished.

The next evening, and the next, found him in the garden, and, each time, he returned to his hotel more haunted by the flower-like charm of the little geisha. Then, the hours began to drag between evening and evening; he wanted Taku every minute of the time. Not even the vision of his proud mother, nor the memory of his first disastrous affair of the heart, could stem the tide of his thoughts, once they had moved, with his desires, toward Taku.

"Suppose she is of a different race," he argued to himself, "it makes no difference to me, and it's nobody else's business. She's adorable—the sweetest, gentlest, brightest, most fascinating little girl in the world! And I'm going to marry her, if Hara will give her up."

The shrewd Hara had been watching the infatuation of the handsome, young American, and he had decided that he would demand a goodly sum, should it come to the point where Jack would ask to marry the geisha. Taku was his best attraction, and, if she had kept a cool head and heart, as was expected of all geishas, he would not have parted with her for any amount. But he had noted her eager watchfulness, as evening drew nigh, and her delight when the honorable stranger was announced. She was no longer heart-whole; her value as a geisha was impaired. So he would sell her, if the offer was big enough.

Sooner than he expected, the impetuous young American came to him with his proposal. Hara simulated surprise and reluctance, and, finally, named a large sum to release Taku from bondage. Jack instantly closed the bargain, and Hara trotted away to fetch Taku.

"The august foreigner will wed me?" she asked, incredulously.

"Why not?" exclaimed Hara, indignantly. "Have not our own lofty ones, with illustrious ancestors, wedded with geishas? Thou art as beautiful and dazzling as Amaterasu, and thy ancestors were of the honorable *samurai*. Hasten!" he urged, throwing back the sliding screens, and drawing her into the room where Jack was waiting.

She took a few little steps toward Jack, then stopped, overcome with embarrassment. He took her hand, and removed the fan from her face.

"Did Hara tell you, little blossom, that I want you for my wife?"

"Yes," she murmured, "and, in all things, I will be obedient to my lord."



JACK IS REPULSED BY SUSAN

Jack laughed. "I don't want obedience, Taku; I want love. Can you give me that?"

"Yes," she said softly, nodding her charming head. "I will love my noble lord for all of this life, and all the lives yet to come."

A year passed, and Taku was the happiest, gayest of little wives and mothers. The beautiful home that Jack had fitted up for her, had never ceased to be a source of interest and

unusual and precocious child in the world. Jack was still in the thrall of Japan, and, in the happiness and love of Taku, he found life very sweet. But it had occurred to him, repeatedly, that he should have informed his mother of his marriage. His conscience had grown especially insistent since the baby's arrival. So, at last, he decided, boldly, to break the news, and to satisfy a feeling of homesickness that had been creeping



JACK FINDS A NEW SWEETHEART IN JAPAN

wonder. After the simplicity, almost bareness, of the tea-house, the beautiful rooms, with their lacquer-paneled walls, golden matting on the floors, covered here and there with handsome rugs, pearl and ivory-inlaid furniture, and screens that were exquisite works of art, held, for her, a constant fascination and enjoyment.

And, then, there was the baby, Mino, rosy, dimpled, bright-eyed. Taku idolized him, and had quite convinced Jack that they had the most

upon him, by returning to America. Not wishing to shock his mother by too complete a surprise, he wrote briefly, preparing her for his return with his wife and child. He could not forego the malicious pleasure of pandering to the old lady's patrician foibles by adding: "I have married a lady of ancient lineage."

Taku was all in a flutter of excitement, and misgiving, over the prospective journey. Suppose the baby should be taken ill, suppose the honorable mother-in-law should not like

her! Jack laughed at her fears, and, such was her confidence in her big husband, that, when the little party sailed, she looked forward, with the pleasure of a child, to the moment when she could place in its grandmother's arms the wonderful baby.

If Jack, after several weeks of contact with Occidentals during the voyage and the railway journey, had begun to question the outcome of this visit to his old home, he kept his doubts to himself. As they neared their destination, all his efforts were directed toward cheering up Taku, for her confidence was fast oozing away. The bigness of the new country oppressed her. She clasped little Mino tight in her arms, and looked, with startled eyes, at the imposing homes they passed, as they whirled over the road in Elwood's car, that had met them at the station. The car drew up to the house, and a footman came out to assist the travelers.

"Oh, I am afraid!" gasped Taku, clinging to Jack.

"Nonsense!" he laughed nervously, putting an arm about her. "Here, Jenkins, you carry my son." Then, whispering reassuringly to Taku, he led her into the house.

Mrs. Elwood had thought to make Jack's homecoming an event, by inviting a number of his old friends to dinner. They were assembled in the drawing-room when Jack and Taku entered. Hidden, for a moment, as Mrs. Elwood clasped her boy in her arms, the little wife shrank from the eyes that met hers, as Jack turned, and led her before his mother.

He removed the cape and hood, that covered Taku from head to foot. As

the picturesque little figure was disclosed, a look of horror sprang to the mother's eyes.

"Surely, surely," she stammered, "this is not your wife!"

"Yes, mother," answered Jack, firmly, defying the disapproving eyes of the guests, "this is my wife, and"—indicating the baby in the footman's arms—"this is my child."

Mrs. Elwood gave the merest glance in the direction of the infant, and Taku, her heart freezing within her, clung to Jack, appealingly.

"Your wife will, probably, like to go to her room immediately," suggested Mrs. Elwood, coldly.

"Yes, yes!" assented Taku, eagerly, trembling at the unfriendly glances bent upon her.

Alone in her room—a great, hostile room it seemed to her—she laid the slighted Mino upon the bed, and knelt beside him.

"They would not deign to look at the honorable baby-san!" she whispered bitterly. "These lofty ones may despise

me—that I understand, for they are proud, and I was but a geisha. But the honorable child is the son of the esteemed Mr. Elwood, and they should have done him honor!"

She would not go down to dinner with Jack; she remained in her room all evening, and fretted and brooded over her insignificance in the eyes of the "lofty ones" downstairs.

As the days went by, poor little Taku was left much to herself. Her mother-in-law ignored her and little Mino completely, while, seemingly, exerting herself to draw Jack away from his wife. Jack was, at first, very tender and considerate, and assured



PREPARING MINO FOR THE LONG JOURNEY

Taku that his mother and friends would accept his wife as soon as they had become accustomed to the idea of associating with one of her race. But, probably unremarked by himself, he left her more and more to herself, and became absorbed in the pastimes from which she was shut out.

"Perhaps if I wear clothes like theirs," she suggested, piteously, "the exalted ones will not despise me so."

"A good idea!" responded her hus-

evening's merrymaking, she robed herself in her flowered kimono, gathered together her store of money and jewels, strapped the baby on her back, and left, on the desk in her room, these few words:

HONORED HUSBAND: I go back to my people. It was all a mistake. Please forget.
TAKU.

Then she went softly down the carpeted stairs, and out into the night.



JACK'S MOTHER REFUSES TO BE RECONCILED

band. "Get yourself some American clothes."

However, the new apparel failed to work the expected change, and little Taku was utterly discouraged and unhappy. Her face grew pale and thin, and the American clothes ill suited her type of exotic beauty. The situation, at last, became unbearable, for she felt that with the eclipse of her charms had disappeared her husband's love. So, one night, when he had gone with a gay party, for an

The next morning, when her flight was discovered, Mrs. Elwood made no attempt to conceal her relief. Jack, after the first shock and anxiety, took a philosophical view of the occurrence. It was, probably, the best way out of it. He had been pulled two ways, in trying to please his mother, at the same time indulging his own pleasure-loving nature, and in making dutiful attempts to give some of his time to Taku. Now he would be free—and back in Japan, well provided for by

his foresight, she would be in a harmonious environment, and would recover her looks and her happy disposition. So, comfortably rocking his conscience to sleep, he plunged into wilder gaities.

But there is nothing more treacherous than a dormant conscience. It bides its time, and, when its possessor is most wretched, and is savoring the unpalatable facts of boredom and discontent, it springs up broad awake, and stabs and stabs. So Jack Elwood found. He had exhausted every phase of dissipation, and, now that the superficial and vicious pleasures of

life palled, his conscience had a trick of unexpectedly bringing before him a vision of the neglected Taku and the honorable baby-san. After a night at the card-table, he wandered into the garden, in the early dawn. A slight breeze rippled over the grass and thru the trees. With his head buzzing from sleeplessness, he seemed to hear the tinkle of wind-bells. Then he could have sworn

that the thrumming of the *koto* and the twanging of the *samisen* were in his ears, and that from the shadows of a feathery fir-tree, a little figure, in a gorgeous kimono, advanced toward him. He rose, with outstretched arms. "Taku!" he cried. But there was nothing there but the drifting mist of dawn and the gentle breeze rippling by. Dazed, he hurried to the house. He called up one of the servants, and ordered him to pack, immediately, sufficient clothing for a long journey. The thrall of the "Flowery Kingdom" was upon him again, and the charm of his little Taku was luring him back to her.

In her beautiful home in Tokio, a sad little mother sat, with her baby in her arms. Now and then she picked up her *samisen*, and, touching the strings, sang to him a little song of her own composing. It told of one who had ceased to love her, but whom she would love thru this life and all the lives to come. The wonderful baby, Mino, gurgled in delight, and Taku smiled, fondly, into his twinkling, black eyes. The curtains in the doorway parted, and Jack looked in. Taku still crooned to the baby, not hearing the quiet step behind her.

Then, Jack sank to his knees, at her side. Startled, she drew away from him, and hard lines appeared in her suffering little face.

"Taku!" he cried, penitently, "I have come back to you. I am so sorry your heart was wounded. I have been very unhappy, and I want you and Mino to love me again!"

"Until some lofty ones again despise us?" asked Taku, indignantly.

"If the lofty ones despise you, they must despise me, too," he answered, "for I am going to stay right here with you—if you will let me."

Such humility from her husband melted little Taku's anger. "Oh, my august lord!" she exclaimed. "If you may! Did not my vows bind me to obedience and devotion for all of this life?"

He took her in his arms, and pressed her to his heart.

"For all of this life?" he asked.

"And all the lives to come," she answered, solemnly.

"Yes, all the lives to come," he echoed, fervently.



JACK RETURNS TO TAKU

Their Power

By GEORGE B. STAFF

The Photoshow, the Photoshow,
Where countless thousands spend an hour;
How rapidly they thrive and grow,
For they possess the wondrous power
Of moving hearts to joy or tears,
And they shall prosper with the years!

Pictures

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

There are pictures good,
There are pictures bad,
There are pictures gay,
There are pictures sad,
There are pictures right,
There are pictures wrong,
There are pictures short,
There are pictures long,

There are pictures dim,
There are pictures bright,
There are pictures "heavy,"
There are pictures light,
There are pictures quick,
There are pictures slow—
Oh! you see all kinds
At the Picture Show.

From Over the Sea

By FRANK W. STERNS

The' scenes av me choildhood, th' cot I was born in,
Came forninst me this night; faith, I know 'twas no drame,
An' me heart sang f'r joy whin, widout anny warnin',
Me darlint, ould mother to mate me she came.

She sthepped from th' doorway, her smile soft and tinder,
As it was on the day we said good-by in tears;
An' I saw, whin I looked in th' ould cabin winder,
Th' light that's been burnin' for me all these years.

I called her swate name—fast th' glad tears were flowin',
I stretched forth a hand to th' vanishin' scene!
Her eyes caressed mine—it was me she was knowin'—
She smiled—then was gone from th' dear picthur' screen!

Winter

By L. M. THORNTON

Cold, did you say, and Jack Frost coming?
I know the way where bees are humming.
Let's watch the flowers in beauty springing,
Or birds thru bowers their courses winging.

Drear, did you say, with snowflakes falling?
Let's go and play the quails are calling.
I know a place where rivers glisten,
And summer sings, if you but listen.

Sad, did you say, and winter-weary?
I know the way where all is cheery;
Where picture films can make you jolly
And picture-play ends melancholy.



THE face of each man in the card-room stood out sharply in the brilliant light from clusters of electric bulbs on the side walls.

At the center table sat the Honorable James Oakley and Vincent Black, leaders of the smartest coterie in the Cocoa Tree Club, which, for a century, had been the most exclusive in London's West End. At the massive mahogany table, covered with soft, green felt, sat two other men, engaged in the after-theater game of whist with Oakley and Black.

"Shall I play, partner?" asked Vincent Black, a tall, rather raw-boned Englishman, so accustomed to formal clothes that he would have looked ridiculous in a business suit.

"Pray do," James Oakley replied mechanically, his mild, blue eyes acquiring an intense look as he glanced at the fellow on his right, a loud-talking chap who had recently been admitted to the Cocoa Tree because of his family connections.

As Oakley played, his lithe, slight body became tense with interest, and several times he passed his hand over his face nervously, and toyed with a plain gold crest ring on his little finger as he watched, narrowly, the uncouth player on his right.

Suddenly, as the man took a trick unfairly, James Oakley threw his remaining cards face up on the table, and pushed back his chair, his cheeks drawn and white.

"I prefer not to play with a cheat!" he exclaimed, with an evenness of temper and display of self-control which his father had passed on to him from a long line of trained gentlemen.

The man at his right grew very red. "You're a cheat, yourself!" he cried, rising to his legs, a little unsteady from over-indulgence in wine.

Oakley's eyes snapped; he sprang at the man's throat, slapped his pulpy, red face with his open hand, and hurled him violently backward. The card-cheat swayed, stumbled, fell across a chair, and toppled, a whirling mass of arms and legs, down the long, polished stairway leading to a dining-room on the floor below.

Oakley, paralyzed with sudden fear, rushed down the steps just as the cheat's head crashed against the newel-post. The body quivered convulsively; and settled down in a heap.

Vincent Black pushed his friend, Oakley, away from the body, and felt,

fumblingly, thru the clothes for a heart-beat.

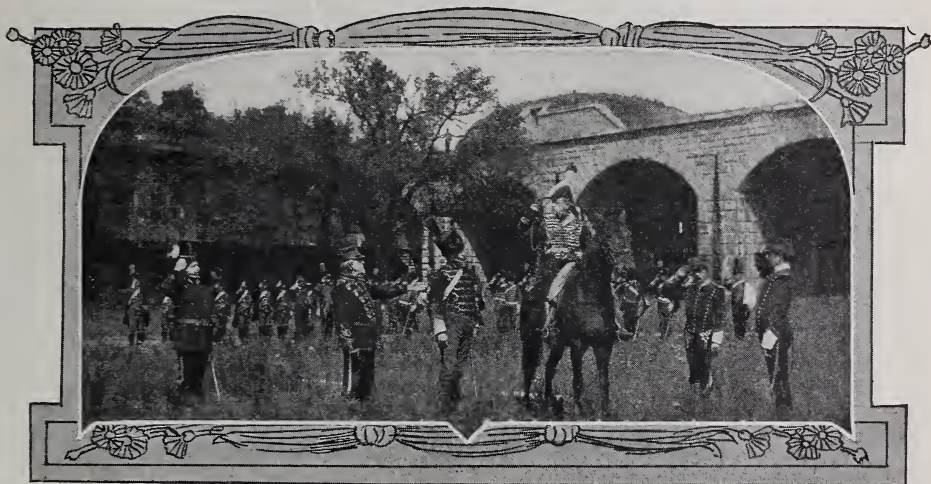
"Dead!" he cried, turning to Oakley, who stood, with slack hands, looking on, his eyes vivid with pain.

"Come—let's get out of this!" exclaimed one of the older members, who had rushed down to the excited group about the body. "You'll not run the chance of imprisonment for this worthless fellow. Black!" he motioned quickly to Oakley's companion, "as quick as you can. Let's get him out of here."

Together they rushed Oakley to the

violence, but, finally, he came to look upon the affair as an unavoidable accident. Purposely, he did not read the London papers, and, for over a month, he lived the life of a modest gentleman of leisure in Paris, carefully avoiding those popular cafés where he might meet traveling Englishmen.

One day he picked up a French newspaper, and read the startling news that the victim of an unprovoked assault in a London club was dying in a hospital; his life had lingered all these weeks. But, as for



OAKLEY JOINS THE FRENCH ARMY

check-room, bundled him into his top-coat, and pushed his silk hat on his head. Then Black took him alone in a cab to the nearest railway station.

"A first-class ticket to Paris," he requested of the ticket-seller, and before Oakley fully realized what had happened, he found himself alone in a compartment of a train bound for Paris, Black's farewell words echoing in his ears: "Don't come back! Live in France! I'll stay here and straighten things out for you. We'll meet again some day, old man. Take good care of yourself, and forget this accident."

For weeks James Oakley could not forget the scene in the club. His breeding had taught him to dislike

Oakley, he hesitated no longer; he impulsively joined the French army, and immediately lost his identity in the baggy flannel uniform of red and blue with which he was furnished.

He was sent to the Soudan in a transport with a detachment under Colonel de Bellechosse, and idled for months in barracks before getting into an active engagement. Meanwhile, he perfected his French, became proficient at fencing, and gained popularity among the non-commissioned officers, working up to the position of sergeant by excelling at drill.

Then, one day, his company was ordered to the frontier, where trouble awaited the French. On the morning

following their arrival, Colonel de Bellechosse's detachment engaged in a sharp preliminary skirmish, and Oakley, having little to live for, threw himself headlong into the battle with that perfect disregard of caution which has distinguished, and saved the life of, many a great army officer.

Colonel de Bellechosse, mounted on a fiery Arabian horse, directed the encounter from a position well in the rear, until, irritated by the tricky methods of the savage enemy, he led a bold charge against them in person. Oakley, his men scattered, followed across the field, close behind his Colonel, leaping ahead of the less zealous Frenchmen, and, finally, finding himself cut off from the remainder of his company, with a handful at the Colonel's side. He had emptied his gun, and had no time to reload; the wily natives were rushing the Colonel, slashing with long, curved swords at the Colonel's small bodyguard, and trying to get at the French leader. The Colonel's horse went down. Oakley charged the enemy with his bayonet; all the savage that had lingered beneath his calm, cultivated exterior came to the surface, and he fought furiously, recklessly, felling a dozen men, and reaching the Colonel's side just in time to run thru, with his bayonet, a villainous, big negro leveling an old-fashioned pistol at the army officer.

The Colonel's detachment rallied, and soon swept to his aid. The natives retreated. Colonel de Bellechosse, in the flush of victory, found

time to clasp Oakley's hand in the open field, and thank him, before the regiment, for his distinguished service.

When the company had returned to camp, Colonel de Bellechosse sent for Oakley, who limped, painfully, to the executive tent, bearing a dozen bandages, and received, gratefully, the profuse thanks of the Frenchman.

"I had my eye on you thru the smoke," exclaimed the Colonel. "Not many men fight as you did. I have saved myself from many narrow squeezes, but *you* saved me today."

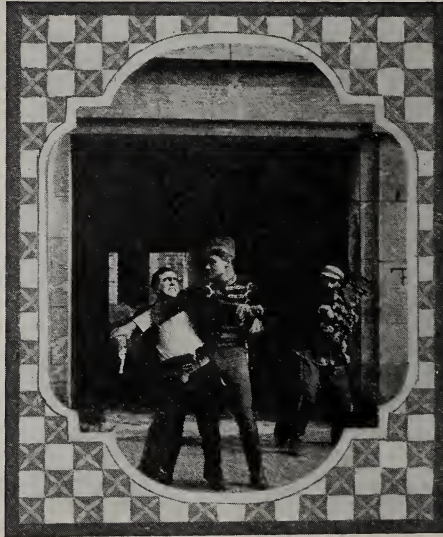
The Colonel paused, and surveyed Oakley thoughtfully. Finally he continued: "The trouble here will soon be over. We will be ordered back to barracks in Paris within a week. You won't enjoy life in barracks as an officer without a commission; you won't have the opportunity to mingle with the kind of people to which I can see you are accustomed. I need a

secretary—if you like, I will appoint you."

"I should appreciate it very much," answered Oakley, promptly.

Within a week the troops were back in Paris, and, in his new position, the Britisher found many advantages. He was thrown into the company of scintillating Frenchmen, and, gradually, took on most of the Colonel's social duties.

At a splendid military ball, he met, for the first time, the Colonel's daughter, Louise, and was attracted by her princessly bearing and piquant, French manner more certainly than he had ever been attracted to



OAKLEY SAVES THE LIFE OF THE
COLONEL

any other woman. He danced with her, and flattered himself that he had succeeded in interesting the girl.

After the ball, Colonel de Bellechosse happened to mention to Oakley, in a reflective mood, that Lieutenant de Berg, of a prominent military family, was a suitor for Louise's hand, and that he had high hopes for the match.

This confidence did not deter Oak-

Oakley found himself seated beside Louise in a corner of the garden, lit with thousands of soft electric bulbs. Both were oblivious to the gay throng near them. Oakley looked into the girl's eyes, and saw in them a new light. Their friendship had suddenly blossomed into intimacy, or something better, he thought.

"I wish I had been born a Frenchman," Oakley said slowly. "I've



DE BERG DECLARES HIS LOVE TO LOUISE

ley, however, from improving his acquaintance with Louise. He found many excuses which took him to his superior officer's home, and, within a few months, he was invited to informal dinners by the Colonel, and made much of in private, in spite of the fact that he was a non-commissioned officer.

Oakley missed no social function at which Louise was likely to be present. His fascination finally became a passion. One summer night, at a splendid formal dance in the Colonel's house,

become a Frenchman already—at heart."

"And isn't the heart most important of all?" she asked softly, shyly, her eyes cast down.

"Yes; it is with me. At heart I am French, and it is because of you."

"Because of me? But I don't understand!" she breathed quickly, raising her glowing eyes to his.

"Yes," he said, leaning impulsively toward her, and wishing they were really alone in the world; "you have made me feel that I want to be truly

French, so you will understand me fully. I want to be like—well, like what you want me to be.” His tone was very boyish, and he looked at her with serious, big eyes.

“Oh,” she cried, with a thrill, “I like you because you are English.”

“Oh, if I were only French I could tell you why I like you,” he cried. “If I were French I would know how to make love better than the

standing near them, near enough to have overheard their words. As Oakley’s eyes met his, the Frenchman’s white face expressed smouldering rage. He turned abruptly, his hand instinctively reaching toward his sword.

“But, Louise, dear, how about de Berg?” breathed Oakley, turning back to the girl, who sat with lips musingly open.



DE BERG DISCOVERS THAT LOUISE HAS ANOTHER SUITOR, IN THE PERSON OF OAKLEY

blunt, British way. Listen, Louise; I love you because you are yourself,” he finished fervently.

A faint flush burned in her cheeks; she clasped her hands, and drew a sharp breath. “I, too, like you for the same reason,” she admitted, at length.

Oakley quivered with emotion. He reached out to take her hand, suddenly recollected that he was in plain sight of onlookers, and drew back sharply, looking about him anxiously. A tall, slim, young French officer was

She quivered with his first term of endearment, and her eyes fluttered up to his. “He is papa’s choice; not my own,” she murmured musically.

“Ah, my darling Louise! If I could only tell you how much I love you!” Oakley was wild to catch her hands in his, to hug her close to him.

“You don’t have to, dear,” she said softly; “I can read it in your eyes.”

“And it is repeated in yours, sweetest little girl in the——” Oakley’s sentence was cut short by the

clanking arrival of Colonel de Bellechosse, who asked the pleasure of a dance with his daughter, in courtly terms.

Oakley, his whole being aflame with love, darted down a path, determined to take a long walk, to dream of his love and Louise.

As he stepped into a deserted, rose-covered cross-path, Lieutenant de Berg slipped silently to his side, and remarked, in a voice of restrained rage: "I will walk with you, monsieur."

Oakley and de Berg walked down the path together. The moment they

"My seconds will wait upon yours, monsieur, at the Hôtel de Triomphe, tomorrow at nine. They can arrange all details." Lieutenant de Berg handed Oakley a crisp card that glistened white in the street light, and turned down a winding boulevard.

Oakley walked straight on, alone. Half an hour before, he had been radiantly, exuberantly hopeful because Louise returned his love. Now, he was in despair. It seemed to him that love was not the exclusive affair of two people in France. Besides the Lieutenant's opposition, Oakley was a non-commissioned officer, a fugitive



THE DUEL

were out of earshot, the superior officer burst out: "I overheard tonight—about Louise. Perhaps you don't understand French etiquette—I will teach you. Will you fight with the sword or the pistol?"

In a flash, Oakley understood. It was a challenge.

"I shall waive my rank," continued the Lieutenant, excitedly. "Either I withdraw from the field, or you. Which weapon do you prefer?"

"Oh," exclaimed Oakley, "if you demand blood, let it be blood. Your choice of weapons is my choice." Tho uneasy at the thought of a duel, Oakley was now thoroly angry with the Frenchman, who could not win a girl's heart, but could gain only her father's approval.

from his own country, with disgrace hanging over his head, and, without a fortune and standing, he could never expect the Colonel to accept him as a son-in-law, even if Louise loved him.

Seized with despair, he sank down in a chair at a sidewalk café frequented by Englishmen, and ordered brandy. He had not been so indiscreet as to show himself at such a popular place since leaving London, but now he thought nothing of that, and sat, in his French uniform, slumped over his glass of liquor, thinking dismally of the dawn.

The fixed gaze of a gentleman sitting at a table opposite finally caused Oakley to look up. He found himself staring into the wondering

eyes of his old comrade, Vincent Black, who had helped him out of England.

With outstretched hands, Oakley rushed toward him, repeating, unconsciously, in French: "Monsieur Black, Monsieur Black! of all people!"

"I thought it was you," cried Black, pressing his hand firmly, "but I couldn't be sure. That uniform, that coat of tan. Why, you even talk French."

The reunited friends sat until almost morning, talking excitedly of their experiences since parting. And, with the dawn, Black slapped Oakley heartily on the shoulder, crying: "A man who's to fight a duel must be fresh. I'll see de Berg's seconds at the hotel this morning, and, as for you, go to sleep."

The duel was arranged to take place at sunrise on the following day, in a lonely field on the outskirts of town—a field partly hidden from the road by a row of pines.

Pistols had been decided upon, and Vincent Black, after examining the arms provided by de Berg's seconds, gave the word that his man was ready.

The duellists met in the center of the vacant field, their backs to one another. A gentleman in severe black, with the manner of an undertaker, cried: "One-two-three-four!" and the opponents wheeled, and fired upon each other with almost a single report of the pistols.

An instant later, de Berg's right arm fell to his side, shattered, and his weapon, belching smoke, dropped to the grass.

The duel was over. Oakley had won.

A pair of men in uniform were spied by one of the seconds, skulking along the road at that moment.

"You had better not go back to barracks," cried de Berg, accepting his defeat like a gentleman, and hardly wincing as the doctor bound the tiny hole in his fractured arm. "The regiment will hear of this, and you will be court-martialed for breach

of discipline for duelling with a superior officer. It's for your good I'm suggesting it."

"Yes, yes!" Oakley breathed, impetuously, "but I must see Louise first!"

He was whisked from the field by Black as rapidly as he had been packed off to Paris the night of the trouble at the club.

Black insisted on Oakley's return to London at once. He argued that he could resume his old life, and that his father was failing in health. He assured him again and again, too, that the club members had silenced the gambling scandal, and that the card-cheat had finally recovered.

But Oakley broke from him and rushed boldly to the Colonel's house, tho he was unaccustomed to call so early, even in his secretarial capacity.

He found Louise alone in the morning-room, having just finished breakfast.

"Louise, my darling!" he cried, drawing up a low settee, and sitting beside her, clasping her hands, "I have won from de Berg!—this morning only. Ah, precious, the sun shines sweet on victories like mine. I am free to tell you now how much I love you, adore you, worship you, my darling." He talked rapidly at first, in eagerness, finally lingering over the last words.

She smoothed back his damp hair dreamily, drinking deep of his ardent words.

"And I, too, love you, *mon cher*, *mon petit*!" she cried, timidly burying her head on his shoulder.

He caught her in his arms, and hugged her close, straining her to him, as he had dreamed of doing for weeks past.

"I love you madly, my darling. I would risk anything—a hundred lieutenants—to tell you how sweet and precious you are to me." He raised her mouth, and kist her tremulous lips.

The silence of love ensued.

Suddenly a sharp ejaculation surprised the pair. They sprang to their feet and faced Colonel de Bellechosse,

purple with rage. He stared steadily, scornfully at them, and then, suddenly, in his sternest military manner, ordered Oakley to return to barracks, and report at his quarters in half an hour.

Oakley withdrew without a word, returning to barracks like a faithful soldier, and refusing to recall Lieutenant de Berg's and Black's advice to flee and avoid consequences.

It is the recommendation of the court that James Oakley be sentenced to five years' imprisonment for breach of discipline in fighting a duel with a superior officer.

V. DE FOREST,
Presiding Officer.

Oakley listened dumbly as the sentence was pronounced, realizing that Colonel de Bellechosse's discovery in the morning-room had a



OAKLEY IS ARRESTED

Instead of seeing Oakley when he appeared at his office, the Colonel ordered his arrest, and Oakley was dragged to the military jail thru the barracks square, where his comrades were idling.

That afternoon he was court-martialed on the evidence of two common soldiers who had witnessed the duel from the road.

The decision of the military referee read:

great deal to do with the severity of the sentence.

Probably he could have reduced the term if he had been willing to admit the cause of his duel, but on that subject his lips remained closed.

While in prison he learnt from Black, who was allowed to visit him occasionally, that Lieutenant de Berg had been transferred to another post, by way of reprimand.

A month later, Black came to the

prison with glowing face, and cried, the moment he saw Oakley: "I've managed to get de Berg to write a letter. I think I shall succeed in having you released." He showed the following document with pride: "I hereby testify that James Oakley was in no manner responsible for the duel. It was entirely at my instigation. Signed, LIEUTENANT DE BERG."

Again the gallant French officer had shown that he was a gentleman, and, with this letter, and a little political pressure which Black brought to bear, Oakley was finally released.

On the very day that he came from prison, Black took him to the office of a Parisian lawyer, who acquainted him with the fact that he was heir to a large estate left by his father, and that he could now claim the title of Lord Fernborough.

The Englishman, overcome by the sudden turn in his affairs, went at once to the office of Colonel de Bellechosse, and formally asked for his daughter's hand. The Colonel, on whose sympathies Black had been working during Oakley's imprisonment, refused to discuss the matter, but gave his permission for Oakley to call on Louise and tell her of his release.

Louise sat on the lawn as her father and her lover approached. She ran to the arms of Oakley in spite of the Colonel's flaming eye.

"I must take Louise back to England with me!" cried Oakley, in a surge of emotion.

"I will not consent—I will not consent!" the Colonel raged, striding up and down the lawn with hands clasped tightly behind his back.

"But, papa," pleaded Louise, removing her arms from Oakley, to throw them about her father, "you only wanted me to marry Lieutenant de Berg because he had prospects. James," and she pronounced the name so quaintly that Oakley wanted to hug her again on the spot—"has inherited a large estate. Don't you remember the days of the Soudan? You've told me so often of how he saved your life. That was what first made me love him, even before I saw him." She looked shyly toward Oakley, who stepped to her side and pressed her hand.

Colonel de Bellechosse looked down into his daughter's pleading face.

"That is not the only occasion on which Sergeant Oakley was brave," he said slowly, his face very red. "He fought a duel for you, you must remember." It was evident that the mention of Oakley's estate had altered the old man's decision, and that he was glad to be reminded of the Englishman's bravery.

"Then you give your consent?" cried Louise, returning the pressure of Oakley's hand.

"With all my heart," answered the Frenchman, courteously, saluting Louise on the forehead, and he stood wiping the tears from his stern, old face as Louise and Oakley, unabashed, exchanged a long, sweet kiss of success before him.



The Photoplayers

They give the wide world pleasure,
Give it freely, without measure,
Everywhere.
Into lives all sad and weary,
Into places dark and dreary
They bring cheer.

Of, you know, the world goes badly,
And some heart is aching sadly
Every day.
Watching them, the troubles vanish.
With their smiles they quickly banish
Them away.

Sometimes, when our fun they're making,
Their own hearts are almost breaking
Down with care.
But we never know their sadness,
They have only smiles and gladness
For us here.

And we hope that in life's gloaming,
When to each there comes the closing
Of the show,
All the lives that they have brightened,
All the weary ways they've lightened,
They may know.

THE LITTLE MINISTER



LONG before this story has point or place of beginning, a gypsy caravan made its jolting way along a country road in high summer. Beneath one of the carts was slung a sort of hammock, often filled with pots and pans, now bellying with a soft lump of a sleeping child—a little girl in her third summer.

The end of the hammock unfastened, and the child slid softly onto the road. The caravan jolted on, over a hill; the child still slept.

Presently she awoke in the sun, and set up a soft, calling cry, which the wind, in the whispering ashes, took up, and carried over the hollow.

The child's call traveled as far as two horsemen in the fashionable red-ingotes and soft, spurred boots of gentlemen. The elder, a man in his prime, with clear-cut Roman features under quick, gray eyes, turned his horse's head toward the call. The child heard the click and chink of hoofs against stones, and was still.

The riders neared her standing in the hollow, like a speck in the bottom of a bowl. The younger dismounted and pulled her pudgy fists away from her eyes.

It was then that the gray-eyed rider noted two coal-black, fathomless eyes, so big with tears and wonderment that they seemed half a face, staring up at him. At his gesture, his companion swung the child across his saddlebow: a child, and tears and wonder were amusing things in the world of these two. The younger laughed merrily; the elder permitted a smile to cross his small, even teeth.

They turned, and rode back, leaving the country road as blank and sightless a story as of an hour ago.

"It is given to me, Alexander Ogilvy, the schoolmaster of Glen Inharity, to take up this story and carry it to an ending.

"It was on a warm autumn Sunday that the little minister preached his first sermon, and intoned the Paraphrases, for the congregation of the Auld Licht Church. Little was known of Gavin Dishart and his mother, Margaret, before their coming to Thrums, save that he was favorably recommended by the University of Edinburgh, and could preach you straight in the eyes, without notes.

"A stern sect were the Auld Lichts, and, had it not been that Mr. Carfrae, the retiring minister, was grown very frail, with a habit of shaking as he walked, as if his feet were striking against stones, they never would have called the little minister to his first parish.

"After the service, when Mr. Carfrae stood shaking hands with the Auld Lichts, by Gavin's side, he accompanied him to the white manse house on the hill.

"May you never lose sight of God, Mr. Dishart," he said, in the parlor. "It is like a dream. Only yesterday I was the young minister, Mr. Dishart, and tomorrow you will be the old one bidding good-by to your successor. And," he added hastily, "how do you like Thrums?"

"They told me in Glasgow," said Gavin, hesitating, "that I had received a call from the mouth of hell."

"Cruel words, Mr. Dishart, for our weavers are passionately religious, yet seldom more than a day's work in advance of food. Tho you may have thought the place quiet today, there was an ugly outbreak two months ago—the weavers turning on the manufacturers for reducing the price of the web—and the square filled with soldiers, called from Tilliedrum. The ringleaders were seized and sentenced to jail. Ever since then a watch by night has been kept on every road that leads to Thrums. The signal that soldiers are coming is to be the

blowing of a horn. If you ever hear that horn, Mr. Dishart, I implore you to hasten to the square."

"Mr. Carfrae, once so brave a figure, tottered as he rose to go.

"I begin," Gavin said, as they were parting, "where you left off. My prayer is that I may walk in your ways."

"A week passed—days in which the new Auld Licht minister was seen on his rounds in the town, and then a second Sunday came for him to test all his firmness.

"It seems that Jo Cruickshanks, the atheist, had got Rob Dow, the big poacher, cursing, roaring drunk, and had escorted him to the Auld Licht Church.

"Gavin Dishart stopped his sermon at the sight of him. 'Come forward,' he said to Rob.

"Rob gripped the pew to keep himself from obeying.

"Come forward!" the little minister cried, "you hulking man of sin; sit down

on the stair and attend to me, or I'll step down from the pulpit and run you out of the house of God."

"And Rob did, believing him a giant stepped out of the Bible.

"And now, on the heels of this conversion, came the fateful night of the 17th of October, and with it the strange woman.

"Family worship at the manse was over, and Gavin was kissing Margaret good-night, when they heard a timid knocking. He opened it, to find the town policeman staring at him.



BABBIE

“‘You’re to go to Rob Dow’s house,’ he said, ‘and if you’re no wi’ him by ten o’clock, he’s to break out again.’”

“Gavin knew what this meant—he had feared it—and a brisk walk brought him to Rob Dow’s door.

“Gavin went in by the light of a tree-trunk roaring in the fireplace. When Rob saw him, he groaned relief and left his loom. He had been weaving, his teeth clinched, his eyes on fire, for seven hours.

“Both fell upon their knees. And, when they had finished, Rob said: ‘I’ll drown mysel’ in the dam rather than let the drink master me.’ Gavin took his hand, and was gone.

“Now, there is a path to Cad-dam called Windyghoul, a straight road in summer, but given over to leaves and pools at the end of the year. The little minister took this path, for the mystery of the woods by moon-light thrilled him. Hard by, on a bare hill, was the place where the wild Lindsays, the gypsy family, made their encampment.

“But Gavin thought not of them, with his fingers close around his stout staff. It was a faint, high sound, as of a woman singing, that perplexed him.

“Presently it rose, sweet and clear, from out of Windyghoul. The singer was not fifty yards away, sometimes singing gleefully, and letting her body sway lightly as she came dancing up the path.

“To Gavin, dancing, and singing unholy music, were devices of the devil, and he put out his arm to

pronounce sentence upon her. But she passed quickly by—he saw only a short, green skirt, the flash of bare feet, and a twig of rowan berries in her black hair.

“‘Woman!’ he called sternly after her.

“She turned, and laughed with her shoulders, and seemed to beckon him on and mock him, but, on his taking to running after her, she sang the more gleefully, and slid into the thickness of the trees.

“And then, suddenly, he lost the power to move.

He had heard a horn—the signal that soldiers were coming. Thrice it sounded, each time striking him to the heart.

“He took to running blindly toward Thrums, the admonition of Mr. Carfrae about the soldiers dancing in his brain and tugging at his wind.

“As Gavin reached the schoolwynd, the town drum began to beat. A weaver whom he tried to stop

struck him savagely and sped past to the square. Gavin followed him.

“Women were screaming from windows, or crying softly, and on the steps of the town-house about fifty weavers were gathered, many of them scantily clad, but all armed with pikes and staves. An old, worn-out soldier was adjuring them.

“Gavin ran up the steps, and, in a moment, they had become a pulpit.

“‘Dinna dare to interfere, Mr. Dishart,’ shrilled the old soldier.

“Gavin cast his eyes over the armed throng, and ordered: ‘Rob Dow, William Carmichael, Thomas Whamond, William Munn, Henders Haggart, step forward.’



THE MEETING IN THE WOODS

"These were all Auld Lichts, and, when they found that the minister would not take his eyes off them, they all obeyed.

"Then the minister, who was shaking with excitement, tho he did not know it, stretched forth his arms for silence.

"O! Thou who art the Lord of

be caught like a mouse in a trap.' She mounted the steps.

"The sojers are coming,' she warned, 'frae the Tilliedrum road.'

"Lay down your weapons,' Gavin cried, but his power had gone.

"The gypsy spoke true,' they shouted; 'dinna heed the minister.'

"Keep thegither and follow me,'



THE LITTLE MINISTER IS HELD SPELLBOUND BY BABBIE

hosts,' he prayed, 'we are in Thy hands this night.'

"Amen, amen!" echoed to the sound of weapons in the square.

"Whaur's the gypsy?" cried some one—the one who gave us news of the sojers.'

"Here.'

"Gavin saw the crowd open, and the woman of the Windyghoul came out of it, and, while he should have denounced her, he only blinked, for once more her loveliness struck him full in the eyes.

"If I were a man,' she exclaimed to the people, 'I wouldna let mysel'

she called, and slipped past him down the steps, even as he tried to seize her shoulders.

"The steady tap of feet in tune—a heavy sound to wives and mothers—could be plainly heard coming down the road. The square filled with soldiers, and emptied itself of townsfolk, amid a shower of clods and stones.

"Then the tap of feet was heard from the east end of Thrums. More soldiers—the weavers were hemmed in.

"Under command of resolute young Captain Halliwell, tenement doors

were smashed in, and frightened men dragged out to the street, and, thence, to jail. But the leaders had escaped, and Halliwell, in the round room of the town-house, was not in a good temper.

"'Mr. Sheriff,' he was saying, 'the whole thing has been a fiasco, owing to our failure to take them by surprise.'

"'Well, who warned them? It was a close secret between you and me and Lord Rintoul.'

"'Find the gypsy woman,' ordered the captain, 'and I will find your answer.'

"'A half-hour later, the great door of the room was flung open, and two soldiers thrust the girl into the room.

"'You can leave her here,' Halliwell said carelessly. 'Three of us are not needed to guard a woman.'

"'The room was lit by a single lamp, and the girl crouched away from it, hiding her face in her hands.

"'Why don't you look at me?'

began Halliwell, taking her wrists in his hands.

"'By Jove!' he said to her freed face. 'Where did you get those eyes?'

"'She did not answer, but quickly slid a sparkling ring off her finger.

"'If I tell you all,' she said eagerly, 'will you let me go?'

"'I may ask the sheriff to do so,' he said, with an effort at sternness.

"'You're angry wi' me,' she sobbed. 'I wish I had never seen you.'

"'I am not angry with you,' he said gently. 'You are an extraordinary girl.'

"There was silence, save for her sobs. He paused, and drew near her. Was she crying? Was she not laughing at him rather? He grew red.

"Her hand was on the handle of the door. She was turning it, when his hand fell on hers so suddenly that she screamed. He twisted her round.

"'Silence!' he said.

"The sheriff's step was heard coming up the stair. The door opened, and he entered. As he did so, the girl upset the lamp, and the room was at once in darkness.

"The captain gripped her skirt.

"'Shut the door.'

"With his free hand, Halliwell relit the lamp. He was grasping the skirts of the sheriff's coat. There was no Egyptian.

"Open the door.' But the door would not open; the gypsy had fled, and had

carefully locked it behind her.

"It was now close on to three o'clock, with the clouds marching past the moon, when Gavin turned his face toward the manse. A cordon of soldiers was posted around the town.

"He fancied that some one was following him, but was it not only fancy, in a night of alarms? In front of him, he could see the white facings, like skeletons' ribs, on uniforms in the road.



"YOU ARE AN EXTRAORDINARY GIRL"

"He stopped. So did the imperceptible step back of him.

"Then Gavin turned back—there, shrouded in a long cloak that concealed even her feet, was the evil woman. For a moment he had it in his heart to warn her of the soldiers. Then a horror shot thru him. She was stealing toward him. He turned, and almost ran.

"As he came up with the soldiers, in the dim light, a little hand touched his arm from behind.

"‘Stop,’ cried a sergeant, and then Gavin stepped out before him—with the gypsy on his arm.

"‘It is you, Mr. Dishart,’ said the sergeant, ‘and your lady?’

"‘I——’ said Gavin.

"His lady pinched his arm. ‘Yes,’ she answered, in an elegant-English voice, ‘but, indeed, I am sorry I ventured on the streets tonight. I could do little, sadly little.’

"‘It is no scene for a lady, ma’am, but your husband has—— Did you speak, Mr. Dishart?’

"‘Yes, I must inf——’

"‘My dear,’ said the gypsy, ‘I quite agree with you.’

"‘Sergeant,’ said Gavin, firmly, ‘I must——’

"‘You must, indeed, dear,’ said the Egyptian, ‘for you are sadly tired. Good-night, sergeant.’

"‘Your servant, Mrs. Dishart. Your servant, sir.’

"‘But——’ cried Gavin.

"‘Come, love,’ she said, and walked the distracted minister thru the soldiers and up the manse road.

"‘You—you—woman!’ he finally blurted out. ‘Have you no respect for law and order?’

"‘Not overmuch,’ she answered honestly.

"She read his thoughts. ‘It is not too late,’ she said. ‘Why dont you shout to them?’

"He walked on to the manse gate.

"‘Good-by,’ she said, holding out her hand; ‘if you are not to give me up.’

"‘I am not a policeman,’ said Gavin, ‘but I hope never to see your face again.’

"The next moment he saw her walking away. Then she turned.

"‘There are soldiers at the top of the hill,’ she cried. ‘I’m going back to give myself up.’

"‘Stop!’ Gavin called, but she would not until his hand touched her shoulder.

"‘Why,’ whispered Gavin, giddily, ‘why—why do you not hide in the manse garden?’

"There were tears in her eyes now.

"‘You are a good man,’ she said. ‘I like you.’

"‘Dont say that,’ Gavin cried in horror, then hurried from her without looking at her again.

"Almost with the birth of morning, the little minister hurried into his garden. The girl was gone, but on a garden bench lay the cloak she had worn, and a spare Bible that he had dropped in the midst of his reading.

"During the day, news came to him that the Egyptian had marvelously escaped the soldiers, in the stolen cloak of Captain Halliwell, and Gavin clutched the telltale thing up and hid it in his attic.

"But of the Bible, there is far worse to say, for on Sunday, as Gavin was to preach on Woman, the church was crowded.

"‘You will find my text,’ he had said in his piercing voice, ‘in the eighth chapter of Ezra.’

"Then he turned the pages of his Bible, stared hard at them, gave a sort of groan, and half fell against the back of the pulpit. He had read these penciled lines, not written by Ezra: ‘I will never tell that you allowed me to be called Mrs. Dishart before witnesses. But is not this a Scotch marriage? Signed, Babbie, the Egyptian.’

"No snow could be seen in Thrums by the beginning of the year, tho a black frost had set in, and every morning the manse path was beautiful with spider’s threads. Later on, the shouts of the curlers could be heard, coming up from Rashie-bog. And there was a sound of weeping, too, if any one had listened close, for old

Nanny Webster, with her brother sent to jail on the fatal night, was about to go to the poorhouse.

"She was not of the Auld Licht faith, but Dr. McQueen had, in his rough way, told Gavin of her condition, and these two drove over to comfort her, and to fetch her in a dogcart.

"There will be broth every day at the poorhouse," said Dr. McQueen.

"It—it'll be terrible enjoyable,"

"Have pity on her, O God!" said Gavin, stretching out his hands.

"An answer came—a strange one—for the door opened, and the Egyptian entered.

"Nanny fell to crying at her feet, and poured out her story in broken Scotch.

"The girl's arms clasped her. 'How dare you!' she cried, turning to the others, with indignation in her eyes, and they quaked like malefactors.



BABBIE PLEADS THAT NANNY BE NOT SENT TO THE POORHOUSE

said Nanny, and, after a little: 'Are you sure there's naeboddy looking?'

"The doctor glanced at the minister, and Gavin rose.

"Let us pray," he said, and the three went down on their knees.

"They all advanced toward the door without another word. But, in the middle of the floor, something came over her, and she stood there.

"It's cruel hard," muttered the doctor. 'I knew her when a lassie.'

"Dr. McQueen, very red in the face, finally explained that Nanny was not an Auld Licht, and that money was not forthcoming for her.

"Oh! the money," said the girl, scornfully, and confidently put her hand into her pocket. She could draw out only two silver pieces.

"I thought so," said the doctor. 'Come, Nanny.'

"Stop!" said the girl, blocking the door. 'Tomorrow I will bring five

pounds—no; you meet me at the Kaims of Cushie.'

"Dr. McQueen almost sneered, but Gavin said: 'I will come; I trust you.'

"'Be careful,' said the doctor, buttoning his coat; 'your every movement is a text in Thrums.'

"'You forget yourself, doctor,' said Gavin, sharply, but the doctor was gone.

"'Nanny and I are to have a dish

Her kindness, her gayety, her coquetry, her movements of sadness had been a witch's fingers, and Gavin was still trembling under their touch.

"A minister, it is certain, who wore a smile on his face would never have been called to the Auld Licht Church, but Gavin smiled repeatedly. It is even reported that, on leaving Nanny's hut, he leaped lightly over the gate, like any ordinary mortal.



BABBIE SENDS THE LITTLE MINISTER FOR A BUCKET OF WATER

of tea,' said the girl. 'Wont you join us?'

"'We couldna dare,' spoke up Nanny, quickly. 'You'll excuse her, Mr. Dishart, for the presumption?'

"'Presumption!' said the girl, making a face.

"Nevertheless, Gavin did stay, letting the doctor's warning fall on the grass as he was ordered to draw a bucket of water. The girl calling herself Babbie, whose signature had blasphemed his Bible, played upon him as upon a musical instrument.

"But there was one who had stood back of the firs in Nanny's garden, had seen all, and whose heart had turned to flint against the witcheries of Babbie. It was Rob Dow, who now believed himself an instrument of God to remove the woman out of the little minister's path.

"It does not become me to relate the ripening intimacy, which at last became love, of Gavin and the strange girl. Their natures were very dissimilar, yet at the bottom of each heart, as in a well, there must

have been sweetness, or they never would have so cleaved together.

"Gavin met her in the dejected firs of Kaimes, with drops of water falling listlessly from them, and, even then, he had not decided which of two women she was at heart. But he came away with two tokens: the money she had promised for Nanny, and something more—a bunch of rowan berries from her hair, that she, at parting, had pressed into his hand.

"Gavin told himself not to go near Nanny's hut the following day, but he went.

"He found Babbie struggling to lift a heavy stone from the well-cover, and superhuman strength rushed to his arms as he rolled it away.

"'How strong you are!' Babbie said, with open admiration, but, in his heart, he felt that he was pitifully weak.

"'Good-by,' she said, later, after a breathless hour together.

"The minister's legs could not have heard him give the order to march, for they stood waiting.

"'The man I could love,' Babbie went on, not heeding him, 'must not spend his days in idleness, as the men I know do; he must be brave; must take the side of the weak against the strong——'

"'If you will listen to reason, Babbie,' cried Gavin, 'I am that man.'

"Here they suddenly ended, and found themselves staring at each other, as if they had heard something dreadful. Then they turned, and hurried out of the wood in opposite directions.

"It must have been the following night that Gavin, seated in the manse study with his mother, thought he detected the flash of lightning, but there was no thunder.

"'It is harmless,' he said, going to the window. Then he drew back as if struck. 'It is nothing, mother,' he said, with a forced laugh. 'Let me light your lamp for you.'

"She kist him good-night, and was gone. But something had struck him. It was the flashing of a lantern

against his window, and the face behind it was Babbie's.

"Only something terrible, Gavin thought, hurrying out, could have brought her to him at such an hour. But, when he had joined her, she was quite calm.

"In his alarm, he kist her, and she knew with that kiss the little minister was hers forever.

"But, of a sudden, she grew shy, and the words that were on her tongue sank back into her bosom. Try as he could, Gavin could find no reason for her coming.

"She promised to tell him all, at Nanny's, on the morrow. But the morrow was Sunday, which Gavin—poor shepherd—had forgotten.

"At the top of the hill, she took the lantern from him. 'You must go back,' she whispered fiercely. 'If you are seen, all Thrums will be in an uproar before morning.'

"'I cannot help that,' said Gavin. 'It is the will of God.'

"'To ruin you for my sins?'

"'If He thinks fit.'

"Then there came a sob, a short scuffle, and Babbie, with the lantern, was running down the hill.

"He stretched out his arms, as if seeking in the dark.

"The church bell was ringing the next morning as Babbie sat by Nanny's side. The girl's eyes were moist.

"'Babbie,' said the old woman, suddenly, 'what has come over you?'

"'Nothing—I think I hear the bell,' but she was thinking of how, at the top of the hill, a weak man had become strong.

"Later, she wandered out over a bleak hill, and came to a great slab called the Standing Stone. Here she found a little boy, very ragged, crying.

"She put a hand on his shoulder, and asked him what he was doing there.

"'I'm wishing,' he blubbered; 'it's a wishing stane.'

"'And what are you wishing?'

"'I'm wishing about a woman—'

her that sent my father, Rob Dow, to the drink. I'm wishing she was in hell.'

"What woman is it?" asked Babbie, shuddering.

"A gypsy woman, who has bewitched the minister, an' should the folks know, they'll stane him out o' Thrums.'

"Babbie held up her hands like a suppliant.

"Stop your tears, laddie,' she said, 'and run home, for I'm going away, and Thrums will never see more of me.'

"Then Babbie went away—the wondering boy watching her across the hill.

"In vain did Gavin search for her. Months passed by, and he went about his duties with a drawn face that made folks uneasy when it was stern, and pained them when it tried to smile.

"And now comes a certain night in summer, so momentous that it sets my heart to beating wildly, and swings my head dizzily when I think of it and the little part I had to play.

"It was about seven o'clock of the evening, and the Auld Lichts had set the night apart for a service of prayer to break the disastrous drought that had palsied our fields.

"As I passed thru Caddam woods, on my way to the service, I could have sworn I saw the flirt of the Egyptian's skirt as she entered Nanny's hut—but soberer things were on my mind. It must have been my mentioning of it to the minister, as we met on the Thrums road, that turned him so white, and made him turn back. But, again, I thought nothing of it.

"The church bell was ringing as I entered, and Thomas Whamond stood, watch in hand, beside the other elders. It was the first time Gavin had been a second late.

"But my story must go back to what happened in Caddam woods.

"Gavin entered Nanny's hut, to find Babbie alone, on her knees. She was praying.

"As she rose, he took her hand, but she pulled it away from him. 'No, no,' she cried, 'I am to tell you everything, and then——'

"When she had finished in the same low tones as contained her confession thruout, the service bell had ceased ringing in the church. Gavin, with his face set between quivering hands, could scarcely believe that she had spoken. Babbie, the girl of the woods, a gypsy waif picked up on the road by Lord Rintoul years ago, and brought up as his ward! And now, in a day more, she was going to marry him.

"Dont say that you love me still,' she entreated, as he stood in the open doorway. 'Oh, Gavin, do you?'

"But that matters very little now,' he said.

"The sounds of a dogcart and a barking dog were heard approaching.

"It is Lord Rintoul searching for me,' she said.

"Gavin took one step nearer Babbie, and stopped.

"He did not see how all her courage went from her, and she held out her arms to him, but he heard a great sob and then his name.

"Quick,' he said, 'out with the light—we will be married tonight in the gypsy camp on the hill.'

"At almost the same moment three things happened: The elders solemnly closed the church, locked it, and set forth down the Caddam road for the manse; the dogcart stopped at Nanny's hut, its occupants found it deserted, then, under the guidance of the dog, followed where he led; Rob Dow, in the grip of drink, the pitiless instrument of the Lord, rose from behind the firs and followed his minister.

"Under the feeble light of the stars, Gavin and Babbie were married by gypsy rite. They had stood, hand in hand, over the tongs, on a bare hill, as the strange ceremony was performed.

"A prolonged, vivid flash of lightning revealed to them, as if cut out of silver, the tall figure of Lord Rintoul in his dogcart, within a few paces of them. He sat immovable, and, by his

side, the group of elders was staring, as in a death glare, at the scene.

"'There is Lord Rintoul in the dogcart,' Babbie whispered, drawing in her breath.

"'Yes, dear,' said Gavin; 'I am going to him. Have no fear—you are my wife.'

"In the vivid light, Gavin had thought the dogcart nearer than it was. He called Lord Rintoul's name, but got no answer. Instead, there were shouts behind, dogs barking and running, but only silence in front.

Babbie off. He meant to drown her in Nanny's well, for witches fear only fire and water.

"As they neared Windyghoul, the wind came shrieking thru the glen, wrapping sheets of rain about them. But Rob carried her to the side of the well, his face set in a frenzy to do his clear duty.

"He set her down, and, as he lifted the mossy stone from the well-top, a wall of rain blew between them.

"Babbie heard an awful crackling sound above her, a thud on the earth,



BABBIE AND THE LITTLE MINISTER ARE MARRIED BY GYPSY RITES

"'Is that you, Gavin?' Babbie asked just then.

"For reply, the man, creeping up behind her, clapped a hand over her mouth. Her scream was stopped midway. A strong arm drove her into the woods.

"And then the prayerless rain came down like iron rods. Gavin, half blind, heard the stifled cry, and turned back. The hill was naked of its dwellers, and Babbie was gone. He staggered after the sound of retreating carriage wheels down the road.

"It was Rob Dow who had carried

and then a groan. A heavy branch had fallen upon Rob, and pinned him down.

"In an instant, she was on her feet, and running blindly thru the wood toward the manse.

"It must have been an hour after dawn when Gavin came out on the cliffs overlooking the Inharity. The river tumbled, below him, angry and swollen from the cloudburst of the night, and a rumor had filtered into Thrums that a man and dogcart, crossing the bridge that led to Spittal Castle, had gone down in the flood.

"Even now, a shepherd and a

handful of weavers were running along the cliff.

"Presently they crouched down, and pointed at something below. Gavin followed and peered down thru the mist.

"There, on a tiny bit of island, lay Lord Rintoul, washed up by the flood.

" 'Is he alive?' asked Gavin.

" 'Ay; he moved a minute since.'

" 'I'm going to jump for him.'

" 'No, no,' said those nearest to

servant, Jean, I leave a book. I give to Rob Dow my Bible with the brass clasp.'

"The water had worked up to his shoulders.

" 'The weekly prayer meeting will be held, as usual, on Thursday, at eight o'clock, and the elders will officiate.'

"He stopped, for the water lapped at his face.

" 'Now I ken,' said Cruickshanks,



THE ELDERS ARE RECONCILED TO THE MARRIAGE

him, but, even as they spoke, he jumped.

"There was a cry in the gorge; those above thought it the minister's death-cry, but it was the echo of their own.

" 'He's landed safely, praise God.'

" 'No, no; he's slipping, I tell you.'

" 'There's no rope to save them.'

"But, suddenly, Gavin's voice came up to them clear and strong: 'If you hear me, hold up your hands as a sign. The bit of land is sliding away fast—we may survive a few minutes. When you find me, give my watch to Mr. Ogilvy, the schoolmaster, as a token.

" 'To each of my elders, and my

the atheist, 'that it's only a fool who says in his heart: "There is no God."'

"Again Gavin's voice came up to them. 'Let us repeat the fourteenth of Matthew, twenty-eighth verse: "But when Peter saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and, beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord save me. And Jesus immediately stretched forth His hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"'

"Once more the mist settled.

" 'O Lord,' cried an Auld Licht man, 'lift the mist, for it's mair than we can bear.'

"The mist rose slowly, and those who had the courage to look saw Gavin praying with Lord Rintoul. Many could not bear to look, and some of them did not even see Rob Dow jump."

"For it was Rob, the man with the crushed leg, who saved Gavin's life, and flung away his own for it."

"My pupils have a game," said Mr. Ogilvy, wiping his eyes, "that they call 'The Little Minister,' in which the two best fighters insist on being Rob Dow and Gavin. I notice that the game is finished when Rob dives from a haystack, and Gavin and the earl are dragged to the top of it by a rope which he brought. So much is all true; and wonderfully well done."

"Then there is another scene which is only a marriage, which the girls play, making the boys take the part of Auld Licht elders, which they hate to do."

"This scene is intended to represent the formal wedding of Babbie and the little minister; for, I might



THE FORMAL WEDDING

add, the elders consented, and there never was such a happy wedding in all Scotland."

To the Photoplayers

By EDITH MYERS LATTA

When playing in a comic part,
I wish you all the bliss
Of knowing that your audience
Enjoys it just like this:



Or when pathetic rôles arise,
And happiness you miss,
May friendly tears dim watching eyes,
Until they look like this:



But, oh! no matter what you play,
I hope they do not hiss,
Or stiffly rise and turn away,
Or sit and look like this:





Great Mystery Play

A Prize Contest for All

Fill in the missing scenes successfully and win a prize
of \$100 in gold



IN the November issue, we published, in full, the details of a contest absolutely unique in idea. We printed a photoplay in which a man had invented a machine for manufacturing diamonds, which machine was mysteriously destroyed, a large diamond was stolen, and the inventor missing. We did not divulge the facts concerning the crime, but left several scenes blank, which scenes, if given, would have told the whole story down to the detection of the guilty one or ones. The police and a great detective proceed to solve the mystery, but, again, we leave out the scenes describing how it was done. We ask our readers to solve the mystery by filling in the missing scenes.

To be one of the winners, a contestant need have no literary experience; need not be familiar with photoplays or players, and does not have to guess wildly, or express preferences: it is, rather, a fascinating game, dealing with human beings and their motives, which you, the contestant, must feel, and work out to a logical conclusion. In other words, a story, in photoplay form, is told you; the necessary characters introduced; the interest and characters surrounding the invention, and, finally, the theft of a magnificent diamond and invention, are told in detail. Who did it? And why? That is what we want to know.

A study of the absorbing story cannot help but arouse interest to conjure up what is missing. Its help, too, in writing future photoplays will be invaluable to the reader. One of its interesting features is that the more it is discussed in the family, or among friends, the more the interest grows. As fast as the answers come in they are filed, to be submitted eventually to the judges—*not one manuscript will fail to have a reading*, both in the editorial office and before the judges.

At the present writing, we might state that sufficient interest is being shown to make the contest an assured success. Besides, we have received several hundred letters, some of them from abroad, complimenting the magazine on the human interest and originality of the idea.

For the benefit of the readers who have not read the story in photoplay form, we repeat the following simple rules, and print a synopsis of the photoplay—ample information for new contestants:

- (1) Any person is eligible to compete.
- (2) We do not insist on perfect technique and construction.
- (3) The best solution of the mystery is the main essential sought for.
- (4) No person may submit more than one solution, and each manuscript must contain nothing but the missing scenes, the cast of characters (if desired), and the name and address of the contestant.
- (5) It is not necessary to fill in *every* blank scene.
- (6) You may not change, add to, or take from the scenes already given: they must stand as they are, except that you may finish the incomplete last scene.
- (7) The contest will close on December 31, 1912, but all letters postmarked on or before that date will be accepted, if received at this office before January 5, 1913.
- (8) If desired, the contestant may write simply the name of the person, or persons, who committed the crime, stating the circumstances and motives. All manuscripts submitted must be considered our property, and none will be

returned. This photoplay, when completed by the first prize-winner, will be called *The Mystery Play* of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and will be produced by the Vitagraph Company, with full credit of authorship to the contestant submitting the best solution. All communications should be addressed to "Editor the Mystery Play, M. P. S. Magazine, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N.Y." We cannot undertake to answer any inquiries regarding the contest. The complete photoplay (all but the missing scenes) was published in the November issue, and it will not be published again. A copy of that magazine will be forwarded to any person desiring it, for 15 cents, in stamps or cash. The judges will be announced in the next issue. For your convenience, a synopsis of The Great Mystery Play is here given:

THE DIAMOND MYSTERY.

Jonathan Moore, inventor and chemist, is down to his last dollar, but, assisted by his daughter, Violet, and against the wishes of his wife, he persists in fitting up their living-room as a laboratory and continuing his researches. Olin, in love with Violet, enters, and shows his jealousy of Phelps, the son of Moore's best friend. After repeated experiments with his formula and crucible, Moore succeeds in making a large, perfect diamond, which is seen by all.

Phelps slips out to his father's diamond shop, and, with consternation, tells him of the discovery. Olin, too, is troubled, as its results may place Violet beyond his reach. Meanwhile, Firestone, the diamond merchant, calls on Moore, and is shown the beautiful stone. He leaves, dazed, believing the process will ruin his business.

The inventor cautiously hides his diamond and formula, cables the result to the International Diamond Syndicate, London, and asks for an offer. Bloodgood, the English manager, receives cablegram, and notifies his N. Y. agent, Rollins, not to make a move till he comes.

Meanwhile, Phelps receives a sure tip on the races thru his reckless friend, Bill. They both are broke, and Firestone refuses to advance money. In desperation, Phelps goes to Olin, who loans him money and takes a receipt. Their horse is a bad loser, and Phelps, disheartened, calls on Violet. Believing him half sick, she tenderly cares for him, but Olin overlooks the scene and summons Phelps into the hall. Olin, in a jealous rage, demands his money. Phelps is destitute and puts him off, to return to Violet. Thru artless questions, he finds out from her the secret of the invention, and suddenly leaves to tell Bill the cheerful news, and claiming that he himself is the inventor.

Bill is convinced and takes Phelps to the room of some counterfeiters. Phelps draws plans of his supposed invention, and, finally, sells it to them for a considerable sum. The next day he pays his debt to Olin.

In Bill's presence, the counterfeiters construct the diamond-making machine, and find it inadequate. Bill promises to find Phelps and to fetch him there. He goes to Firestone's shop, and is directed by him to the Moores' house. He enters the laboratory, sees the invention, denounces Phelps, and leaves as Phelps tries to explain things to Violet. The success of the invention looks blue, as no word has come from England. Mrs. Moore is sarcastic and miserable, but Moore and Violet still hope against hope. In the meantime, the swindled counterfeiters hold Bill responsible for the trickery of Phelps.

The unexpected day comes when Rollins, the syndicate agent, calls on Moore, to do business. Phelps, Violet, Olin and Rollins watch Moore make a diamond. They show great interest and, finally, consternation as Moore refuses an offer of \$1,000,000 for his process. Rollins leaves, with a sneer.

Mrs. Moore tells of her husband's obstinacy, to her lady friends, who start by sympathizing and end by plotting with her. Violet enthuses over their

prospect to Phelps, who puts his arm about her. Olin leaves the house in a blind rage. He has barely gone when Bill enters and, asking to see Phelps alone, accuses him of knavery. Phelps breaks down, and Violet rushes to his relief. She listens to his confession. As she and Bill plan to save him, Firestone enters and realizes his son's guilt. He denounces him and sends him away, finally seizing on Bill to help him plan a scheme to save Phelps's reputation.

Meanwhile, in Rollins' office, Bloodgood states that something must be done at once—if the invention comes out their diamond fields are worthless. They leave for a drinking-place to plan further—at the same time the baffled counterfeiter, in their room, twist and turn about the useless plans of Phelps.

In the drinking-place Rollins sees the broken-spirited Phelps. Rollins thinks he may be of use, and introduces Bloodgood to him.

On the evening of the same day, the inventor cautiously closes his laboratory, puts out light, and retires on cot in corner. (What happens next is to be supplied by the contestant—scenes 46, 47 and 48.)

Thru open window an indistinguishable figure or figures climb in and flit about room. There is an explosion where the diamond machine was. Violet enters with light, sees wrecked machine, and discovers that the diamond, formula and inventor are all missing. Telephones police.

The police captain sends an officer, who, after taking notes, reports it a baffling case. The captain decides to call Lambert Chase, the famous detective, into the case, and telephones him particulars.

Chase almost immediately appears at the Moores' and makes an inspection. The following day, having ordered every one concerned to be present, he seats them all—Olin, Phelps, Bill, counterfeiter, Firestone, Rollins, Bloodgood, Violet and her mother—at a table in the laboratory, and places an instrument, connected by wires to numbered charts, on their wrists. It is the pulseograph, or pulse-writer. Suddenly he places, successively, a miniature machine like the inventor's, a formula and an imitation of the diamond, on the table. Suddenly there is an explosion of the machine, and the diamond and formula are made to disappear. The detective then inspects the charts, and dramatically raises his hand to name the guilty one— (The rest of the play is omitted, and the contestant is required to fill in the missing part of scene 57 and all of 58 and 59. This need not be done in scenario form. Simply a narrative of what happened before the theft, and after the final meeting, would, perhaps, do, altho we would prefer the scenes in photoplay form.)



A Leap-Year Valentine

By MARIE EMMA LEFFERTS



IN this lifeless bit of paper,
 Dear sir, I'm sending you
 A heart that's looking for a mate,
 And thinks that you will do.
 I'm glad it's leap year, for you see
 I now can choose a beau,
 And pick a rich proprietor
 Of a Moving Picture show!
 Altho I do not care for wealth,
 I love the photoplay,
 And so, kind sir, if you'll agree,
 I'll name the wedding day.
 Our honeymoon we'll spend abroad;
 You'll have sufficient means,

To take a trip around the world
 Via the changing screens.
 We'll view the Cathedral of Milan.
 St. Peter's Church, in Rome,
 And Egypt's pyramids we'll see
 Without our leaving home.
 To Nankin I should love to go,
 Where stands the Porcelain Tower;
 Just think where we could travel
 Within one golden hour!
 Please let me hear from you at once,
 And if you're to be mine
 Enclose a ticket for the show—
 Your leap year valentine.

CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS

CLARA WILLIAMS, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY



IT is hard to astonish the professional interviewer, who meets the unexpected at every turn, but when Mr. D'Arcy, of the Lubin Company, said: "This is Miss Clara Williams," I caught my breath in a surprised gasp that was genuine. I had heard of her as a favorite in vaudeville in New York; I had seen her many times on the screen as the leading lady in Mr. Grandon's Western company—and still I was quite unprepared for the girl who rose to meet me as Mr. D'Arcy spoke. For this girl, who was looking at me frankly out of clear, dark eyes, has the fresh, unspoiled look and manner of some schoolgirl who came from the West but yesterday. Nothing about her suggests the lights and glare of the cities where she has won her triumphs. The dark hair beneath her broad panama hat seemed to have been tossed into curls by the winds of the prairies, and surely that lovely, rich coloring came from the Western sun. Her eyes, which are very large and dark, seemed filled with the spirit of youth and gladness—the eager, half-wondering look of a child who gazes upon a new world and finds it full of interest. Success seems to have showered its blessings upon this girl without exacting any of its usual tolls.

When Mr. Lubin came to New York to engage a new leading lady for his Western company, he was looking for a type. "I want a girl who looks the part," he declared, and he surely found her. Not only does she look the part, but her acting is superb. She is an enthusiastic, conscientious worker, putting all her

life and personality into the part she is playing. Of course she is an expert swimmer and a perfect rider. The Indian pinto pony that she rides was bought specially for her, and no one else ever rides "Appelucia," who is a wonderfully intelligent pony, loving Miss Williams devotedly, and responding instantly to her slightest suggestion.

"My work began in California, where I played with Mr. Anderson, of the Essanay Company," she said. "Then I left the pictures for the regular stage and vaudeville, but I came back to the pictures. Yes, I love the work. It is fascinating—always something new, and boundless opportunities for improvement."

Recently Miss Williams has played the leading part in a Mexican picture, "The Divine Solution," and her fine work shows to great advantage here. "The New Ranch Foreman," "The Minister" and "The Outlaw" are among her recent plays, but the one she likes best is "Parson James," where she takes the parts of both mother and daughter.

"No, I do not care for the East," she sighed. "I am praying for the snow to fall early, for then we shall go to California. I long for Los Angeles, my home city, and for all the West—there is nothing here to compare with it. I'm terribly homesick, all the time."

And, as I saw the longing look creep into those eyes, I resolved to pray for an early snowfall, too; that this charming girl of the golden West might return to her homeland.

THE TATTLER.

TEFFT JOHNSON, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

A VILLAGE of thatch huts, palm and plantain trees, naked savages with murderous spears—in fact, Darkest Africa, the heart of Somaliland—greeted me as I worked my perilous way thru the Vitagraph yard to the little clubhouse wherein the male players, when not posing, often gather for a game of cards.

Tefft Johnson, he whose tremendous shoulders and biceps are rendered harmless by his kindly blue eyes; was the one I sought, and I found him, pipe in mouth, watching a pinochle game.

"Let's go over to another table," he suggested, rising a good six feet, and stretching his two hundred pounds, "and swing our legs under it in comfort. Now, fire away!"

"But, I've come to hear you talk," I protested.

"Pooh! the life of an actor—you know what that is: dreary days on the road, or grinding the treadmill in stock companies. You don't know how good the little, domestic drama that I have played at home with my wife these past four years feels, do you? If not, you've never been an actor, as I have been.

"Yes," he resumed, with a refilled pipe, "four uninterrupted years with the Vitagraph Company, and a season with the Edison, has been my record, and many a Photo-player I've seen come and go, and many changes in this quick-fire art.

"No, I'm not thinking of retiring," he protested, "in spite of my reminiscent attitude, but if I did it would be to a farm with broad meadows, plenty of sheep and cattle, and a good fishing stream nearby. These are my hobbies," he checked off his fingers: "The country, lots of stock to raise and grade and doctor—I once was a young medico, you know—and, by all means, good fishing."

"There is no place around here," he asseverated, "like the Raunt of Jamaica Bay for a run of weakfish, but the land around it is all bog and salt meadow." He sighed from an inexhaustible chest at the unfitness of things. I was afraid that the chat would get no further. "How did you first come to go on the stage?" I asked.



"Nothing simpler," said the big fellow. "I had come on to New York in search of adventure, and a friend told me that David Belasco, then a struggling, young manager, was getting together a company. I bearded him straightway in his office.

"Could you take the part of a daredevil, blundering army sergeant?" he demanded sharply.

"As for the blundering, yes," I promised, and I forthwith became a member of his company, to remain under his management twelve good years.

"Afterwards, I played 'John Oxen' opposite Eugenie Blair in 'A Lady of Quality,' and the lead in 'The Heart of Maryland.'

"All this time I was pining for a home, and, at last, the chance came in photoplay work, and I seized upon it, as only a peace-loving citizen can.

"In four years one does a quantity of posing," he resumed; "it is an art in miniature, for much has to be done, or suggested, in seconds of time, but I should say, off-hand, that my work as Henry VIII in 'Cardinal Wolsey,' as Tammis in 'Old Lang Syne,' and as the unfortunate chum in 'Foragers' are as good bits as any I've done.

"If you remember 'Foragers,' my chum (Costello) and I separated, each to go his way after the Boer War. He became prosperous and famous, and I, luckless devil, went down and down, until I was doing pick-up jobs by the wayside.

"One job was putting in coal, and, just at the time, the studio happened to be laying in the winter's supply, so the scene was cast in front of the Vitagraph coal-hole.

"Are you ready?" ordered the director. 'Shovel!' And shovel I did with a right good will. First I put in a ton or so of small coal, while the camera clicked the scene, then, as the camera-man and director still watched me, I tackled a heavier size.

"Down the hole it roared for a full fifteen minutes—I had never done more realistic nor faithful work. At last I straightened up. Camera-man and director had disappeared. I afterwards learnt that only my first few shovelful were photographed, at all; the rest was charged up to coal-heaving, pure and simple.

"There was a time, tho," he continued, "during my early days of photoplaying that every one in the company lost his temper, including myself. I was cast as a diver, to do one of those deep-sea fights with a rival, in the bay off Fort Hamilton.

"Everything being in readiness, we put off in our launch, and my rival disappeared to his lair under water. When my turn came, and the camera was merrily recording the scene, I put my feet into the water, and started for the bottom. But I popped right up again, much to the dismay of everybody. A second time I tried it, with the same ridiculous result. 'Keep him under for a few seconds,' roared the director, 'if you have to stun him with an oar,' but my buoyancy finally routed all their efforts.

"When I, at last, clambered into the boat, blowing like a grampus, the cause of my acting was discovered by every one—I had forgotten to put on the diver's heavily weighted shoes.

"The sad part of the spoilt picture is yet to come," said Tefft, puffing ruefully, "for even to this day when I am cast in a 'heavy' part, the incident is thrown up to me."

"Ever been featured in the press—heroism or accident?" I asked.

"Yes, most certainly—had the whole studio in mourning about it, too. It happened in this way. We were doing 'field work' in a country town, and a country painter named Tom Johnson fell off our hotel roof and broke his neck.

"Some busybody immediately telegraphed the studio and the newspapers, and for a whole day I got the credit for it—read the most beautiful things about my work and my devotion to duty, too. The next day I had to wire in and ease their minds, however, and be just plain Tefft Johnson again."

PETER WADE.

EDWIN AUGUST, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

Father calls me William,
Sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie,
But the fellers call me Bill!

So sang one of Mr. Riley's small boys, and I think Mr. Edwin August must have a kindred feeling for this youngster. For his real, truly name is—just take it slowly—Edwin August Phillip Von der Butz, and "the fellers" call him Jack! But this is not all of the story about his names. In London he is known to the great, picture-loving public as Montague Lawrence; in Australia, as Wilkes Williams; in Ireland, as John Wilkes; in France, as Karl Von Busing, and in the Orient as David Cortlandt. All this is due to the fact that, before going to the Lubin Company, he was leading man with the Biograph Company, which, as every one knows, refuses to reveal the identity of any players; hence, the different exchanges abroad fitted names to his pictures to suit themselves.

When Mr. August was a very small boy he started stage life in "Little Lord

Fauntleroy," but cruel destiny took him from the stage and put him in school until he graduated from the Christian Brothers' College in St. Louis—the town where he was born. For a time he was leading man in stock at the Imperial Theater, St. Louis; then he went with Otis Skinner and afterwards with Mrs. Leslie Carter and Digby Bell. He was with the revival of "Shore Acres" in New York, and in the original cast of "Going Some." "The Climax" came next, following "William Lewers" at Weber's, in New York.

One day Mr. August was walking down Broadway when he met Robert Carness, and they stopped to chat. During the conversation Mr. Carness put the query, "Why don't you do something in Motion Pictures?" It was a new idea to Mr. August, and he was inclined to look at it as a joke, but, finally, he was persuaded to go up to the Edison studio and meet Mr. Plimpton. An immediate engagement followed, and for some time he alternated the pictures with his regular stage work. Then came a season when he was rehearsing with an all-star cast for "Diplomacy." Regardless of the play's suggestive title, all the stars got into a fight, and the play was abandoned. It was then that, attracted by the big salary offered, Mr. August went to the Biograph Company, where he was leading man until he went to the Lubin's six weeks ago. His first release from Lubin's will be "His Life," to be followed by "A Bond of Servitude," "At the Rainbow's End," "The Players" and "The Good-for-Nothing."

Mr. August is a student, reading constantly the best things in literature. He has written many scenarios, among them "The Bearded Youth," "The Sorrowful Child" and "The Mender of Nets," released by the Biograph, and "The Song of a Soul," one of the most beautiful productions of the Edison Company.

"Do you like Philadelphia?" I asked him.

"Well—it's only a little way from New York," he replied. "I can run over every week, you see."

Unlike many of the photoplay stars, Mr. August makes no attempt to conceal his profession in his private life. In the fashionable neighborhood where he lives, he is known and pointed out to the visiting stranger. He is very fond of society, and loves dancing, so it is small wonder that he is a bit stiff and tired after his weekly visits to New York. He is fond of baseball, also, but his great hobby is chicken breeding, and he owns an up-to-date chicken farm in California, where he is experimenting with the problem of featherless chickens.

In appearance, Edwin August is the rather quiet, self-possessed type of gentleman, with a courteous ease of manner that makes even the inquisitive interviewer feel comfortable. He has very dark hair and a pair of fine, constantly changing eyes, which keep one guessing about their color. As nearly as I could determine, they are hazel—when they are not black or brown or gray or some of the shades between. He has a splendid voice, strong and well-modulated, and his enunciation is perfect. It seems a pity that his pictures cannot talk! His clothing is absolutely correct, and "matched up" to the last detail.

No, I did not ask whether he is married. What's the use?

THE INQUISITOR.

MISS VIVIAN PRESCOTT, OF THE IMP CO.

PICTURE to yourself a merry little elfin creature, bubbling all over with childish glee, from her bobbing black curls and her dancing black eyes to the tips of her tiny twinkling feet, and you have a picture of Miss Vivian Prescott when as a wee girl she danced her way into fame as a little toe-dancer on the theatrical stage in the far West. Now vest this dainty creature with all womanliness, give her fascination, vivacity, charm, mix with childish eagerness the enthusiasm of youth—and you have Miss Prescott grown up.

Of a truth, she is rightly named—"Vivian." Everything about her suggests keen alertness—her bright smile, her cordial manner, her quick walk (which is almost a skip), her impulsive gestures, her vibrant voice, and her unbounded enthusiasm. Almost her first words, as we settled ourselves in her dressing-room for our little tête-à-tête, were, "I love the stage," and the way she said them left no doubt in my mind. Did she talk of motor-cars, it was the same; of riding, rehearsing, Motion Pictures, fellow-actors, hard study—always the same refrain, "I love it."

Beginning her career at so early an age, Miss Prescott was practically "brought up





on the stage," as she expresses it, and soon developed great aspirations, aiming at nothing less than becoming a Mrs. Leslie Carter! Her aspirations are certainly no lower now than they were then, altho they may have changed objectively. Fortunately for us, this longing for the stage was fostered by a doting mother, despite fatherly protests, and the years saw Miss Prescott in many rôles.

Finally there came a summer pause in the theatrical profession, and Motion Pictures were suggested to her one morning by no less an agent than the columns of the *Dramatic Mirror*. A photograph and a friend at court elicited a call from the Biograph Company that very afternoon, and in fear and trembling she went down to the studio, all unbeknown to her family. The disappointment written on the manager's face, as he saw her, caused a corresponding sinking of her heart.

"But, Miss Prescott, you're such a tiny girl!" he exclaimed. "I expected, from your picture, that you would be tall."

She may have been small, but she was not insignificant, as the manager evidently soon saw, for he found a place for her in one of his pictures, and Vivian Prescott,

like so many others before and since, fell victim to the charms of Motion Picture acting, altho in her case it took a peremptory summons and a hurry call with an automobile to finally win her. And now she "loves" Motion Picture work, and couldn't be persuaded to go back to the stage, despite the fact that her family would rather see her there.

For two years she remained with the Biograph Company, playing the athletic girl, the boarding-school girl, the college girl, enjoying the out-of-door life and fun and gaiety the parts demanded, and for which she is so well suited, and, of course, she "loved" it. She declares that she has been a bride "one thousand times," and I suppose she loved that, too. But I'm sure there's only *one* man in the real-life case (and a real-life case there must be, for nobody who so loves to love could escape when all the world loves to *be* loved), and he has a motor-car, and, need I say, he's mighty lucky?

After the Biograph years, there appeared, upon the horizon of her destiny, the Imp. Now imp, with a small *i*, may mean innumerable things, but Imp with a capital *I* means one and only one—Independent Motion Pictures. This purposeful ogre got her in its clutches, and now Miss-Prescott is one of the Imps. What particular propensities in that line she showed early in her career I must leave for the Biographers to determine. At any rate, altho she does not love comedy less, she now appears in tragedy more, with "Cigarette," "Fanchon, the Cricket," and "Leah, the Forsaken" standing out especially in her memory. She often writes her own scenarios, and she must be delightful in the Spanish and Gypsy parts she described to me.

Whatever Imp, as a name, may suggest in the way of frivolity, it certainly stands for solid work. There isn't an unutilized space in the studio, a superfluous article, or a spare moment. Here Miss Prescott works and plays, and is an inspiration in herself. And I left her at the close of a hard day's work with her irrepressible spirits unconquered and unclouded.

GLADYS ROOSEVELT.



Mother Goose Up to Date

By LILLIAN MAY

This merry Christmas day,
Is it cranberry sauce that makes him so cross
He wont go out to play?
He pounds the floor and kicks the door,

Forgetting 'tis Christmas day,
But see, his smiles come scampering back,
He has found his nickel down in a crack,
He's off to the Photo-play.

Vaudeville in Moving Picture Theaters

By ROBERT GRAU

THREE years ago, the present writer issued a protest against a perpetuation of the policy, then generally in vogue, of presenting vaudeville acts in theaters where the public was originally created and the patronage sustained solely thru the millions of new amusement seekers to whom the Moving Pictures came as a revelation.

It was not vaudeville, nor any part of that phase of the general amusement scheme, which changed the theatrical map. It was the Moving Pictures, almost despised by the vaudeville managers of a decade ago, and often used by them as a "chaser."

Half of New York's playhouses, at some time or other, unable to attract profitable patronage along the olden lines, were made paying visitations thru the medium of the Motion Picture. It is true that the class of theaters known as "Pop" vaudeville houses have prospered amazingly, but eventually we will discover that this condition has come about at the expense of what is known as the "Big Tune" vaudeville theaters—or, in fact, the theaters where the scale of prices for seats is four times as large as at the "Pop" houses.

But—and I cant make the "B" big enough—there is due to come a day of reckoning wherein it will be quickly apparent that it is the persistent improvement in the output of the film manufacturers that has sustained the "Pop" vaudeville houses; and, in many cases, the public protest has been so vehement that all vaudeville acts were withdrawn in scores of theaters all over the country, with an after result wholly constructive.

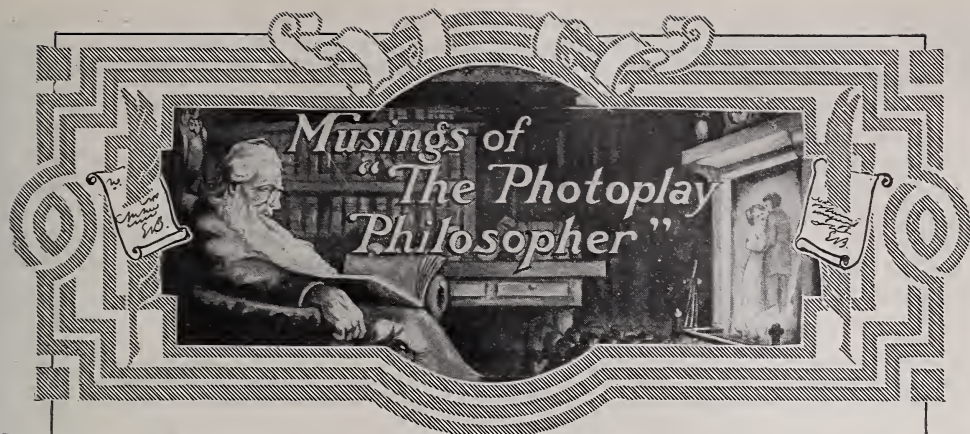
Marcus Loew understands this condition thoroly; so does William Fox; that is why these two successful showmen are erecting palatial theaters, to be devoted exclusively to the silent drama. Mr. Loew has been impressed

with the outcome of the policy at the Herald Square, Circle, and Royal theaters, where photoplays alone serve to sustain establishments with annual rentals ranging from \$20,000 to \$50,000.

I have observed, too, that in the theaters where Motion Pictures, alone, have replaced the combination policy, the size of the audiences has increased, while the expenses have greatly decreased. Moreover, there are many, like myself, who will refuse to suffer thru two intolerable vaudeville acts to see one good photoplay, and this has resulted in the creation of a vast public that will not enter a theater where vaudeville and pictures represent the offering. In three years this public has grown, until today there are at least two hundred photoplay houses where the policy has been shifted in the manner here advised.

As the caliber of the output on the screen continues to improve, so will the number of these exclusive theaters multiply. In many of these, the price of admission has increased from ten cents to fifteen, and in some to twenty-five cents.

In the next five years, we should witness the advent of a new era for the theater of science. This, in my humble opinion, may come the quicker if managers or exhibitors (why not call them managers?) will help typify the temples of the silent drama by eliminating the player in the flesh from their stages. If they will extend this co-operation to the manufacturers, there is no limit as to the heights Moving Pictures will reach in this new era. Many magazine writers are vigorously demanding the typification of the photoplay house. Let this protest go on. Perhaps, when the new Kinemacolor Theater is ready for the public to enter, we may realize just what it means to typify the theater of science.



IN spite of all that has been said, and written, against the too frequent exhibition of photoplays that feature convicts, murder, forgery, drinking, stabbing, kidnapping, burglary and other offenses against the statute and moral laws, we still see too many of these objectionable plays. Among the "unpardonables" is a foreign one that has been the rounds, which features a very smart boy who plays the part of a fast man about town, drinking and doing all the improper things that an immoral man would do. There is no plot to the play, and nothing in it, apparently, that was intended to win our admiration, except the "smartness" of a mere boy who has so quickly matured as to imitate the sins of his elders. The moral effect of this play upon our youths must be anything but uplifting, and if such things are tolerated abroad there is certainly no excuse for showing them here. Again we repeat, let us produce fewer immoral and crime plays, and let our constant aim be to *raise the standard!*

Doubtless many bad boys have been made badder by Motion Pictures, just as they have by dime novels, cheap vaudeville, gambling, etc., but it is just as certain that many bad boys have been made better by Motion Pictures. And it is not only with the boys. Every once in a while we read of some man or woman who has reformed after having seen some impressive photoplay, of some runaway boy who has returned home, of some erring woman who has turned back from her downward course, of some desperate person who had decided upon a sinful deed, but who has now been rectified. Florence Turner says that she once received a letter from a person who said that she was on the verge of doing a desperate and wicked thing, when she saw a play in which Miss Turner did a similar thing, and, seeing the hideousness of it and the consequences, had changed her mind and desisted. In other words, Miss Turner had saved a life, and it made her happy. Ever after, even to this day, she wonders, when she has done a good part, if the play will deter some poor soul from doing wrong, and it is this thought that makes her put so much emotion and reality in her work. Doubtless, other players, and writers of photoplays, feel as does Miss Turner, and, if so, it is plain that even if some harm comes from Motion Pictures, there is also a vast amount of good.

It is sad to see a friend come to borrow money, for we know that either we shall lose the friend or the money. Bless the man who *will* lend me money, but not the man who *does*. A friend in need is a friend indeed—perhaps!—it depends on how much he needs!

Somebody has said that the Motion Picture companies have gone thru literature with a fine-tooth comb, in an effort to get plots. If that be true, they may have to resort to "Old Sleuth, the Detective," "Chip, the Cave Child," "Evil Eye, King of the Cattle Kings," and the Beadle Library. Then there's Edward L. Wheeler's "Deadwood Dick," Harold Payne's "Thad Burr," J. C. Cowdrick's "Gilbert of Gotham," Albert W. Aiken's "Dick Talbert," Joseph E. Badger's "Frank Lightfoot," William Harbaugh's "Old Cap. Collier," Edward Manning's "Rustler Rube," Prentiss Ingraham's "Arizona Charley," William G. Patten's "Old Burke of Madison Square," and so on, and how the mere mention of these names brings back the happy days of youth, when we saved up our pennies, and secretly devoured those thrilling yarns! I assume that we all did it, and I am not so sure that we are any the worse for it. When Motion Pictures first began to be popular, these were the types and plots that were most demanded. Now, since there has been such a hue and cry raised against Motion Pictures, we are beginning to see Shakespeare, Dickens, Scott, Cooper, and even Homer, on the screen. Of course, it is a change for the better, and a change that will perpetuate the Motion Pictures as a means of popular amusement, but, nevertheless, I'll wager that the best of us would like, if we own up to it, a little of the old-time "blood and thunder" tales once in a while. Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Zach. Chandler, Stephen J. Field, Senator Hoar and many other great men got the dime novel habit early in life, and it clung to some of them till their death.

If not too indiscreet, might we inquire if you have observed the various announcements of our business friends who have favored us with their advertisements? Please remember that by helping them, you help us, and that by helping us, you help them.

"The Motion Picture, as Thackeray might say, now has his ambassadors in every part of the world. They enter the cabinets of kings, and turn their telephotographic lenses on coronations and durbars. Royalty pauses before them in procession, troops fight sham battles, cowboys ride in pursuit of rustlers, and burglars ply their trade for their benefit. They catch the pick-pocket in the act, and the public speaker in his choicest period. Their cameras reproduce conflagrations, and depict railroad collisions, and if there are as yet no films showing the discovery of the North and South Poles, it is really remarkable."

We all appreciate wealth, and most of us are struggling to attain it, but there are two things more precious than wealth, and but few of us pay any attention to them—Time and Health. While time is money, how little do we value it and how carelessly do we squander it! We are all apt to be penny wise and pound foolish. We save time in one way and squander it foolishly in another. Did you ever go into a barber shop and see how the patients of the tonsorial artist save time? The victim of the rush of business sits down in the chair, with a newspaper in one hand and a manicurist holding the other. A chiropodist works at one foot, while a bootblack works at the other. As the barber fills his face with lather, and his ears with words, the poor man's mind is beset with thoughts, lather, words, chiropodist, manicurist, news, bootblack, and business. Poor man! Poor mind! Poor business! Such economy of time is marvelous, for an hour later this very man is sitting for hours, after the theater, playing cards and drinking cocktails.

MUSINGS OF "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER"

Did you ever see a near-great photoplay, and then, when it was over, take a deep breath and say, "What a shame that a fine thing like that should be spoiled by such an apparent inconsistency!" Such things happen often, but all we can do is to keep on criticising and complaining. After all, there is nothing good, anywhere, that is not mixed with the bad. It is hard to pluck a rose without getting pricked, and it is hard to gather honey without getting stung. The good and the beautiful things are surrounded with safeguards, and they all have their equivalent in evil.



Automobilists are not the only people who have "tire trouble." Lots of other people have it. Algernon, take your foot off that brake!



"Let well enough alone" is the lazy comment of the conservatist. If everybody said this, there would be no improvement. Necessity is not the mother of invention, because most inventions have come thru the desire to improve, and not thru compulsion. There is scarcely a single invention which could not even now be dispensed with, and certainly it is harder to dispense with a thing to which we are accustomed than with one which has not yet come into general use. The mind that fears change, and which does not critically observe conditions with a view to improving, is a drone in the hive. Nothing is "good enough" unless it is the best. Change is the law of life and the eternal program of evolution. To let things alone is to let them decay and to baffle progress. The one unchangeable law, is the law of change.



If you keep a record of the photoplays you see, you will find it a pleasant recreation, and a helpful one. Here is an idea: buy a note-book, rule it and title it thus:

Title	Company	Date	Classification (Comedy, drama, etc.)
Leading characters	Principal players		Plot
Principal scenes	Comments		Merit per cent.

If the play has appeared in this magazine, make a note of it, and of the date of the issue. A good way to mark a play as to merit, is to use numbers from one to ten, one meaning extremely bad, or worst; ten meaning very fine, or perfect; five, medium; nine, very excellent; two, very bad, and so on. The book should be carried to the photoshow, for it is necessary to write the titles as soon as they appear on the screen; otherwise, they will be forgotten. Your criticisms and other details may be written later.

MUSINGS OF "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER"

Look over the list of popular players, and you will discover that nearly every one has a pleasing smile. Very few become popular who have not a pleasing personality, and nothing gives a pleasing personality so much as a sunshiny countenance. A good smile, and the battle for popularity is half won.



If you think that our language should not be simplified in spelling, just ask a foreigner to read aloud the following :

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me through,
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue.

It will be observed that *ough* is therein pronounced in seven different ways: *o, uff, off, up, ow, oo* and *ock*.



The photoplay's the thing! It can do all that the drama can do, and do it in less time. Furthermore, it can do it all over the world at the same time, and with the same players. It can amuse, entertain, uplift, enlighten, educate, stimulate and ennoble. It can bring a tear, a sigh, a groan, a laugh, a frown, all in a half-hour. It can tell a whole book, chapter by chapter, scene by scene, all in an hour. Yes, the play's the thing, as Shakespeare says, and yet some managers insist on adulterating their programs with cheap vaudeville. Such managers must be in their second childhood. A child will often discard beautiful, educating toys, such as blocks, books and dolls, for an old tin pan and a spoon, and these managers imagine that sensible people would prefer to see painted women and effeminate men playing coon songs on sleighbells, pots, kettles and jew's-harps, to photodramas by our master companies. Shades of Thespis, Aristophanes, Shakespeare and Edison!



He who is pleased to find fault, is usually displeased to find perfection.



The first dramatic representations known in Europe were devotional pieces, acted by the monks, in the churches of their monasteries, representative of the life and acts of the Saviour and of His apostles. And now comes the Kalem Company with "From the Manger to the Cross." History repeats itself.



There is one thing that American actors and actresses need more than anything else, and it is something that is apparently not taught in this country, and not learnt. I refer to grace culture. The foreign players have it almost to excess. They are all action, all movement, all gesture, all grace. They move about, and bow, and walk, and sit, and make gestures with an easy grace that seems born in them. We Americans have not yet learnt the art of gracefulness. Somebody has said that grace is the outcome of inward harmony; but whether so or not, it is certain that most of us could easily and quickly learn to express grace outwardly, whether we have it inwardly or not. A beautiful face or form is much, but without grace of movement they are very much like an unfinished, unframed painting. The libraries are full of books on grace culture, and if our players would read them more, perhaps they would soon take on that outward appearance of elegance that so distinguishes the foreigners.

A Tale of the French Settlers

The prize puzzle contest closed on the second of October, as was announced, and, as usual, the last week brought a flood of entries. It has required many hours of careful work to read the thousands of answers that came in, and to tabulate the results, but the satisfaction we felt in knowing that so many of our readers have been interested in the contest has made the task a pleasure.

The prize-winners are as follows:

FIRST—LOUISE L. PACKARD, 83 LANCASTER STREET, ALBANY, N. Y.

SECOND—GRACE MOOR, 710 HICKORY STREET, NILES, MICHIGAN.

THIRD—E. SISSINGH, 406 43D STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

FOURTH—SOPHIE NORTHROP, 1812 PRINCESS STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.

FIFTH—C. M. ANDERSON, 808 MACON STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SIXTH—MARY HULL, 116 S. HOPKINS STREET, SAYRE, PA.

The following contestants deserve honorable mention, their lists having come very close to the winning lists:

Kate C. Young, Aurora, Ill.; Elmer Lawrence, Dansville, N. Y.; J. W. Summers, Youngstown, Ohio; M. G. Jones, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dorothy Reichenbacker, Honesdale, Pa.; Rose M. Bliss, Niles, Mich.; Clarice E. Patterson, Bangor, Me.; Louise Steinberg, Washington, D. C.; W. W. Warner, Oakland, Cal.; May B. Martin, Baltimore, Md.; Nellie Overend, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Charlotte Wheeler, Crown Point, Ind.; Gladys Calhoun, Kent, Wash.; Helen Emerson, Yonkers, N. Y.; May Law, Philadelphia, Pa.; Herman W. Hickler, Buffalo, N. Y.; Ethel Fawcett, Avalon, Pa.; Herbert Spitz, New York City; Thos. L. Wheelis, Orlando, Fla.; Ray Parker, Staten Island, N. Y.; Mary Stover, Wilmington, N. C.; Maurice Phipps, Reading, Pa.; Edith Seaver, Mansfield, Miss.; Adelaide Blake, Portsmouth, Ohio; Beulah Pomeroy, Edgerton, Wis.; Ruby E. Stanley, Frewsburg, N. Y.; Edythe Gittinger, Pikesville, Md.

Next to these is a list too long to print, as it contains the names of nearly a thousand contestants who came within five names of the prize-winners.

So it will be seen that the race was a close and a merry one. From hundreds of contestants came letters stating that the fun derived from puzzling over the baffling blanks was ample reward for their effort.

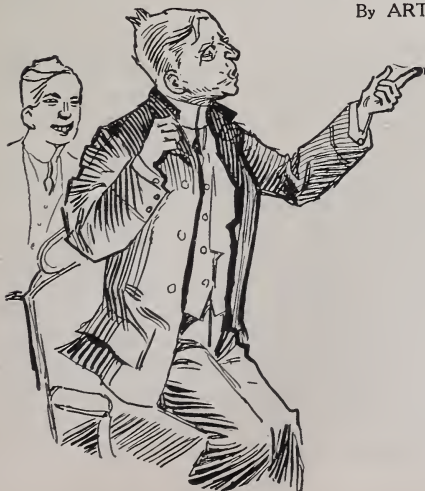
Steve Talbot, of Philadelphia, Pa., sent in a dainty little booklet, containing the prize story in typewritten form, with the picture of an actor or actress pasted into each blank space. This was so neatly and cleverly gotten up that we are awarding it a special prize, altho the number of spaces correctly filled did not place the story quite in the winning class.

We extend to the winners our hearty congratulations on their clever work; to all the other contestants, our thanks for their interest and a hearty invitation to join in the new contest.



I Only Saw Her Hat

By ARTHUR BENTLEY



I paid my dime and took a seat,
But there before me sat
A lady with an ostrich plume—
I only saw her hat.
I think the first was comedy;
The second was "Wild Pat";

The third, I think was Pathé's—but,
I only saw her hat.
The fourth was one of Dickens, and
The people spoke of Nat;
The fifth, I did not see the name,
I only saw her hat.

The Tremolo Touch

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

THE Tremolo Touch is an inherent emotionalism essential to success in Literature, Music, Art and the Drama. It is the plaintive appeal that twitches the heart-strings of audiences at Moving Picture theaters, and, hence, the Tremolo Touch is longingly sought for by director, actor and photoplaywright.

The Tremolo Touch nestled momentarily to the heart and mind of the director who staged Vitagraph's "Vanity Fair." The Touch was welcomed in the "big scene," a situation that in convincing emotionalism, and dramatic tenseness, in my estimation, has never been surpassed in Film-land. Unsophisticated Rawdon Crawley went home. He saw Becky Sharp in the arms of Lord Steyne, fiction's bird of prey. Was it hypnotic power that compelled the senile lord to gaze spellbound at the apparition there in the doorway? Was it an unseen hand that turned Becky's lovely head and fastened her horrified gaze upon the accusing figure of her husband, whom she had believed behind prison bars? No, it was the Tremolo Touch!

Slowly, Rawdon Crawley comes forward; slowly the guilty couple arise from the seat. The hypnotic eyes never waver. Here is a tense situation, a realistic atmosphere, surcharged with dread possibilities. It's the Tremolo Touch—the indefinable something so elusive, but so welcome to the artistic sense and soul.

The scene continues inexorably to its logical end. There is no diversion, no reaction. The action is beyond power of direction; the principals in the cast are now living that situation. What will Rawdon Crawley do? Actors and audience know, but they are carried along, breathlessly, to the conclusion. They are all under the sway of the Tremolo Touch, and all would have it so, for they recognize its presence and welcome its temporary power. And, when the "big scene" is done, there is a long, audible sigh.

Upon three occasions have I heard the fluttering, sobbing sigh greet the scenic ending. The tension is over; the play is logically concluded; the audience cares little for what follows, because the Tremolo Touch has vanished.

Many Photoplay stars, whose work you admire, have the Tremolo Touch to a more or less degree. It is the secret of good Photoplay acting. Acting is a mystery. It cannot be taught, and it cannot be learnt. Fine acting produces a certain effect—just as a certain effect is produced by an artistic painting, or an appealing refrain. Why? No one can explain. Actors will tell you, sometimes, that they know how it is done; that a certain cause in a Photoplay produces a certain effect. They think they know, but do they? Do they know why some inspired action makes a certain scene convincing and gripping, when the best efforts of director and actors in many other Photoplays go for naught? No one knows. It's the Tremolo Touch. What makes great musicians, painters, writers? Not the tools with which they work; countless other men work with the same tools in vain. It's the intimate, personal touch. Call it genius, or insanity, or what you will, I call it the Tremolo Touch, the power to endow the particular medium thru which you are trying to express yourself, with truth, sincerity, conviction and sympathy. And, even behind all these, another ingredient enters—a sixth sense which is given to no mortal to perceive.

When a Photoplay rouses some original thought in your mind; when, unconsciously, tears spring into your eyes, or you are incited to an unaffected laugh; when you leave the Moving Picture theater with heart and mind intertwined—just believe me when I assert that another Photoplay has "gone over," and that you have been entertaining the Tremolo Touch unawares!

APPRECIATIONS AND CRITICISMS OF POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS BY OUR READERS

THE popularity of this department far surpassed our anticipations. So many of our esteemed readers have favorite plays and players to write about that we have decided to enlarge the department. Even now, we cannot hope to publish a one-hundredth part of the verses, appreciations and criticisms that we receive, but we shall do the best we can. Neither can we acknowledge receipt of them, nor return those that are unavailable, nor pay for those that we accept. Those that we do not publish will not be wasted, however; they will be sent to the players themselves, so that they may enjoy them as we have.

Many original and interesting ideas for contests have been received. From D. S. Alves, of San Francisco, and Alina M. Parisette, of Brooklyn, come requests for a Beauty Contest, while Miss Esther Gordon, New York City, puts in a plea for the boy and girl actors to be given a chance to prove their popularity. A Picture Players' Name Contest, the prize going to the "fan" sending in the longest list of names, is suggested by George H. Hackathorne, of Pendleton, Ore. H. K. Cramer, Lexington, Ky., suggests that the readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE be permitted to select an All-Star Cast for a Photoplay to be selected by this magazine and published therein, the players to be picked for his or her ability to play the part. Mr. Thomas Graves, Helena, Ark., sympathizing with the Inquiry Editor, suggests a contest of Foolish Questions, favoring, as a prize, a fool's cap and bells. Miss Annie French, from her home in Winthrop, Me., sends kindly and complimentary lines on the pleasure she derives from this magazine, and suggests a contest, featuring the couples who do the best team work, mentioning Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell as an example. Miss Estella A. Geiger, Buffalo, N. Y., wants a chance to vote for the "most expressive actors," while the unknown "Extras" (Supers?) have a champion in Mrs. Helen Moore, of New York City. Alfred Weirs, 115 Chambers Street, New York City, writes that he would like to vote for "the best story that appears in the magazine for a certain number of months, and then the writer who has the greatest number of votes, after the votes be added together, receive the prize."

From far-off Auckland, New Zealand, Mr. Arch Burns writes an interesting letter, telling us, among other valued bits of information, that in New Zealand the American-made pictures are esteemed more highly than either the English or European films. Mr. Burns thinks a contest to determine the popularity of the different film companies would prove popular.

We regret that limited space prevents the publishing of many worthy contributions. Tributes have been received for the following favorites: Miss Marion Leonard and Miss Marguerite Snow, from Sampsen Ternent, Lonaconing, Md. Arthur Johnson, from Flo Newstadt, Brooklyn; Miss Mamie Hipple, Columbia, Pa., and Rhoda Wright, Yonkers, N. Y.

Miss Beverly Bayne, from "Tomie."

Mr. Guy Coombs, from Miss Virginia Whitney, Norwich, Conn.

Alice Joyce, from Bud Lang, San Francisco; Miss Lydia Anton, N. Y. C.;

Francis Hutchinson, Washington, D. C.; Allen Spencer, Miss Beatrice Altamus, Philadelphia, and Miss Helen Bowbin, Chicago.

Miss Edith Storey, from John Tapley, Jackson, Miss.

Frank E. Maxey mounts Pegasus, and soars into rarefied air in an enthusiastic ode to "The Photoplay."

Carlyle Blackwell is announced a favorite by Ruby Garing, Flagstaff, Ariz., also by Harold H. Hanson, Gloucester, Mass. The latter, in company with Florence Mahon, San Francisco, and Laura E. Knox, Wakefield Junction, Mass., eulogizes Maurice Costello.

Gene Gauntier receives poetical applause from Clarence Festerly, Canton, O., as does Gilbert Anderson from V. L. K. and "A Jersey Admirer"; Yale Boss from Miss Mary Deacon, San Francisco; James Cruze from Miss Mary Herzig, Roxbury, Mass.; Mary Fuller from Vera Gilfgott, Boston, Mass., and Mr. Kerrigan from E. M. K., Tarentum, Pa.

Mrs. H. C. Edwards, Muncie, Ind., proclaims Bunny, Alice Joyce, Lillian Walker, Adele DeGarde, Florence Turner and Mary Fuller her choice.

The following verses speak for themselves—and for the writers thereof:



stands for Meyers, McDermott, too,

A is for Anderson, always true blue;

U for Urelle, with Gaumont he plays,

R for George Reehm, a favorite always.

I is for Ince, a fine Abe in the show,

C stands for Carlyle—Blackwell, you know;

E that is Earle—it is Williams we mean;

C is for Chapman, oft seen on the screen.

O without doubt it is Olcott you see,

S stands for Santley; Fred quite pleases me.

T tell me, pray, now which is the best?

E easy? No, let us leave all the rest.

L look now, and find, pray, my Photoshow treasure,

L look, he's an actor who's fine beyond measure;

O h, it's a puzzle to pick out this fellow,

Read top to bottom—you have it—Costello.

Selma, Ala.



EVELYN FARRINORE.

TO THE MOTION PICTURE QUEEN.

By a Motion Picture Fiend.

'Twas in the merry month of June,
The hour was twelve—precisely noon—
Sweet Alice Joyce was going away,
Our skies seemed cheerless and cold and gray.

The gay town of Los Angeles,
By her presence had been blessed.
She was leaving for New York town;
Even there she had won renown.

Dear, sweet, beautiful Alice,
You are fit to reside in a palace,
And until you return to this beautiful State,
We'll anxiously your arrival await.

Los Angeles, Cal.

C. M. PELLEGRIN.



TO FRANCIS BUSHMAN.

When on the magic sheet
I catch his eye's bright beams,
I soar above this world of sighs
Into the land of dreams.

For there, before me, moves
An actor, fine and brave;
Each part he plays with skill—
The happy, sad or grave.
New York.

How gentle he can be
With children small and bright!
And how he scores the villain
For his lapses from the right!

Who is this wondrous actor,
Who steals our hearts away?
His name is Francis Bushman,
And he plays with Essanay.

ANNA WRIGHT.

Miss Lula M. Lumbert, Hyannis, Mass., calls attention to the fact that the Photoshows provide entertainment for youths who formerly idled about the streets:



I've often been out on the streets at-night,
And, to my surprise, would see such a sight.
But now, since the Photoshow came into town,
The boys have improved—they no longer hang 'round;
They go to the Photoshow 'most every night,
And sit 'til the manager bids them good-night.



Charles W. Sullivan writes entertainingly from New Orleans of his experiences while visiting picture shows in the South. He tells of going to a Photoshow with a gentleman, who, after watching the screen in silence for a time, remarked: "I reckon they must have people act for them, as I've seen that girl's face before." He imagined that the strenuous camera-man simply chased down exciting incidents, photographing them as they occurred.

Out of a score of verses indited to charming Mary Pickford, we offer:



We watch the poster every day,
And often feel contrary,
Because we do not see the name—
Our favorite, little Mary.

South Bend, Ind.

D. B. P.

"Violet" sends greetings to "Mr. Maurice Costello, king of them all, who captivated the people years ago, and still holds them in his thrall. Stars may come, and stars may go, and we care not, so long as we have Maurice Costello, who is able to please both the high and the low. He who can make the millionaire envious, and can make the poor forget their troubles."

Isn't it fortunate that, "having eyes we see not," as others see?—else would the laurel wreaths all be placed on one brow, to the discomfort, doubtless, of the owner of the brow. "Mina" prefers Mr. Richard Neill above all the other favorites, tuning her harp in Toronto, and sending in these lines to "dashing R. R. Neill":

The cleverest man that can Edison claim
Is Richard R. Neill, of Photoplay fame.
In Vancouver I've seen him, and also in Maine,
And I hope that some day I shall see him again.



Pittsburg has some picture "fans" as well as smoke and millionaires:

Florence Lawrence is quite charming, with her manner sweet and shy,
And Alice Joyce is pretty, this no one can deny;
Dolores Cassinelli is a beauty, as I live,
And think of sweet Ruth Roland, and the pleasure she can give.
And there is Mary Fuller, with her naughty, little frown,
I go to see her every time I hear that she's in town.
But there is one girl that I know, with her none can compare,
With her soulful eyes and wistful, and her wealth of raven hair;
She has loveliness appealing, and the sweetest face I've seen,
Her name is Florence Turner; she's my Motion Picture queen.

Pittsburg, Pa.

MISS H. CLAIR.

FOR DEAR MISS MARGUERITE SNOW..

Dear, sweet, lovely Marguerite Snow,
Not one can compare with thee, I know;
With face so divine, you all graces combine,
May God keep and bless thee, sweet Marguerite Snow.

Bellville, Ont.

HILDA ACKERILL.

(Continued on page 162.)

He Forgot That They Were Only Motion Pictures



THE LACK OF TALKING AND NOISE IN THE PICTURES IS SOMETIMES MADE UP BY A SURPLUS OF TALKING AND NOISE IN THE AUDIENCE



Answers to Inquiries



This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to matrimonial and personal matters of the players will not be given. A list of all film makers will be supplied to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. No questions answered relating to Biograph players. Those who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped* and *self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. Write only on one side of paper, and use separate sheets for questions intended for different departments of this magazine. Always give name of company when inquiring about plays. If subscribers give name and address and write "Subscriber" at top of letter, their queries will be given a preference.

M. M. H.—We'll find out for you right away whether Earle Williams can swim; wait a minute.

J. L. H., GARDEN CITY.—The Edison Home projection machine is now on the market. The price ranges from \$60 upward, according to the form of illumination employed, these being acetylene gas, Nernst lamps or an automatic arc, the last two taking current from the usual house-wiring. The films cost from \$2.50 to \$5, according to length, and are exchangeable at the factory on payment of a small fee if in good condition. In time it is probable that exchange stations will be provided thruout the country. The standard width film is used, but on this width are three rows of pictures, so that a subject running as long as a standard thousand-foot reel occupies only about 80 feet of film. Standard film cannot be used, both on account of size and the different manner of perforating. A picture four feet wide by three high can be thrown by the arc.

PATRICIA.—The prettiest Biograph player was not killed about a year ago. Persistent rumor had it that way, but we insisted upon saving her life. Give the name of a part the Edison player has acted lately and we'll fit a name to him, but "sometimes plays the villain" is a bit too vague with six companies to pick from each with one or more villainous actors.

K. C. B.—Miss May Buckley, now in "He Fell in Love with His Wife," is the former Lubin player.

KALEM ADMIRER.—There are no special release days for certain sections of the Kalem or other companies. There may be two Glendales one week and none the next. It is understood that Mr. Blackwell will remain with the Glendale section.

FLOSSIE.—We appreciate your change to illustrated postcards for stationery, but we hope there is no hidden meaning in your choice of subjects. Since the Answers Man recently admitted matrimony in these pages your choice of orange blossoms and lemons might be regarded as inspired. Your questions are all answered above.

L. A., NEW YORK CITY.—We do not know of any Western section importing its riders from New York. No chance for you. Miss Snow is in Thanhouser pictures "any more." She was doing some specials and appeared in but two in September. In October she is in five. It happens that way in all companies. "The Texan Twins" is an exceptionally fine piece of trick photography. Mr. Wilbur played both twins. Henry Walthall and Miss Jane Fearnley had the leads in Reliance's "The Yeggman." We cannot name Gaumont players. It is a foreign company.

PIGMY W.—"Saved by the Telephone" and the "Suffragette Sheriff" are Kalems. Miss Alice Joyce played the leads. We do not know Mrs. Costello's maiden name.

M. V. C.—Reliance was working in Palensville this summer. We believe the Vita was made in and near the home studio. Laura Sawyer had the lead in "For Valor."

M. S., MOBILE.—See answer to Flossie. Miss Mayme Kelso was Mrs. Burleigh in "The Street Singer." She was not in the cast of "Human Hearts." We have not Miss Snow's stage record. Miss Jane Wolfe had the title in Kalem's "Norma of Norway."

M. P., PHILADELPHIA.—We told Bunny what you said about his taking a bath in those tiny English bawth tubs and he denied, with a pained smile, that it was that which drove him back home.

MISS T., NEW YORK CITY.—Of all the foolish lies about photoplayers that we have heard circulated, the one you inquire about is the worst. The rumor is unfounded.

FLOSSIE.—The reason Crane Wilbur doesn't act with Miss Pearl White any more is that she is working in Crystal films, after having been placed, by rumor, with Comet. Miss Frances Cummings was in Lubin's "Lost Dog." You don't have to sign your letter "From a Fan." We know it by now.

F. J. S., PITTSBURGH.—The exhibitor who gets nothing but commercial film is usually paying the commercial price. He is not supposed to show Méliès films with an Independent program, but some exchanges have a number of old Licensed subjects that they use to fill out with. Sometimes these are purchased in England and shipped back, sometimes some dishonest employee of a Licensed exchange or Licensed house takes them, or they may have been on the market before the Patents Company was formed.

J. S., KEESEVILLE.—Possibly Robert Burns would let you have one of those curls if you asked him, but we doubt it. He is with Vita in Los Angeles. You cannot get Licensed and Independent subjects on the same program.

QUITA, MOLINE.—Glad you've gotten acquainted with us at last. You've missed a lot, meantime. The Thanhouser Kid is Marie Eline. Miss Mabel Trunnelle was the girl in Majestic's "The Moth and the Butterfly" and "The Game of Chess." Her opposite was Herbert Prior. Both are old Edison players. John Adolphi was in Eclair last we heard. Jack Conway was Jim in Nestor's "Hard Luck Bill." Miss Vivian Rich had the title in the same company's "Maude Müller." If you want to know "lots and lots more" let's have it on the instalment plan, please, and always let us have company as well as play and part.

C. H. E. A., FALMOUTH.—William Todd and Frederick Church were the two Mexicans in "The Sheriff and His Man." We do not know the nationality of Mr. Anderson's forebears. The magazine is out about the 15th or 20th of each month. John Bunny is about five feet six or eight (tall, not wide). Victor makes one release a week, on Fridays. We get no casts for C. G. P. C., which are of foreign origin.

FLOSSIE.—Charles Clary had the title rôle in Selig's "Officer Murray." We have absolutely no opinion as to the beauty of James Morrison's nose. We don't even recall whether it is a pug or an old Roman. That "darling" Lubin man is Edgar Jones.

PAT FOR SHORT.—The "cute fellow" on page 59 of the October issue is Charles Comp-ton. We do not give addresses, but if you hang around the gate of the Selig studio long enough you're likely to see Al Ernest Garcia.

H. H. S., COLUMBUS.—The Answers Man appreciates your kind words. We don't know that Flossie ever wrote a photoplay, but if she ever does we bet she puts Crane Wilbur in it. The Motion Pictures shown in Cuba, to which the article in *The Theatre* makes reference, are mostly produced in France, Germany and Italy. There is no censorship abroad, and some of the films shown in public in Germany and the Latin countries are unbelievably vicious. The Biograph has never offered an official explanation of its unwillingness to give the names of its players. Your suggested explanation is plausible. We are in sympathy with your plea for more pictures of American cities and places of interest, but the exhibitors want photoplays, so the exchanges demand them, and the manufacturers meet the demand. We were talking the other day with B. Nichols, who handles Biograph, Kalem and Lubin for Europe, and he gives the gratifying information that abroad there is a growing demand for three and four-hundred-foot scenics that inevitably must find reflection over here.

C. R., PALESTINE.—In Thanhouser's "The Merchant of Venice," Miss Flo La Badie was Portia and Miss Mignon Anderson Jessica. Miss Horne was not cast.

J. G. L., YONKERS.—Miss Edna Fisher was opposite Mr. Anderson in "The Oath of His Office." Miss Lawrence heads her own company, "The Victor."

FLOSSIE.—What, again? The matter of photographs was explained on page 144 of the October issue, as you probably have seen, but remember that we are trying to please all. We are willing to admit that Ray Gallagher is simply adorable if it adds to your happiness. By the way, do you know that you are getting quite frequent?

HINKY DINK.—We refuse to believe that you are a regular actor. You spoil that statement by adding that you have money in the bank. The Mace Keystone films started releases September 23d.

C. MCC., BUFFALO.—Frances Ne Moyer was Sally in Lubin's "Won at High Tide."

WANTED.—Can any reader tell Mrs. J. H. P. about "The Vampire," an old film?

MRS. J. H. P., KELSO.—Miss Jennie Nelson is with the home section of the Lubin Company in Philadelphia. The reason you see no California Lubins is that none are made there now. The Los Angeles studio turned only out three or four.

D. P., DALLAS.—We have not the information you desire.

H. E. M., ROCHESTER.—King Baggot has no double. You refer to a recent picture in which he played two parts thru double exposures.

J. SAM, NEWPORT.—It was the late Mace Greenleaf who played in the Reliance with Miss Jane Fearnley.

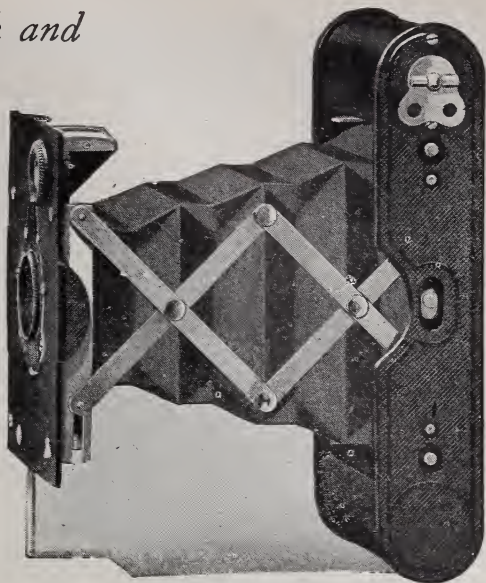
R. P. T.—We do not place the player you ask for. We were informed that Miss Gladys Field was going to join the Kalem Company, but we do not find her name in their casts. Ask something easier than when will Biograph questions be answered. It would be easier to name the next President.

N. H., NEW ORLEANS.—Had not heard of Mr. Anderson's tenth anniversary before. It looks like a local press scheme. Possibly it's his tenth year as a photoplayer. We do not know that Miss Mignon Anderson, of the Thanhouser, is his relative. There is no lieutenant cast in Bison's "The Lieutenant's Last Fight." William Clifford and Francis Ford had parts as officers.

ESTHER, ST. LOUIS.—In Thanhouser's "Treasure Trove" the banker was William Garwood and the sweethearts were Miss Mignon Anderson and E. J. Hayes. We do not know where it was made. James Cruze was the minister in Thanhouser's "The Finger of Scorn." We have not the cast for the American. Phillips Smalley has left Rex. So have Miss Weber, Miss Ridgley and Miss Leonard.

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FLOSSIE.—Positively we are ashamed of you for asking a Biograph question. Miss Marin Sais is with the Kalem section at Santa Barbara, where you will have to go if you wish to meet Miss Ruth Roland. And on top of that Biograph you ask about a man in a gray suit! Next time you do this to us we shall limit you to one question.

R. Q., WASHINGTON.—Franklyn Hall was the husband in Lubin's "The Two-Gun Sermon." We do not place Mr. Sherwood at present. The enclosed picture did not get to the Answers Man. We have said before that Owen Moore is with Victor.

J. E. T.—If your inquiries are as courteously phrased as your letter you need have no fear of being made ridiculous. When the very evident intention of a correspondent is to have fun with the Answers Man he returns the compliment, but he is more sinned against than sinning. Just as one example, if you could only read some of the weak imitations of Flossie that come in you would understand. Flossie seems to be sincere. The others are merely copy acts and unfunny because insincere. Ask all the questions in reason and we'll be delighted to reply.

SANDCRAB.—We give the news as it lies at the moment. Last week Hal Reid was directing for Champion. This week he is at the head of the Universal Weekly. We have not seen Wallace Reid cast lately. William Humphrey, the Napoleon of "The Bogus Napoleon," does not "always" play Napoleon, but he has made a hit with the character much as Ralph Ince has made Lincoln his other self. We do not think the two Cassinellis are the same.

FLOSSIE.—The "fellow" is some class, as you suggest, but we cant place him from that half portion picture.

J. J. C., CENTRAL FALLS.—We do not keep track of the authors of photoplays, but Shannon Fife writes most of the Buster stories for the Lubin Company. We do not place the author of the Pathé. As a matter of fact it is seldom that the author is really the author of the produced play. By the time the editor and director are done little is left, and more than once an author has seen his play and has not recognized it. Leaders and letters are taken by a special camera. There are several ways. A printed card may be photographed for a negative, or the card may be photographed as a positive, in which case white letters appear black, or vice versa. Some companies make a lantern slide and make the insert from that. In any case the material is cut into the proper lengths, the scene is cut and the inserted part cemented in with acetone cement. As a general thing photoplay theaters run three or four reels at a performance, tho some houses offer as many as ten. We think that five reels should be the limit. We saw 5,800 feet the other afternoon and it tired us. Eight without a stop is almost a torture.

BERT A.—Julia Swayne Gordon and Tefft Johnson were the two players you mean in "Lady of the Lake" (Vitagraph). Helen Costello is about twelve. There were several girls with Alice Joyce in "Rube Marquard Wins." Howard Missimer played opposite Eleanor Blanchard in "Cupid's Quartette." The child in "Broncho Billy's Gratitude" is not in the cast. We do not know whether Francis Bushman plays a violin or not. Of your eleven questions, the last one is the most difficult. In spite of our complete card index system, colossal files, we are unable to say whether or not the favored Flossie C. P. would be willing to correspond with a "black-haired young man like yourself."

F. L. G.—Instead of "The Price of Vanity" you mean "The Lure of Vanity." Ralph Ince had the lead.

T. G., MUSKOGEE.—Ruth Roland was Tillie Temple in "The Beauty Parlor of Stone Gulch." Wallace Reid was the city lover in "The Course of True Love."

1093 B.—Donald Mackenzie was the father in "The Little Wanderer."

H. E. M.—Virginia Chester was the daughter of the sheriff in "The Frenzy of Firewater." Pathé wont tell. Mae Marsh was the sister to Bob in "Kentucky Girl."

A 1040-10, BROOKLYN.—There is a first-class Independent Theater on Fulton Street, near Flatbush Avenue.

H. H., WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.—Bessie Eyton was the Island Maid in "The Love of an Island Maid" (Selig).

A. L. COPELAND.—Mrs. Arthur Mackley was the mother of the child in "The Littlest Sheriff." The child is unknown. Pauline Bush was Mary Waldron, Marshall Neilon was the cripple brother in "The Will of James Waldron" (American).

A. U.—King Baggot and Jane Fearnley were Amy and Jim in "Old Tennessee" (Imp). Mildred Bracken is Mary, and Florence La Vina is Frances in "The Will of Destiny." Mildred Bracken was Bee in "The Cowboy Kid." Crane Wilbur played in "A Ranch Romance."

LA PETITE.—Jane Fearnley played opposite King Baggot in "A Cave Man's Wooing."

G. G. G., CINCINNATI.—Pathé Frères will not give us the information.

PAULINE F.—Guy Combs was the son in "The Spartan Mother." Romaine Fielding was the half-breed in "The Half-breed's Treachery."

AN AMERICAN LOVER.—Jack Richardson was the bandit, Pauline Bush was the girl, and Warren J. Kerrigan was the lover in "A Life for a Kiss" (American).

M. F., CARLYLE.—Helen Costello is the older of the two. Other questions answered.

S. L.—Marie Eline (Thanouser Kid) was Alice in "The Cry of the Children."

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D. E. R., N. Y.—Mr. Joseph Gebhart was the leading man in "The Wooing of White Pawn."

P. A. E.—Charles Clary was Jack in "The Girl and the Cupola."

L. G. ELKINS.—Harry Benham was the country sweetheart in "Blossom Time." MOVIPHAN.—The camera is at fault. You are right in your presumption. Your Biograph and Pathé questions we cannot answer.

FT. DODGE, LA.—Lubin cannot tell us who Tonio was in "The Señorita's Remorse."

VIOLETTA.—Flo La Badie and Harry Benham had the leads in "A Portrait of Queen Anne" (Thanhouser).

DOROTHY K.—Lillian Walker is with Vitagraph, and Francis Bushman is with the Essanay Co. Paul Panzer was the escaped convict in "A Stern Destiny." We do not think any girl has killed herself for Harry Myers yet. The clipping is not of Harry.

MOLLIE T., BRONX.—It was not Alice Joyce that was operated upon for appendicitis, but Anna Nilsson. Both are acting for the Kalem Co.

PORT, O.—Jane Wolfe was Mrs. Summers in "The Wandering Musician." Other questions answered above.

H. J. CORSON.—Write to Benny of Lubinville as to why Lottie Briscoe never wears her hat on straight. Your other suggestions are good.

M. ALEXANDER.—Ray Gallagher was the leading man in "The Cowboy Kid." Dolores Cassinelli plays in the Eastern Essanay Co. Other questions above.

HELEN.—The rather "short man with the black hair and short, black mustache and a very high nose" must be Arthur Mackley.

"NOBODY."—The picture you send us is Lillian Walker.

RUBY G., ARIZONA.—"Herod and the New-born King" was made by the Eclipse Co.

J. H. PECK.—Romaine Fielding was the mail-carrier in "In the Drifts," and he also played in "The Soldier's Return." We cannot place the player you mean.

E. M. FLORY.—Robert Gaillard was Big Bill in "The Barrier That Was Burned." Laura Sawyer was Helen in "Relief of Lucknow."

A. JOLA.—"A Tale of Two Cities" was in the May, 1911, issue.

M. E. H., BROOKLYN.—The reason we do not publish the pictures of people who pose for song slides is that we have all we can do to take care of the people who pose for Moving Pictures.

E. B.—Joseph De Grasse was Ralph in "Jealousy on the Ranch" (Pathé Frères).

F. H. E. T.—Guy Coombs was Joe in "Soldier Brothers of Susanna." We do not sell photographs.

W. C. E.—Arthur Johnson still acts, and he also directs.

FRANK P.—Send \$1.65 for a Talbot book, "How Moving Pictures Are Made and Worked." See ad.

V. L. K.—Dwight Mead was the dissatisfied clerk in "The Legacy of Happiness."

INEZ N., BROOKLYN.—Don't worry about over-taxing my generosity. John Bunny is the only real name he has. No information whatever on Biograph.

MARY C.—Alice Joyce is not married to Rube Marquard. You shouldn't be asking such questions, anyway. Harry Morey was Dick in "The Barrier That Was Burned."

P. STONE.—May Buckley is on the stage again. Mrs. Costello acts once in a while.

C. N. B.—Your questions all went in the waste-basket. We are pleased to state that Mrs. J. Arthur Mackley played the part of the mother in the following: "The Loafer's Mother," "Broncho Billy and the Girl," and "The Story of Montana."

C. H. 902.—The only engagement we know of at present that Alice Joyce has is to the Kalem Co. Signorita Francesca Bertini was Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet."

A. E. E.—Leonie Flugrath and Robert Tansey had the leads in "The Street Beautiful" (Edison). You can secure back numbers. December, 1911, the first chat.

J. A., GAL.—Florence Turner is not married. See chat in October issue.

MR. JOSEPH.—We don't know where you may secure passes to visit Motion Picture studios. Cannot help you on your other question.

THE 'RAH 'RAH GIRLS.—Get United States stamps.

"UNKNOWN."—Please sign your name. Mary Fuller was the daughter in "An Insurgent Senator."

1044 J.—Number, please? Send stamped, addressed envelope for list of manufacturers. Miss Lawrence has light brown hair.

145 X., LANCASTER.—"S." stands for Spoor, and "A." for Anderson" (Essanay).

HIMMELHEIMER.—Don't know how many Indians Bison 101 has. Others out of order.

E. C. H., ST. LOUIS.—Edgar Jones was the minister in "The Two-Gun Ceremony." Fred O'Beck was the bartender. Bryant Washburn was the young man in "Out of the Depths." Marion Leonard had the lead in Rex's "Thru Flaming Gates." Edward Coxen had the lead in "Thru the Hills."

P. W. F.—Winnifred Greenwood had the lead in "The Blonde" (Selig). Edna Payne had the lead in "The Half-breed's Treachery."

H. W., BROOKLYN.—Ralph Mitchell had the lead in Kalem's "A Mardi-Gras Mix-up."

MARG., M. G.—William Todd was the sheriff in "The Story of Montana." Alice Joyce was the colonel's daughter in "The Gun Smugglers."

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"The Sheriff"	Edison
"The Fisher Maiden"	Edison
"A Wooden Indian"	Edison
"The Red Trail"	Biograph
"His Brother"	Selig
"The Lineman's Hope"	Essanay
"The Mysterious Caller"	Vitagraph
"The Schoolmaster's Courtship"	Vitagraph
"Small Things They Forgot"	Edison
"The Soldier's Sacrifice"	Vitagraph
"The Proving of a Coward"	Selig
"The Strike Breaker"	Selig
"Mrs. Van Dusen's Diamonds"	Kalem
"Aunt Ann"	Vitagraph

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J. H. H., GOLDFIELD, NEV.—Red Wing is a real Indian. Other questions answered. GIRLIE UMBIECH.—Your other questions were probably answered before. Francis Bushman has no particular leading lady.

C. P. W.—Arthur Johnson has been on the stage before acting in Moving Pictures. V. B., PITTSBURG.—Vitagraph did not produce "The Prize Essay."

LESLIE STUD, TUCSON.—Jane Wolfe was the gypsy in "Fantasca." William Clifford was Smiling Bob in the play by that title. William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman had the leads in "Double Cross."

C. H. SELMAN.—"Rice and Old Shoes" was produced by Lubin Co.

ANXIOUS FANS.—Marguerite Snow was Barbara Drew in "East Lynne." Warren Kerrigan and Pauline Bush had the leads in "The Marauders."

ELIZABETH BAKER.—Phyllis Gordon had the leading part in "The Lake of Dreams."

E. J.—Carlyle Blackwell was Jack Bernard in "The Daughter of the Sheriff." Harry Benham was the young man in "Big Sister." Darwin Karr and Fannie Simpson had the leads in "The Equine Spy" (Solax). Pathé wont answer.

TEXAS TWINS.—We have heard nothing of the kind about Vitagraph Company, and think the report is false. You should not ask questions about relationship. Raymond Hackett was the child in "A Child's Devotion" (Lubin). Bridget was John E. Brennan, Mrs. Clark was Ruth Roland in "Queen of the Kitchen" (Kalem). Ruth Roland and Marin Sais were the daughters in "In Peril of Their Lives."

J. H. D., PORTLAND.—The play you mention was a trick picture. They are done in different ways by various directors. If you have a copy of Talbot's book "How Moving Pictures Are Made and Worked," you will understand how almost anything is possible. Many manufacturers do not care to have the public know how they do these trick pictures.

E. G., CHICAGO.—We cannot help you or any one else to get a position in any of the Moving Picture companies. We are afraid there is not much chance for you.

LYOYD LA VERGE, L.—We do not know the reason Alice Joyce left Carlyle Blackwell; suppose Kalem wanted her in New York studio. We shall chat Warren Kerrigan soon. We'll also try to get a different picture of Maurice Costello.

MARBLEHEAD.—The Imp Co. has always been an Independent Co. Vedah Bertram died of appendicitis. We haven't the name of the company that took the fall round-up on the Y-6 Ranch.

SOUTHERN LASSIE.—Edgar Jones and Clara Williams were the leads in "Trustee of the Law" (Lubin).

R. C., BLOOMINGTON.—It would take up too much room to give you the list of plays you ask. Edwin August is Ormi Hawley's leading man now. William Humphrey and Clara Kimball Young had the leads in "The Money Kings" (Vitagraph). Leo Delaney is not with the Helen Gardner Company.

B. R. M.—Clara Williams had the lead in "The Renegades" (Lubin). She formerly played opposite G. M. Anderson.

K. B. E., WORCESTER.—Vivian Prescott had the lead in "Leah the Forsaken" (Imp). We only answer questions pertaining to Motion Pictures, not to the regular stage. Florence Turner and Maurice Costello, as a rule, play opposite.

FLOSSIE.—Texas Twins would like to correspond with you. Carlyle Blackwell has had several leading ladies; try to think of the name of the play. We are glad you like some one else besides Crane. Yes, Augustus Phillips is "a fine player"; you must not go "crazy about him."

J. R., WILMINGTON.—Since you are a beginner, you had better learn the rules. Dont ask questions about marriage, relationship of players, ages, and Biograph questions.

M. A. S., NORTHAMPTON.—John R. Cumpson is with the Imp. Co.

SYLVIA S., CHICAGO.—We do not answer questions about the relationship of Florence Lawrence and Adelaide Lawrence. Because their names are alike, it does not follow that they are sisters.

BOBBY P. B., BALTIMORE.—Vedah Bertram was the girl and Brinsley Shaw was the heavy in "Broncho Billy's Narrow Escape."

KENNETH L., HARTFORD.—Raymond Hackett is the child you mean. He is a regular Lubin player. The proprietor of the theater in your town selects most of the pictures he wants, from the exchanges.

C. E. I., MOBILE.—Most fire scenes are of real fires. You mean Mary Pickford.

S. E. H., SEATTLE.—The criticism you mention about "The Pink Pajama Girl" is well taken. Inconsistencies often "get by" the best directors.

L. C., STATEN ISLAND.—We cannot help you get a position.

E. R. M., BROOKLYN.—We have no Leah Winslow with the Vitagraph Co. Irving White played opposite Ormi Hawley in "The Deceivers." Eleanor Blanchard has never been with the Pathé Co.

BERT BUNNY & Co.—Baby Nelson was the child in "Together" (Lubin). Max Linder is with the foreign Pathé company, and William Cavanaugh is with the Western Pathé section. It is not known whether there are more Licensed or Independent theaters, but the best information is that there are more Licensed.



GREAT CROWDS GREET THE RIDGELY'S ALL ALONG THE LINE

DICK RIDGELY AND CLEO RIDGELY, who left Brooklyn, N. Y., August 26th, as representatives of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, on a horseback trip to San Francisco, Cal., are meeting with tremendous success in all cities which they visit. Those theaters in which they appear are crowded to the doors, and they are always given an enthusiastic reception.

On date of writing, October 25th, they are at Pittsburg, Pa., and during the next two months they will probably pass through the following cities:

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MILLERSBURG

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Those exhibitors in the above-mentioned cities who desire to make arrangements with Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely to appear at their theaters, can do so by writing to us direct.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

G. F. D., OHIO.—Thomas Moore was Kotten, Jr., in "The Girl Strikers." Lottie Pickford was the girl. Gregory Doyle is not connected with this department. Alice Joyce is expected to remain in New York.

H. A. W., SAN FRANCISCO.—See chat with Edith Storey in November issue.

D. M. J., COLFAX.—Harold Lockwood was the player you mean in "His Message" (Bison 101).

E. M. C., NEVADA.—Hal Reid is directing for Champion Co.

A. G. M., PORTLAND.—The two jockeys were Harry Wulze and Lew Harkness, the girl was Mae Marsh; Colonel, William West; banker, Knute Rahm, in "Kentucky Girl."

MRS. MOORE, ROCHESTER.—Pauline Bush is with the American Co., but we cannot give personal addresses.

JIM A.—You will have to write Kalem and ask how much they paid Mr. Marquard, the baseball player, and how much the film "Rube Marquard Wins" cost them. Perhaps they will answer, and perhaps they won't. Why should they? Harry Myers had the lead in "What the Driver Saw." Peter Lang was the driver. Other questions answered.

SUSANNE WEBER.—Charles Clary had the lead in both "The Girl with the Lantern" and "Officer Murray." Edna Payne was Madge in "A Girl's Bravery." Earl Metcalf was Harry Tennant. Frederick Santley was Kalem's Bertie, and not Edward Coxen. Joseph Behbart had the lead in "The Hand of Destiny." You can get all the magazines for 1911, except February, July, August and September.

EMMA L., LITTLE ROCK.—We are glad to have your opinion, but we are trying to please everybody. You probably know that other people do not all agree with you.

PLAIRSIE 300.—William Clifford was Donald Maynard in "A Stolen Gray." Frederick Church is the player you mean in Western Essanay. Wallace Reid was Joe in "At Cripple Creek." We will consider your idea about printing the casts.

EVA, MONTREAL.—We simply will not answer Biograph questions, that's all. We have no Bargain Days, on the magazine. It's easy enough to tell that you are a woman.

ANNIE LAW, BRIDGEPORT.—Jane Fearnley is with the Imp Co. Mace Greenleaf has been dead for some time.

E. T., CLEVELAND.—Howard Missimer was the Wild Man in Essanay's play by that name, but, usually, he is quite tame.

F. M., HONESDALE, PA.—"Release date" means the date that the manufacturer assigns for the film to be released by the exchanges. The film is made many months before it is shown to the public. The film exchanges have them in advance, but they are not allowed to give them out until the release date. Your other questions cannot be answered by this department; you should address the Technical Bureau.

LEE LASH Co.—There are several unions and organizations of exhibitors and operators in nearly every city and State. We cannot give you the addresses of them all. We do not think they have any "house organ."

V. FONTANA, NEW ORLEANS.—Marion Leonard had the leads with Rex last year.

L. C., NEWARK, N. J.—Mabel Trunnelle was Mrs. Vale in "Thorns of Success."

LITTLE VERA.—Write Kalem for portrait of Carlyle Blackwell.

M. A. G., SAN FRANCISCO.—Look at Alice Joyce's chat in August issue.

GENEVIEVE, LOS ANGELES.—Bliss Milford was the lead in "The Grandfather." Mildred Bracken had the lead in "A Romance of Catalina Island" (Méliès). Mabel Trunnelle was formerly an Edison player. We shall have pictures of Earle Williams and Maurice Costello soon.

VICTORIA L., BROOKLYN.—Carlyle Blackwell and Belle Harris had the leads in "The Frenzy of Firewater." Frances Ne Moyer had the lead in "A Lover's Signal" (Lubin).

MISS JULIA, ST. LOUIS.—What advice do you want about our magazine? Be more definite. Jack Halliday has left Lubin.

A ST. JOSEPH READER.—We cannot tell the name of the plays from the description.

C. V. R., WORCESTER.—We cannot print pictures of Biograph players without using the names. Thank you for the suggestion.

M. D. I., CHICAGO.—Please give the name of the company.

H. O., WESTERLY, R. I.—Mabel Normand is posing for the Keystone Co. Ormi Hawley is still with Lubin. No Biograph ???

M. NORTH, MONTANA.—Herbert Prior was Mr. Vale in "Thorns of Success."

F. F.—Mary Fuller formerly played with the Vitagraph. Mrs. Costello has played in only two releases.

CELESTE W., MUSKOGEE.—Edward Boulden was the clerk in "Cynthia's Agreement" (Edison).

L. A., PITTSBURG.—Gladys Hulette is now on the regular stage. Kenneth Casey is not a girl. The little sheriff is unknown; Lewis was Fred Church; his father, William Todd; mother, Mrs. Mackley, and the sheriff, Arthur Mackley, in "The Little Sheriff."

ANXIOUS B. G.—Benjamin Wilson was J. B. Randall in "The Passing of the J. B. Randall Co." (Edison). Shall print the pictures you ask for soon.

SOME ALAMEDA FANS.—Vedah Bertram's picture in August, 1912.

IOWA GIRL.—Read the back numbers. Send your subscription to the same address you sent the inquiry (26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.).

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G. R. H., BAYFIELD, WIS.—Joseph De Grasse and Miss Mason were husband and wife in "A Redman's Friendship" (Pathé). Just address the "Answers Man," care of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

G. K., BROOKLYN.—We do not use Selig pictures. Ray Gallagher was Dick in "The Cowboy Kid" (Méliès).

SALLIE K. W.—William Barley's picture has never appeared in this magazine. William Clifford is with Nestor.

MARJORIE M., MONTREAL.—Please don't ask us how you can get in the pictures. There's no hope. Rosemary Theby is not with Selig, but Vitagraph. The letters that are written in the pictures are usually photographed and filmed after the whole play has been taken, as are the subtitles. Gilbert Anderson's permanent leading lady has not been announced as yet.

ELSIE, WASHINGTON.—The girl in "The Arizona Woman" is now unknown to Essanay. Alice Joyce has not left Kalem.

GWENDOLYN, ILL.—We cannot answer Bison questions, because no information about their players could be had during the recent lawsuit. Jack Richardson is always the villain in the American, and a good one—or, should we say a bad one? The American Company inform us that there is no Richard Kerrigan with their company. "A-B" stands for American Biograph.

I. M. INQUISITIVE.—Master Paul Kelly was only a special in the Vitagraph.

BOBBY P. B., BALTIMORE.—"Mammoth Life Savers" was taken at Coney Island by the Vitagraph Company. John Stepling has returned to the Essanay.

JIM A. & BERT A.—Frederick Church is the curly-haired man in the Western Essanay. G. M. Anderson takes all kinds of parts. Vedah Bertram was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Narrow Escape." The girl in "A Wife of the Hills" is unknown. It was a real fire in "Fire at Sea" (Pathé). But when we say a real fire, we do not necessarily mean that the whole ship or building burned down. Most manufacturers do not care to explain how trick pictures are done, or whether they are trick pictures or not. Newton Smiley was Raven, and Hazel Neason was the girl in "The Lair of the Wolf" (Kalem).

L. V. D. HOLDEN.—Julia Mackley and Edna Fisher were the mother and sweetheart in "The Sheepman's Escape" (Essanay).

EDITH.—Bertha Blanchard was the wealthy lady in Thanhouser's "That's Happiness." William Garwood was the son. F. Foster was David in the first reel, and Edward Genung was David in the third reel in "David Copperfield" (Thanhouser).

A. C. STERLING.—William Garwood was John Henderson in "A Six Cylinder Elopement" (Thanhouser).

No. 666, ST. LOUIS.—Burt King was the detective, Adele Lane the sister, and Romaine Fielding the brother in "Detective's Conscience." Frank Tobin and Kathryn Williams were the leads in "The House of His Master." In "The Reporter Girl's Big Scoop," Natalie Carlton was the heiress, and Stuart Holmes the count. Ormi Hawley had the lead in "Betty and the Roses." You mean Frederick Church in "Alkali Ike Plays the Devil." Mrs. Wm. Todd was the girl. Francis Bushman had the lead in "White Roses." Florence La Badie was Undine in Thanhouser's "Undine." Marguerite Snow was Bertholda. Anna Nilsson and Hal Clements had the leads in "The Grit of the Girl Telegrapher" (Kalem).

"DIGHY READER," DIGHY.—Leo Delaney was Nello in "The Answer of the Roses."

NUNCY, NEW ORLEANS.—You will have to learn that the players change from one company to another for various reasons, and that is why you see Biograph players with Imp. Louise Glaum was Mabel Jones in "Those Love-Sick Cowboys" (Nestor).

F. WILLARD, CAMBRIDGE.—Harry Wulze played Shorty in "Kentucky Girl" (Kalem). Edna Payne the daughter in "Moonshiner's Daughter" (Lubin).

INTERESTED.—Joseph Gebhart was Bull Moose in "The Penalty Paid" (Pathé).

"MANY THANKS."—William Duncan was the son in "The Cowboy Mother."

T. S. DE SOTO.—We have not Dorothy Phillips' whereabouts. Winnifred Greenwood was not in the Edison play you mention. Edythe Lyle was the wife in "The District Attorney's Conscience" (Reliance). Frances Ne Moyer and Roy McKee had the leads in "The Lover's Signal." Roswell Johnson was Buster in "When Buster Went to Dreamland." Mrs. B. F. Clinton was Earle Williams' mother in "One Touch of Nature Makes the Whole World Kin." The name *Vitagraph* was very appropriately thought of and aptly applied: *Vita* (Life), *Grapho* (To write) equals Life Writings. Use any kind of paper when sending in your questions.

R. R. P., CONN.—Nothing doing with the Bison question. They are either too busy with the lawyers, or else they are copying Biograph.

F. M. G., CHICAGO.—Lottie Briscoe had the lead in "The Spoiled Child."

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The Motion Picture Story Magazine

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

E. T., THE MOVIE GIRL.—Edwin August and Ormi Hawley had the leads in "The Players." Myrtle Stedman and Wm. Duncan had the leads in "The Cattle Rustlers." Henry Walthall was the son in "Mother" (Reliance). Carl Winterhoof had the lead in "Into the Genuine" (Selig). Yes, Mr. Bushman is with the Chicago Essanay.

FLOSSIE C. P., CINCINNATI.—Madam, you are deceiving me. You are not the original Flossie. Florence Barker is with Powers. Dorothy Phillips was Dorothy in "A Burglarized Burglar" (Essanay). Mable Moore was Mable in "A False Suspicion." Ormi Hawley was Ruth in "The Cure of John Douglas." Carlyle Blackwell had the lead in "Fantasca, the Gypsy." John Halliday was Tomasino in "My Brother Agostino."

L. R.—James Morrison was the cowboy in American's "The Greaser and the Weakling." Other questions elsewhere. The Rex Company will not give out any information about "The Ghost of a Bargain."

KITTY W.—Earle Williams is not at all "stuck-up." He has lots of admirers. Darwin Karr is with the Solax Company. Arthur Mackley was the smuggler in "The Smuggler's Daughter." Thanks for the "Yankee Dime."

E. S. C., STATEN ISLAND.—Edgar Jones was Bob in "A Trustee of the Law." In Thanhouser's "Her Secret," Harry Benham was the husband, and Mignon Anderson the wife. Alice and Hall were Blanche Cornwall and Darwin Karr in "The Wooing of Alice." Jack Richardson played the ranger in "The Vengeance That Failed."

GERTRUDE.—Alice Joyce was the daughter in "The Gun Smugglers." Beverly Bayne was Becky in "The Return of Becky." Clara Williams was the lead in "Circle C Ranch's Wedding Present" (Essanay). Leona Flugrath was Rosa in "The Street Beautiful" (Edison). Kate Winston was Mary in "An Apache Renegade." Leo Delaney should have been in the place of Charles Kent in the cast in the magazine under "As You Like It." Brooks was Brooks McCloskey, and Henrietta was Henrietta O'Beck in "When Buster Went to Dreamland." Lola was Gene De Lespin in "The Thorns of Success" (Majestic). Edna Hammel the child, and Bliss Milford the mother in "The Grandfather" (Edison). Ormi Hawley had the lead in "The Deceivers."

TOMMY ROTT, CAL.—In Victor's "The Winning Punch," the boy that was presented with the winning punch is not in the cast. F. A. Newburg was Rowland in Vitagraph's "Written in the Sand."

R. G., NEW YORK.—Warren J. Kerrigan was the cowboy in "Outlaw Colony." Republic does not answer on "The Girl in the Auto."

H. T. P. JACKSON.—Charles Herman and Julia Hurley were the old man and old woman in Reliance's "Cuckoo Clock." Comet is also behind in answering our questions.

M. C. DAYTON.—Sorry, but nothing doing on the Rex questions. Their publicity man is not feeling well.

"BETH," COLUMBUS.—Flo La Badie was the wife in "A Wrecked Taxi." William Russell was her husband. Gaumont pictures are taken abroad. Will soon be able to answer questions about their players. Did you say Owen Moore and Mary Pickford were married? Shocking.

H. KAHN, N. Y. C.—"Love Will Tell" is not an Essanay. Other ?? barred.

DIANA D.—Judging from the pictures we see, Harry Myers and Edwin August dance. Neither of them directs plays. The "grand-looking blond man with the darkish eyebrows who plays sort of villainous parts in the Victor" is unknown.

J. C. J.—In "Jim's Wife" (Edison), George Lessey and Miriam Nesbitt had the leads. William Duncan was the leading man in "Brand Blotter." Motion Picture films are 1½ inches wide.

F. D. OTUMBEVA.—The little boy and girl in Pathé's "Anguished Hours" are unknown.

UNSIGNED, CHICAGO.—Please sign your letters. The Thanhouser question has been answered before. Lubin does not know the cast in "Señorita's Butterfly." And the Rex question cannot be answered, for reasons hereinafter set forth, as the lawyers say.

W. J. K.—William Garwood was Bertie in "Under Two Flags." William Russell was the colonel. We don't know whether the "Virginian" has been done in pictures or not. Your other questions cannot be answered at present. See Warren Kerrigan's picture in "Gallery."

H. E. R.—John Adolphi's whereabouts are not known.

L. M. A., TEXAS.—The date on the calendar in the pictures is not necessarily the day on which the picture is taken. Your second question is not clear. Vitagraph's "A Tale of Two Cities" is over a year and a half old.

CHARLOTTE D.—Frederick Church was the artist in "A Moonshiner's Heart." Jack Halliday was the doctor in "Betty and the Doctor." He is not with Lubin now. Edgar Jones was the deputy in "A Deputy's Peril" (Lubin). G. M. Anderson is not of Swedish parentage. Carlyle Blackwell had the lead in "The Frenzy of Firewater."

M. E. A. & F. E. A., TAMPA.—"Her Secret" was a Thanhouser, not Nestor. Mignon Anderson was the daughter.

MAYBELL MARIE.—Harry Benham was Tom in "Why Tom Signed the Pledge." "Inquiry Dept." is not necessary on the envelope, but advisable. If the inquiry gets in the wrong department it soon gets to the Answer Man's desk.



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For the first time in years, this good lady, who has been deaf, hears the church bells. She is in ecstasy. Only this morning has she been able to hear the prattle of her grandchildren and the voice of her daughter. Twenty-three years ago she first found herself becoming deaf, and despite numerous remedies, medical advice, hearing devices and specialists' treatment, she found it more and more difficult to hear. Of late years she was harassed by peculiar noises in the head, which added to her misery. At last she was told of a book which explains how

to regain perfect hearing without costly apparatus or drugs. She got this book and learned how to quickly become freed from deafness and head noises. Observe her delight in this hypothetical illustration. Any reader of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE who desires to obtain one of these books can do so free of cost by merely writing to the author, Dr. Geo. E. Coutant, 496 B, Station E, New York, N. Y. He will be pleased to mail it promptly, postpaid, to any one whose hearing is not good. This offer will bring joy to many homes.

L. D. OXNARD.—See Rex answers above.

E. L. B., CLEVELAND.—Florence La Badie and James Cruze had the leads in "Called Back" (Thanhouser). Nestor's information bureau is out of order.

"HAPPY," BROOKLYN.—Grace Scott is with Lubin. We cant give her stage career.

HOPE AND FAITH, SAN FRANCISCO.—Frederick Church was the loafer in "The Loafer's Mother." Ask editor Brewster for a G. M. Anderson chat.

E. J. D., CHICAGO.—Martha Russell was the leading lady in "Twilight" (Essanay).

DIANA D., HOT SPRINGS.—We presume Harry Myers and Edwin August are good friends. Why not? Edwin has left Lubin, but Harry stays. Pathé Frères will not answer any questions about their leading ladies.

AN ASBURY PARK CURL.—Cines pictures are made abroad, and we cannot give you the cast you ask for. Frances Ne Moyer was the daughter and Thomas Aiken the captain in "The Smuggler's Daughter" (Lubin). Vedah Bertram was the daughter in "The Smuggler's Daughter" (Essanay).

DOLLY W.—Cleo Ridgely is not acting for any company. She is riding across the continent on horseback with her husband at present. See "Greenroom Jottings" for latest news about Mary Pickford.

FLOSSIE.—Dont know, Flossie, why Van Brook plays such mean parts. I'm glad you like his name. Some prefer Van Dyke Brown. You haven't given up Crane Wilbur for Ray Gallagher, have you?

L. LA VERGNE L.—No, there are not two Harry Myers; one is Charles Arthur. Jack Standing is in California playing on the stage.

LOLA B. B.—Oh, no! we never get tired of questions. Dolores Cassinelli is not ill, nor is Florence Lawrence. Flossie C. P. evidently lives in Los Angeles, altho that question is not in our line.

F. C., N. Y. C.—The information you ask is not obtainable.

J. H. FITZ, LA FAYETTE.—Thanks for your lengthy and interesting letter.

PAULINE E. C. P.—Mabel Normand and Fred Mace are with Keystone. Adele De Garde became a member of Vitagraph because of her talent, we suppose. Look elsewhere for other ???.

ABBIE R., PENN.—May Buckley had the lead in "Betty and the Doctor." Lillian Christy is Carlyle Blackwell's leading lady. George Lessey was the lead in "Tony's Oath of Vengeance" (Edison). He also had the lead in "Corsican Brothers." Lillian Walker is still with the Vitagraph.

MARIE, ST. LOUIS.—Guy Coombs is still with Kalem, and as for Mary Pickford, she has left Biograph; and now, you want to know about Henry Walthall? We cant tell you! Understand?

HELINE, N. J.—Gilbert Anderson is stationed at Niles, Cal. We accept only players' pictures from the companies to which they belong.

MARY P., ALLEGHENY.—Maurice Costello's father was Spanish-Irish, and his mother Irish. Write to the company for players' pictures.

L. R. T.—What company? We dont know what you mean.

MABELLE G. F.—Barbara Tennant was the girl in Eclair's "Robin Hood." Whitney Raymond is with Essanay. Helen Gardner has not released her first picture as yet. Tiresome waiting, isn't it?

ORRIE L.—Alice Weeks was Thelma in Reliance's "Thelma."

HELEN OF PERU.—Lucille was Marguerite Snow; Constance, Mignon Anderson; Matilda, Florence La Badie in "Lucille." The address of Thanhouser is New Rochelle, N. Y.

G. A. J., DALLAS.—Norma Talmadge marries Leo Delaney in "The Extension Table."

V. S., LOS ANGELES.—We may be able to print Mary Pickford's picture some time, but we cant just say when. We cannot go into the detail of how the pictures are taken. Why not get Talbot's book?

WINNYE.—You will have to go to California to get acquainted with Warren Kergigan. My name? It's Answers Man at every meal. Carlyle Blackwell has already been interviewed in the July, 1912, issue. No, we do not agree with you; Crane Wilbur is not a "perfect lady."

MARJORIE, NEWARK.—No, Carlyle Blackwell was not in Newark, in the Elite Theater, on Saturday, September 28th, at one o'clock. At that particular minute he was in California, but we are not sure about the particular spot.

FLOSSIE.—Margaret Loveridge is with Keystone. Her interview will soon appear. You say you live on the same street with her? You were born under a lucky star.

C. MC., N. Y. C.—John Bunny is with the Vitagraph, and not with the Essanay. That was Joseph Allen as the Boob's father in "Adamless Eden." Florence Turner is acting every day.

L. LA VERGNE L.—Mabel Normand was the lead in "A Water Nymph" (Keystone).

J. W. S.—You have the Imp Company placed correctly.

G. I. Y., CAL.—Leona Flugrath was Rosa in "The Street Beautiful." Owen Moore had the lead in "The Chance Shot." Mabel Trunnelle had the lead in "A Game of Chess." Augustus Carney is Alkali Ike. No Biograph questions, please. Why persist?

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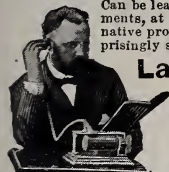
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A. F., BROOKLYN.—Send stamped, addressed envelope for list.

SMITH, NEW JERSEY.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leading parts in "The Wayfarer."

PICTURE FAN, DANBURY.—Pathé Frères took pictures of the World's Championship ball games.

THE TWINS.—Martha Russell was Rose in "The End of the Feud." Margaret Joslin was the girl in "Love on Tough Luck Ranch." Mildred Weston was Billy Mason's opposite in "Cupid's Quartette." Charles Clary and Winnifred Greenwood had the leading parts in "Under Suspicion." Harry Myers and Charles Arthur are still with Lubin. Hazel Neason was the lead in "The Thief." Marion Cooper and Guy Coombs the boy and girl in "A Railroad Lochinvar," Adelaide Lawrence the child in "The Little Wanderer." J. P. McGowan was the lead in "Winning a Widow." Edgar Jones was the doctor in "The Physician of Silver Gulch." And—the last—Jane Gale was the girl in "Stubbornness of Youth." It's a good thing you are twins!

F. S., MASS.—Jack Richardson is the American villain.

VIRGIE, NEW ORLEANS.—Gladys Wayne was Betty in "Betty Fools Dear Old Dad."

BLANCHE L., KANS.—We cannot help you place scenarios. See "Ghosts" in October issue for form. List of manufacturers, if you send a stamped, addressed envelope.

H. M., GA.—Bison 101 pictures are taken in California.

NUNCY.—Earle Metcalf and Edna Payne had the leads in "A Girl's Bravery."

AN INTERESTED READER.—Your questions have been answered before, and you should not ask about relationship.

I. M. P., CHICAGO.—Adrienne Kroell had the lead in "Into the Genuine."

R. W., HOT SPRINGS.—J. P. McGowan and Gene Gauntier had the leads in "Captured by Bedouins." Lottie Pickford was with Kalem last. We never see the players' envelopes, so cannot tell you who the highest salaried player is. Probably Florence Lawrence and Maurice Costello. Kate, in Champion's "Sisters," was Barbara Tennant.

F. H. W., LOUISVILLE.—Thomas Santschi was Tom Byrne in "Sergeant Tom Byrne of the N. W. M. P." William Duncan was Billy in "An Equine Hero" (Selig). Thank you for your information.

BOBBY P. B.—Mary Fuller was Eliza, Carlyle Blackwell was Shelby, and Topsy was Florence Turner in Vitagraph's "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

R. R. P., BOSTON.—The wife in "The Wife of the Foothills" is not known. Vedah Bertram was the Indian maid in "Broncho Billy and the Indian." Alice Joyce was the sheriff in "The Suffragette Sheriff." William Clifford was the sheriff in "The Sheriff's Roundup" (Nestor). Gene Gauntier was the girl in "The Bravest Girl in the South." Clara Williams was the daughter in "The Sheriff's Daughter" (Lubin). Baby Audrey was the child in "The Child of the Purple Sage."

"BILLIE," PIQUA.—Charles Elder was the doctor in "The Will of Destiny" (Méliès). Burt King and Adele Lane had the leads in "The Detective's Conscience." Martha Russell was Mr. Bushman's wife in "Her Hour of Triumph." Gertrude Robinson was the lead in "Grandpa," and Charles Herman was the son-in-law. Zena Keefe had the lead in "Gambler" (Vitagraph). Hal Reid was Rip Van Winkle, and Sue Balfour was his wife in "Rip Van Winkle" (Reliance). George Periolat and Louise Lester were the father and mother in "An Evil Inheritance" (American).

J. W., DULUTH.—Billy Quirk is still with Solax. He had the lead in "The Professor's Daughter" (Pathé). He has had stage experience.

C. C., ROCHESTER.—Miss Glahm and Joseph De Grasse had the leads in "The \$2500 Bride" (Pathé). George Beatty was just hired for the occasion. Marion Cooper was Undine in "Saved from Court-Martial." Mr. Kimball is correct, not James Young, as Senator Carter in "A Vitagraph Romance."

COPE, ROCHESTER.—Bertram R. Brooker wrote the Lambert Chase stories. "The Mystery Play" was written in our office. Cleo Ridgely did not go thru Rochester.

D. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—Kate Winston played opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "Apache Renegade." Edgar Jones was the detective in "The Sheriff's Daughter." Carlyle Blackwell was chatted in July, 1912.

M. J., BROOKLYN.—Read the index page about accepting stories.

J. G., DANVILLE.—Charles K. French is with Pathé Frères.

G. M., HARTFORD.—The players receive from \$25 a week up.

PHILLIPS, CAMBRIDGE.—The two characters were played by Crane Wilbur in "Texas Twins." It is called "double exposure" and has been explained in back numbers.

E. L., BROOKLYN.—Carlyle Blackwell was Simple Sam in "Suffragette Sheriff."

E. S. A.—P. C. Hartigan was Pete in "The Mine Swindler." Nancy Avril was the girl in "Country and Church" (Edison). Hazel Neason was Millie in "How Millie Became an Actress" (Vitagraph). The spinster sister-in-law was Jane Wolfe in "The Suffragette Sheriff."

D. B. HAMMOND.—Victor releases one picture a week.

E. R., CHICAGO.—Essanay did not produce "Alkali Pete's Wife."

E. J.—Pathé Frères did not produce "Indian Idyll."

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

The next number of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE will come out about a week before Christmas and will be called the

HOLIDAY NUMBER

It will contain several poems, stories and drawings appropriate to the holiday season, including a Christmas Tree, drawn by A. B. Shults, containing the portraits in miniature of many popular players.



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and many others

As these writers are well known to our readers and to the general public, they will need no introduction. We are constantly striving to get together the best staff of fiction writers in this country. Among the stories promised for the near future are one by **REX BEACH**, and one by **WILL CARLETON**.

The **Holiday Number** will be a very large edition, but the prospects are that it will not long remain on the stands. Thousands of newsstands **sold out** our November number before it had been on sale a week, and they could not get any more magazines because the edition was exhausted. History will probably repeat itself on the **Holiday Number**, so you had better **order now** from your dealer. Or, better still, **subscribe!** Read elsewhere how to do it, and of the advantages of being a subscriber.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

A. M., ON A VISIT.—Thank you. "Buy Me Some Ice" was an Essanay. The real title was "The Ice Man."

I. M. A., MINN.—Your questions have all been answered.

M. E. R., CHICAGO.—William Duncan was "Jim" in "The Brand Blotter."

BERT, BUNNY & Co.—Joseph De Grasse was the husband in "His Wife's Sweetheart." Robert Burns was the husband in "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse." It would be out of order if "Bunny's Kids" were not fat like himself. In the first place, is he married? Flora Finch does not take daily exercises to keep herself thin. And Mildred Weston was the blonde in "Pa Trubell's Troubles," opposite William Mason.

C. T. B.—Thomas Moore was the bookkeeper in "The Bookkeeper" (Kalem). Priscilla and John Caspersen were the children in "A Child's Prayer" (Lubin).

C. H., AUBURN.—In "The Polo Substitute" William Santschi was Smart, and Hobart Bosworth was Probyn. Sorrento, the outlaw, was Romaine Fielding, and Burton King was Bonita in "The Ranger's Reward." Clara Williams and Edgar Jones had the leads in "The Deputy's Peril." Brinsley Shaw was Broncho Billy's pal in the play by that name. Van Dorn was Guy Coombs; Frost, Hal Clements; and Charlotte, Anna Nilsson in "The Siege of Petersburg."

LOTTIE D. F., GOLDFIELD.—Edgar Jones was Manuel in "The Divine Solution." Robert Burns was Bob in "His Vacation." Helen Gardner is not back with Vitagraph.

BETTY W. B.—Earle Foxe was Karl in "The Street Singer." The smaller of the two girls in "A Mid-Winter Night's Dream" was Helen Martin. Don't ask Pathé questions, if you can possibly help it. Laura Sawyer was the sister, Guy Hedlund the brother in "His Secretary" (Edison). Bryant Washburn is still with the Essanay. "The beautiful Tillie with the swell hair-dress" was Ruth Roland in "Tillie Taylor's Beauty Parlor."

D. H. "THAN-PHAN."—In "His Father's Son," Gene Darnell had the lead, and in "Only a Miller's Daughter" Grace Nile had the lead. We have not heard of Marion Leonard's whereabouts.

C. M.—Paul Panzer played the title rôle in "The Desperado" (Pathé).

BRIDGEPORT READER.—Sorry we cannot accommodate you by printing the pictures of Selig players. We do not cover that company's pictures. William Duncan was Billy in "The Fighting Instinct." Helen Gardner's company will be Independent. There can be no more Licensed companies.

HELEN D., SCHENECTADY.—Wallace Reid is with Universal. The Champion is slow giving information; therefore your question remains unanswered. Sorry.

SOPHIE N., WILMINGTON.—Mildred Weston was Ruth in "A Record Romance." Juanita was Clara Williams in "The Divine Solution." Mabel Trunnelle was Patience in "The Little Quakeress."

E. J., NEW YORK.—Phyllis Gordon and Tom Santschi had the leads in "Lake of Dreams." Mr. Johnson was the villain in Pathé's "Saved at the Altar."

R. M., MUNCIE.—Phillip Smalley and Lois Weber had the leads in "The Greater Christian" (Rex). Yale Boss did not play in "Treasure Island." Crane Wilbur is still with Pathé. Alice Joyce played Jean in "Jean of the Jail." Please write your questions on a letter and not on postals.

I. B.—Florence Hackett was the teacher in "Spoiled Child." "Paid in His Own Coin" was not an Edison. Herbert Prior had the male lead in "The Little Quakeress." You mean Ormi Hawley. A poor way to describe her. The play was "Physician's Honor." No! we do not answer Biograph questions.

GERTRUDE.—Jack Richardson was the gun man in "The Gun Man." Signorita Bertini was Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" (Pathé). Laura Sawyer was Helen in "The Relief of Lucknow." Mrs. Maurice Costello was the telephone operator in "Diamond Cut Diamond" (Vitagraph).

"THREE LOVE-SICK GUYS."—You have our sympathy. Ormi Hawley is well, thank you.

OLGA 16.—The confederate was Guy Coombs in "The Confederate Ironclad." His sweetheart was Anna Q. Nilsson. Slivers was E. H. Calvert in "The Redemption of Slivers" (Essanay). Mrs. Costello is never featured. She is not a regular player.

M. M. M.—We shall print Helen Costello's picture soon. The little girl in "Broncho Bill for Sheriff" is unknown.

I. F., BUFFALO.—Look above.

DOTTIE C. B.—We cannot supply you with the Pathé information.

S. S. G., MCKEESPORT.—Yes, Edwin August was with Biograph. Edwin Carewe was John in "A Girl's Bravery" (Lubin). Thomas Moore had the lead in "The Thief."

C. C. S., BELLEVILLE.—T. J. Carrigan was the prince in "Cinderella." In "Back to the Old Farm," William Bailey was George Randall, Frank Clayton was E. Calvert.

E. A. P.—G. M. Anderson is not dead.

E. E. M., NEW YORK CITY.—Bliss Milford was Julia in "The Grandfather" (Edison).

T. A. M., SAN FRANCISCO.—James W. Morrison has brown eyes. Edith Storey is still with the Vitagraph Company. John Halliday is in Cleveland, on the stage.

E. J. C., LINCOLN.—Your questions are not permissible.

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A. O. V. B.—The late Vedah Bertram lived in Niles, Cal., while playing with the Essanay. She died of appendicitis. George Reehm had the lead in "All in the Wash." Marc McDermott was the grandfather in "Sunset Gun."

CHAMPION, WESTERLY.—Helen Gardner was the wife in "The Miracle." Leah Baird owned the "living child." Winnifred Greenwood was the dancer in "The Last Dance." Allan Mathes was the minister.

F. F. A., NEWTON.—We don't answer questions about the stage; all we can do to keep track of Moving Pictures—they move so fast.

A. K.—We believe Florence Turner tries to answer the letters she receives. There are two Costello children.

D. C., Miss.—No, Flossie C. P. does not own any interest in this magazine. We have not heard much of her this month. Too bad. She will be missed.

R. R. P., STAMFORD.—Arthur Mackley was the ranchman in "The Shotgun Ranchman" (Essanay); Jack Richardson the greaser in "The Greaser and the Weakling"; Edna Fisher the girl in "The Tenderfoot Foreman."

A. Z. M. M.—Some of the recent Lubin plays in which Edwin August has appeared are: "The End of the Quest," "The Good-for-Nothing," and "The Players."

M. G., SALEM.—Bobby, in "Bobby's Father," is Dolores Costello. She is the daughter, and not the son of Maurice Costello.

C. J., St. Louis.—Edison Company have taken several pictures abroad. G. M. Anderson is still acting.

VEDAH II.—The first MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE was published February, 1911. Pauline Bush is still with the American, and Harry Myers is still with Lubin.

N. C.—Warren Kerrigan, we believe, has brown eyes.

M. L., NEW YORK.—Yes, Hazel Neason had the lead in "A Political Kidnapping."

SCHOOL GIRL, BUFFALO.—Lillian Walker is not dead; she is playing every day.

F. W. H. S.—George Cooper was the tramp in "Captain Barnacle's Waif." Roger Lytton was Le Roy Farley, and E. K. Lincoln was Harry Weston in "Irony of Fate."

M. D., AKRON.—In "The District Attorney's Conscience," Henry Walthall was Mr. Burr. We have not published Lottie Pickford's photo yet, but soon.

M. W. G., TEXAS.—We have never printed any of the stories you mention.

P. M. R., WESTERLY.—Mrs. Maurice Costello was not the stenographer, but the telephone operator in "Diamond Cut Diamond." Jerold Hevener was the "funny character" in "A Windy Day" (Lubin).

1913, WESTERLEY.—Dear me, no; we did not mean that Alice Joyce and Rube Marquard are married, but that they acted in the same play. Marion Cooper played opposite Guy Coombs in "The Bugler of Battery B." Note—bugler, not burglar.

H. A. W., 1533.—We do not give the private addresses of players. Mona Darkfeather is with Universal.

C. L. M., SALEM.—You evidently want a list of manufacturers.

(Continued from page 80.)

later in the day, at the field-hospital, whither they had taken Harvey, that the boy would soon be all right again after a trifling surgical operation. He was taken to the hospital at Memphis, and soon after rejoined his regiment. There had arisen a stern need for every true son of the South, whether he be but a boy scarcely in his teens or a recruit from the hospital.

The sun was setting on an autumn afternoon in the year of '65. The Trysting Garden was upgrown with weeds and brambles. Its desolation was disturbed by the advent of a sun-browned soldier and a slip of a girl fondly leaning on his arm.

"It is all over now," he said; "nothing is left."

"But the land is still here," she

comforted, grasping his arm a little tighter, "and sleepy, lovely Arden, and most of the dear old folks."

"Dear old Steve," he said, remembering. "I never knew what became of him."

She shuddered.

"Are you cold, dear?" he asked.

"I was thinking of that day in the cabin," she faltered, "of how close to death——"

"Never recall it again," he said, almost sternly, then placed his hands tenderly on her shoulders. "After all, dear, do you remember where we are? In the Trysting Garden, where we left off years ago."

"Yes, yes!" she cried, with suddenly radiant eyes; "we are still young, and will build our happiness upon the sweetness and the sorrow of the past."



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P. C., TEXAS.—The New York Motion Picture Company will hereafter release Kay-Bee films, while the Universal will release Bison 101. Francis Ford is in California with the New York Motion Picture Company.

O. B., TEXAS.—Both the Kay-Bee and the Bison have real Indian actors.

B. J. WILLIAMS.—Write to Earle Williams at the Vitagraph for his autograph, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope. He may give it to you. He is awfully nice that way.

L. H. P., NEW YORK CITY.—Did you send a stamped, addressed envelope? If so, send a special delivery asking the company to notify you about your manuscript.

LITTLE ROSE, NEW YORK.—William West was Outlaw Bill in the play by that name.

HAROLD, BROOKLYN.—The season for plays containing winter scenes is now open. Your other questions are for the Technical Bureau.

E. K., BRIDGEPORT.—No license is necessary in order to send different plays to different companies.

VEDAH II.—William Humphrey was Napoleon in "A Bogus Napoleon." Your other questions have all been answered before.

M. P., GA.—Miriam Nesbitt was "Jim's Wife." Kate Winston was Mary Simmons in "The Apache Renegade." Mrs. Mary Maurice is not Maurice Costello's mother.

J. A. G. T.—James Morrison was Aubrey, the artist, in "The Adventure of an Italian Model" (Vitagraph). We don't think Flossie would care to have us give you her address.

B. R., ELMIRA.—Alice Joyce was Papita in "The Street Singer."

L. E. W., TEXAS.—Jack Richardson was the villain in "Vengeance That Failed." Marshall Nielan was the cripple, and Pauline Bush his sister in "The Will of James Waldron." The American Company informs us that Warren Kerrigan's brother is not playing, reports to the contrary, notwithstanding.

ANNA M.—Kathlyn Williams and Charles Clary had the leads in "The Devil, Servant and the Man."

E. D. ASHLAND.—Irving White played opposite Ormi Hawley in "The Deceivers." A theater can have both branches of the Independent companies. In "An Aeroplane Romance," the minister really went up in the aeroplane.

G. A. C., MONTREAL.—We believe both the Kalem and Biograph companies are in the market for scripts.

DIANA D.—Lubin's "Romance of the Coast" was taken in Cape Cottage, Maine. Yes, Edwin August, Ethel Clayton and Harry Myers can swim!

OLGA 16.—"Flirt or Heroine" was taken in Brooklyn. Don't you know, Olga, it's against the rules to even say *Biograph*?

MARIE K., CINCINNATI.—A picture of James Cruze was published in the May, 1912, issue. Warren Kerrigan in December. Mignon Anderson and William Russell had the leads in "Orator" (Thanhouser).

W. P. GIRL.—In Vitagraph's "Thou Shalt Not Covet," the price of the bracelet was \$250, and Bunny paid \$150 for it. Howard Mitchell was the thief in "A Missing Finger."

W. D., LEAVENWORTH.—Eleanor Blanchard was the widow in "A Lucky Mixup" (Essanay). Roy Clark was the little boy in "A Waif of the Sea." Edna Hammel was the girl in "The Little Bride of Heaven" (Edison); Louise Sydmeth was the Polish lady in the same play.

A. B. C.—"Neptune's Daughter" was taken at Lake Superior. In "The Hermit" (Essanay), William Mason was the hermit.

J. A. T., HALIFAX.—Florence Lawrence did not play opposite Arthur Johnson in "Resurrection." The cost of the extra postage makes the magazine more expensive to foreign subscribers.

EVELYN, N. H.—Ruth Roland was Tina in "Fat Bill's Wooing." They were real negroes in "Roost, the Kidder" (Kalem).

BOBBY P. B.—Gwendolen Pates is still with Pathé Frères.

1625, J. A. B.—Charles Arthur was the minister in "The Derelict's Return" (Lubin). "The Motherless Child" was not an Edison.

LILLIAN G.—Mae Buckley was the young woman in "Mother Love."

J. M. S., STAPLETON.—There is no Arthur in the cast "For the Love of a Girl," unless you mean Charles Arthur. Virginia Chester was Dorothy in "The Sheriff's Daughter" (Kalem). Gus Mansfield was Helen's brother in "The Minister and the Outlaw." Al Swenson was Tom in "Betty and the Roses."

DOROTHY, NEWARK.—Gertrude McCoy has never been with the Vitagraph.

S. P., TEXAS.—Martha Russell had the lead in "Neptune's Daughter." Louise Glaum and Donald MacDonald had the leads in "When Is a Lemon?" (Nestor).

ELIZABETH H., No. 15.—Alice Joyce is about twenty-three, if you call that young. Judge for yourself which company has the best players.

N. B.—Nine pages of answers, verses, etc., have been crowded out. They will appear in the Holiday Number. We shall add more pages for these departments in future. Meanwhile, we will supply information by mail, as usual.

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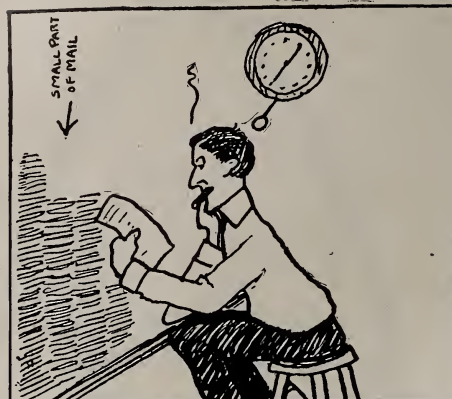
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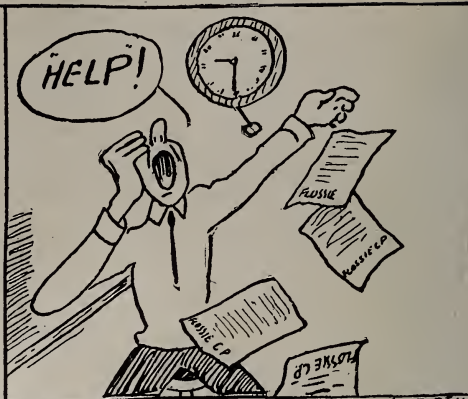
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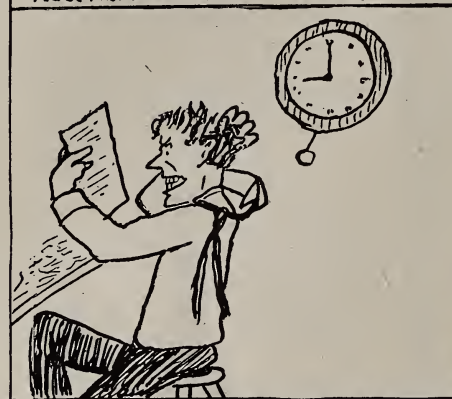
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE QUESTION MAN



DEAR SIR. PLEASE TELL ME WHETHER THAT WAS MAURICE COSTELLO OR CRAME WILBUR THAT PLAYED OPPOSITE GENE GAUNTIER LAST WEEK. AND LET ME KNOW THE PLAYERS NAMES THAT HAVE RED HAIR. DO YOU HAVE A STENOGRAPHER, THAT WHAT I DO. PLEASE ANSWER RIGHTAWAY. YMA PEACH.



SIR. YOU DIDNT ANSWER MY FIFTIETH AND SIXTIETH QUESTIONS LAST MONTH. PLEASE ANSWER THESE THEN. DOES BARTER CHEW TOBACCO. HOW DO YOU KNOW THE ANSWERS. IS CRAME WILBUR 'STUCK UP'. DOES ORMI HAWLEY DRESS HERSELF. IVE GOT AN AWFUL HEADACHE. IS MARY PICKFORD A PRYTESTART. ILL WRITE MORE IN A DAY OR TWO FLOSSIE C.F.



DEAR FREN. I AM ASK YOU TO TOLD ME SOMETHING. SHE HAVE BIG BUILT, ALL THE TIME COWBOY. NOW YOU PUT THE OUTSIDE NAME. I LAK HIM. WHAT FOR YOU NO PUT SOME MORE BUNNY. IS HE DIE. NO. IS HE MERRY BIG SHINNY WOMANS. WHAT YOU CALL IT. FINCH. GOTTER GESSIN. TOLD ME IN THE BOOK.



SAY YOU LOST LOOKIN' PIECE O' SCENERY. IF YOU BRING IN ANY MORE OF THAT JUNK TO DAY YOUR WIFE WANT KNOW YOU FOR A WEEK. HONEST I THINK OF YOU AND A MEAT CHNUPPER EVERY TIME I SEE YOU.



THIS SHOWS THE 'WORKS' IN MOTION. AT THREE P.M. HE COULD IT IS ESTIMATED, LICK SEVEN ORDINARY MEN; GITE A DINGE IN A CROWBAR, AND CRACK A WALL TEN FEET AWAY WITH ONE EYE. THE ROOM ALWAYS SMELLS, LIKE SOMETHING BURNING.



AT FIVE P.M. THE TANTOR AND EDITOR PICK HIM UP OFF THE BATTLEFIELD GIVE HIM SOMETHING OUT OF A BACK POCKET, AND BEGIN CHEERING HIM UP BY TELLING HIM HE'LL SOON BE DEAD. 'OH THE HERO HE IS.'



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(Continued from page 133.)

TO CARLYLE BLACKWELL.

For my favorite player, did you ask?
I think that is no easy task.
But I'll describe, and we will see
If you can guess who it may be.

With a new Venus, Alice Joyce,
Plays the Adonis of my choice.
His height and brilliant smile, I ween,
Will give a clue to whom I mean.



Yes, Carlyle Blackwell is his name.
You do not know him? What a shame!
But if you want to see him, go
To any first-class Picture Show.

Brooklyn.

Now in Kalem pictures seen,
In the Vitagraph he has been,
As here you will often meet him,
But never as a villain greet him.

His hair is of the darkest hue;
His eyes do match it, very true.
But, oh! you ought to see him smile,
And you'd know it is Carlyle.



DOROTHY ROGEN.

I've seen many kinds of girls,
Eyes of blue and golden curls;
Laughing blonde and gay brunette,
Girls of almost every set;
Hair of darkness, eyes of brown,
Girls who smile and girls who frown.
But there's one who cant be beat;
Just to see her is a treat.
She has a captivating way—
My favorite in the Picture Play.

Fishkill-on-Hudson, N. Y.

When she pouts she's quite entrancing,
When she smiles, my heart goes dancing.
Every Wednesday night I go
To see her—in a Photoshow.
Tho of my life she forms no part,
I love this girl with all my heart.
If I'd short hair, instead of curls,
And were a boy, and not a girl,
When the time came for a mate for life,
I'd like Miss Robinson for my wife.

ALICE R. DEVELYN.

The following readers call for the portraits of, praise the acting and charms of, and contribute letters and verses to the players mentioned. We regret that lack of space necessitates doing them more justice; but cheer up, friends—we are promised a voting contest soon: Andrew Martin, San Francisco, Cal., to Flora Finch and John Bunny (Vita); Paul V. Chute, Hastings, Neb., to Edith Storey (Vita); Lena Hiken, St. Louis, Mo., to Owen Moore (Victor); Sylvia M. Born, N. Y. City, to "Jean" (Vita); "B. V. G.," Frederick, Md., to Francis X. Bushman (Ess.); Elsie Clark, Hot Springs, Ark., and Sydney Russell, Boston, Mass., to Florence Lawrence (Victor); "Arizona Kid" to G. M. Anderson (Ess.); "S. A. J.," Jersey City, N. J., to Carlyle Blackwell (Kalem) and Florence Turner (Vita).

Among many other expressions of sympathy, we have received letters and verses to Miss Bertram's memory from "D. W.," "One who feels her loss greatly," Ida M. Strong and Austin A. Lincoln. We will forward them, with others, to her parents.

"A Harrisburger" writes of her interest in the magazine, particularly the Greenroom Jottings. She is an ardent admirer of Gilbert M. Anderson, and, like many others, was greatly shocked when she read of his narrow escape from death during the making of a Broncho Billy film. By the way, we have had a lot of letters about this narrow escape of Mr. Anderson's. Wonder how it feels to know that so many girls are horrified over one's mishaps?

We have had interesting letters, drawings or verse from the following readers, and wish we had room to print every one of them: F. J. H., Motion Picture Fan, H. M. H., Frederick Mitchell, Ruby Dancy, E. C. H., Lillian L. Reiss, S. N., Mert Murray, J. L. Moore, Bessie Starr, Estella Edward, The Jonah Club, R. C. M., Pauline Ettinger, L. R., A. J. Horner, Willie Doolittle, R. G. E. K., The Sanderab, Mrs. J. H. Peck, D. B.

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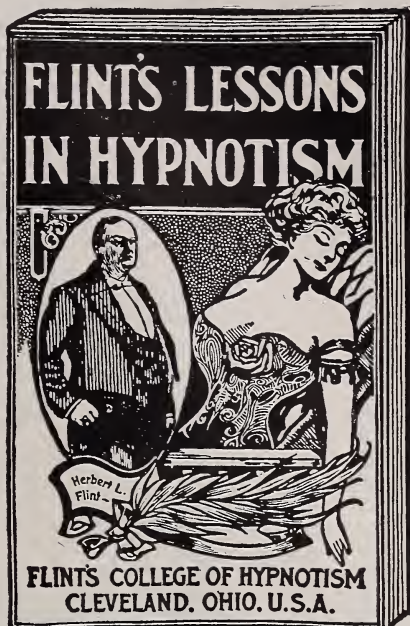
Here is part of a letter that came to the Technical Bureau of **THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE**:

"As your reply to my question of Sept. 21st was very satisfactory, I am enclosing another fee for advice as to how to conduct the new contract.

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THE first time that I saw her on the animated screen,
It gave me such impressions that ever since I've been
A slave devoted to the plays which are the picture rage,
With Lubin's Ormi Hawley in the center of the stage.

When she reformed "Kid Hogan" and made him change his ways,
The lovely story haunted me for many nights and days.
And then I feasted on the tale "The Choir of Densmore" told,
And brought to mind "The Shepherd's Flute," a story never old.

And then I saw her playing in a tale called "Fire and Straw"—
The most pathetic incident I think I ever saw.
And then 'twas "Honor and the Sword," in which she fought for life,
And won the honored title of a worthy lover's wife.

"The Social Secretary" next brought Ormi into fame,
And "His Mistake" and "Love and Tears" shed luster on her name.
And then "A Cure for Jealousy," altho a funny play,
Was charming, and I'd like to see one like it every day.

And still a score of others, all too numerous to tell,
Give me the recreation I have learned to love so well.
Oh, charming Ormi Hawley, of all the girls I've seen,
You are the loveliest of all, "My Gorgeous Lubin Queen!"

Portland, Me.

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It is the plump, well-developed man who "cuts the melons," and has the fun socially.

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Here is a chance to test free the one guaranteed reliable treatment which has "made good" for years in this country, which has taken England by storm, and which has just been awarded a gold medal and diploma of honor at Brussels, Belgium.

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This new discovery supplies the one thing which thin folks lack; that is the power to assimilate food.

It renews the vigor, re-establishes the normal, all in nature's own way.

It is not a lash to jaded nerves, but a generous upbuilder.

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Best of all—the flesh "stays put."

The treatment is furnished in concentrated tablet form. A week's supply can be carried in the vest pocket.

No one need know what you are doing until your gain in weight causes complimentary comment.

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This large 50-cent free package will be sent you in a private and perfectly plain wrapper, so that no one but yourself will know the contents. Accompanying this package will be full and complete data and directions, letters of testimony, and a special letter of expert advice that in itself is well worth your time reading.

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All that you have to do is to cut out the coupon below and send it, with your name, address and ten cents to pay for distribution expenses, to the Sargol Co., 438-Y Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Gentlemen—I am a reader of The Motion Picture Story Magazine, and desire a Free 50-cent package of Sargol, in accordance with your generous offer. I enclose 10 cents to help defray expenses.

PIN THIS TO YOUR LETTER

Mrs. H. M. Penny, of Jersey Shore, Pa., writes us a cozy letter and, among other things, states that she is going to "put on her old gray bonnet" and drive twenty miles to see Cleo Ridgely in the flesh as she passes thru Camden on her horseback trip across the Continent.

A toast to a talented Vitagraph player:



TO ROSE TAPLEY.

I'd count my life lived incomplete,
And rail at Fate the while,
Had I been destined not to meet
My Rose, and her sweet smile.

Los Angeles.

M. R. W.



Rose's playmate, Clara, has all kinds of eyes but unpopularize:



Eyes, eyes, eyes,
Eyes that talk to you,
Eyes that mock you,
Eyes that laugh at you.

Eyes that
Tantalize,
Sympathize,
Paralyze
Your tongue—
Are the eyes of
Clara Kimball Young.

Cleveland, Ohio.

E. T.

Seven pages of other verses and comments have been crowded out, but will appear in the Holiday Number



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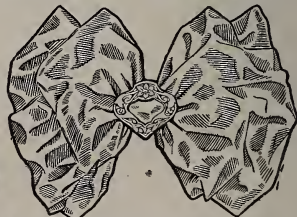


From childhood I was distressed and humiliated by an unwelcome growth of hair on my face and arms. I tried all the depilatories, powders, liquids, creams and other rub-on preparations I ever heard of, only to make it worse. For weeks I suffered the electric needle without being rid of my blemish. I spent hundreds of dollars in vain, until a friend recommended a simple preparation which succeeded where all else failed, in giving me permanent relief from all trace of hair. I will send full particulars, free, to enable any other sufferer achieve the same happy results privately at home. All I ask is a 2c stamp for reply. Address **MRS. CAROLINE OSGOOD, Suite 139-J, 118 East 28th St., New York City, N. Y.**

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MERCY HOSPITAL,

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 17th, '12.

H. A. SPANUTH,

New York City, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

Colonel Roosevelt wishes me to express to you his hearty thanks for your kind telegram of sympathy. He is doing well. Love to "Movie."

Very truly yours,

(Signed) ELBERT E. MARTIN.

Secretary.

The following statement was filed with the Brooklyn Postmaster on Oct. 3, and is here published as required by law:

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, published MONTHLY, at BROOKLYN, N. Y., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

NAME OF—

Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER.....	26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN.
Managing Editor, ".....	"
Business Managers, ".....	"
Publisher, THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.....	"

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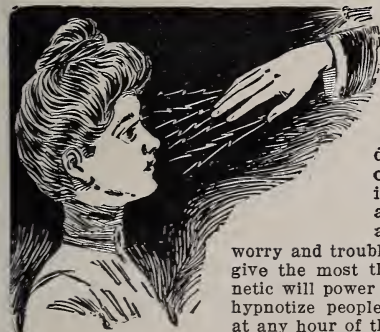
per THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
EUGENE V. BREWSTER, Business Manager,
Sec. & Treas.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 2d day of October, 1912.

SAMUEL F. EDMOND, Notary Public, Kings Co.

My commission expires March, 1913.

[Seal]



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GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERING FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERS'DOM

JAMES YOUNG, of the Vitagraph Company, wrote the photoplay of "The Little Minister." We learnt this fact too late to give him credit on the story. He also played the leading part in that clever piece.

Lily Branscombe, alas, has left the Essanay Company. This will be a disappointment to her many friends. She has not yet made arrangements for the future.

The Thanhouser Company worked two hundred people, including twenty principals, for four weeks, in producing "The Star of Bethlehem," at a cost of \$8,000. They made seven reels, from which only three were selected for the final film.

More bad news. Mary Pickford has left the Biograph Company. She gave a farewell ball at her hotel at Eighty-sixth Street and Broadway, New York City, on October 25th, at which were present a great many photoplay celebrities, who were only too willing to do her honor.

Still more bad news. Edwin August has left the Lubin Company.

The Essanay Company are now selling pictures of their players. We are glad that they have joined the procession at last.

Charles Kent (Vitagraph) has just recovered from a severe attack of pneumonia. W. V. Ranous, another director of the same company, has entirely recovered from the same illness. We hope that pneumonia will be less popular at the Vitagraph studio.

Jack Clark and Gene Gauntier are back in America and are at the New York studio. They recently went to Virginia with Sidney Olcott's company to make a Virginia reel. They are now doing international pictures, which are pictures made partly here and partly abroad.

Report has it that Florence Lawrence will return to Arthur Johnson, of the Lubin Co.

The Pathé Frères Company has been making some very picturesque nautical pictures along the coast.

Mary Fuller, Marc McDermott and Miriam Nesbitt came back from London on October 22d, and are now working at the Edison studio in the Bronx, N. Y. City.

Francis X. Bushman (Essanay) came near being a criminal recently. He was playing the part of a Three-Card Monte Man at the fair grounds and was arrested by the constable. He told the constable that he was only playing. The constable said, "Yes, I saw you." At last the constable learnt that he was only play-playing.

Howard Mitchell is the standing joke of the Lubin Company. He is about to get married again (in a picture).

Watch out for "Dr. Bridget," in which John Bunny and Flora Finch are said to be more funny than ever.

Benjamin Wilson and Jessie McAllister (Edison) are one and the same; that is to say, they are married, and in marriage one and one make one.

More bad news. Edna Fisher, of the Vitagraph Western Company, is married. Since she married Mr. Sturgeon, the director, it is probably good news to her.

Joe Smiley (Lubin) asks us the following unanswerable question: "As I am Smiley, why is Peter Grimm?"

The Kalem Company, pursuant to their usual policy, have taken Jack McGowan from the players' list and made him a director. He now has a Kalem Company of his own.

Guy Coombs and Anna Q. Nilsson are still with the Kalem Company in Florida. By the way, an interview with Guy Coombs in the January issue.

Edna Flugrath (Edison) has just done a fine bit of work in "Donovan's Division," which is a thrilling railroad play.



"THE MILLS OF THE GODS"

IN THREE ACTS

From George P. Dillenback's novel of same name. Published by The Broadway Publishing Co., New York City

A Modern Drama that palpitates with fire and power. The most vigorous acting by the greatest artists who have ever infused a reproduction of life on the stage or on the screen.

DRAMA

THE MODEL OF ST. JOHN. The boy and the man.

ROMANCE OF A RICKSHAW. In India.

THE ANARCHIST'S WIFE. A deep-laid plot.

THE WOOD VIOLET. Idyllic.

THE SCOOP. A newspaper woman's experience.

MRS. LIRRIPER'S LODGERS. From Charles Dickens.

SIX O'CLOCK. Momentous.

COMEDY

THE UNEXPECTED HONEYMOON. Up in a balloon.

THE EAVESDROPPER. } Two refined
THREE GIRLS AND A MAN. } comedies.

COMEDIES

SUSIE TO SUSANNE. What's in a name?

ABSENT-MINDED VALET. Fat and forgetful.

THE REINCARNATION OF BILLIKEN.
 Among the cannibals.

TOO MANY CASEYS. Real Irish comedy.

IN THE FLAT ABOVE. A neighborly jar.

IRISH DRAMA

WILD PAT. An Irish hero.

O'HARA, SQUATTER AND PHILOSOPHER.
 A peacemaker.

WESTERN

OMENS OF THE MESA. Drama that grips.

UNA OF THE SIERRAS. Bright and natural.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA

The large presence of Opie Read will be seen and felt to advantage in "The Starbuck" (American). Since Mr. Read measures six feet three from crown to toe, and almost as much the other way, he will make a fine Jasper Starbuck.

Fred Mace and Mark Sennet are doing the famous detective series, for the Keystone Company, formerly made famous by the Biograph Company. These two celebrated sleuths have already unraveled several intricate detective problems, *à la* Sherlock Holmes, and, as usual, they always unravel them in the wrong way, Mabel Normand and Marguerite Loveridge usually being the victims.

Harold Shaw is not playing any more for the Edison Company, but he is still directing for them.

Siegmund Lubin has invented a device for showing Moving Pictures at home. His idea is that every family should keep a record in film form of its children at different ages.

They do say that Ruth Stonehouse (Essanay) did some of her best dramatic work in "Chains."

Carlyle Blackwell's Kalem Company is now doing some historical Indian pictures, in most of which Mr. Blackwell is the trapper.

Edna Hammel, the star child-actress of the Edison Company, who is only about eight years old, has made quite a hit in "A Christmas Accident," to be released in December. Augustus Phillips also shows to good advantage in this interesting and timely play.

Lillian Walker (Vitagraph) has evidently been saving her money. She is spending it now, however, on a new home that she has just purchased for herself in Flatbush, B'klyn.

The Kalem Company have decided to release "From the Manger to the Cross" 'round about the holidays. They recently gave a private exhibition of this remarkable play to two thousand or more preachers and others in London, similar to the superb one that they recently gave at Wanamaker's, New York City.

Albert W. Hale, formerly of the Thanhouser Company, has joined the Majestic forces. Among Mr. Hale's achievements was "The Birth of the Lotus Blossom."

The Kalem Company have added a new star to their already starry firmament. It is Thomas Moore. He now shines as luminously as his brother, Owen Moore, of the Victor Company, which is saying a great deal.

Evelyn Selbie, formerly of the Méliès Company, is now playing with the Essanay Western Co. Her experience and expertness on horseback will now come in very handy.

On October 21st, Hiram Abrams gave a private Motion Picture entertainment for President Taft, at the Dreamland Theater, Beverly, Mass.

Ruth Roland and John Brennan (Kalem), while accomplished dramatic players, are rapidly gaining a reputation as comedians. That's always the way: when we want to be funny, we cant, and when we want to be serious, they wont let us.

The Essanay Company is building a new studio and factory at Niles, Cal., where G. M. Anderson and company are located.

Gertrude McCoy was the leading lady of the Edison Company during the absence of Mary Fuller, Laura Sawyer and Miriam Nesbitt.

Florence Turner (Vitagraph) is still working on "L'Aiglon." She says it is to be her masterpiece. All right; but kindly hurry up—we want to see it.

The Independents were doubtless very happy at the capture of Pearl White from the Licensed forces. The Crystal Company is profiting by her popularity.

Next month, a picture of Jack Richardson and Fred Mace in our Gallery of Players. This is the result of several thousand (more or less) letters to our Answers Man.

Entertaining Edith Storey (Vitagraph) and Young Yale Boss (Edison) will soon be seen in two newspaper stories, the first in "The Scoop," and the second in a comedy, "The Totville Eye."

H. A. Spanuth, of the General Film Publicity and Sales Company, is delighted over the acquisition of the celebrated Charlotte De Felice, a French and Italian beauty of note, as leading lady. She was the model for Edward Boyer's famous picture "The Beggar Girl." Miss Charlotte's pretty picture will appear in our January Gallery.

The latest from the Edison studio is that William Wordsworth has chased Edward O'Connor in a barrel. Wait, and you will see the result.

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Twelve Beautiful Portraits of Motion Picture Players

Instead of buying The Motion Picture Story Magazine from month to month, why not become a regular subscriber and have it mailed each month **direct to you?**

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FLORENCE LAWRENCE
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Subscribe **Now**. Begin your subscription with the December number, and we will at once send by mail the portraits that have already appeared:—Mary Fuller, Maurice Costello, Alice Joyce, Arthur Johnson, G. M. Anderson, and Florence Lawrence.

The others you will get one each month with your magazine. Just fill out attached blank and mail with remittance (Stamps, Check or P. O. Order). Don't delay until you forget it. **Do it today.**

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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Name

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When Colonel Roosevelt was shot, H. A. Spanuth telegraphed his sympathy, for which the colonel telegraphed his thanks, and added: "Love to Movie." Very thoughtful, considering that he had a bullet in his breast.

Romaine Fielding (Lubin) has become a real Deputy Sheriff out at Prescott, Ariz. Being a Corsican by birth, and an American by choice, and a fine actor by talent, we can now expect some real live stuff from the Western Lubin Company.

The Universal Company now controls Nestor, 101 Bison, Imp, Crystal, Champion, Powers, Gem, Victor, Rex, Eclair and Milano plays.

Mildred Bracken and the Méliès Company are still making pictures in the South Sea Islands.

Ormi Hawley, noted for her beauty and charms, is known in Philadelphia as the Lubin Queen.

Among the favorite topics in the greenrooms these days is the writing and marketing of photoplays by the players. Nearly every player thinks he or she can write a photoplay, and they cannot understand why each and every one of these plays is not accepted.

Rosemary Theby (Vitagraph) has made a decided hit in an Arabian picture of South Sea adventure, entitled "The Curio Hunters."

In the person of Chester Barnett, the stage has lost a star, and the Crystal Company has gained one.

Hazel Neason (Kalem) likes to write plays and then act in them. While she is a most pleasant, modest and unassuming girl, out of the studio, she makes a typical and excellent rowdy and "poor shop girl" on the screen.

Alice Hollister, who took the place of Gene Gauntier in "The Kerry Gow" during Miss Gauntier's absence in America, surprised herself with her good work. She shared the honors with Jack Clark, the hero.

The favorite topic in the greenrooms, and all over the studios these days, is about the "Great Mystery Play." Everybody has a different solution, and nobody knows who is right.

The Lubin tourists, including Mae Hotely, George Reehm, Walter Stull, the Misses Ne Moyer and about twenty others are again at Jacksonville, Fla., for the winter.

If somebody will state who is the prettiest of the following five pretty women, it will save our Answers Man a great deal of trouble: Erebelle Prout, Dolores Cassinelli, Beverly Bayne, Ruth Stonehouse, and Mildred Weston.

Mr. E. G. Routzahn informs us that he has brought about the introduction of Motion Pictures in the Department of Surveys and Exhibits of the Russell Sage Foundation for "Making cities to be better places in which to live."

The physicians and hospitals in Philadelphia have found that it pays to stand in with the Lubin Company. That company has again made some scientific medical films for the benefit of Science.

When you see Mildred Weston (Essanay) in "The Discovery," you will know that this popular young player has nerve as well as talent. This play required that Miss Weston be knocked unconscious by a swiftly passing automobile.

It is said that Warren Kerrigan (American) likes to receive letters from his admirers, and that he answers them. We wish he would answer a few hundred of those we receive about him.

The famous Alkali Ike, otherwise known as Augustus Carney, has left the Western and joined the Eastern Essanay Company. Since there is never any loss without some gain, we don't care much. As long as Ike is, we do not care where he is. To be frank, however, we wish he would join the Vitagraph Company, or that John Bunny and Flora Finch would join the Essanay Company. It would be a three-base hit.

Maurice Costello and his two charming child-players will soon be seen in an excellent Vitagraph Christmas play.

Leo Delaney (Vitagraph) has dispossessed himself from his Huntington home and has organized a new one in Brooklyn for himself and bride.

David Kirkland is the latest edition to G. M. Anderson's Western Essanay Company.

The Solax Company announces a new play entitled "Flesh and Blood—a film with a punch." We thought prize-fighting films were prohibited.

Special Features

OCTOBER 28, 1912

Pathé—FRENZIED FINANCE—3 Reels

Claude Rodgers, a reckless gambler, falls heir to a banking business through the will of his father-in-law. The bank, when he receives it, is staple and secure, but Rodgers immediately launches a "Get-rich-quick" scheme and starts a campaign to get depositors by promises of fabulous interest. The bank soon becomes the largest, although not the safest, in the East. But good things cannot last forever, and with his wife's sickness Rodgers' luck turns. A run on the bank is the next misfortune, and because of Rodgers' extravagance it cannot stand the strain. Amidst a scene of wild disorder at the Stock Exchange, the bank's stock collapses. A mob of ruined depositors storms the home of the banker, pursuing him through the rooms, until they find that a bullet from his revolver has brought his reckless career to a close.

NOVEMBER 4, 1912

THE MILLS OF THE GODS

VITAGRAPH—3 Reels

Signore Lorenzo, a wealthy and ambitious plebeian, seeks to dethrone Prince Gian of Milan. Lorenzo becomes enamored with Maria, a beautiful peasant girl, who repulses his attentions and is protected by Miguel, whom she soon marries. Through Lorenzo's influence they are driven from home into direct poverty, and Maria's death soon follows. Miguel later acquires wealth, but again falls victim to Lorenzo's treachery, who bribes his servant, Tano, to incinerate Miguel's property. Lorenzo's attempts to steal Miguel's beautiful daughter and usurp the throne are foiled, and he is betrayed by Tano into a vacant house; the place is fired, and his life ground out by the Mills of the Gods, that are inexorable in their ultimate gristing of souls.

NOVEMBER 11, 1912

Selig—KINGS OF THE FOREST—2 Reels

SUPERLATIVE PRODUCTION BY THE POPULAR SELIG PLAYERS

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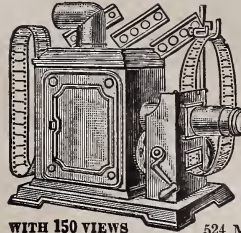
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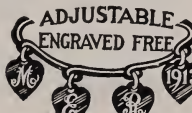
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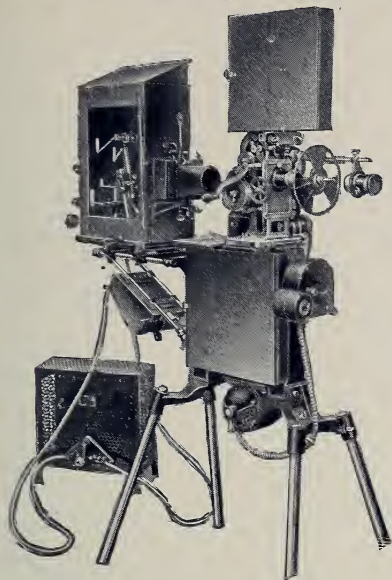
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MOTION PICTURE

STORY MAGAZINE



HOLIDAY

JANUARY

NUMBER

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

YOU have noticed, have you not, that THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE has been getting better and better every month? Well, it has, and we expect to keep it up. The principal regret we have is in not being able to satisfy many of our readers who want the magazine twice a month.

We are now two years old and we have **over a million readers every month.** By giving these what they want, and more too, we hope to double that number.

The February number will be unusually fine. The cover will be a **Valentine Design** by our staff artist, **A. B. SHULTS**, and will contain several pen-and-ink sketches by the same artist, also a page of funny cartoons by **Bernard Gallagher.**

Besides the usual features, and departments, and stories by our well-known staff of excellent writers, there will be one story by a writer whose name is sufficient to guarantee a masterpiece. We are betraying no secret when we say that short stories by this great writer are in such demand that publishers gladly pay \$1,000 each for them, and that no more can be had, for some time to come, at any price, because his time is fully engaged on work already ordered. Readers of this magazine have had the pleasure of reading one story by this master-writer, and now they are to be treated to another; for in the February number will be a story by the great



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Remember that the April issue will be just as full of good things as were the preceding numbers, and you may decide that it is the best plan, after all, **to subscribe. Twelve copies for \$1.50—think of it!** Besides, you get **twelve beautiful art portraits in colors**—eight all at once, and the other four monthly. This set alone is worth much more than the \$1.50, so you get the magazine for nothing. Your newsdealer or theater will take your subscription, or you may send direct to us.

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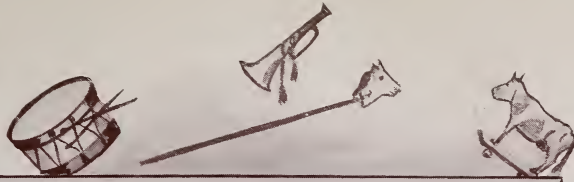
GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



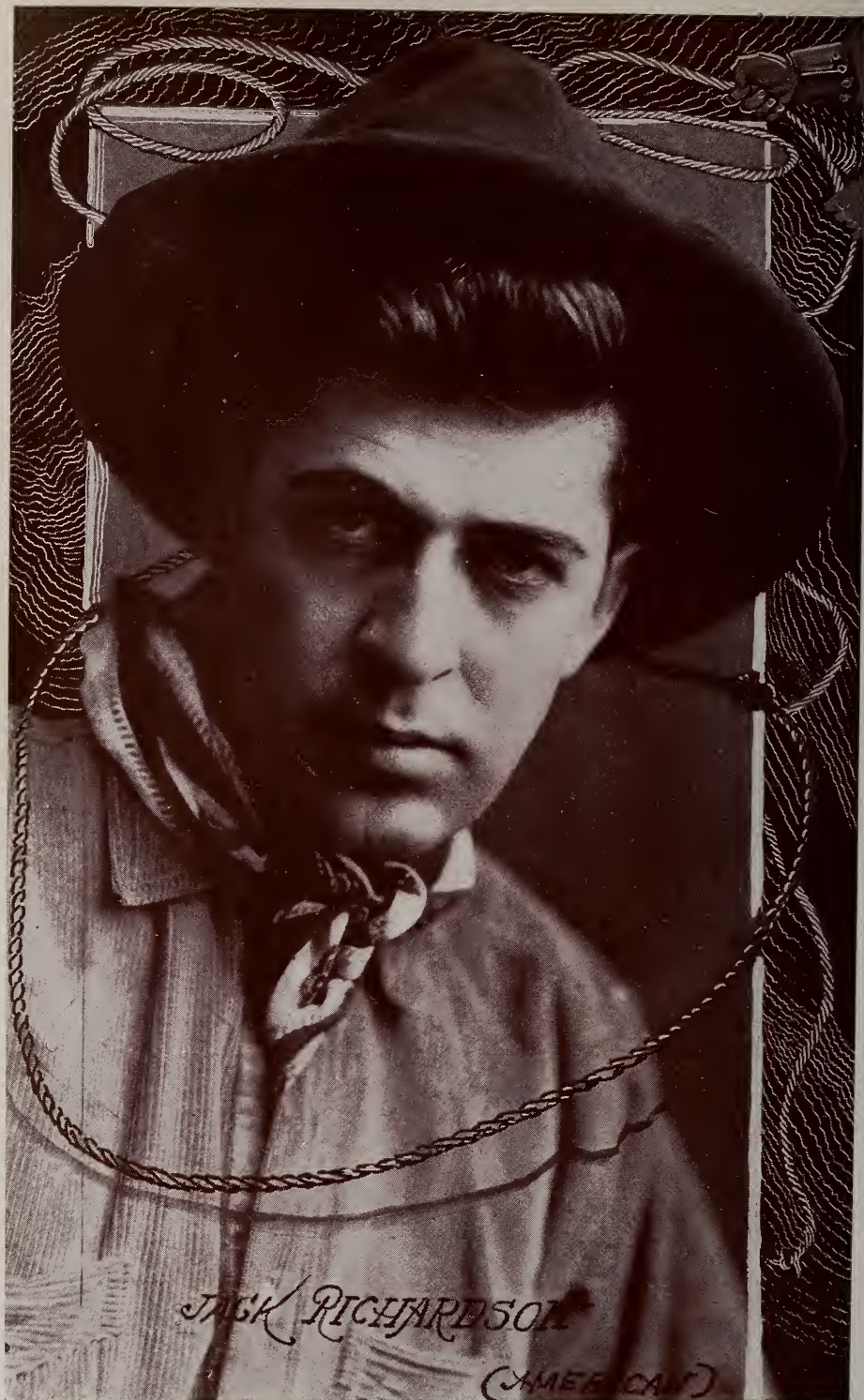
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CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

The seasons best wishes, dear readers,
Pray let us extend to you all,
May cheer in good measure
Chance every pleasure,
May happiness dwell in your hall.

By the green holly wreath of the yuletide,
We pledge you good tales without dearth
Brave tales that shall thrill you,
True tales that shall fill you
With order, with courage, and mirth.

In the green holly leaf, by a service
Our love in the berry so red,
While a greeting you'll find
With the mistletoe twined,
And a promise of good times ahead.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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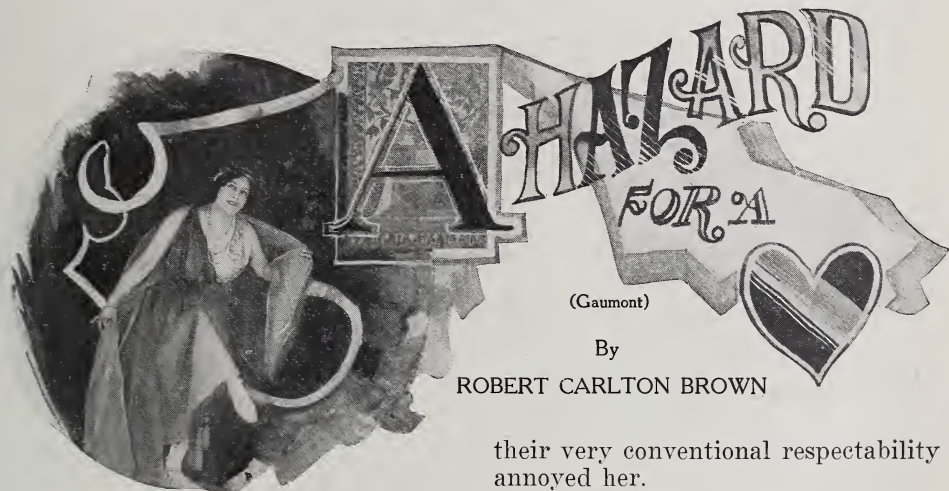
After reading these stories, ask your theater manager to show you the films on the screen!

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

JAN., 1913

Vol. IV

No. 12



By

ROBERT CARLTON BROWN

VIVACIOUS, ravishing, was Nordiska. She had danced her way thru girlhood onto the brilliant Paris stage, and on into the dazzling center of it. Nordiska had lived, fully; she had loved, but only in the mildly romantic manner of the sheltered, chap-eroned young lady of fashion.

Once the center of all eyes on the stage, she threw off restraint, and allowed a dozen admirers to trail after her flowing *robes de danse*. She toyed with the thought of love, testing her admirers, plunging them into despair one moment and jerking them to joyous heights the next, by a frown or a smile.

Captivating she was, and yet not one among her followers possessed a passion profound enough to appeal to Nordiska as compellingly real. White-gloved, silk-hatted, soft of speech,

their very conventional respectability annoyed her.

On the opening night of her second season a score of devotees thronged, with flowers, behind the scenes, each striving to win the favor of fickle Nordiska that night. She danced (divinely, the most exacting critics said), and, rushing off stage, after many recalls, she pushed, flushed and panting, thru a press of gay Parisians, urging invitations and compliments upon her. Laughingly, Nordiska accepted an escort of three, telling the others that there was safety in numbers, but dismissing them with a wave of her hand.

"Come! It shall be lunch at the *Café Pavillon!*" she said in French, having dressed, and entered a waiting auto with her selected trio.

They sped up the glittering boulevard, gayest of the gay night throng. At the *Café Pavillon*, Nordiska's escorts vied with one another for the

privilege of helping her to alight; and, gathered about a table within, each pressed Nordiska to eat his favorite dish.

"There shall be no favors," she smiled from one to another. "I shall simply have broiled mushrooms and *croutes Marjorie*, because none of you has mentioned these!"

"With champagne?" suggested one.

"*Certainment!*" Nordiska threw back her light evening wrap with a practiced shrug of her shoulders.

"Slumming? My dear Nordiska!" cried Jacques Rontel, who seemed always shocked by the dancer's sudden caprices.

"You are queen, and we are your subjects. Our Lady Haroun-al-Rashid would go adventuring in the city slums. Come, Masrur, gird on your sword; and you, Ja'afar, cup companion of the queen!" laughed Henri Bernot, always in search of a sensation.

And so they went, Nordiska giving



THE CABARET AT THE CAFÉ PAVILLON DOES NOT APPEAL TO NORDISKA

A violinist, in a braided uniform, stood directing his orchestra in a near-by corner. Two dashing girls entertained in the aisles between the tables, with a dainty imitation of the elemental apache dance.

"How weak and watery!" exclaimed Nordiska, dipping brown mushrooms in a dish of melted butter, and sipping her champagne. "An insipid imitation. Come! Let us all go to Montmartre—Montmartre, from which the life of Paris springs. There we shall see the real dance!"

her arm to Bernot because he had championed her wish.

The chauffeur, with a curious twist of a smile, replied, "The Purple Lizard," when Bernot asked for a suitable drinking den of the underworld; and in ten minutes the party had arrived at the low café, so neighborly are the boulevards about *L'Opéra* and the alleys of Montmartre.

Down a dissipated flight of stairs the gay party went, Bernot in the lead with Nordiska, and Jacques Rontel in the rear with his friend, both a

little loth to poke beneath the slime in the haunt of the Purple Lizard.

"What a delightful odor of damp earth, strong cigarets and musty wine!" exclaimed Nordiska, on the threshold.

On their entry, the fat café-keeper, bustling about in his oilcloth apron, with bottles, signed to a pack of cringing apaches to entertain these splendid visitors, that largesse might flow, and the night be one of pleasure and profit.

A sallow, consumptive man, looking

diseased dance, with a slight curl of distaste on her Cupid-curved lips, until suddenly the door above opened, and a short, utterly evil-looking man slunk down the stairs, advancing stealthily, like a leopard stalking his prey.

The dancing apache abruptly released the girl, and turned like a cornered dog, baring his teeth at the newcomer, while the girl cowered at his side, as tho already feeling upon her crimson cheek the blow of her master on the stairs.



HE BENT HER BODY BACK, CLASPING HER THROAT

like an underfed tiger, bounded forward, on felt-soled shoes, and grasped a flush-cheeked girl, bare-bosomed and supple-waisted. He bent her body back, claspng her slender white throat with his grimy hands, on which the sinews stood out, and danced about the room with her, now gyrating in slow rhythm, now twirling fast, after the manner of the apache dancer. His comrades leered on in pleasure, licking their purple lips, moist with *vin ordinaire*, for which M. Bernot had paid.

Nordiska sat silent, watching the

The room was hushed, each apache skulked in his place, eyes rolling in fear toward the enraged stranger, who approached the girl's dancing partner, thrust out his head, and drove a blow straight into the face of the dancer, following his attack with furious blows, which his adversary warded off but weakly.

In the thick of the *melée* that followed, Henry Bernot sprang before Nordiska, protecting her from the scuffle with a chair he had seized.

The café-keeper, dealing blows right and left, won his way to the core of

the conflict, and entreated the victor to cease belaboring his victim.

A pistol-shot rang out. Amid the uproar, Mlle. Nordiska's companions surrounded her, and, throwing silver and gold coins into the fighting mass, to break it up, wormed their way up the stairs into the open.

"Well!" exclaimed Jacques Rontel, excitedly, as they were all again seated in the automobile, "I hope, mademoiselle, you have had enough of low life!"

"Oh! wasn't it splendid!" she cried. "Think of being loved like that! Think of the audacious courage of that fellow who attacked the man dancing with his girl! The whole pack were upon him in an instant! He fought them off! He won!"

"But it was brutal!—revolting!" they cried, in chorus.

"Perhaps." She shrugged her shoulders, and looked through the glass door of the tonneau, her lips parted, her cheeks aglow. "But I should like to be loved like that!" she cried.

A strained silence ensued. None of the men could exactly see her viewpoint; to them the café brawl had been bestial; but in it Nordiska had seen an expression of ferocious, passionate love, the kind she had always longed for, looked for, but had never found.

"You spineless *boulevardières!*" she cried, suddenly, pointing derisively at the ribbon of the Legion of Honor in M. Bernot's buttonhole. "Pompous and proud, you strut from one club to another, and cringe from real life when you see it. You all profess to love me, but it is pink and polite love you offer. Not one of you, to win me, would undertake to do something audacious—brave!"

"Ah, but you misjudge us!" cried Jacques Rontel.

"Just offer us the chance!" cried Henry Bernot, earnestly, and the third admirer expressed his willingness to prove his bravery.

"It is easy to say," laughed Nordiska. "Look here, now. If one of you will risk something for me, do

something out of the ordinary rut of your sheltered lives, he shall be rewarded."

"But what kind of an act?" insisted Henry Bernot.

"Anything which requires courage and nerve."

"And you will agree to marry the one who displays this quality you think we all lack?"

"Why, yes. It sounds like a story-book situation, but I would marry a man who proved himself as daring as that apache tonight."

The automobile came to a stop before Mlle. Nordiska's lodgings. She left them, with a tantalizing laugh, and was admitted by the old, bespectacled *concierge*.

Alone in her spacious room on the second floor, she pulled the heavy curtains shuttering her windows from the street, and partially disrobed, sitting, for some time, musing before her glass, thinking of the bold apache who had fought for his sweetheart, dared things, and won her, as man has won woman thru the ages. The thought of his strength and agility fascinated her. The man himself was probably coarse and common; how she wished that one of the trio who accompanied her that night possessed his manliness and daring. She looked on them as hothouse plants, sprawling in the lap of luxury.

At the end of an hour Nordiska rose, with a sigh, and, feeling a slight draught, stepped to the heavy velvet window hangings, to see if she had left a window open.

A scream was strangled in her throat by the grimy, sinewy hand of a short man with glittering black eyes, who suddenly stepped from behind the curtain.

"Keep quiet!" the man ordered, in the dialect of the apache. His voice was hoarse, brutal; Nordiska shivered with the thought that a moment ago she had found a virtue in the uncouth manner of a man of the underworld. She compared the housebreaker—for he was surely that—to the fighter at the Purple Lizard. The similarity between them astounded her. Perhaps

he was the same man, and had followed her home, and lurked about in front of the house until an opportunity offered for him to leap to the ledge of her window and sneak into her boudoir.

Her thoughts had gone no farther, when the burglar bent her backward, with a dextrous twist, as the apache had handled his partner in the dance, and, forcing her to her knees, jerked off the pearl necklace at her throat. He snapped off a slender golden chain, and pulled a chamois bag of jewels from her bodice.

Nordiska cowered at his feet, in real terror, as the dancing girl had done. She dared not struggle, dared not cry out, as he pushed her to one side, and opened a small leather handbag on her dresser, flinging in the necklace and chamois bag, and returning to add her rings to the collection, tearing them ruthlessly from her fingers.

Nordiska looked on with terrified eyes as he found the keys to her desk, in her handbag, and ransacked drawers, pushing a handful of large banknotes into a mysterious-looking black bundle he had brought beneath his arm.

Then, with the audacious bravado of an elemental man, bravado which she had but lately admired, the thief slumped down in a comfortable armchair which commanded a view of the whole room, and, slowly lighting a cigaret, stared at Mlle. Nordiska with insolent familiarity.

"Can't you entertain me?" he cried, suddenly, in the cant tongue of the Parisian underworld. "Do a little dance, girl, or sing us a song." He stretched his legs contentedly across a gilded, antique chair.

Mlle. Nordiska, cold shivers creeping all over her flesh, kept her eyes fixed, in fearful fascination, on the apache, and slowly, methodically, began the dance she had done so often on the stage.

She moved with a rhythm almost melodious, and it was evident, from the satisfied manner of the apache, that he was charmed with her. Then

she sang, softly, sweetly, putting all the tenderness and coquetry she could into her performance, hoping to fascinate the brute, and perhaps win back her money and jewels.

The face of the apache expanded in a bloated grin. He seemed overcome by the warmth and luxury of his surroundings. Once he nodded, and Nordiska, hopeful, redoubled her efforts to make him forget himself and his situation.

With a pleased leer on his lips, he lay back in the comfortable armchair, and watched her thru half-closed eyes, as she swayed back and forth before him, lulling him to unconscious ease by her soft song.

Finally his bruised, discolored lower jaw dropped, he breathed heavily, and did not move. Nordiska, feverishly hopeful, approached him, stopping her song. He did not move. She slipped toward the door leading to the lower hall, where the *conciierge* slept.

The door creaked as she went thru, but the apache did not awaken. An instant later Nordiska was thumping old Louis on the back, whispering in his deaf ear that there was a burglar upstairs, that he must arouse himself and get the police.

She pushed him thru the front door. They fled down the street together, coming upon the night patrol only a block away. Summoning a brother officer, the patrolman rushed back to the house. All four sneaked silently up the stairs, and slipped into Nordiska's room. The lights were still on, but the burglar was gone. The bundle he had brought, and Nordiska's handbag, full of valuables, had disappeared with him.

Nordiska was beside herself with anger. If only Jacques Rontel or Henry Bernot were real men; if they loved her, they would be with her in time of need, and catch the man who had stolen her jewels. Furious, she led the searchers from room to room of her apartment. The burglar was not to be found.

A sudden sound in Nordiska's boudoir brought them all tumbling back,

the gendarmes with drawn pistols in their hands.

There stood a smiling gentleman, in evening dress; he was bareheaded, and held something behind his back.

"Henry Bernot!" cried Nordiska, incredulously, almost throwing herself in his arms, in the excitement of the moment.

"I have the pleasure to return to you your valuables, mademoiselle," smiled Bernot, as the officers seized him, and brought forth the arm he held concealed. In his hand was Nordiska's handbag.

a corner, behind a chair. "You will remember the bundle I brought in. It contained the clothes I have on. I changed them in the next room while you were out, calling in our friends, the gendarmes, mistaking my feigned sleep for the real thing."

Nordiska turned a crimson face to the policemen, dismissing them, with old Louis, the *concierge*.

When she and M. Bernot were again alone, there was an awkward silence. Finally, a slow smile spread across Bernot's face, he stepped toward Nordiska, and drew her gently



"I HAVE THE PLEASURE TO RETURN YOUR VALUABLES, MADEMOISELLE"

"Monsieur Bernot!" cried the danseuse. "Explain! Did you catch the burglar? Actually catch him?" Her eyes snapped with admiration as she looked at the handsome member of the Legion of Honor.

"No, my dear Nordiska. I was the burglar," replied M. Bernot, with a laugh.

Nordiska fell back a step, frowning. Suddenly her face brightened. "But that is impossible. The burglar was dressed as an apache. You are in full dress."

"Exactly." M. Bernot indicated a bundle of ragged clothes, hidden in

into his arms. "Darling," he whispered, "I am so sorry I was rough with you, but you insisted on one of us proving to you that he was an elemental man. Was I elemental enough?"

She shivered a little at the remembrance of her shock, but found it restful to lean back in his embrace. "Henry, dear," she breathed, softly, "I will keep my promise; but I prefer you as a *boulevardier*; as an apache, you send shudders down one's back; and while shudders are in order at the Purple Lizard, they are quite out of place in one's own boudoir."



THE "O'KALEMS" IN IRELAND



Illustrations: The Dispute of Nations over Boundaries; Reception to Franklin at the French Court; Penn's Treaty with the

Soul-stirring History of Momentous Early Days Done Over by

HISTORY repeats itself, sometimes, but it remained for the citizens of sleepy, easy-going Philadelphia to seize history by the shoulders and to drag it forcibly back. And, lest we forget, it bulks large, and, too, in the elaborate and beautiful manner that our Quaker brothers and sisters have treated the reincarnated ghosts and episodes of early days, more than a touch of resemblance has been retained. To the seeing eye and the patriotic heart, the spectacle, enacted on the lawns and under the ancient trees of Fairmount Park, on October 7 to 12, was almost, if not quite, the essence of days gone.

The inspiration for the pageant was the one hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the framing of the Constitution of the United States. A committee of prominent Pennsylvanians, including John Wanamaker, ex-Governor Pennypacker, Cyrus Curtis, of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and Mayor Rudolph Blankenburg, guided the reins of the affair. One Ellis Paxton Oberholtzer was master of the pageant, gleaning his knowledge from English pageants and the Durbar of India. But it remains for the ladies and the working girls of Philadelphia—working cheek by jowl, inspired by a mutual spirit of pride—to receive the better part of the credit, tho they obtained not the profits of hotel-keepers nor the publicity of the committee. Their task was to obtain five thousand volunteer performers, and to design and make their cos-

tumes. And this part—covering a period of nine months—they carried out to the last gift of real lace or the offering of the humblest pair of sewing hands.

Then came the rehearsing. For over two months men and women of gentle birth, many of them direct descendants of history-makers, gave their time, and took brusque orders from the directors. A series of eighty-five big dressing-tents was set up, screened behind trees. One thousand voices were trained to music of the period. As for the Indians, one hundred and fifty real ones were sent over from Carlisle Indian School.

At last the looked-for days of October came. Under the trees of the natural amphitheater, and along the reaches of the Schuylkill, winding thru it, the air became cool, clear and colorful. Stands had been built to accommodate twenty thousand citizens, but this was a mere fleabite. Philadelphia took a week off, and transplanted itself bodily to the bewildering fairyland of Fairmount Park, as large as the average city.

The pageant opened with a fanfare of silver trumpets. A single mounted knight, in shining armor—the spirit of exploration and adventure, silently crossed the broad expanse of sward. Sprites entered from the woods on all sides, and beckoned him on, while the chorus sang:

Here where the river is breaking its heart
in the ocean,



Indians; Reading the Declaration of Independence; Lafayette's Second Visit to America; Epilog, and March Past the Terrace

Some Five Thousand Descendants of William Penn and His Colonials

Shall come mighty leaders, undaunted,
Intrepid,
Born with the mien of command and the
power—
Far-seeing and silent.

Suddenly the Dutch colonists of 1631 appeared, and started, in representation, their little settlement of Swaannendael, or the "valley of the swans." The Lenni Lenape Indians gathered and fraternized with them.

Captain Heyse gave them Holland schnapps, which they drank, and called "firewater." The palisades of a fort were put up.

Then no more of pipe-smoking by the natives. They grew suspicious, and drew off.

Presently they crept up upon the fort, and attacked it. The cries of the massacred were heard from within. But a friendly tribe, the Minquas, rushed up, and fought the assailants back. Thus the first white settlement in Pennsylvania was conceived and born in turmoil and bloodshed.

The chorus swelled thru the park:

Now come to these shores the hardy
Swedes;
Here do they found their town of Christina,
Planting the name of a Queen in the West-
ern domain,
Ready to fight for the right with the
Hollander.

As the voices rose, the scene was changed to represent the Swedish settlement of Fort Christina, now the

city of Wilmington. In the distance the firing of cannon was heard, and the rugged Swedes, under Peter Minuit, formerly of the Dutch West India Company, appeared. Governor Keift, of the Hollanders, in vain warned them of trespass.

Presently still newer settlers appeared upon the virgin fields. They were the Englishmen of Lord De la Warre. The Dutch and Swedes united against their common enemy, and almost without resistance drove the pitiful cavalcade into the woods.

And now came the ponderous governor, Johan Printz, from over seas, with his spouse, Maria von Linnestau.

The Swedes rejoiced, banners were waved from the fort, and the colonists, with their pastor, sang hymns. The Dutch looked upon this sullenly, and then the first real battle of civilized man against his fellow in the wilds of northern America followed.

Wailing music alternated with minor chords as the characters passed off the field. The chorus chanted a farewell:

Farewell to the era of terrible conflict!
All hail to the spirit of peace that ap-
proaches!

The true spirit of America followed, in the advent of William Penn, and in his founding of Philadelphia.

Penn was the son of an English admiral, and his embracing of the Quaker faith had resulted in a career of social ostracism and persecution.



Certain passages in Revelation had suggested to him the founding of a refuge for his harried sect, and the new country of woods and streams beyond the seas came as an inspiration to him. All that vast country, now Pennsylvania, or "the sylvan land of Penn," was purchased by him from that debonair Catholic, King Charles II.

The pageant scene represented the traditional landing place of Penn, the meadow lands of Dock Creek.

Penn landed from a pinnacle and mingled with the Indians. "Tell them," he told his interpreter, "that I know no religion that destroys civility and kindness. My policy shall be openness and love of peace."

And he kept his word. Indian atrocities in Pennsylvania became unknown. Welsh, Swedes and Germans flocked to the land of refuge. A city of 4,000, of shops and inns, of brick-kilns and rope-walks, sprang up—a haven for the oppressed of all nations.

Over seventy years of peace and plenty settled over the land. Then the chorus warned us:

Behold the sun is mounting to his noon:

The city grows apace;

Yet peace begins to pale and all too soon

Shall veil her radiant face—

Shall veil for weary years her radiant face.

It is the Revolution of the Colonies.

The pageant depicted the market place at the time of the Autumn Fair—October, 1773. Every one and everything were there—stalls, cows, beaux and belles on horseback, Indians, country girls, piemen and British soldiers. Presently, sailors arrived from the good ship Polly, announcing that she was laden with a cargo of tea, bearing the detested import tax. Great excitement was shown among the citizens. A kettle of tar and an old feather bed were brought out, and a procession formed, marching to drum and fife. The Polly and her cargo were not permitted to land, and were sent down the river.

British warships appeared, mena-

cing and black. The arena of the pageant was changed to represent the West Commons in May, 1775. Bells were chiming one to another from steeple and town hall. Volunteers were seen enrolling, companies drilling. Then the delegates from all the colonies arrived—Benjamin Franklin, Robert Morris, James Wilson, from Pennsylvania; George Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, from the South; and from New England, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, in a phaeton and pair.

As Colonel Washington and Franklin acknowledged the salutes of the crowd, they dispersed for the setting of the next scene, to the chorus:

Thru the dim twilight comes the roll
Of Braddock's drums, while, faint and clear,
The fife's high treble falls;
And marching feet press toward the goal,
The inhospitable frontier.

Then followed quickly, but impressively, the most inspiring act of American history, the first Fourth of July, the first great ringing of the State House bell, the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

As the reading of the Declaration was concluded before the multitude, the bells of Christ Church and the others joined in with the solemn pealing of the Liberty Bell. The militia of Philadelphia, in serried ranks, marched proudly across the common.

The inevitable clash with the trained British troops was soon coming. In August of '76 the ragged regiments of Washington, with green twigs in their caps, passed thru the city, to hearten the inhabitants. The battle of Brandywine was fought fiercely, and the disorganized Americans gave way. As the British, in solid ranks, were marching to Philadelphia, the pageant resumed the story:

We stand today upon the sacred soil
Trodden by patriot feet when war's alarms
Flung their rude summons on the ears of toil
From far across the brown and sunlit farms.



The scene was set with the old Chew House at one side of the field. British sentries were stationed in the middle distance. Washington, Wayne, and other American generals, were seen advancing with their followers from the distance. The alarm was sounded with a furious tattoo of British drums. The Americans advanced, shouting: "Have at the bloodhounds! Remember Paoli!"

The British gave way. General Howe rode up, calling: "For shame, Light Infantry! I never saw you retreat before!" The British took refuge in the Chew House, and a furious battle ensued—the battle of Germantown. The Americans attempted to batter in the doors, but were driven

bowed or curtsied before him in his ornate garden of Versailles, the simply dressed, unpowdered Franklin—a citizen king—appeared, and was received with the honors due a new nation.

And now came the curious, symbolic scene representing the accepting of the Constitution by ten of the original States—North Carolina, New York and Rhode Island still holding out of the Union. It was acted over again by latter-day Philadelphians with the same spirit as enthused their ancestors. The representatives of the ten admitted States walked arm-in-arm to an edifice called the Grand Federal Edifice, having thirteen massive columns, three of which were



off by the arrival of British cavalry. The approach to the city was now open.

The winter came on apace, and while Washington and his scanty troops suffered with hunger and cold at Valley Forge the city was given over to the gaiety of the British officers and the Tory families. A magnificent *Meschianza*, or tournament, was given, in which the Ladies of the Blended Rose vied with those of the Burning Mountain in paying homage to Lord Howe, of the navy, and Sir William Howe, his brother, of the army. It was a dazzling ensemble of curls and court-plaster, powder, silks and blushes, as brought to life again amid a shower of roses in the pageant.

The scene was now shifted to the court of Louis XVI, King of France. As his jewel-studded courtiers and the ladies of honor of Marie Antoinette

incomplete, to represent the three reluctant States. The citizens turned over the seats between the columns to the constituted delegates. The union of the States had thus become symbolically complete. The scene closed with a roll-call of the States and a discharge of artillery.

The little nation must needs have a capital, and President Washington turned his eyes toward Philadelphia, then the leading and best equipped city for federal purposes. The pageant continued the story in Gray's Gardens, a pleasure-ground on the highroad to the South.

It was at Gray's that Washington and Mrs. Washington were represented as riding up in the family coach, amid the gentlefolk of Colonial society.

The heroic figure of Washington is seen no more in the pageant after



those stirring days when all Philadelphia—and, for that matter, all the States—went into a species of frenzy over the French Revolution. At no time did Washington display better his qualities of higher statesmanship.

The scene represented Centre Square, where the crowd entered to the music of "Yankee Doodle," which soon changed to "Ca Ira." Boys and girls began dancing; men gave each other the fraternal embrace, calling each other "Citizen," and shouting "Vive la Republic." Tricolor flags and red caps on pikestaffs were suddenly produced and waved hysterically. The French ambassador, Genet, was followed by the swirling crowd. In the distance, Washington sorrowfully sat his white war-horse and looked on. He foresaw the Reign of Terror and the carnival of crime in the sister republic across the sea.

A score of years have passed, and once more the country calls, "To arms!" The British have landed to attack the capital. In a few days more the youthful city named after Washington is put to the torch, and lies in ashes.

The pageant showed the spirit of near-by Philadelphia in those heart-rending times—a public square filled with hastily formed troops, and volunteers, too young or too old to serve,

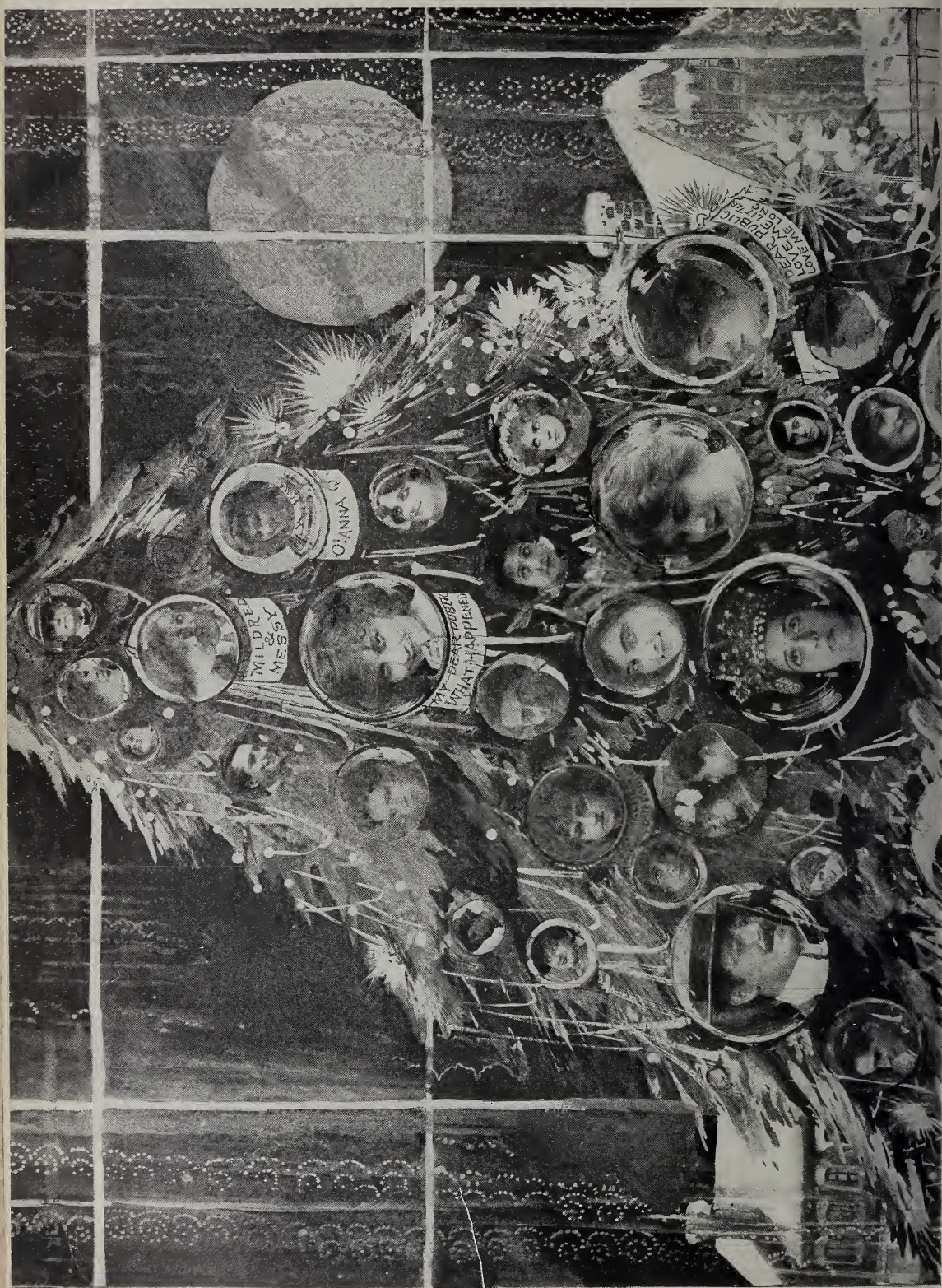
carrying spades and mattocks to help fortify their city.

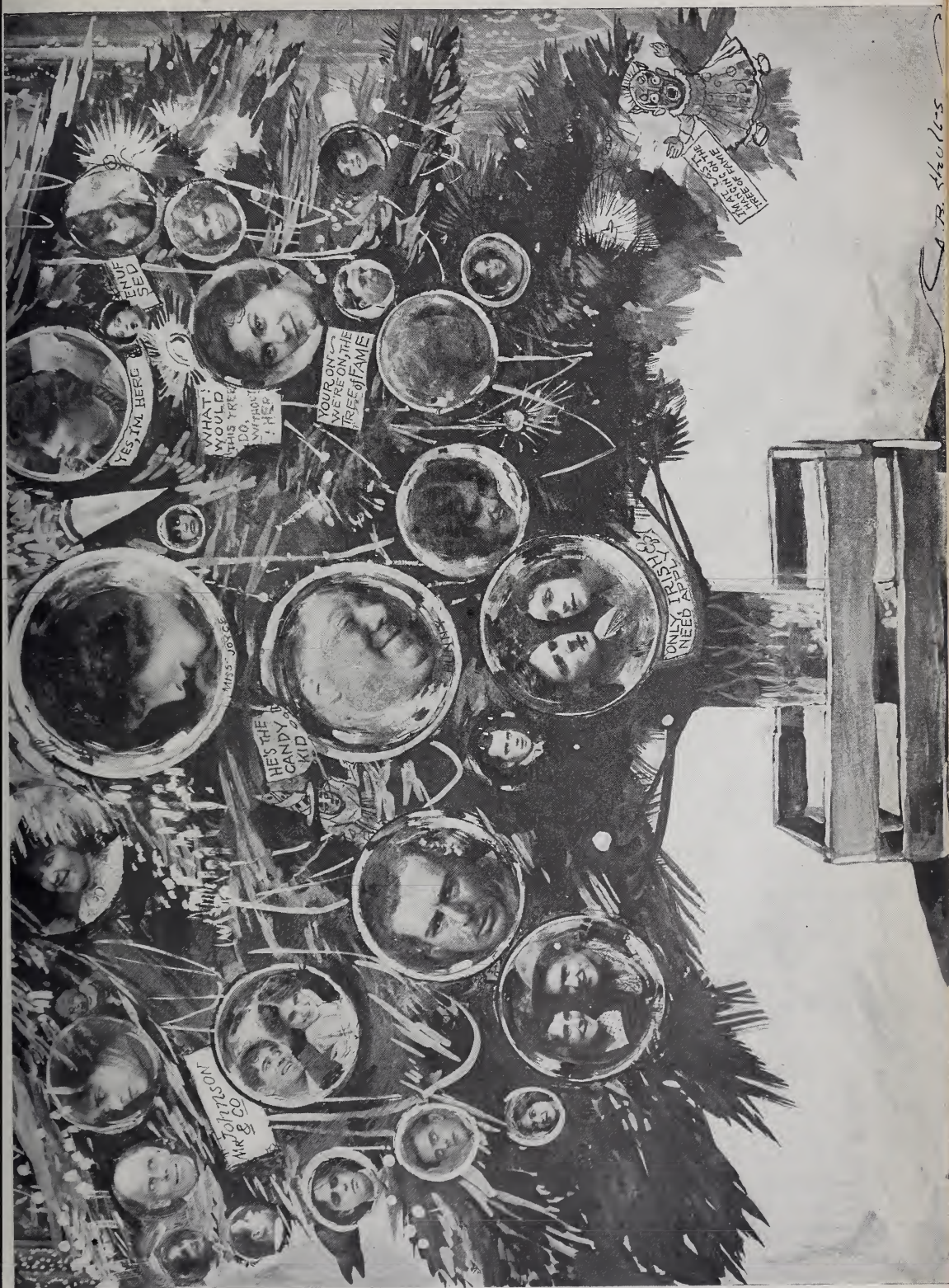
Philadelphia is justly proud of that memorable week in 1824, when Lafayette revisited the scenes of his adopted country. The city turned out *en masse* to do him honor—the veteran of two world-changing revolutions. It is an interesting fact, and one of which we may well be proud, that the troops—the First City Troop and the Washington Grays—that escorted the character of Lafayette in the pageant are the identical organizations that honored the real Lafayette a century ago.

The growth of the city has been continuous, tho by repute somnolent, for included in the county in 1854 were ten corporations, six boros and thirteen townships. The evils of such divided jurisdiction cropped out in riots of rival fire companies and conflicts of local sheriffs. But a half century ago, nearly forty years before New York thought of consolidating, Philadelphia awoke, welded her parts into a whole, and has since proudly dozed without fear of strife in the bosom of her family. As the chorus of remembrance sang at the pageant:

For thou hast gathered scattered gems
To glorify thy flawless crown,
And thou shalt wear new diadems
While men shall sing thy just renown.







YES, I'M HERE

WHAT! WOULD THIS TREE DO, WITHOUT HER!

YOUR ONLY WE'RE ON THE TREE OF FAME

MISS JOCE

HE'S THE CANDY KID

JOHN MOON MR & CO

ONLY GREAT ARTISTS

THE TREE OF FAME

Ed. H. H. H.



From the Photoplay of Hazel Neason

DID you ever walk thru the lower East Side of New York on Christmas eve? If you want to feel the pulse of humanity, to get a glimpse of the real life of the struggling, picturesque masses, stroll leisurely down thru that tangled, teeming section on the night of the twenty-fourth of December. For the Christmas spirit is joyously impartial; it flutters its shining wings as gaily over the Bowery and Hester Street as over Broadway and Fifth Avenue. The toys are cheaper, but they are just as brightly painted; the wreaths do not wear shimmering rosettes of real satin, but they flaunt enormous bows of scarlet tissue-paper; the tinsel ornaments sell at ten for a cent rather than ten dollars a dozen, but the children of the tenements gaze at them with a round-eyed wonder and delight that surpass any emotions felt by the little aristocrats further up town, who have pleasures every day in the year.

And, in the East Side, one may study contrasts to his heart's content—or, perhaps, to his heart's discontent, if he happens to possess strong sympathies. For, tho the spirit of trouble is also an impartial one, his ravages are decorously hidden on

Fifth Avenue. The rich may conceal their woes and worries, or their happiness and festivities, with drawn shutters and closed carriages, but the sorrows and anxieties of the poor flaunt themselves in the face of every passer-by, and the scenes of their small triumphs and rejoicings usually stand open to the observation of the curious. Here the thrifty head of a family, rejoicing in a "steady job," is buying toys and confectionery galore for the morrow's festivities; there, a white-faced woman, with a shawl over her head, buys a solitary stick of brightly striped candy; further along, a group of black-haired, bare-headed girls select, with much giggling comment, the flaring neckties that their sweethearts will proudly wear to the Christmas dance; while, at a wagon on the corner below, a proud youth is exchanging three dollars for an enormous white muff that will shelter some one's hands as effectively as if it were made of real fox. And everywhere there are children, staring into the shop windows, running in and out among the crowds, darting back and forth across the streets, apparently escaping death only by momentary miracles.

But on this Christmas eve there

was one child of the tenements who was not running gleefully around with the children on the streets. She stood by a little window, high above the street, her nose flattened against the pane, her blue eyes strained to catch glimpses of the crowds below.

"Why couldn't we go out for a little while, Auntie Ruth?" she begged, wistfully. "It's Christmas eve, and every one else is out on the street."

"That's just the reason we can't go, dear," was the quiet reply. "We can't be out in that crowd—it wouldn't be nice; you would wish you were back in our little room."

But Helen, usually so submissive, demurred a little, shaking her yellow hair back impatiently and puckering her red lips into a cherry-like pout.

"It doesn't look such a bad crowd," she urged. "All the folks are good-natured—they wouldn't hurt us. They all live right around us—why can't I play with anybody?"

Aunt Ruth sat down in the one rocking-chair, and took little Helen in her arms before she answered, and the child, looking up, saw that her eyes were very sad. Instantly the impulsive little heart repented, and she flung her arms around her aunt's neck, impetuously.

"I'm naughty," she declared; "right on Christmas eve! Don't look sorry, Aunt Ruth; I'd rather stay here with you than to play with any of those children. But you know, auntie, it does seem queer that we live here, and yet I can't ever know any of the folks."

The woman's clasp of the fragile form tightened, and she pressed her lips to the sunny hair before she answered.

"Listen, Helen," she said, earnestly; "your mother was a lady; your father is a gentleman; they are not like these people. We have to live here, until daddy comes home again, because we are poor and have no money to pay for a nice place to live in, but we do not have to be like these people. No doubt many of them are

good, kind folks, but you see, little girl, auntie cannot let you play on the streets. I think your mamma's heart would be sad, even up in Heaven, to see her little girl in such company. When daddy comes home, he will take us to a nicer place to live, where there are flowers and grass and trees, and nice little girls to play with."

"But when will he come? He's been away such a long time I can hardly remember how he looks. If he loves me, what makes him stay

away from me such a long time?"

"Hush, darling; of course he loves you—he has to stay away for a long time—now be quiet a little while, and I'll sing you a nice Christmas song."

The golden head nestled on auntie's shoulder; the childish face relaxed, as the old Christmas carols were sung, softly. The blue eyes grew misty, the white lids drooped, opened, closed again, and Helen slept.

The singer's voice hushed, and she sat looking down at the sleeping child, with tender, troubled eyes. Her thoughts reverted to the childish question: "What makes daddy stay



HELEN LEARNS OF HER MOTHER AND FATHER

away so long if he loves me?" She thought of the child's father—her own brother—shut fast inside the grim walls of the old prison, his heart filled with thoughts of his little Helen. Her mind went over and over the events of the past year, seeking, as always, some gleam of hope in the cruel, almost hopeless, circumstances.

sat for a long time with his head resting in his hands.

The next day he appeared, with a strange look in his eyes, and the money in his hands. "I borrowed it," he explained, and there was a brief interval of joyous hope, followed by the crushing blow of the operation's failure—the wife's death, away from



"AN OPERATION IS NECESSARY—
PRICE, FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS"

It was such a pitifully short story: her brother John's marriage to the fair, frail girl whom he adored; the birth of little Helen; the four happy years before the mother began to fade, like some lovely, fragile blossom; the year in which she grew rapidly worse, until one day John came home, in response to a telephone call in Helen's babyish voice, to find his wife terribly ill. She remembered how his face whitened and set in despair when the doctor told him that nothing but an operation could save the precious life, and that the operation would cost five hundred dollars. "Five hundred dollars!" he repeated, hopelessly, and



him, in the great, lonely hospital. Then, even before the loved form had been laid away for its long sleep, had come the sudden knock at the door that had whitened John's face, even before the blue-coated officers marched him away, with a charge of theft, against which he made no defense.

But before he left, he took the sobbing, frightened little Helen, and placed her in Ruth's arms.

"Take care of her, Ruth," he asked, huskily. "Thank God, she is too young to understand. The money was left in my care that day—it represented my wife's life to me, and I cannot be sorry—but it was no use! Be good to Helen, sister, and when I

dolly and lots of toys. And I thought I spoke to him; he came over to my bed and sat down by me, and his face was just like my daddy's—and then I woke up. I want to go to bed now, and hang my stockings up. Santa Claus will surely come, wont he, auntie?"

"I hope so, dear," the low voice answered, and something in the tone



THE OPERATION PROVES FATAL

am free, we will go away to the country, somewhere, and begin all over again."

With his forlorn promise still dining in Ruth's memory, the child stirred, opened her eyes wide, and sat up, smiling.

"Oh, auntie!" she cried, happily, "I had such a lovely dream. I dreamed that Santa Claus came, and I woke up and saw him filling my stockings; he had candy and a lovely

made the child look up with quick apprehension.

"Why," the voice quavered, almost sobbed, "he always has come, Aunt Ruth; he wouldn't forget, would he?"

"Well, you mustn't expect him to bring you so many things as he used to; there are so many little girls and boys down here in this street, you know, and he has to divide things up. Come, say your prayers now, and go to dreamland again."

"Oh, yes," cried Helen, her face brightening; "of course I must say my prayers, and ask God to be sure to send Santa Claus; then everything will be all right."

Kneeling in the arm-chair, in her little, white gown, with the lamplight upon her fair hair, she looked like a wee, stray angel in the barren room, as she softly repeated her evening prayer.

"And now, dear Lord," she concluded, "please send Santa Claus tonight, and bless my dear daddy, and keep him safe, and let him come home to me very soon."

The moonlight streamed over the grim, gray prison walls, mellowing their harsh outlines. A venturesome ray crept thru a tiny window, high up on the blank wall of a cell. It danced to the opposite wall, and lingered there—a tiny fleck of light from the world outside; but the cell's occupant did not welcome it—the scowl on his handsome face deepened as he looked up at the cheery ray.

"Bright moonlight!" he muttered; "curse the luck! A guard can see for miles tonight—why couldn't it have been cloudy? I'm a fool to try it—of course I'll be caught, and it means extra time. But I've got to see little Helen! She mustn't lose her Christmas—I've got to get to her!"

Glancing cautiously toward the door, he drew from his coat two dolls, fancifully cut from leather, and his eyes grew soft as he looked at them.

"They're poor things," he sighed, "but she'll love them, and she may not have a Christmas present if I don't get them to her. I've got to get there—my baby shant think that her daddy has forgotten her."

The dolls were carefully replaced in his coat. Guiltily, stealthily, he had made them in the prison shop. Fragments of leather hastily concealed, a moment's time snatched here and there, innumerable anxious moments of suspense when discovery seemed imminent, and the clumsy toys had been completed at last—and now it was Christmas eve!

A clock chimed out from a tower. He stood up, squaring his broad shoulders and listening.

"They're changing the watch—it's now or never," he breathed, tensely.

Outside, on the walls, a new guard took his place, and paced the length, muttering discontentedly.

"A bloomin' nice job for a man on Christmas eve—paradin' this wall with a gun—and there's no sense in it, nohow. Nothin' never happens here—a man might as well be a tin soldier stuck up here—nobody never gets a chance to use their gun—the man don't live that could escape from them prison walls, and get this far—hello! What's that?"

The grumbler stopped sharply, almost dropping his gun in his amazement. For, as he had paced the length of the beat, a dark figure had darted from an angle of the prison, and had run swiftly across the yard. Now, as the guard turned, the figure was climbing the wall with desperate haste—slipping, half falling, struggling up again, finding footholds in seemingly smooth places, tottering backward, but never falling, he reached the top and stood, for the fraction of a second, clearly outlined in the white moonlight. Then there was a sudden plunge, just as the guard's gun spoke, sharply, and a babel of voices followed, as excited keepers dashed from the prison.

"Where is he—did he make it—didn't you hit him?"

"I couldn't have missed him; I fired twice"—the guard thought it was not necessary to explain that his shots had been delayed by his temporary paralysis of amazement—"and he jumped headlong from that wall—we'll find him on the other side with half his bloomin' bones broke."

There was a rush for the gates—a tumult of excited voices around the spot where hard heels had struck deeply into the soft earth—but the man who had taken the desperate leap was not lying there, with crushed bones. He was running swiftly, steadily, along a friendly, sheltering hedge, across the fields, toward the



"I KNEW YOU WOULD COME. 'CAUSE
I PRAYED FOR YOU"

railroad, where a freight was due. His right hand was clasped tightly against his left arm, and between his fingers the blood oozed.

"God help me to reach my baby," he prayed, as he ran.

And miles away, where the lights of the city flared against the sky, a baby voice was pleading: "Bless my dear daddy, and keep him safe."

"The night has a thousand eyes" might well have been written by an escaped criminal instead of an enraptured lover. It is always easy to trail the fugitive, particularly when the men in pursuit know that there is a home drawing the hunted one with an irresistible lure. Still, there were accidents and delays, and it was several hours before the leader of the chase knocked heavily upon the door of the tiny tenement, to be confronted by Ruth, white-faced and shuddering, holding up pleading, silencing hands.

"Oh, hush!" she begged; "just a moment, please—for the child's sake! Don't let her see you—come—hush—look, now!"

Officers of the law have hearts beneath their blue uniforms, and when a woman lifts her eyes to them they can read virtue and truth, if it is there. Bareheaded, with light tread, they stepped into the tiny room.

Over the fireplace the wee, red stockings hung, and pinned to each one was a clumsy leather doll.

"See," Ruth whispered, "he made

them for her—he ran away to bring them—oh, give him a few minutes with his baby—look thru the door at them. She thinks he is Santa Claus. He ran in, all faint and wounded. I bound up his arm, and he dressed himself in the old Santa Claus suit that he has worn every Christmas since Helen came. Let her have her Christmas before you take him."

Tiptoeing softly, they looked into the bare little bedroom. On the floor, beside the child's cot, the father knelt, his convict's clothes covered by a scarlet, white-furred suit. A shaggy, white beard hid his face, but the eyes that gazed down at the sleeping child were full of blended love and pain. As the watchers looked, the little sleeper stirred, suddenly, and sat up, her eyes opening wide.

"Oh," she cried, "you've come. Santa Claus. I knew you would, 'cause I prayed for you!"

She threw her arms around his neck, her golden hair mingling with the white fur, her eyes starry with excitement.

"I just love you, Santa," she said. "I love you better than any one, 'cept my daddy. I prayed for him, too—he's been away such a long time—ever since mamma went to Heaven. Couldn't you bring him back to me, Santa? I want him so bad."

"He'll come back, little one"—the answering voice trembled, choked, but went bravely on—"it will be quite a long time yet, but when he comes everything will be all right. And listen, he sent his love to you by me—you know Santa Claus sees everybody—and he sent this kiss."

Helen lifted her face, and, as their eyes met, she gave a happy cry.

"Why, your eyes look just like my daddy's!" she exclaimed. "I guess all the nice men's eyes look just alike, don't they?"

The watchers outside turned hastily away, wiping their eyes, ashamed of the emotion that was mastering them. They did not see the parting in the little bedroom, they only heard a deep voice say: "Now go to sleep again, like a good girl, and don't



"DONT CRY, SISTER, THE CHILD HAS HAD HER CHRISTMAS"

forget to pray for daddy till he comes." Then he stepped thru the door, closing it softly, and looked straight into the eyes of his captors.

"It's all right," he said quietly; "just wait till I get this disguise off. Dont cry, Ruth, the child has had her Christmas."

When the Christmas sunrise touched the roofs and spires of the great city into a sparkling glory, a golden-haired child sat up in her tiny bed, hugging two clumsy, leather dolls tightly, and rocking softly as she sang in a sweet, childish treble:

Carol, sweetly, carol,
Christmas morn has come!

Miles away, the sunlight broke thru the stained windows of a prison chapel, and touched the face of Convict Number 572, who sat at the end of a long row of gray-suited men, waiting for the service to begin. He looked up as the sunlight danced in, and smiled.

"I'm glad it's a nice day—she loves the sunshine," he thought.

Thru the chapel a chorus of clear, boyish voices rang:

Carol, sweetly, carol,
Christmas morn has come!

"Yes, it's come, and Helen wasn't disappointed," thought Number 572.

A Letter to Santa Claus

By MINNA IRVING

Our Teddy wrote a little note
To Santa Claus, and said:
"Dear Santa, I can get along
This year without a sled.
You needn't buy me any skates.
Or candy, if you please.
Or soldier-suits, or nuts, or toys.
Or any Christmas trees,

"But I will hang my stockings up
(I wear 'em to the knee);
Just fill them up with tickets to
The photoplays for me.
Your little friend, T. Edward Smith.
P. S.—I often go
And see you with your reindeer at
The Motion Picture show."



(Photoplay by Gene Gauntier, from the speaking play of Dion Bouicault)

THE Shuil-a-more estates, once the pride of County Sligo, had lapsed from the height of their prosperity during the long illness of their last master, Squire Ffolliott; and, after his death, the studied neglect of his land-agent, Corry Kinchela, achieved, in the course of nearly twenty years, the ruin that made a foreclosure of the heavy mortgages imminent.

These mortgages were held by the false Kinchela, and his desire to possess the broad acres of Shuil-a-more gave him no rest by night or day. His greatest obstacle to this end was the heir, Robert Ffolliott. Confided by his dying father to the joint guardianship of Kinchela and Father Dolan, Robert leaned on these men with affection and trust. Father Dolan looked after the boy's schooling and spiritual welfare, leaving to Kinchela the management of the estates. As the years passed, and Robert approached his majority, the land-agent grew anxious. He had no intention

of relaxing his grasp on Shuil-a-more, so Robert must be removed. And, after much thinking, he decided on the way of it.

There was at this time great activity in Ireland, on the part of English agents, to apprehend the leading spirits in the Fenian movement. Every town, every village, had its secret society, to which patriotic Irishmen belonged. And in every town and village were police spies, who kept the government informed of any dangerous characters and threatened uprisings. Kinchela rubbed his hands as he thought of these facts. For, ready to his purpose, there was Harvey Duff, who would name a price for the swearing away of a man's life.

That night the plot was laid. Harvey Duff was to inform the authorities that Robert Ffolliott was a firebrand among the Fenians, and at the trial he was to swear to the false testimony that Kinchela would furnish.

It came about as Kinchela had planned. Robert, lodged in a cell, was

stunned by the unexpected blow. His sister, Claire, and their cousin, Arte, who was Robert's promised wife, found him brooding and hopeless. Father Dolan forced words of encouragement to his lips, and embraced the boy affectionately. Into their midst came Kinchela, adding to their gloom by referring to a probable conviction, and urging Robert to make over his

A year had passed. Corry Kinchela had just returned from Dublin, where the court had decreed the sale of the estate under foreclosure. The fruit of his scheming was ripe for the picking. He hastened to impart the information to Claire Ffolliott and Arte O'Neal, and tried to impress upon Arte the advantage of becoming Mrs. Kinchela, thus insuring a



ROBERT DEEDS HIS PROPERTY TO KINCHELA

estates to him, in trust, to prevent their escheating to the Crown. Good Father Dolan, simple of heart and mind, approved this act, looking on it as a provision for the girls, in case of Robert's conviction. So a notary was called in, and the deed was made out and signed.

A few hours later Robert was convicted on the perjured testimony of Harvey Duff, and, amid the protesting cries of the peasants, he was sentenced to be deported to Australia.

shelter over her head. But Arte flung back the insult.

"I'd rather starve with Robert Ffolliott in a jail," she said, "than own the county of Sligo, if I'd to carry you as a mortgage on it!"

"Very well," blustered the guilty man. "Out of that house these girls shall turn, homeless and beggars!"

"Not homeless," retorted Father Dolan, "while I have a roof over me. Not beggars, I thank God, who gives me the crust to share with them."

Corry Kinchela went from that interview burning with rage. As he paced the floor of his luxurious library, after supper, his restless mind busy with its schemes, a tapping on the window drew him quickly across the room.

It was Harvey Duff, shorn of his bushy red whiskers, and wearing, for further disguise, a black wig. Kinchela opened the window. Duff was in a tremor of excitement.

"There was a fire last night on Rathgarron Head. Ye know what that means?" he whispered.

"A signal to some smuggler at sea that the coast is clear," answered Kinchela, indifferently.

"Divil a thing was landed from that ship, barrin' only one man that was put ashore. Not a boy was on the strand to meet the boat, nor a car to hurry off the kegs. Only one thing met the boat—and that was Conn, the Shaughraun. 'Twas himself that lighted the signal—'twas him that stud up to his middle in the salt say to carry the man ashore."

"Well, what's all this to me?" rasped out Kinchela.

"Wait! 'Who's that,' ses I to myself, 'that Conn would carry in his two arrums as tendher as a mother would hould a child? Who's that,' ses I, 'that he's caperin' all around, for all the world like a dog that's just unloosed? Who's that he's houlding by the two hands of him, as if 'twas Moya Dolan herself he'd got before him, instead of a ragged sailor boy?'"

"Well, did you find out who it was?" asked Kinchela, impatiently.

"Robert Ffolliott! 'Twas himself, I tell you!" answered Duff, in an agitated whisper.

"Are you sure?" demanded Kinchela, his face ghastly with fear.

"Am I sure? Do you think I can mistake the face that turned upon me in the coort whin they sintined him on my evidence, or the voice that said, 'If there's justice in heaven, you and I will meet again on this side of the grave.' 'Then,' ses he, 'have your soul ready!' An' the look he fixed upon me shriveled up my soul inside like a

boiled cockle that ye might pick out with a pin. Am I sure? I wish I was as sure of heaven!"

Kinchela forced his reeling brain to think. "He has escaped from the penal settlement—ay, that's it—and where would he go to straight but here, into the trap baited with the girl he loves?"

"There'll be a price offered for him, sir. Wouldn't they hang him this time?" insinuated Duff.

"Listen to me," snapped Kinchela. "D'ye know what took me to Dublin? I heard that the Queen had resolved to release the Fenian prisoners under sentence. I saw the Secretary. He mistook my fear for hope. 'It is thrue,' ses he. 'I'm expecting every day to get the despatch. I wish you joy!'"

"Be jabers!" exclaimed Duff, "I'd like to have seen your face whin ye got that polthogue in the gob!"

Kinchela did not heed him. "Robert Ffolliott returned!" he murmured, distractedly. "A free man, he will throw his estates into chancery. He's a fugitive convict still; can't we deal with him?" Then, an idea forming in the midst of his confusion, he said: "Keep a watch on the Shaughraun; find out where the pair of them lie hiding. Meanwhile, I'll think what's best to be done. Be off, quick!"

Conn, the Shaughraun, jaunty, happy-go-lucky, having left Robert at Shuil-a-beg with Claire and Arte, proceeded to Father Dolan's cottage to prepare him for the great surprise. Outside the priest's door he interrupted an animated conversation between his mother, Mrs. O'Kelly, and Moya, Father Dolan's niece. Conn caught the word "blackguard," as it fell from his mother's lips.

"There's somebody talking about me," he said.

"Conn!" exclaimed Moya, running to him.

Putting his arms about her, he said: "My darlin', was the mother makin' little of me? Don't belave a word that comes out of her! She's as

proud of me as an ould hen that's got a duck for a chicken." Then, turning to his mother, who gave signs of interrupting, he commanded: "Hould yer whisht, now! Wipe yer mouth, an' give me a kiss!"

Mrs. O'Kelly obeyed, at the same time asking: "An' what brings ye here? Dont ye know Father Dolan has forbidden ye the house?"

Yes, Conn knew it well; but Conn's

acknowledging himself guilty of all the charges that the priest put to him, he told of a voyage that he had taken to Australia to see the young master; of how he had planned an escape for Robert, the prisoner protesting that it was impossible, as he was watched. Conn recounted how he had answered, "So is the salmon in Glenamoy; but I get 'em. So is the grouse on Keim-an-eigh; but I poach 'em.



ROBERT RETURNS TO IRELAND

life was made up of the pleasurable excitement of forbidden things—whether it was courting Moya, snaring trout, or poaching partridges and grouse. And the wily Conn also knew that he held the passport to the good father's favor in the news he brought him.

"Go in an' tell him I'm sthravagin' outside till he's soft. Now put on yer swatest lip, darlin'," he coaxed Moya.

He had his way, and Father Dolan consented to see him. After meekly

An' now I've come to poach you!" He drew a breath, looked roguishly and triumphantly at Father Dolan, and said: "An' I did it!"

"Escaped and free!" exclaimed the priest. "Tell me——"

"Oh, begorra! he must speak for himself now," said Conn, as the door burst open, and Robert entered with Claire and Arte.

In the midst of their transports of joy, all talking and laughing at once, Robert suddenly turned pale and pointed to the window.

"Look! The face—there at the window—the same I saw when I was in the dock! It was the police spy, Harvey Duff!"

But the others had seen nothing, and attributed the vision to his weakness and hunger. Only Conn slipped out, and found his faithful dog, Tatters, with a mouthful of cloth torn from a man's clothing. So while the joyful party within gathered about the table, and, with tender solicitude, placed food and drink before the exile, Conn remained on watch.

All at once their fancied security within the cottage was shattered as Conn leaped thru the window, crying: "Sir—quick—away with yez! The redecoats are on us!"

"Oh, Robert, fly!" cried Arte, as they all sprang to their feet in a panic.

"This way—by the kitchen, thru the garden," suggested Moya.

"No," interposed Conn. "The back dure is watched. Is it locked?"

"Fast," answered Moya.

"Give me your coat and hat," said Conn. "I'll make a dash out. They'll give me chase, thinkin' it is yerself; an' then ye kin slip off unbeknownst."

"It is too late!" came from Father Dolan, with a groan.

"Hide yerself in the ould clock-case in the kitchen. There's jist enough room in it," urged Moya.

"Quick, Robert! Quick!" cried Arte, as she and Claire hurried Robert into the kitchen.

A knock was heard upon the outer door. Conn picked up a chair.

"Put that down, and open the door," commanded Father Dolan.

Quietly, Claire and Arte re-entered the room, and met the soldiers with scornful eyes. The officer, Captain Molineux, reddened at the encounter. He had no taste for this business, anyway, and certain circumstances added to his distress. A few days before he had called at the cottage at Shuilabeg, the home of Claire and Arte, to ask permission to hunt over the estate. There he had first mistaken Claire for a dairymaid, and he felt that that blunder would score against him

in her esteem. And he was very anxious to win her esteem—and more; for the tantalizing beauty and wit of the Irish girl had made all other phases of existence appear colorless and undesirable. And now his duty was thrusting him into her presence under the worst possible conditions. No wonder that, when his proffered apology brought seething retorts from Claire and Arte, he replied fervently: "Believe me, I would exchange places with the man I seek, if I could."

To Father Dolan he said: "I shall be obliged, sir, to visit every room—sound every piece of furniture. The indignity of the proceeding is more offensive to my feelings than it can be to yours. I will accept your simple assurance that the person we are in search of is not in your house. Give me that, and I will withdraw my men."

He was rewarded by a brilliant smile from Claire and a soft "Thank you," as she offered him her hand.

Arte leaned toward Father Dolan.

"Save him! Oh, save him!" she whispered, passionately.

Father Dolan stood rigid, wrestling with his temptation.

"I await your reply," Captain Molineux reminded him.

"The lad," began Father Dolan, "the person you seek—my poor boy! He has been here, but——"

"He is gone?" suggested the captain, relieved.

"Yes—yes!" declared Arte.

"Yes, sir," put in Conn. "He went away before he came here at all."

Again Captain Molineux turned to Father Dolan. "Have I your word, as a priest, sir, that Robert Ffolliott is not under this roof!"

"No, sir!" cried a new voice.

"Robert Ffolliott is here!" And the young man himself faced the officer.

"I am sorry," said the latter, throwing a regretful glance at Claire and Arte, who were sobbing in each other's arms.

"What have I done? What have I done?" murmured Father Dolan sorrowfully, sinking into a chair.

"Be aisy, father," comforted Conn. "Shure, he'd rather have the irons on his hands than you the sin upon yer sowl!"

The manner of Robert's arrest was not at all to the liking of Corry Kinchela. The young man had given himself up, had reconstituted himself a prisoner, and that entitled him to

"Who will light the bonfire?" asked Robert.

Just then the sound of a fiddle was heard playing under the window.

"Hark!" said Robert. "'Tis Conn. I can employ him."

In nervous haste, he took his notebook from his pocket and wrote as Kinchela dictated: "Be at Rathgarron Head tonight, beside the tar-barrel. When you hear two shots in St. Bridget's Abbey, lig! t the fire."

Kinchela took the note, and, on the way out of the yard, gave it to Conn, as that resourceful individual sat with his back to the wall, fiddling for Robert's benefit: "I'll Be Faithful and True." Slowly he rose and wandered carelessly homeward. At his cabin door he unfolded the note, and regarded it from every angle.

"What have you there?" asked Mrs. O'Kelly, appearing at the door.

"It's a letter the masher is afther writing to me," he replied, puzzling over it.

To her further questions he gave most ingenious answers, for Mrs. O'Kelly entertained the delusion that Conn could read, as she had made sacrifices to send him to school for a term. His wits required all their nimbleness to fence with his mother's curiosity, and it was with

relief that he hailed Claire as she galloped up and sprang from her horse.

"Conn," she said, in great excitement, "there is some project on foot tonight to rescue my brother."

Conn expressed surprise and ignorance of such project.

"Don't deny it—he has almost confessed as much to Father Dolan, and he has just told my cousin to be in the ruins of St. Bridget's Abbey tonight."

"I would not decaive ye," admitted



ROBERT ESCAPES

the Queen's pardon. So Corry Kinchela began the spinning of another web, like the spider he was. He visited Robert in prison, professed to be his dearest friend, counseled an escape, and provided him with a chisel for loosening the mortar between the old stones. He also gave him a pistol, but this Robert refused until Kinchela suggested that it might be used as a signal to start the fire on Rathgarraon Head, which would summon a boat from the smuggler.

Conn. "Well, I promised not to say a word about it. There it is"—giving her the note—"rade it fer yer-silf."

"Oh, blessed day!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Kelly. "Is it to escape from jail he'd be thryin'?"

"There's goin' to be a scrimmage, an' I'm not in it!" mourned Conn. "I'm to be sint away like this. It's too hard on me intoirely! Oh, if I could find somebody to take my place an' fire the signal! I'd bring him out of jail this night if I had to tear

Immediately his arm was about his mother's neck, and, with the soft blarney for which he was famous, he was drawing her within the cottage. The door closed upon a rollicking song, and Claire greeted Captain Molineux, with a scheme forming behind the limpid eyes that set his heart aflutter. She knew the captain's feelings for her, and, forcing back a wave of reciprocal sentiment, she resolved to play upon those feelings, and keep him away from the barracks until Robert's escape was assured.



a hole in the wall wid my five fingers!"

"I'll take your place!" cried Claire.

At this, Mrs. O'Kelly put up a wailing protest. "This is one of Conn's devilments, an' ye'll all be murdered!"

"Will ye hould yer whisht?" admonished Conn.

"No, I won't! I'll go an' inform agin ye before ye git into throuble," she threatened.

Claire went swiftly to Conn. "Here comes the captain," she said. "For heaven's sake, pacify her! She will betray us!"

The captain, trusting, and infatuated, was easily lured farther and farther from Ballyragget, until he stood with Claire on Rathgarraon Head, and looked across the bay to the ruins of St. Bridget's Abbey, gleaming silvery white in the moonlight.

Having succeeded with her ruse, she was revolted at the part that she had played. Impulsively she begged him to go, and confessed her duplicity. "Every tender word you have spoken has tortured me like poison! Every throb in your honest heart has been a knife in mine!" she exclaimed, in a passion of remorse. "The blood that revolts in my heart against what

I am doing is the same that beats in my brother's. He would disdain to owe his liberty to my duplicity and your infatuation. There's your road. Good-night!"

For a moment, appalled by Claire's confession, he turned to leave her. The sound of a heartbroken sob drew him back. Tenderly he raised her prone figure from the rocks—and together they looked across the bay, waiting for the signal to light the beacon.

Robert, working with his chisel on the stones of his cell, and Conn, prying with a poker on the outside, soon made a breach large enough for the prisoner to crawl thru. There was but the prison wall to climb over, a quick dash to the ruins—and freedom.

On the other side of this wall Kinchela had posted Harvey Duff, with a gun, enjoining him to watch the door. Kinchela half hoped that Robert, opposed in his flight, would fire off the pistol, and kill Harvey Duff. The fellow knew too much about Kinchela's affairs—his death would be a good riddance. While Duff watched the door, Kinchela and a band of ruffians whom he had engaged, skirted the wall to cut Robert off from the other side.

Cautiously creeping over the top of the wall, Conn espied Duff standing below, intently listening at the door. Conn motioned to Robert, close behind him, and then jumped, landing upon Duff, and bearing him to the ground.

"Run, sir! Run! I've got him safe!" he called. And Robert sped away to the shore.

Conn joined him later at a nook in the rocks. Clambering down the cliff, with Robert's disguise, which had been hidden in a cleft known only to Conn, he informed Robert that the constabulary had joined in the hunt for the fugitive. Robert prepared to start immediately for the ruins, where he would see his beloved Arte, and would give the signal for the beacon. He felt in his pocket for the pistol—it was gone!

"I must swim out to the schooner," he said, in desperation.

"It is a mile, an' agin the tide," objected Conn. "Stop! Will ye lave it to me, an' I'll go bail I'll find a way of getting them two shots?"

"How, Conn? How?" demanded Robert.

"Aisy," the other replied, softly. "Look, where they're comin' down the cliff. Slip out this way, quick, before they catch sight of us. You go by the shore, an' I'll take the cliff above. Begorra, it isn't the first time I've played the fox!"

Sounds of weeping came from Mrs. O'Kelly's cabin. Father Dolan and Claire, anxious and sad, approached the door, and knocked. Mrs. O'Kelly appeared, her apron to her eyes.

"This is a sad business!" Father Dolan said. "Did you hear why they killed your poor boy?"

"Because he'd got a fine shute of clothes on him," she sobbed. "They shot at the man that wasn't in it, an' they kilt my poor boy!"

"Poor fellow!" sighed Claire. "He met his death while aiding my brother to escape." Turning angrily upon Captain Molineux, who had joined them, she said: "You see what your men have done!"

"It was the polis, not the sodgers, murdered him. Dont blame the captain, miss," wept Mrs. O'Kelly. "God bless him, he was in my cabin before daylight—he never spoke a word, but he put five goolden pounds in my hand; and thanks to himself, my Conn will have the finest wake this day!" And, weeping, she went to invite the neighbors to the wake.

"Have you discovered any trace of Arte and Moya?" demanded Claire of the captain. "Have you done anything?"

"I've been thinking," began the captain.

"Thinking!" she scoffed. "What's the good of thinking? My cousin Arte has been stolen—where is she? The country is full of police and soldiers, and yet two girls have been carried off under your noses—perhaps

murdered, for all you know, or care—and there you stand, like a goose, thinking!"

Captain Molineux nervously twirled his moustache. "If Miss O'Neal and Moya were present in the ruins when Conn was shot," he said, "they must have been witnesses of the deed. It struck me that those who killed the boy must have some reason for removing all evidences of the transac-

"Yes," agreed Father Dolan, "these two girls were the only witnesses of the deed. No one else was present to prove how Conn was killed."

"Yes, I was there," said a voice behind them. They turned, startled, to find Conn standing in the doorway.

"Conn! Alive!" they exclaimed.

"Whisht! No; I'm dead," he said.

"Why, you provoking vagabond, is



FATHER DOLAN DENOUNCES KINCHELA

tion. I questioned the constabulary, and find they had no hand in it. The deed was done by a posse of fellows assembled to assist in the pursuit by a police-agent named Harvey Duff."

"Harvey Duff!" exclaimed Claire.

Claire seized the captain's hands. "You have thought it out while we have been blundering!" she exclaimed, admiringly. "Blinded by our tears, we could not see; deafened by our complaints, we could not hear! Forgive me!"

this the way you play upon our feelings?" demanded Father Dolan. "Are you hurt?"

"I've a crack over the lug, an' a scratch across the small o' me back. Shure, miss, if I hadn't drawed 'em to shoot, you'd have never had the signal."

"Brave fellow!" said the captain, with warmth. "How did you escape?"

"When the masher got out of jail, there was Kinchela an' his gang waitin' to murder us. We gave them the

slip; an' while the masther got off, I led them after me to St. Bridget's. Afther I got them two shots out of them I roulded down an' lay as quiet as a sack of petaties."

"Arte and Moya were in the ruins?" asked Claire.

"They were standin' by, an' thryin' to screech blue murder. 'Stop their mouths!' said a voice, that I knew was Kinchela's. Sullivan an'

if you plaze, to folly up the blackguards that have houl't of Moya an' Miss O'Neal."

"Here comes your mother, with the mourners," said Claire.

"Hoo! She'll find some of the whiskey gone," laughed Conn, as he hastily went back to his shutter.

Almost as great a surprise as Conn's resurrection was the sudden appearance of Robert.



THE SUPPOSED CORPSE NEARLY SPOILS THE WAKE

Reilly whipt them up an' put them on a car that was waitin' outside. Afther that, sorra a thing I remember till I found myself laid out on a shutter, wid candles all around me."

"And you let your poor ould mother believe you dead?" asked Father Dolan, reproachfully.

"Would you have me spile a wake, afther invitin' all the neighbors?" retorted Conn. "Then I remembered the polis would be wantin' me for the share I had in helping the masther to break jail. An' I want to be dead,

"What brings you back?" asked Father Dolan, in alarm.

"The news I heard on board the schooner," he answered. "The Fenian prisoners are pardoned."

"A pardon!" exclaimed Claire, delightedly. She embraced Robert again and again, and clung to him as if fearful of losing him.

"I congratulate you, sir," said Captain Molineux. "Oh, by Joye! A light breaks in upon me—Kinchela knew of this pardon. I'll go to Ballyragget House at once."

"I have just come from there," Robert informed him. "I went to tax him with his villainy. He has fled."

Then they told him of the missing girls, and of the deception that Conn was playing in order to find them. As a result of their talk on the way to Father Dolan's, Captain Molineux returned to Mrs. O'Kelly's, informed the mourners of what had happened, and asked their help to rescue the girls. The name of Harvey Duff caused a sensation. With cries of hatred, the mourners seized whatever would serve as a weapon, and left the cabin on their errand of vengeance. Two of the men remained behind.

"Sullivan," said one, "you must warn Kinchela. Quick! There's not an hour to lose!"

"Where shall I find him?"

"At the Coot's Nest. The lugger came in last night. Tell him to get aboard—take the two women with him, for he'll have to run for his life."

Conn rose softly and locked the door. The men turned.

"Murther alive!" they exclaimed.

Then, realizing what had happened, they sprang for the door. In the midst of their wrestling, Captain Molineux looked in at the window, and pointing a revolver, ordered them to open the door. Conn and the captain then compelled the ruffians to show them the way to Kinchela's hiding-place.

How the men were cornered in their lair; how Conn, concealed in a hogshead, shot Kinchela as he was dragging Moya to the boat; how Harvey Duff, terror-stricken, preferred dashing himself over the cliff to facing the infuriated mob; how the sweethearts were reunited—all this was the talk of the county for many a day. And not the least satisfying part of the story is how the good Father Dolan at last relented, and, with good grace, put Moya's hand into that of her faithful Conn, the Shaughraun.





Seeing Santa Claus

By MINNA IRVING

Said little Ned to Sister May:
 "There aint no Santa Claus
 Who brings the toys to girls and boys
 On Christmas Eve, because
 It's only daddy all dressed up
 In furs and whiskers, too.
 He buys our presents at the store;
 I know it, yes, I do."

Said Sister May to little Ned:
 "It's no such thing, for I
 Have seen old Santa Claus myself—
 He's short and fat and spry,
 And wears a funny pointed cap
 All powdered thick with snow.
 Where did I see him? Why, 'twas at
 A Motion Picture show."

The Birth of the New Year

By HARVEY PEAKE

Of the thread of our lives was the old year spun,
 E'en so will this upstart our days pursue!
 (There's the passing year, here's the coming one.)

There are sighs and tears for the year that's done;
 Speed the parting and welcome the new!
 (Of the thread of our lives was the old year spun.)

There's an anxious wish for the one begun:
 May its smiles be many, its tears be few!
 (There's the passing year, here's the coming one.)

Ah, would that we might their passing shun,
 And live in the Eden of that first two!
 (Of the thread of our lives was the old year spun.)

And now his uneven course is run;
 With remorse does he whisper his last adieu!
 (There's the passing year, here's the coming one.)

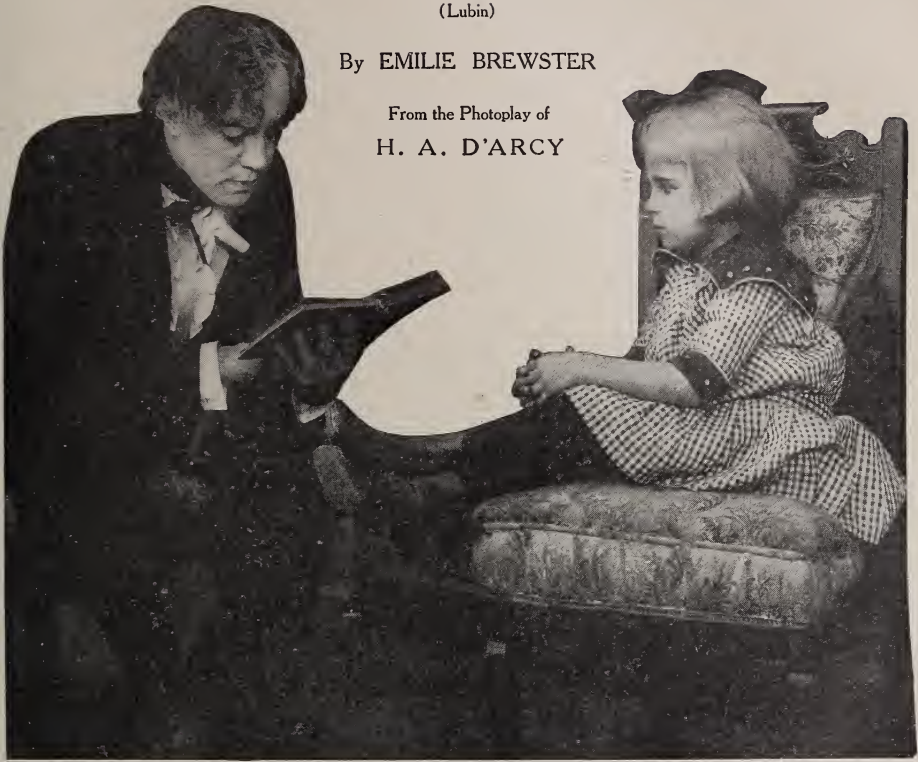
But dawn is breaking, and morning sun
 Points sanguine finger of rosy rue!
 (Of the thread of our lives was the old year spun.
 There's the passing year, here's the coming one!)

Madeleine's Christmas

(Lubin)

By EMILIE BREWSTER

From the Photoplay of
H. A. D'ARCY



"JUST look at the snow, papa! Do you think that Santa Claus can get here tonight?"

"Surely. You don't suppose that a man who lives all the year round at the North Pole is going to be scared by our little snow storms, do you?"

"But this isn't a little one! Just come over here by the window, and see what great big flakes! It's getting awful deep on the walks, already; maybe the reindeers will get stuck, like the horses do when the snow is so deep."

"Don't you worry, little Madeleine. The reindeers never got stuck yet. All you have to do is to go to bed, like a good child, and go sound asleep, so Santa will have a chance to come. You know he never comes where children are awake. Come, get your nightgown on, so I can tuck you in nice and warm before I leave you."

Madeleine turned from the window,

obediently, but her red lips quivered a little as she looked up into her father's face.

"I have to stay all alone on Christmas Eve—just like any other night," she sighed. "I wish I had a mama to stay with me, like other little girls."

The father's face contracted with sudden pain, and he turned away from the wistful eyes, hastily.

"Never mind," he said, with forced cheerfulness, "tomorrow morning we will have a good time together, pulling all the nice things out of your stocking. Hurry, now, so you can hang it up here by the fireplace."

"Well, play to me while I undress, papa. Play that nice little song that I like, won't you?"

He lifted a violin from its case, lovingly, and touched the strings with gentle fingers, as if they were too precious for careless hands. Then, as the child struggled with refractory but-

tons and shoestrings, his eyes grew dreamy, and he began to play, slowly and softly, like one who wanders in dreamland, and voices the visions he sees there.

"I wish I had a mama to stay with me!" The words kept echoing in his brain. He lifted his eyes to a picture that stood on the mantelpiece, where the glowing flames leaped beneath it. Ah! that lovely, smiling, but treacherous face; those eyes, with the wilfulness hidden in their laughing depths; the hair, curling so softly around the perfect forehead!

Where was she? Why had she fled from him and from her child, to return to the stage, from which he had taken her when they were married, five years ago?

"I was too old for her," he sighed. "All her chorus-girl friends told her so—they coaxed her away. But how could she leave her child—her babe? The ungrateful wretch! After all I did for her—teaching her to sing, training her voice and educating her—to think that she would desert me and go back to the stage! Oh! it is unbearable! Wretched, wretched world—cruel, heartless, detestable woman!"

The child was lingering over her undressing. Her fair face lifted as the music ceased, and she crept closer to her father, clad now in her snowy nightgown, but he did not notice; his brow was furrowed with deep wrinkles, and his jaw was set. He gently waved the child aside. He wanted to think. The fire burned low, and outside the wind began to howl, sending the huge snowflakes whirling against the windows like dancing sprites.

"Where is she?" his thoughts were asking ceaselessly. "Anyway, she will never come back, and if she did, I would treat her as I would a serpent—crush her beneath my heel, the mean, heartless wretch."

Then the musician passed his hand across his brow, as if to shut out his wretched thoughts. Taking up his violin again, he played a merry air, in an effort to forget, but he soon settled into his natural, dreamy mood, the violin responding to his sentiments like the voice of his soul.



"I WISH I HAD A MAMA"

A childish voice took up the refrain he was playing. Leaning against his knee, Madeleine was singing softly:

Just a song at twilight,
when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly
come and go.

"Why should I always come back to that piece," he thought, "the piece she used to sing?"

How much Madeleine's eyes were like her mother's! They were looking at

him now with the same expression that he had seen in those other eyes so many times.

Tho the heart be weary, sad the day, and
long,
Still to us, at twilight, comes love's old,
sweet song,
Comes love's old, sweet song!

He stopped abruptly, an almost intolerable pain darkening his eyes, and laid the violin carefully in its case.

Something in his face hushed Madeleine's prattle, and she went to bed quietly, only asking, as he bent to kiss her, if Santa Claus could surely get in when he came.

"Yes, indeed, little one," was the comforting reply. "You know the key will be right outside the window, in the flowerpot, where I always leave it. He can find it, if he wants it; but then, he always comes down the chimney, you know. Go to sleep, quick, or he'll say, 'There's a bad little girl, wide awake!' and hurry right past our house!"

At this dire thought Madeleine closed her eyes tightly, screwing her rosy face into comical shapes in the effort. The house was very still after papa had gone. She heard him lock the door and put the key in the flowerpot on the window-sill, but the snow was so deep on the walks that his foot-

tinued to fall steadily, and the wind was rising to a gale, heaping it high in drifting, feathery piles. Traffic was succumbing to the storm; horses slipped, stopped, plunged on again, unsteadily; pedestrians sought shelter, abandoning the late Christmas shopping that had seemed so impor-



COULD NOT BLOT THE PICTURE FROM
HIS MEMORY

steps made no sound in passing beneath her window.

"Santa Claus will be awful snowy," she thought, sleepily. "I wonder if he holds a big umbrella over him? I guess the wind would blow it away, if he tried to. Just hear it howl! I hope it won't blow my papa away! He's just the goodest papa—but why don't I have a mama? Other little girls have mamas—I wish Santa would bring me one!"

The fire burned low; the snow con-



tant; taxis worked their way laboriously up the avenues; shivering motor-men and conductors sent anxious calls for the snowplow; and still the gray clouds sent the soft flakes whirling downward, as if anxious to bury the old earth from sight.

Along an avenue a solitary form was plodding, and now it turned into a street where the sidewalk was trackless, and where the walking was slow and laborious. Still the figure pushed ahead, clinging to the iron fence pickets as a fierce gust came, almost falling, but struggling on, as if some goal that must be reached at any cost lay at the end of the narrow street. The flaring lights showed that it was a woman who trudged on with such grim determination. Her face was very white; even the exertion and the keen wind had failed to tint its pallor, and from under the thin shawl that was wrapped closely about her head and shoulders the eyes peered thru the dancing flakes with a wild

look, half eagerness, half desperation, wholly pitiful.

"I will try this house with the flowerpot in the window," she sobbed, breathlessly. "Oh, but it is bitter cold—I cannot go farther!"

Madeleine was trying hard to sleep, snuggled among the blankets, one tiny hand upthrown above the tangle of her curls. She was thinking of the expected Santa Claus, when she heard a noise.

"There's Mr. Santa Claus, tapping on the window!" she cried.



"OH! YOU CANT COME IN HERE!"

She sat straight up in bed, wide awake, her face flushing with startled excitement.

"Some one is surely there!" she cried. "It isn't a dream—it must really be Santa Claus!"

She began to climb from her bed, then she paused, wavered, and crept slowly back into the downy blankets.

"He wont come in if he sees I'm awake," she sighed.

But the fumbling at the window continued, and Madeleine grew very anxious.

"He cant get it open, and he wants to come in," she thought. "Maybe his hands are all cold in the snow. I guess he wont be mad if I help him."

The tiny feet pattered across the floor, and the childish voice called:

"Say! Shall I help you? Are your hands too cold?"

To her delight, there was a faint "Yes, please."

"Mercy me!" Madeleine said to herself, "hasn't he got a funny little voice for a man? I s'posed he'd have a big, gruff voice, like mens with whiskers always have."

Reassured, she now went directly in front of the window, and looked out, unafraid; but what she saw made her shrink back with a frightened protest.

"Oh! You cant come in here!" she exclaimed. "My papa never 'lows no womens to come in this house; that's why I have to stay all alone while he goes to play to the theater folks. You go right away!"

"But it is so cold and stormy, little one," the woman begged, letting



the shawl slip away from her white face, and stretching out eager hands to the shrinking child. "You wouldn't want me to freeze, and be all buried up in the cold snow, would you?"

"My papa wont let me have any womens come in here," Madeleine persisted. "He'd scold me, awful, if I did. I thought it was Santa Claus, when I heard you. You aint Santa Claus, are you?"

"No, dear; but please let me in long enough to get warm."

"Well," yielded the child, pitying-

ly, "I will; but you must go right away then, before papa comes. Take the key out of the flowerpot, and unlock the door."

The woman quickly obeyed, and, crossing the room, she knelt by the fireplace, stirring the logs until they sent a red glow thru the room, and her shivering form became

finally, after she had regained her composure, pointing up to the face that smiled above the fireplace.

"No, I don't; but it's a bad lady," Madeleine answered, promptly.

The woman's face contracted painfully, and her head sank upon her breast.

"How do you know—who told



"THERE, LITTLE ONE, I AM GETTING WARM, NOW"

quieter. Then she turned to the child, who was watching her with that questioning acceptance of the strange situation which is characteristic of the age when fairy tales are real.

"There, little one, I am getting warm, now. So good of you to—"

The sentence was broken by a violent start. Her eyes, large and bulging, were fastened upon a portrait that stood upon the mantel.

"Do you know who that is in the picture, little one?" she muttered,

you so—what do you know of her?" she asked, breathlessly.

"My papa told me—no, he didn't exactly tell me," philosophized the child, "but he looks so sad whenever he looks up at her; and if she was a nice lady, she wouldn't make him sorry. He's the nicest papa in the world—but I wish I had a mama. I prayed for Santa Claus to bring me a mama. Do you s'pose he will?"

"Is it possible?" the woman muttered to herself, ignoring the child's

question, and looking intently into the child's eyes. "Can this be my own darling little daughter? Oh, how I yearn to crush her to me—my lovely, beautiful girl! But no, I must not—she must not know. Strange that I should come thus to *his* house! He will never forgive me—oh, wretched, wretched me!"

The woman began to weep, softly, her face hidden in the ragged shawl

out at the flying snow. Suddenly she turned, her eyes big with fright.

"My papa's coming!" she cried. "He's just turning into this street. I must lock the door, quick, and put the key out the window; then you run upstairs! Hurry!"

It was done in a moment, the woman not knowing what else to do but to obey the child; and the violinist, returning early from the theater,



THE THEATER WAS CLOSED ON ACCOUNT OF THE STORM

again, and the child's lips trembled in sympathy.

"Don't cry," she cooed. "I'll tell you what I'll do. You can go up in our attic, and lie on an old mattress that's up there, and there's some blankets to keep you warm. But you mustn't make a speck of noise until after papa goes out in the morning; then you can come down and go away. Maybe it won't be stormy in the morning. Does it snow awful hard now?"

She ran to the window, pressing her round face against the pane, to peer

whose performance had been hindered and postponed by the storm, found nothing unusual in the room's appearance. He tiptoed softly to the bedroom, and looked in at Madeleine, who lay with eyes closed, as if peacefully sleeping.

"Poor little girl!" he murmured, as he drew a chair to the fire. "It's a shame for a child to spend Christmas Eve all alone—or for a man to, for that matter! Well, everything is ready for her stocking. She will be happy in the morning, anyhow."

His eyes sought the picture above the fireplace; with the light of the flames quivering across it, it seemed to be really smiling at him; the eyes appeared actually to twinkle as he gazed. With a sigh, he bent and lifted his violin, his never-failing solace. But it failed him this time. He could not play. His eyes were again upon the picture. A tear trickled down his cheek. A low sob escaped his lips. Then, with a groan, he pulled himself together, and tried to laugh. But his voice sounded hollow and unnatural. His eyes again rested on the portrait, first musingly, then sadly, then angrily. He dug his nails into his palms with rage. Seizing the picture, he dashed it to the floor and raised his heel to crush it.

"Vile woman! Wretched, heartless mother! I crush you to earth, as you deserve! I tread upon you! I curse you! You have ruined my life, and left your child motherless! May the just wrath of heaven fall upon your head, as my heel does now, and grind——"

A soft voice interrupted, and the musician was suddenly brought to himself. Ashamed, he gently lifted the picture and placed it back on the mantel.

"I want to get up a little while, papa. Please let me, it's Christmas Eve," said the voice.

Hearing no refusal, she danced across the floor, and leaned happily against his knee.

"Now play for me," she demanded. "No, don't start like that—you have got to play for me. Play the one you were playing before you went out—the one I like the best of all."

The musician hesitated, and the child saw that old, dreamy look come back to his eyes.

Again his bow swept the strings, and again his eyes sought the picture.

The light flickered softly across it—surely the lips were actually smiling! His gaze never wavered from the fair, pictured face as the music flowed on, and the childish voice began to sing:

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go.

Was it all the firelight's reflection? Was not the lovely face beginning to sway toward him? Were not the lips opening, as if to sing the old, loved air? He felt dazed, unnatural. He bent forward a bit, staring at the picture, while the child's uplifted face swam between them. Surely those lips were moving!

And, suddenly, mingled with the childish tones, a voice came from the distance, faintly at first, then swelling into full, rich, wonderful beauty, fraught with longing, and love, and wistful pain. It was a voice that seemed to come straight from the depths of a lost soul:

Tho the heart be weary, sad the day, and long,
Still to us, at twilight, comes love's old, sweet song,
Comes love's old, sweet song.



FROM HER ATTIC BED THE WOMAN
HEARS THE FAMILIAR STRAINS

The musician sprang to his feet, panting, his arms upraised, as if to shut out some painful sight. The voice stopped with the music, and the musician stared and listened.

A low sob now came softly from the stairway, then all was still.

The child sought to comfort her father, but he would not be comforted.

"Did you hear it?" he cried.

"Hear what, papa?" spoke the child, seeking now to protect the woman. "You mean me? I was singing."

"It must be that, it must be that! Else I am losing my mind!" he muttered. Again he took up his violin, and played, the child kneeling before him, patting his knee, soothingly.

For a long moment his gaze re-

"Margaret!" he cried. "What—"

But the question died on his lips as the full realization of her presence came to him. There was a long silence—seconds, even minutes—in which questionings or explanations had no part. There, in the firelight, she had come back to him, with the old song on her lips, the old lovelight



THEN HE SAW A SHADOW COME BEFORE HIM

mained fixed on the violin, afraid to look again at the picture, bewildered, stunned by the wonder of what he had heard. Then he saw a shadow come before him, and he looked up. A white-faced woman stood there, one thin hand clutching the child's arm, the other stretched toward him appealingly. Her eyes were searching his face piteously, but she did not speak—only waited, with a look of tense appeal.

in her eyes—it was enough. The angry glare in his eyes melted, the knit brow subsided into gentleness and compassion. Gradually and slowly he held out his arms, and, as the wife bent before him, he tenderly drew her into the shelter of his embrace.

It was Madeleine, round-eyed with wonder, who broke into their happy forgetfulness.

"My goodness!" she exclaimed.

"It's an awful funny world! I thought you'd be mad 'cause I let the lady stay—and 'stead of that, you look all happy. I guess she's the mama I asked Santa to bring me—is



A HAPPY FAMILY, AND—

she, papa? Can she stay, and be my mama?"

"She can, if she will, darling," papa answered, and his eyes were shining like the child's. With a sob, the woman held the child close.

"I'm your own mama, Madeleine," she said. "You'll love me, won't you, my lovely darling?"

"Of course," laughed Madeleine, accepting her with a child's unquestioning faith. Then, as she looked into the new mama's eyes, she suddenly put both tiny hands against the white face, turning it toward the fireplace, and glancing from the pictured

face to the real one with wondering scrutiny.

"Why, papa," she cried, "it's the picture lady herself!"

"Yes," declared papa, drawing them both into his arms. "It's the picture lady. She's come to life, Madeleine. She's come back to us!"

Perhaps there never was a happier Santa Claus than the one that decorated Madeleine's tree and filled her



A HAPPY SANTA CLAUS

stocking, that night. And certain it is that the woman who helped him was just as happy as he was. And as for little Madeleine, well, she was happiest of all, for Santa Claus had brought her, what she had so much desired, the greatest and best gift of all—a mother!



THE ORPHANS' CHRISTMAS EVE

BY Elizabeth Benson

IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS AND ALL THROUGH THE PLACE
RIPPLED WAVES OF EXCITEMENT—ON EACH CHILDISH FACE
WAS A LOOK OF EXPECTANCY MINGLED WITH JOY,
FOR THEY KNEW THERE WERE PRESENTS FOR EACH GIRL AND BOY.

IN A THINKING GAME SILENCE—XU HUSHED WAS THE DIAC
AS THE DOOR OPENED WIDE AND THE MATEPON WALKED IN,
CHILDREN DROPPED A KIND FRIEND HIS PROVIDED TONIGHT
ENTERTAINMENT FOR YOU—THEIR EYES SHONE WITH DELIGHT.

FOR AN HOUR OR TWO SOME FINE ACTING YOU'LL SEE,
AFTER WHICH WE'LL DISTRIBUTE THE GIFTS FROM THE TREE.
NOW INSTEAD OF GREAT PLEASURE SHE SAW WITH SURPRISE
DISCONTENTMENT DEPICTED IN EVERY ONE'S EYES!

"WHY, MY DEARS," QUERIED SHE, "WHAT IS WRONG?" CAME A BURST
OF GIBBERAL—PLEASE MAY WE HAVE THE CHRISTMAS TREE FIRST
NOW I'M SORRY TO SAY IT WOULD THEN BE TO LATE.
FOR IT TAKES A LONG TIME AND THE MEN CANNOT WAIT."

OH! THEIR WISTFUL EXPRESSION SENT STRAIGHT TO HER HEART—
SHE COULD SEE THAT THE TEARS WERE BEGINNING TO START!
"WELL, AS LONG AS YOU WISH IT, I'LL SEND THEM AWAY,
AND WE'LL GO TO THE TREE WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY."

SO CHEER UP, THERE'LL BE NO MOTION PICTURES TONIGHT—
HERE A SHOUT CAME SO SUDDEN SHE GASPED IN AFFRIGHT,
"OH, DON'T SEND THEM AWAY IF IT'S THAT KIND OF SHOW—
MOTION PICTURES FOR US—WE CAN LET THE TREE GO!"



SANTA CATALINA lies too close and snug to the coast to resist the latter-day invasion of tourist, hay-fever refugee, and department-store-outfitted goat-hunter.

If you care, tho, to step back a few years from the board-walk of near-fashion, when the little, rolling steamer *Hermosa*, plying from San Pedro, was the only connecting link with the coast; when fisherfolk fished for fish with nets, and when the isle and all its inhabitants bathed naked in the sea, and a stranger was looked upon as a foreigner, not a walking pocketbook—then perhaps you are in condition to be amused by a story not of the guide-books, hardly even romantic.

The day of the memorable storm that broke over the lee of Santa Catalina some twenty years ago was ushered in by a scab of a mist over the sun, which caused the abalone hunters to grumble in their skiffs; later the sardiners, putting out, watched a fog slowly creeping around the wall of mountains on the west—even the playful seals took notice of this, and steered for retreats of caves and pools in the rocks.

Toward three o'clock the wind picked up, fresh from the north, blowing ribbons of fog toward the

mainland. A half hour later the offing was covered with leaping, chopping seas, half waterspouts—a gale blowing up from the south was meeting the north wind head to head.

By nightfall, the seaway was a sight to sicken coast-dwellers—the impact of sea against sea raising a soapy, whirling scud that jerked hither and thither in crazy, whirling wreaths. The landward kick of this spasmodic death-struggle drove against the rocks and caverns with iron blows of surf. A screaming, strangling calliope of wind-calls rose up or died down suddenly.

Boats were beached high, and the men stayed indoors, overhauling their gear, or, between times, wedging the rattling shack doors and windows. With their men-folk snug at home, there was no cause for the women to start and tremble, praying under breath—but it's a habit of theirs, without rhyme or reason, sometimes.

Almost on the present site of a sun-parlored, heiress-infested hostelry, a two-roomed shack stood fairly in the

jaws of the wind. Outside, the lengths of net picked themselves up, bellied a moment in midair, then flattened in twists on the beach. Within, a guttering oil lamp barely revealed a gray-haired little woman and that hulking, six foot of boyish man, her son, Tom, whom she yearned to take on her knees again.

A sudden flare of the lamp revealed him to her clearly—sea-boots, and chest like a bulkhead—and, with a sigh, she realized that the sitting was impracticable. But a night like this was perilously close, to her, to the time he *had* nestled there, and they had brought her word that Big Tom, the first, had gone down with his schooner. Thinking of this, I see nothing funny in a woman who forgets the size or fitness of her lap.

At last the long night wore thru, and Tom, sleepy-eyed, tumbled off his chair and out of doors at the hour betokening sun-up. There was no sign of the sun peeping over the coast range, however; just a stretch of flat, gray bay, and, beyond, a smooth, unbroken ground-swell. To the poetic, it was the measured step that follows a panting death-dance.

But Tom was not given to the muse; his thoughts were, rather, on the salvage of his nets, drying-racks and dory tackle.

Presently, a cask, rolling drunkenly in the beach wash, caught his eye. It might have made him think a moment, but it was not the thing that set him to running. There it was, a schooner's foremast, shoved high on the beach, with a splintered stump, and its forestaysail lifting on the water.

To make eyes gleam unholily, and breath come short, you may talk irrigation in Fresno County, or "pipes" in Placer to a mine operator, but wreckage is the word in Catalina. It's in the native blood, and the sight of the tempest-tossed spar on the beach that morning acted like a goad in the side of young Tom.

His heavy boots pounded the shingle, his eyes drank in the tangle of rigging and canvas; it was treasure-

trove, scorned by the sea and the underwriters.

He began by walking its tapering length into the bay; then, as if satisfied of ownership underfoot, he turned, and neared its butt, on the beach. Something lay limp, and rounded to its side, and he approached it cannily. It was a woman—a young one, lashed to the mast, with her long, wet hair meshing over it.

Tom stood off, a round ten paces, and eyed her with disfavor. If it had been anything else but a woman—a sea-chest, say—his knife would have been busy with the lashings.

Presently he set to work—she was dead, or unconscious, anyway—and cut her free; a round-faced girl, not over twenty, he thought, with her light, silk dress fairly glued to her plump figure.

Such treasure, he pondered, too, was more for the keeping of his mother; so he upended her peaceful face, and, prodding his knife into the spar, as a sign-manual of ownership, picked the girl up and carried her to his shack. It was not quite the home-coming of a pictured knight with a captured maiden on the cantle of his saddle, but, if seen by the village, it amounted to the same thing.

The door opened to his kick, and Tom carried his burden thru the living-room and into his mother's bedroom. It was a history-making sight to the little old lady—the timid giant with an armful of rounded girl; but she took it right enough, and, with little cries, set about warming blankets against the stove as Tom laid her on the bed.

It so happened that Dr. Folsom, a crack goat-hunter from Los Angeles, was visiting Avalon at the time, and Tom's mother sent him off post-haste in search of the "furriner."

He returned with Tom at the precise instant that the girl recovered consciousness. It was a funny coming-to, for she dimpled, and smiled, and opened big, baby-blue eyes, just as if waking in a descriptive society novel.

Tom didn't seem to think it peculiar; he had never seen a woman in

this predicament before, but Dr. Folsom stared at her narrowly, and when she had sufficiently recovered her wits, raised her up on pillows and coats and things, and started to question her.

But she just kept on smiling complacently, like a satisfied child, or else saying, "I dont remember," so he gave her a strong, stimulating medicine, and left, worrying more over the

cordage, tarpaulins and bits of hatch—and Avaloners took to boats and pole-hooks in a jiffy. Strange to say, absolutely no clew developed to name the unknown schooner.

Tom worked feverishly all day, toting coils of rope to the shack, un-snarling wire cable, and landing and drying the forestaysail across his racks. It was a good day's work, and



"TOSSED UP BY THE SEA"

case than the girl's physical condition warranted.

Tom's thoughts, tho, were back at the wreckage. It was very seldom that they wandered far from the tasks of his nimble fingers, anyway, and these members twitched to be back at his preëmpted spar. The beach was full of wreckers by this time, and most of them cast a sour look at Tom's big sailor knife sticking in the stranded foremast.

But other things were fast coming ashore, or bobbing in the bay—casks and crates, davits with blocks and

he ate a ravenous supper, with no thought of his earlier find.

Presently, a voice, clear like a ship's bell, sounded from the back room, and his mother hurried in there. Tom's potato stopped half way to his mouth, and promptly forgot its nourishing mission. It was true, then; there was a girl in there, in his mother's room, one he had held in his arms and seen come back to rosy life—and he had clean forgotten her!

The next day, tho, things were a little different, for Tom, coming in the door, about noon, and hungry as a

hound pup, found his mother supporting the girl to a cushioned chair before the fire—his chair, by the way.

His mother broke the silence: "This is my son Tom, Miss," she said, coloring a little; "the one who found you on the spar."

"Miss" held out the smallest, smoothest hand Tom had ever seen, and somehow he managed to step up and take it, with its boneless softness and faint pressure. He dropped it just as quickly, with a queer look, as tho a stingaree had fastened on his callus-covered fist.

A little later, Dr. Folsom called, and unconsciously gave Tom a little instruction on the necessary way of a man with a woman. For he took her hand, covered it with both of his, and went right on talking in the most matter-of-fact way. They both were astonished—that is, Tom and the doctor; for Tom was lost in trepidation at the devilry of the caller, and Dr. Folsom was lost in wonder at the girl's strange answers.

The fact was, she had completely lost her memory—either from sudden shock, or a buffet on the head—and try as he would, the doctor could get no answers to his questions that would name her, the vessel she had been on, or from what port she had sailed. The girl was fast becoming the picture of health, her reasoning faculties worked nimbly and logically, but when it came to the recalling of past facts in her life her memory was simply a sightless blank.

Dr. Folsom observed that the procedure puzzled, half frightened the girl, despite her reassuring smile. He reasoned that it was one of those rare, freak cases that only time, or a sudden shock, would heal. So, after giving some general advice, and promising to call again, he was neither seen nor heard of more, save for a lonely rifle-shot echoing now and then in the cliffs. That the truth may be paramount, the doctor had diagnosed the case, settled it, and gone after goats, which was what he came for, nor was he the insinuating Don Juan that Tom forever after suspected.

If the doctor deliberately neglected the girl, Tom began to dally with something still more vital to him—his work. The sardine season was on—busy, back-breaking days, in which the shoals of fish were sighted, run down, and "shot" with the endless fathoms of nets.

Tom had always been first on the job, his boat captaining the haul, but now he seemed to sit around the beach, making up snoods of hooks for the winter line-fishing. Sometimes he'd stop, with a handful of hooks, and gaze for long minutes out to sea, just like the potato episode.

But a nemesis was coming, in the shape of the girl, whom his mother had named "Miss Ruth," in default of any other name.

Tom, up to this time, had carefully avoided her—poor chap, he could never think of anything heroic enough for a life-saver to say, and the straight look of her sea-blue eyes at him turned his tongue into a jellyfish.

One day she caught him on the beach—it was easy, by reason of his "fixed-post" habit—and set to work straightening out his gear.

He looked upon this move as a domestic intrusion at first, and glowered nervously, with his face turned away. But she laughed long and lightly, and the spirit of it caught him in giant arms, and he laughed a little, meaninglessly, with her.

After that, things came easier, and he found himself shaping words at her—words that proposed a little trolling jaunt on the sea after baracoota.

A sardiner has got the makings of a true sport if he gives up his calling for a bit of a girl and the bare chance of a mess of game fish; but Dame Gossip has it that they landed back on the beach along about sunset, with two skinny, martial-looking baracoota, and still laughing. It seems that Tom, once having got the habit, couldn't quit—just stored-up, aching-to-be-free mirth, like a tippler's hiccoughs.

At the supper table his mother was quick to notice the change in him, and while the woman of her may have been a little bit shocked at the sud-

denness of things, the mother part secretly rejoiced.

There was something of the woman in "Miss Ruth," too, for after that day she helped all she could around the shack, never out of earshot of Tom's mother, and took her hours off by climbing the battered cliffs, all by herself, and sitting up high in statue-like aloofness.

Tom couldn't sit on the beach and laugh at his own former light-heartedness—it would look foolish. So he set to work painstakingly running

and lay still. Then he up and told her, in a rush of words, that Santa Catalina and sardines meant nothing to him now, that wrecks were tasteless, and that, somehow, the thought of her palsied his hands in his lap.

It was almost a humorous declaration, but she took it in good faith, looking deeper than the words.

"Tom," she said, her hand still lost in his, "have you stopped to think how I came to you, cast up, a waif from the sea——?"

But he would not let her go on.



SHE HAD COMPLETELY LOST HER MEMORY

down the source of that one hilarious day (refined writers refer to it as introspection), and the more he figured, the higher he raised his eyes, until he was looking up at the girl on the cliff quite steadily.

One day he rose up, closed his eyes, opened them again unsteadily, and started to climb the cliff. When he had almost reached her, he felt his courage scuttling away, and was for sliding down pell-mell after it, but he noticed a bright pink set of signals on her cheeks, back of the book she was reading, and it told him that she was human—and weak—too, so he came on and up.

Tom took her hand. It fluttered,

"All my life," he said, "has been spent in wresting things from the sea, and until now I could not think how precious one of them would become."

"But your mother——"

"Thinks as I think; loves as I love. She loved you, and knew that I did, before I had hardly looked at you."

They clambered down to the shack, and put her to the proof: an easy one, for at the news the years seemed to fall away from her eyes, and she took "Miss Ruth" hungrily into her arms.

A year passed over the island, and spring came again, filling the tangled paths up the mountains with maiden-hair and the bay with shining fish.

At no time in Tom's memory had the surface of the sea so shone with promise. Looking over a dory's side, too, deep down into the sea-gardens of anemone and kelp, the deeps were covered with the bluish spawn of fish. Boats were refitting, nets were mending everywhere. If roses cover the streets of Mohammed's paradise, fish paved the sea in the gardens of Catalina.

Ruth followed Tom everywhere; sometimes it would be turn about, and she would look up to see him gazing in at her. But they lived mostly in the open, working on the nets, busy with a coating of fresh tar, getting ready the casks and baskets and cutting out spare "bucklers" to press the catch. Her face tanned to almost the color of the nets, or Tom's coffee-colored neck, but her sea-blue eyes shone all the sweeter in their frame.

She could never quite get over the feeling that somewhere in the beyond lay a past of hers, pleasant or unpleasant, but not to be compared with the open-hearted loyalty the big man demonstrated daily with his arms and thews for her. In compensation, she worshiped the man who had cut her from the spar and carried her home, with a dog-like fealty.

Spring faded, and the curing-shed lay piled high with salted fish—finny monuments of their industry.

Tom was away all day with the fleet, now, but the dusk made his coming doubly sweet.

One day, when the big hauls were

done, and the sardines were migrating, a dapper little steam yacht cast anchor, and boomed its tiny cannon in the bay. A boat was lowered, and three white-flanneled yachtsmen clambered in. As one of the crew bent to the oars, their light-hearted laughter echoed across the still reach of water.

Presently they landed, and sauntered down the beach. Kodaks were novelties in those days, and one of the party was edifying it by snap-

ping everything in sight, accompanied by jocular remarks.

"A bit of beach, including six flannel legs (snap, snap). A Catalina gent, in evening dress (snap, snap)." This last caught a hairy fisherman in a woolen shirt, standing, bare-legged, in his doorway.

The party had now approached Ruth, in front of the curing-shed, with Tom some distance away.

"Some Catalina products—sardines and a peach (snap, snap)," announced the ubiquitous stran-

ger and his camera, while the others laughed immoderately at Ruth's confusion.

She looked up proudly, and started to cross the beach to her shack.

One of the yachtsmen, a spare-shouldered one, with an angry red boil on his white forehead, gave back, slowly, as she advanced. His eyes did not meet hers, but crossed her face again and again. Without a word he jumped forward and put his arms about her.

"Fred! Joe!" he shouted. "It's Peg, as sure as I'm alive!"



TOM'S MOTHER CONSENTS

Ruth shook herself free of him, with a cry, but even as she did so the sallow, marked face broke thru the wall of her memory. Her hands fell to her sides, and she shivered with her thoughts. Tom answered her call. The sallow face of memory abruptly described a parabola toward the beach, where it lay for a moment, charmed by Tom's good right arm.

But the kodak fiend and the other lifted him to his feet, and beat a hasty

It was only when he touched her, and called her Ruth, that she was stung to any sort of life again, for she staggered to her feet, thrust out her arm against him, and made her way into her room—to force to and lock the door.

Tom rushed to it—too late—and shook it till it rattled crazily, then called to her with his lips to the crack, and the words working brokenly thru.

But she never heard, or did not



RUTH GIVES TOM HER RING

retreat down the beach, half carrying their wounded.

It would have been comical—this six-legged marathon of defeat—had the battle passed off with that one conclusive swat.

Ruth still shivered in the sun. Presently, she groped with her hands, seemed to find a swaying footing, like a toddler's steps, on the beach, and swung past Tom to the door.

He could not stop nor stay her, but when he entered he found her with head buried deep in her arms on the table, as if shutting off the light.

appear to, and he turned away, frightened at this enigma of a woman.

Tom's mother had gone into Avalon, on a call, the first one in years, and I've often wondered if her being home would have made any difference in the fearsome thing that happened in the twilight a few short hours afterward.

When the three strangers again approached the shack the disposition of its dwellers was something like this: Tom's mother still making her call, but finding old acquaintance delightful, and not just yet ready to leave;

Ruth on her bed, face downward, now rising to steal toward the door and throw it open—again, thinking better of it; Tom, seated in the living-room, his hands tight clasped, his eyes staring before him.

A knock fell upon the outer door, and Ruth half rose from her bed. And then voices—a whining, sneering one mingling with Tom's deep grumble.

Soon the voices came into the living-room, and Ruth crept to her door, with her cheek pressed against it.

The whining voice went on—this time in a stream of words—but Ruth could make nothing of them: "Los Angeles . . . last year . . . ran away . . . schooner . . . Mexico . . ." came to her in meaningless fragments. Mexico! In a flash she remembered all. The surge of completed memory roared thru her brain like a drowning man's: home, parents, friends, a quarrel; then this man's wife. She was sure of it, but it was hundreds of years ago, and the figures flashing in her brain were like faded little dolls.

Would the talk never come to an end? She slipped to her knees in terror, and clung to the bed-leg. The whole thing was clear now—his coming back again—it was to get her and lead her back to the life of misery she had fled from.

She became strong with courage. It was her duty to this fisherman to rush out and to stifle the liar's words, and to lead her newer and nobler life, as God had ordained.

Ordained? Why had Peg's husband come across the trackless sea and found her at last in this lonely place? Her eyes flashed with conviction—her duty lay clear. Whatever ties of love and purification the fisherman had knit for her were past and gone; her duty lay where the thin voice called.

She opened the door, and stole out softly to the group of men. She did not dare look at Tom again, but went straight to the side of the stranger.

He put his arm about her, and Ruth felt that Tom's arm was poised for a blow again, but she would not meet his eyes.

"Jerry," she said, quickly and calmly, "you have found me—now take me back home, if you must."

"Slow on the soft stuff," said Jerry, winking to his chums. "I'll drop you off at San Pedro, and continue the cruise—you are mine, and back you go!"

The three men started for the door. Ruth cast one swift glance around the bare, little home. Tom had gone back to his staring, and she thought it the most merciful way to leave him. On second thought, she slid over to his side and dropped something in his hand.

"My wedding ring," she said. "Can you guess why I am leaving it with you?"

But he never even tried to; just sat staring into the twilight, until a boat's bottom grated on the gravel, and the dip and splash of oars became ghostly echoes from the bay.





The Star of Bethlehem

By Montanpe Perry

(Thanhouser)

INSIDE the walls of ancient Jerusalem terror and confusion were rampant. On the eastern wall, soldiers fought grimly, desperately, against the Assyrian hosts who thronged down upon their stronghold with valorous shouts, beginning to sound a note of triumph as the ramparts weakened. Men were falling from the battlements, bleeding, dying; rude curses mingled with choking prayers; here and there some undaunted Jewish warrior raised a cry of courage, which sank into a gurgling gasp as he pitched backward, his strong voice silenced forever.

By the western wall, huddled in a shuddering, fear-grasped group, women and children crouched, watching, with distended eyes, the slaughter of their defenders. Now and then a wailing cry rose from their midst as some loved one fell, but most of them prayed mutely, with white hands upstretched to the God who seemed so far away now—so forgetful of His own!

But their God was not forgetful. Away on the desert sands a lone hermit knelt, with hands upraised, imploring help for the burdened Jewish

nation. Lo, as he lifted his eyes, the grayness of the sands was hidden by a golden, luminous haze, from which a shining form emerged, speaking with tones of ringing sweetness:

“Go! Bid the children of Jerusalem fight on, and fear not, for the Lord shall judge between the peoples, and shall reprove the heathen nations. Let none make them afraid. The mouth of the Lord of Hosts hath spoken!”

The cloud melted into trailing vapor, slowly shimmering upward, and the gray-bearded hermit rose, with rapt face, hastening away to the eastward, toward the besieged city.

Down from the walls the Jews were driven at last, dropping from the ramparts in sheer dismay at the strength of the furious foes who assailed them. The walls still held, but thruout their length they shivered beneath the crashing blows of the assailants.

“Woe unto Jerusalem—her walls are falling—her people must perish!” moaned the leader, and the women’s sobs rose into hysterical cries of “Woe! woe unto the daughters of Israel!” at his dread words.

But suddenly a tiny, secret gate in

the western wall swung slowly open, responding to some unseen touch. A moment, and there stepped thru it a tall, gray-bearded figure, whose rapt, uplifted face hushed the tumult instantly.

"It is the prophet!" a voice murmured, reverently; "listen; his words are inspired! Never hath man pierced the future's veil as this one hath done."

For an instant the prophet stood,

The blows still thundered on the walls; the shouts of the foe still floated in upon their ears; the angel of doom still hung above the besieged city; but, looking into that heaven-lit face, they fell upon their knees with calmness and peace, their courage restored by the prophet's utterance.

The long years passed slowly, dropping their treasure grudgingly into the storehouse of the ages. On the



"IT IS THE PROPHET!"

searching their faces, with keen, burning eyes. When he spoke, his voice had the glad assurance of one who sees thru the present darkness the dawning of the light of hope.

"Afar in the desert I prayed," the voice rang, jubilantly, "and there came to me glad tidings, borne on angel wings. Thou who seemest now to be fallen shalt rise again in triumph! Down the long years mine eyes peer, and behold One who shall come out of Bethlehem to lead Israel, and He shall be our peace!"

throne in Jerusalem sat King Herod, great and powerful, holding undivided sway over the land. But no pleasure came to this king, with all his wealth and dominion. Cruel, despotic, suspicious, his heart knew no merriment, his soul no rest. Daily he plotted and schemed, and the subjects who thronged his court plotted and schemed in their turn, meeting his furtive glances with eyes that held fear and hatred beneath their smiling masks.

Rage sat heavily on the king's brow

one night, when he called for wine and music to dispel his gloom. From lip to lip of the thronging courtiers the word passed that the king was in a black mood. Dread seized each heart, for none knew where his despotic hand might fall. The slender limbs of the dancing-girls were trembling with fear beneath their fluttering draperies, and the fair hands that lifted the jeweled wine-cup for him

declared, harshly. "I have seen fearful visions; premonitions haunt me; I am beset with tormenting fears that my kingdom is slipping from my grasp. Last night, in the darkness, a specter of a gray-headed prophet stood before me, with a long, bony arm upraised threateningly. 'The time is at hand,' he said; 'out of Bethlehem shall Israel's ruler come!' Tell me, what does this mean?"



KING HEROD MUST BE ENTERTAINED

were quivering with vague apprehension. With sudden-flaming anger, he ordered wine and music away.

"Begone!" he cried, harshly. "You are all false—all full of lies and intrigue and hate! You wish me dead! Begone, I say! Let my counsellors alone remain!"

Then, when the scared attendants had hastily dispersed, he turned to the counsellors, his evil face aflame.

"I have had strange dreams," he

The counsellors glanced at each other fearfully, making no reply.

"Tell me!" the king commanded, stormily. "Is there such a prophecy written in our history? Do your parchments reveal it?"

"There is an ancient writing, O King," the eldest counsellor answered, tremblingly, "which reveals how a hermit came out of the desert during the Assyrian siege and prophesied that there should be born in Bethle-

hem of Judea a Child who should rule Israel."

"And did he foretell when this should be?" whispered the king's bloodless lips.

"Yea, the time is even now at hand, according to his words," they answered.

"Ah, 'tis coming!" moaned the king, sinking in his great chair, his wrath and pride overcome by abject

turned quickly, the awe in his eyes deepening as he looked into the face of the woman who entered.

She was very fair to look upon. The clouds of soft hair framed a face of rare, unwonted beauty. Over the delicate features there seemed to flicker a radiance like the soft white starlight of summer, and some joyous secret, hidden deep in her heart, filled her dark eyes with a wondrous light.



"THE PROPHECY," SHE WHISPERED; "IT IS FULFILLED!"

fear. "My kingdom shall be snatched from me! The time is at hand—the time is at hand!"

The wooded mountains which encircled the village of Nazareth looked down on a little carpenter shop, where a man worked busily every day. Often, as he glanced up from his task, his eyes sought the mountain-tops, and he stood motionless, with the awed look of one who sees fair visions. He stood thus one day, when a light step sounded behind him, and he

"I have come to sit here with you a while, Joseph," she said, and the subdued sweetness of her voice accorded with the lovely face.

"You are welcome, Mary," he replied, tenderly. "There is a seat by the window, where you may look out at the mountains; they are always beautiful."

Standing in the window, her face uplifted to the sunlight, she was like an angel visitant, and Joseph forgot his work while his eyes dwelt adoringly upon her. Suddenly she turned.

"A messenger is coming up the street—a soldier," she said. "He pauses at every house."

"Do not fear," said Joseph, hastily; "some civil message, doubtless. I will go to meet him."

"I fear nothing," Mary smiled. "Go, and learn his errand."

He was back in a moment, a shade of anxiety on his gentle face, tho he spoke calmly:

Did not the angel say 'in Bethlehem'?—and we did not understand. It is well; the time is at hand!"

"The time is at hand," Joseph repeated, reverently. "Let us prepare for the journey."

It was late afternoon, and a traveler, mounted upon a stately, white dromedary, was riding straight into the glowing sunset which touched the



JOSEPH AND MARY ARE DIRECTED TO THE MANGER

"It is a decree from Cæsar. Every citizen is bidden to go to the city of his birth, to be counted for taxation. We must go up to Bethlehem. Can you bear the journey?"

Over Mary's face swept a look of glad, awed comprehension, and she went close to Joseph, looking into his face with eyes whose glowing glory startled him.

"The prophecy!" she whispered. "It is fulfilled, my husband! Have you forgotten the heavenly vision, when we stood beneath the trees, on the day you brought me to our home?

drifting sands of the desert before him into a sea of gold.

There was no path visible, only a trackless waste of sand, but the rider apparently gave no heed to his course. The camel seemed insensibly driven, its ungainly neck pushed forward, its ugly head nosing straight toward the horizon. Many miles were passed, but the rider made no sign nor motion; it was as if beast and man were led onward by a subtle, compelling force.

At last the beast stopped of its own will, uttering a plaintive cry, and the rider, roused, scanned the country

carefully, and nodded thrice, as if to say "It is well." A moment later the camel knelt, grunting, at sound of the master's "Ikh! ikh!" and the lone rider stepped forth upon the sands, and stood, turning slowly, scanning the desert to the farthest range of vision, with eager wistfulness.

Suddenly the dark face brightened; he bent forward, his slim hands meeting in a clasp of intense desire, his eyes dilating as he watched. In the east, a dark speck had appeared on the desert's rim; it grew steadily into the definite shape of a tall, white dromedary, swiftly advancing toward him.

"God only is great!" exclaimed the Egyptian, dropping reverently upon the sands and bowing himself for prayer.

Rising, he scanned the desert again; the traveler from the east was rocking steadily nearer, and now, from the north, another camel appeared, careening like a white ship across the desert sea.

"Ah!" breathed the Egyptian, "wonderful is God's work! I will prepare."

When the velvet-footed animals padded softly up to the resting-place of the Egyptian's camel, and their riders stepped forth to greet him, he stood with outstretched arms, a holy wonder on his face.

"Peace be to you, O my brothers!" he exclaimed.

"And rest upon you," returned the Greek.

"And give you strength," added the Hindoo.

"God is with us," spoke the Egyptian. "I perceive that, like myself, you have had the revelation, and followed the inner light to this spot, where it was ordained that we should meet. Here will we rest until a sign appears to guide us farther."

The sun sank, shadows closed over the desert, the camels slept. Motionless and speechless, with inscrutable faces, Egyptian, Greek and Hindoo gazed over the desert, now silent as the skies.

Hours passed. Then, afar in the

air before them, there suddenly flared a quivering, shimmering flame, hovering low over the sands, rising and contracting into a focus of glowing light. With a bound the three were upon their feet, crying, with one voice: "The Star! The Star! The time is at hand!"

Soon, three tall, white figures were speeding soundlessly across the dark desert, while before them the star moved steadily.

On the gentle slopes of the mountains above Bethlehem the flocks rested quietly. Only a faint bleating sounded here and there, as some drowsy lamb sought its mother. The shepherds, lying upon the thick grass, talked in soft tones, or broke into clear snatches of song. Gradually they drifted into slumber, save the youth who kept the midnight watch, and profound silence reigned.

"How calm and clear the night is," thought the watching youth, "and how bright the stars!"

As he gazed heavenward, one star appeared to enlarge swiftly, and drop gently toward him, filling all the air with a shimmering silver that descended swiftly, enwrapping the earth with splendor. The lad cried out in terror, and the sleeping shepherds awoke, staring with dazzled, fear-stricken eyes.

A white-winged form hovered over them then, and thru the radiance a voice came sweetly:

Fear not, for behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all men. For unto you is born this night in the city of Bethlehem a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you, ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

Thru the mist thousands of angel wings flashed, while a chorus of voices caught up the refrain, singing joyously:

Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good-will towards men!

The silvery mist and the shining wings blended, rose, and floated away, the singing voices died into faint,

sweet echoes, and the shepherds gazed at one another with wonder-laden faces. At last the oldest of them, a man grown wise in the traditions of his race, raised his staff, pointing toward the sleeping village.

"Mine eyes have lived to behold it!" he said. "The time has come! Let us go even unto Bethlehem."

cent hillsides. The old kahn, just outside the city walls, had filled its rooms, its courts, its roofs, even its stables, with the weary pilgrims, who were grateful for any place of shelter.

In the cave of the kahn—which since the days of David had served as a housing place for cattle and sheep—men, women and children slept peace-



Adown the smooth slopes they went, toward Bethlehem, the stars lighting their way as they joyously caroled the angel song: "Glory to God in the highest!"

It was midnight, and Bethlehem was wrapped in sleep. Hundreds of travelers, brought by the decree of Cæsar, had filled the inns and homes of the village, and had made for themselves numerous camps on the adja-

fully upon beds of clean, sweet-scented hay. They did not know that the air around them was fraught with heavenly mysteries; that the lowly roof which covered them shut from their sight a marvelous, shining star; that in their midst was a miracle which should thrill the hearts of the generations thruout the centuries; that in the farthest corner of the cave, in a straw-lined manger, lay a tiny, newborn Babe, for whom the world had

waited since the ancient, prophetic days. They did not see the shining, heaven-lit eyes of Mary, nor the adoring awe on the face of Joseph as he bent over the Child.

Across the plain of Ephraim three white, silent figures were speeding steadily onward toward the star, which flamed now above the cave,

bearded watchman dozed. Into his dreams crept the singing voices, faint and far, then clearer and nearer, until he stirred, awoke, and found himself confronted by the shepherds, who hushed their song, to ask eagerly:

"Is there a new-born Babe in the kahn?"

"Nay," he answered, wonderingly.



like some lustrous, heaven-suspended jewel.

"We are near—very near," said the Egyptian.

"God is with us," said the Greek.

"Listen! I hear voices singing!" said the Hindoo.

Clearly thru the still air rang manly voices, chanting jubilantly, "Glory to God in the highest!" while the silent-footed camels pushed onward, toward the star.

At the gates of the kahn a gray-

"I know of none. What brings you here, at this hour, in search of a Babe?"

The joy-light faded from their faces; but as they turned to leave the gate, the youngest of them cried, pointing:

"Look! What strangers are these?"

Close upon them were three white camels, kneeling for their strange riders to dismount. Bending in courteous greeting, the newcomers spoke with one voice:

"There is a new-born Babe in the kahn; let us in. We seek to worship Him."

"I know of no Babe," gasped the keeper, in surprise, while the shep-

Israel. From the far East we have come, led by a glorious star moving ever before us, and now it hangs above the kahn!"

"I thought the starlight was won-



herds crowded close, in eager expectancy. "How should you know?"

"To us it has been revealed," the Egyptian declared, "that a Babe should be born in Bethlehem, who should be the promised Saviour of

drous bright when I awoke," muttered the dazed old keeper. "Come! We shall see!"

Within the cave, Mary reclined against a heap of straw, the Babe now cuddled in her arms. Unutterable joy

and love illumined her face as she gazed down at the tiny sleeper. Suddenly she lifted her head, listening. Steps were coming along the rough passages, deep voices were speaking. "Hark!" she murmured, the mystery of her eyes deepening. "Hark! They seek the Babe!"

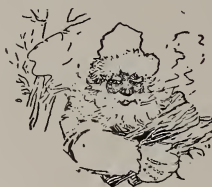
Then, it seemed that the lowly roof was lifted, and the glory of the star lit up the scene, as Egyptian and Greek and Hindoo came, in their strange, sumptuous apparel, kneeling, with awed, reverent joy, before the Babe; the shepherds, in their coarse garments, knelt, too, their curved staffs stretched heavenward,

as they chanted, softly, "Glory to God in the highest," until myriads of shining wings o'erspread the little group, and a host of heavenly voices caught up the triumphant refrain,

Peace on earth, good-will towards men!

And, in the palace in Jerusalem, surrounded by pomp and splendor, a great king cowered and shivered beneath the priceless tapestries of his couch, muttering over and over again:

"The prophecy! The prophecy! The time is at hand! The time is at hand!"



A Christmas Memory

By JANETTE LESLIE

Last year, on joyous holiday,
When snowflakes danced in air,
With me she saw the Photoplay,
My little love, so sweet, so gay,
My love with golden hair.

She watched the magic of the screen
With childish, quaint surprise;
To her it was all real, I ween,
Peasant and prince and stately queen,
Pageants and panoplies.

So real the fleeting pictures are
She heard the angels sing;
She saw the shepherds and the star,
The wise men, journeying afar,
The tiny, newborn King.

Ah, did the shining pictured throng
She saw that Christmas day,
The luring notes of angel song,
The starry splendor, trailing long,
Allure my love away?

Today, where skies are gray and chill
And snows are drifting deep,
Upon a dreary, wind-swept hill,
Her prattle hushed, her laughter still,
My love lies fast asleep.

Yetsometimes when the nights are long
There comes a vision fair:
I see, with shining angel throng,
Her voice upraised in carol-song,
My love with golden hair.



A Christmas Wish

By HARVEY PEAKE

Now mistletoe and holly meet,
And waits sing soft the roundelay
Of Yuletide joy with which they greet
The coming of the Christmas day.
And at this time a mortal may
Make wishes lavishly and free;
So I, sweetheart, shall wish that we
May spend the day at picture plays,
For if together, this will be
The happiest of happy days!





From the Photoplay

By

BANNISTER MERWIN

DESTINY is shrouded in a fog. From strange corners of the earth, human beings grope toward one another—toward love, hate, the heart's desire, perhaps toward death—impelled by what they call impulse, which is another name for the will of God. It is strange to think, for instance, that those two merchants there have crossed oceans that they may elbow one another in the street; that a thousand years have passed in order that the apple-woman, in the shapeless shawl, may cross Tottenham Court Road, with her basket of fairings and lollypops, at ten o'clock of a windy March morning; that an hour hence there will be a new patient for the gray-haired physician, hurrying, on yonder 'bus-top, to his office in the City—a patient at this moment sound and safe in his own home.

It is strange, too, to wonder what invisible links connect human lives. This coarse little East End coster-girl,



untidy of dress and hair, driving her rickety donkey-cart down the broken pavement of Picadilly—is it possible that the dingy thread of her destiny is knit to that of some aristocrat of the House of Lords? Who knows? With the ears of imagination, one can almost hear the stumbling, bewildered, straying feet of the men and women who falter thru the fog.

In the white-and-gold drawing-room of Lord Marvin's house, on Grosvenor Square, Lady Cicily Marvin was listening for footsteps—not metaphysical, imaginary ones, but for a brisk, firm tread, that always sent the telltale blood gossiping to her cheeks as shamelessly as to those of

the little nursemaid waiting for her bobbie in Hyde Park. Love takes great liberties with breeding! Lady Cicily actually fidgeted about the aristocratic room, with nervous little peeps, thru the velvet window-hangings, at the drowsy sparrows hopping among the hansoms of the square, and

breach of lover's etiquette by being merely on time, instead of a bit early, the butler ushered in six-feet-two of handsome young English manhood, who bent his blond head over Lady Cicily's greeting hands in conventional salute, while the butler was present, and took her bodily in his



"MY WORD! THERE, DONT LOOK SO DISTRESSED"

sly little glances at the clock, which, being a blue-blooded, conservative timepiece, seemed to be trying to express its shocked disapproval at this lapse of Marvin dignity by aggravatingly precise and moderate ticking. Just when it seemed probable that the Honorable Jack Penderberry was going to commit an unpardonable

arms as soon as the door was closed, with the little, choky murmurs of "Dear, sweetheart," that have been love's bromides since the world began. It is often a small pebble that swerves Fate from its normal course. If Lady Cicily had not been wearing her pearl necklace, the strange events that followed would never have taken

place. But, unfortunately, Lady Cicily *was* wearing the necklace, or, rather, she was wearing it at the beginning of the embrace. When, after the scandalized clock had scolded away a surprising number of minutes, she drew herself from her lover's arms, one half of the necklace came with her—the other half dangled maliciously from the third button of the Honorable Jack's waistcoat.

"My word!" ejaculated the Honorable Jack. "There, don't look so distressed, sweetheart. I'll take the necklace with me, when I go, and leave it at a jeweler's shop on the Strand."

Big Ben, in Westminster Tower, was tolling three o'clock above the city when the Honorable Jack finally emerged into Grosvenor Square and turned briskly in the direction of the Strand. At the turn of the road, Destiny fell into step, and accompanied him, dodging with him among the vans, 'buses, hansoms, and pedestrians, into the breathing space of Trafalgar Square. And there, abreast of Nelson's lions, a thick, wet, yellow blanket of London fog fell suddenly down and completely blotted out the world.

London fog chokes all the senses; it clogs the ears and eyes; lingers, brackish, sickly, on the tongue; it is almost a tangible presence, thick and soggy, to be grasped in handfuls. The identity of the streets is erased; gables, chimney-pots, public-houses, church spires, loom weirdly out of the mist, unfamiliar, goblin-like shapes. The Honorable Jack pushed on doggedly thru the yellow dusk until, after many doubtful minutes, he became aware that the pavement beneath his feet was of unfamiliar unevenness. He stared about him for the flare of the torches of the pilot-boys who guide bewildered travelers, adrift in the fog, but no friendly blur of light leavened the mist. A lonely hackney-cab, the horse looming terrifyingly out of proportion, like some night monster, clattered by him, with a hollow rattle of hoofs, unheeding his hail. Then the fog crept in, thicker than before, grop-

ing toward him with sinister puffs of vapor, like tentacles.

The Honorable Jack paused uncertainly. "Jove! Beastly weather!" he muttered. Then, since there was nothing else to be done, he plunged again into the unknown before him, and Destiny, taking upon itself the unprepossessing shape of one Bill the Rat, citizen of the underworld of Piccadilly, crept up behind him, and dealt him a staggering blow on the head with a black-jack. The fog is friend to Bill and his brethren, enabling such to make a comfortable living without the uncomfortable necessity of working for it. The Honorable Jack swayed, a puzzled expression distorting his face. Then he plunged forward a few staggering steps, and fell on the mud-coated pavement, beside the vegetable cart, where Liz, the coster-girl, her father, and the low-spirited mule, were huddled together, in patient lethargy, waiting for the fog to lift.

It may be presumed that, anatomically, coster-girls are like any other girls. At any rate, the white face, defiled with blood and slime, upturned to Liz, started her poor little East End heart to jerking painfully under the coarse fustian jacket. Bill the Rat, floundering after his victim, his fingers pleasantly anticipative of a fat pocketbook, was startled by the vixenish flash of a pair of black eyes under the tangle of rough hair.

"Garn wit yer, yer bloomin' bloke—cut away, d'ye hear wot I'm syin'? Leave the swell to me, covey!"

"Oh, 'ell, wot's yer little gime, Liz?" Bill growled, discomfited. "Be blowed if I 'ook it! 'E's my meat. Stow that gammon, an' let me at 'im." He was stooping over the helpless figure as he spoke, a sinister shape of threat, with wisps of fog hanging from his unshaven cheeks.

"Paw!" Liz shrilled, in desperation. "Myke 'im go! 'E's arf killed 'im a'ready!"

Liz' father was known in Piccadilly by the admiring and honorary title of "Slogger Jim," a title which he had earned fairly, by weight of fist. Bill

yielded ungraciously to necessity, and slunk away into the fog, muttering murky oaths. As he disappeared, Liz bent over the stranger, a wild little figure in the eerie yellow light.

"You tyke 'im by the feet, an' I'll 'old 'is 'ead," she directed. "We'll tyke 'im 'ome."

"Home" was a garret room above

rested on Liz, and remained there, in a piteous appeal. She flung herself on the floor by him.

"Wot's yer nime?" she cried.

"Jack." The word came faintly.

She bent her ragged head closer.

"Jack wot?"

The white face puckered in a misery of doubt.



"PAW, MYKE 'IM GO—'E'S ARF KILLED 'IM A'READY!"

where the sullen Thames flowed sluggishly, like a river of liquid yellow fog, among rotting warehouses and crazy wharves. Hoary rats peered out of the sagging walls, like visible elements of decay, scuttling away, at the opening door, with a dry rustle of feet. As Liz and her father laid their limp burden on the bench, a shudder of incoming consciousness shook the long body. The eyes opened, stared about the room, finally

"I dont remember."

He swayed, and fell back laxly. Liz whirled upon her father.

"Get 'im a suit o' yer clothes, paw—we'll put 'em on 'im afore 'e comes sensible," she commanded. Slogger Jim was afraid of only one person in the world, and that was his daughter. He went obediently, his slow mind lagging uncomprehendingly at his heels. As her father disappeared up the ladder, Liz knelt by the bench,

and stared into the handsome face, wistfully.

"You've forgot," whispered Liz, "you've forgot yer nime—you've forgot the plyce yer live—wot's to keep yer from stayin' 'ere?"

Her fingers, brushing his coat, touched a hard something in the pocket. With an apprehensive glance about for her father, she slipped her hand in, and drew out the broken

vague eyes groped about the dingy room, noting the sagging beams, the rude pine table, the uneven floor, with no trace of surprise. They rested on his ragged clothes, his broken shoes, and, finally, on the little figure hunched, in patient wakefulness, in the chair by the table. He swayed to his feet, turning vaguely toward the door. The small figure gave a cry.

"Are yer—goin' away?"



THEY SEARCH JACK'S CLOTHES

pearl necklace. For an instant she stared down at it; then, with cat-like swiftness, she darted across the room, and thrust the necklace out of sight in a crack behind the wainscoting.

"Fer 'im," breathed Liz, softly. "Fer 'im."

When Jack awoke again to the world, the fog had rolled away, and the checkered roofs of London lay below the small-paned windows, sprinkled with clear moonlight. But the fog in his mind had not cleared. His

Jack paused. He dragged himself weakly across the room to her, the wavery flooring snaring his unsure feet.

"Shall I stay? Do you want me?" he asked simply, like a child.

Liz's sharp little face quivered under the wild shadows of her hair. She clutched one of his white, well-kept hands in her two rough little paws.

"Stay," whispered Liz. "Stay."

And so Jack stayed. Thru a strange world of unfamiliar faces, Liz piloted

him, beside the cart of cabbages, thru the filth of Piccadilly, the misery of the Embankment, among vagabond dogs and men, street minstrels, peddlers, potboys, by the pawnshops, the old-clothes stores, and the ale-houses, where the city waifs drift like rudder-

brain and died down, and the fog rolled in again behind the gentle, vacant eyes—the merciful fog, shutting out all unhappy thoughts, all remembrances of the past, all worries for the present, all possible visions of a pale-faced girl weeping, in unpatri-



SLOGGER JIM PROVIDES JACK WITH SUITABLE CLOTHES

less derelicts. Sometimes they cried their wares farther afield. Once, indeed, in the neighborhood of Grosvenor Square, Liz saw Jack start, and stare about him like a sleeper just awakening from a heavy dream. But the flash of memory that had illuminated the brownstone fronts, the brass door-plates, and bronzed area railings, for an instant, flickered in the clouded

cian human abandon, in a gold-and-white drawing-room.

And Liz was happy. In all her barren, bitter, fierce little existence she had never known such happiness—to walk beside the big, handsome bulk of him, to touch his coarse sleeve, to feel his vague dependence on her. At night, in her tiny under-the-eaves garret room, she would sit huddled on

the bed, staring out into the darkness, where the red glare of the fires on the river-craft made strange, bloody blurs across the smoke-grimed warehouses and black water, and would dream gentle things, that softened her sharp little waif's face into womanliness. As far as the East End is from the West End, rich girls and poor girls all have their dreams.

And then, suddenly, without warning, the dream was over. On the edge of a late November dusk, Jack and she were sitting in the eating-room of the Red Lizard pub, off Bishopsgate, a plate of bloaters and bacon and two pints of 'arf an' 'arf on the deal table between them. A vagabond, motley company ate and drank noisily about them: beggars, with iron hooks taking the place of missing hands; slatterns in drab rags; apprentices, smeared with their trade marks; crossing-sweepers, incongruous in the filthy wrecks of frock coats; and swarming broods of children. Suddenly into the place, thick with steam, odor and human presence, trooped a curious, well-dressed slumming party of "swells" from the West End, gaily bent on seeing how the other half lives.

At the sound of the soft, modulated voices of the women of the party, Jack started up in his seat, staring before him with piteous eyes. The agonized birth throes of recollection twisted his face. Liz watched him in dumb horror. Then, turning his head slowly, he came face to face with Lady Cicily Marvin, and the dark fog in his bruised brain lifted—cleared.

"Cicily!" cried the Honorable Jack Penderberry. "Why do you look at me in that way, sweetheart—Cicily?"

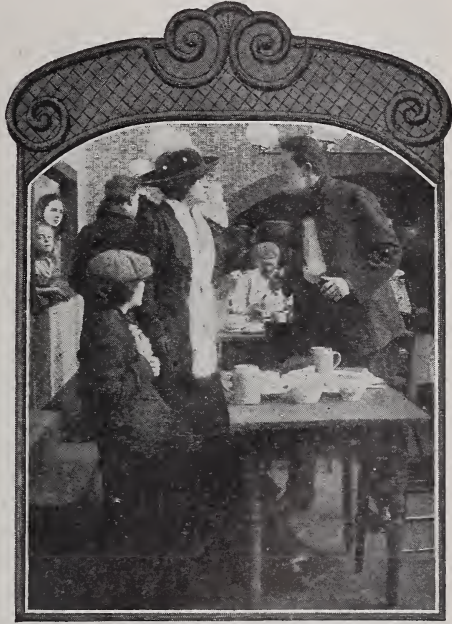
Her eyes, incredulous, hard, scornful, with the scorn women use to mask pain, swept him from head to foot, and, following her glance, he noticed his stained, ragged clothes, his red, coarsened hands. In utter bewilderment, he gazed about him at the staring faces, the averted looks of the visitors, at Liz, watching him with the whipped gaze of a hurt animal, then back to the cold, white disdain of the

beautiful face that he loved. With a cry, he stretched out his arms.

"I—I don't understand—I think I was hurt—I've forgotten, dear. Don't look at me so! Try to trust me—I'll explain everything—only you must be kind—it's been dark—a long time!"

The proud scorn in the lovely face did not waver. When she spoke, her voice had a thin tinkle, like ice.

"You need not trouble to explain," she said, deliberately. "It is very unpleasantly plain to us all, I fancy."



JACK MEETS LADY CICILY

The prodigal is tired of his husks—and the swine—and wishes forgiveness. He finds himself forgotten quite. No! no! Not a word! Father, I think that we had better go."

The chilly gray of a fog-stifled morning filled the garret when Liz crept down the ladder from her sleepless loft. His head prone on his inert arms, across the table, where an inch of guttering candle smoked in a bottle-mouth, sprawled Jack, in the sleep of utter exhaustion. Liz paused by the long, huddled figure, looking down silently at the blond head, the big hands, with their blotched, broken

knuckles. Her small, hard hands fluttered over him in a gesture that mothers make, then went to her breast in a fierce little motion of pain.

"Gawd 'elp me!" whispered Liz. "I aint nothink but a coster-girl—I aint fit to touch 'im—an' I love 'im—it's cruel 'ard!"

She stared before her, fiercely, but no tears came. Tears were unfamiliar with Liz' eyes. Then, with a desperate burst of hurry, she flung herself

ed before the piano, surveyed her shabby visitor with listless eyes, that suddenly lighted with recollection, then flashed dangerously. She stamped her foot.

"You here! He sent you, I suppose—a worthy ambassador, indeed!"

The Lady Cicily's voice wavered dangerously near the straining point. Her face was worn with the effaced traces of tears. Liz faced the beautiful lady's scorn, undaunted. Silently



"IT'S GAWD'S TRUTH I'M TELLIN' YER, LIDY!"

across the room, on her knees, by the wainscoting, groped behind it, and drew out the necklace. Thrusting it into her bosom, she dragged herself across the room to her coat and hat, and turned to the door. Her eyes caressed the sleeping figure by the table.

"Fer 'im," said Liz, with a hard, dry sob, and was gone.

Three hours later the scandalized butler ushered a small, incongruous figure into the correct respectability of the Marvin drawing-room on Grosvenor Square. The Lady Cicily, seat-

she thrust her hand into her dress—silently she handed Lady Cicily the fragments of the pearl necklace. Then, with folded arms, she waited.

"My necklace!" Lady Cicily's voice faltered, humbled. The hands that held the broken toy trembled. "But I thought— Tell me, my good girl, where did you get this?"

It was a strange story that Liz told, in her uncouth London slang; a story of a cruel blow, a rescue, a lost mind groping thru the fog. To Liz, it was the most important story in the world, and she told it well.

"An' now 'e's fair distraught, lidy," finished Liz, bitterly. "A-cos yer wouldn't believe 'im — larst night——" She broke off, clutching the silken arm beside her. "It's Gawd's truth I'm tellin' yer, lidy," she pleaded. "Come strite along of me, an' bring 'im 'ome."

To Jack's bewildered eyes, the two figures in the low doorway seemed fragments crumbled from his troubled dreams. But the golden voice of her was not a dream.

"Jack—dear Jack—forgive me!" it trembled. "I didn't understand!"

He stumbled to his feet, and across the uneven flooring, taking her in his hungry arms.

"I've been lost in the fog, sweet-heart," he whispered.

She smiled up at his haggard face, strangely humble.

"Oh, the cruel, thick, impenetrable fog, and never a trace of you!" she

cried. "But it's cleared away, now, Jack—and you've come home to me."

Late that night Liz knelt in her garret, and stared out into the thick mist that shrouded the river, with dull, hopeless eyes.

"Wot's fair about it?" she muttered. "She 'ad everythink in the world, 'cept 'im, an' 'e was all I 'ad."

Out over the city the yellow curtain of vapor swayed, quivered. Dim, peaceful night-sounds crept up from the river. The tenseness of Liz' face wavered; a smile touched her lips, tender, selfless.

"I 'ope 'e'll be 'appy," muttered Liz.

And then, outside, the smoky clouds of mist broke apart suddenly, and unrolled, in white, soft billows, before the silvery miracle of the moon.

Its light struck her face. The fog had cleared away.



His Dream

By GEORGE B. STAFF

Willie dreamed he got a present
That was better far than toys;
Better than the nuts and candy
That are part of Christmas joys.

Willie dreamed he got a ticket
With admittance power supreme
To a season's Moving Pictures—
Wasn't that a dandy dream?



The Screen

By MINNA IRVING

It is the night of New Year's Eve,
The snow unbroken lies,
A smooth expanse of shining pearl
Beneath the frosty skies.
No foot of man, nor bird, nor beast
The dazzling surface mars;
A sheet of pure and perfect white,
It sparkles to the stars.

Behold! it is a spotless screen
O'er which, in colors gay,
The months in quick succession pass
As in a photoplay.
Seed-time and harvest, flower and frost,
Across it swiftly go,
With Father Time to run the reel
In earth's great picture show.



By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

JUST why Dodge City was the toughest town in Kansas, in the early eighties—the years of the big cattle drives from Texas to the Northwest—was a matter of local dispute. Big Bill Gregg, sheriff of Ford County, laid the blame on the beeves—millions of them—and the inordinate thirst they engendered among the cow hands; the sons of the Texas plains deposed that Dodge City was just naturally wicked—a stumbling block in the path of progress—and that they were forced to pay tribute to the town by getting just mildly wet or thoroly “organized,” by reason of its existence as the seat of supplies—just as the railroad had to run thru it.

There was a court-house in Dodge, and a judge, besides Bill Gregg, but most of the “cases” never got farther than the calaboose, and contrition the next morning. Half the hard currency in Dodge had come by way of a cowboy’s pocket, so the law mostly growled, and winked one eye at the same time.

But all this was before the coming

of Broncho Billy. He was returning to Texas, at the time, with a remuda of saddle ponies, the government having taken the big drive of steers off his foreman’s hands. As was natural, after two months on the trail, he was expected to stay in Dodge until his money was gone. Broncho’s money went fast enough, but the horse-wrangler still lingered. To the simple plainsman, who had probably never seen any other town of consequence, save San Antonio, the saloons and dance halls and faro lay-outs of Dodge City were allurements not to be resisted.

When his money gave out, his code of honor seemed to drop out with it, and he did an unpardonable thing. If any one had chanced to pass by his camp on the Mulberry that first night of his fall, Broncho might have been detected crouching over a fire, with a branding-iron in hand. The following morning he led a string of six ponies into town, with his employer’s brand blotted into another symbol on their flanks, and sold them for spot cash to a liveryman.

After that, Broncho's decline was sure and rapid, for he sold the rest of the remuda off in driblets, and lived high for a while on the proceeds.

One night, thru the friendship of a former bunkie, who still saw a gleam of grace in Broncho, he was warned that Gregg was on the lookout for him—the rumor of his brand-blotting had come to official ears. So Broncho took to the brush, on his remaining pony, and nothing more was heard of him.

Then, soon after, one night two cattle buyers drove

an uncaught and unhung terror in the purlieus of Dodge City.

No blame should be attached to Bill Gregg for his failure to capture the outlaw; his reputation was at stake with the unruly element. Day after day he set out with his deputies, and scoured every foot of brush in the county; at night taking to the divides, and watching across the rolling mesa for an unfriendly fire. But it all came to nothing; the ex-wrangler's sixth sense hid him completely from the sight of man.



into town, and reported to Gregg how they had been "stuck up," and separated from a roll as big as a corn-fed steer by a tattered road-agent with merry blue eyes and a most appealing grin. Only once had he intimated that anything was at all out of the ordinary; it was when they could not lay ready hands on their roll, and had, consequently, looked squarely into the muzzle of "Judge Colt."

Things began to happen regularly after that. Broncho seemed to sense just when easy money was about to leave or enter the town, and he became

It was on a late afternoon in high spring, with the dust clouds of cattle drives visible everywhere on the horizon, like the smoke of distant battle, that the Coldwater coach was due to arrive in Dodge City. Loiterers on the porch of the Dodge House had been waiting to see it pull in for over an hour. What they did not expect, however, was the unusual sight of one of the leaders, with cut traces, lickety-splitting it up the street, and the form of Tom Evans, the coach driver, rolling off the horse's back, in front of them. His story soon came out: The

coach had been held up by Broncho, five miles from Dodge, and its passengers, mostly "pilgrims," were being humanely relieved of their valuables—that was the *status quo* when he left, suddenly. The further facts were that Broncho was doing the job alone, and had stationed him, a reliable man, at the leaders' heads. At his first chance, he had promptly cut the off leader's traces, hung on his flanks, out of gunshot, with just one boot showing over the nag's back, and had started for Dodge and Bill Gregg.

Broncho had fired a few shots after him—he couldn't remember how many—but had missed his artfully concealed person.

Tom didn't relate, tho, how, at Broncho's first shot, his horse had bucked him into the road, and he had lain there, an easy mark, until Broncho had laughed, and told him to "Get aboard, and hurry along, son."

Gregg and his deputies were already in the saddle as the coach driver discreetly finished his story. There were only two ways—north and south—for a mounted man to get out of the break in the divide where Broncho had held up the coach, and the sheriff meant to take advantage of them. Ordering four of his men to top the divide, and to spread out on the mesa to the south of the pass, he rode on leisurely with the remainder.

Gregg stationed his men at commanding points along the road, and rode on alone for the last half mile. On coming up with the coach and its passengers, the sheriff gleaned one startling bit of information: Broncho had departed northward, at an easy lope, over the same road the sheriff had traveled, not a half hour since.

The sheriff slowly turned his horse back toward Dodge. On either side of him were high cliffs, sheer, and covered with impenetrable brush; his man could not have disappeared that-a-ways.

Where had he gone, then? Gregg's eyes followed the top line of the cliffs, in search of a cross-break that might mean bare toehold for an escape.

Presently he pulled in his horse, dismounted, tied him to a sapling, and started to force his way thru the brush. He was trying to think and to do as the outlaw had done a few scant minutes before him.

The brush was as quiet as a grave as Gregg bored his way thru it toward the foot of the cliffs, until there—there, in a little shelter of fallen boulders—he could see Broncho's pony tossing his cream-colored mane!

Gregg could *feel* that Broncho lay stretched somewhere near by, on the rocks. The question of life and death was, Could Broncho feel his silent, snaky approach?

Gregg's worming body advanced nearer—the measure of its own length. Then the answer came—a single shot from the curtain of rock.

Gregg rolled heavily over on his back, shot thru the lungs, and mortally hurt. No rush of deputies followed Broncho's answer, and he waited, with a surprised, doubting look on his face.

A little while after, he led his pony out, forcing a path in the brush foot by foot, his direction taking him within a pace of the dying sheriff.

"Too bad!" said the outlaw, standing over Gregg's crushed body. "I'd never done it if I'd knowed y'u was alone."

With that, he was gone, slowly working thru the friendly labyrinth of cover.

An hour went by, and the posse patrolling the road discovered Gregg's horse. Soon after, they came upon what was left of him, and bore him back to his home in Dodge, where his wife and three-year-old boy were waiting for "Daddy to come back with the bad man."

The years rolled by, and Broncho Billy had become a memory in Dodge City. There was a story, as told by an unsteady eye-witness, that one night, before shaking the dust of Ford County forever from his pony's feet, he had galloped thru the town, with a grin on his face, and two Colts cock-a-hoop on his pommel. The tale may

not be true, however; but such a pasear would have suited Broncho down to the ground.

With the years, too, the memory of Gregg, and his heroic attempt, passed away, and his widow and son moved out to a little shack on the road to Iuka. Gregg had left her desperately poor, but she was too proud to go back home to her folks in Kansas City. For a time the cross-roads and railroad stations had been posted with a reward for the capture, dead or alive,

Presently the train steamed into Dodge, and the station crowd, including the sheriff, drank in the full story.

A careful of deputies was promptly sent east, dropping a group of sheriff's officers at each local station. Horses were commandeered, and three counties, with the ghost of Broncho come to life, spread a fifty-mile cordon across the valley.

By nightfall Broncho's two pals had been caught, white and cowed, their ponies ridden out; but the



MRS. GREGG CARRIES BRONCHO BILLY HOME

of Broncho Billy, but even that tribute to his memory was long since unclaimed and forgotten.

On a certain unclouded summer's day, some five years after Gregg's death, the rumor spread broadcast thru Dodge that the Atchison "Overland" had been held up between Kinsley and Dodge City, and that a lively set-to had occurred between the express messengers and the desperadoes. These latter—only three of them—had drawn off, carrying their wounded leader, who was recognized as the long-lost Broncho Billy.

brain of the hold-up was strangely missing from its dejected members. Their story ran, that as Broncho was sorely wounded, and unable to keep his saddle, they had laid him down on the mesa, hobbled his pony, and left him to do or to die.

Of course, the sheriff wanted confirmation, and late that night, with the captured men as guides, he rode out to the spot where Broncho had been left. There was neither hide nor hair of him—the outlaw had vamoosed, or been carried off—but a bare patch of cropped buffalo-grass

gave unmistakable signs of his recent presence.

The following morning, just after sun-up, little Billy Gregg, carrying a hunch of his mother's bread, started down the Iuka road toward his bird-house. Bread, and, in fact, everything else, was scarce in the little Gregg household, but Billy was accustomed to share his breakfast with a family of dependent lark-buntings.

and sat upon the ground, using the sapling for a back rest. He essayed a feeble grin, to make friends with the boy, but it looked more like a painful distortion of the face.

The boy sat down beside him, watching him bolt the fresh bread. Now and then a large, wet, brown spot on the man's shirt, over his heart, gave him trouble, and he stopped to press his hands against it.



"SURE ENOUGH—IT'S BILL GREGG!"

When he came out upon the road he saw a most unusual sight. A stranger was leaning heavily against the sapling that held Billy's bird-house, and shoving his hand ruthlessly into it, while from across the road the evicted tenants scolded in the trees.

Little Billy saw the dust-covered stranger pull out a crust of bread and crush it hungrily in his jaws. Then it dawned on the boy that the man was hungrier than he himself was, and he sidled up to him, holding out his breakfast.

The man slid down to his haunches,

"Nice mornin'," encouraged the man.

"Middlin'," said Billy.

"Whose kid mought y'u be, son?"

"Bill Gregg's," said the boy.

The man stopped eating, with the bread half way to his mouth. "Not Sheriff Bill Gregg's?"

"Yes," said the boy. "He was my dad, afore Broncho Billy shot him."

A strange look came into the man's eyes—almost tender.

"Run up to th' shack, son, an' tell yer ma there's a man down here that wants her."

Little Billy scampered away. When he returned with his mother, the man had pulled himself to his feet again.

"I reckon I've been shot," he said, "somewhere between th' reward and th' heart. Do y'u reckon y'u could tote me up to the shack?"

Mrs. Gregg saw, with the eyes of experience, that the man was badly, if not mortally, wounded, and she wasted no words over him.

"Put your arm about my shoul-

mo. 'It's Bill Gregg, starin' me face to face. Who'd 'a' thought he'd be round when Broncho crossed over th' last divide?"

The woman started away from him, with a gasp. The outlaw's head fell back on the pillow. For the best part of an hour the widow stared silently at the man who had ruined her happiness and beggared the rest of her life.

When his eyes opened again, tho,



BRONCHO BILLY ASKS FOR A PENCIL

der," she ordered, "and I'll try to get you up to the house."

A few minutes later the stranger was tucked away in the goose-feather bed that Sheriff Gregg had once worn into a sort of shallow trench. On the wall, almost against the footboard, hung a chromo enlargement of the bed's former occupant.

The man opened his eyes, and their look drew Mrs. Gregg to his side.

"Please, ma'am," he said, "onhook that pitcher from th' wall an' lemme squint it over."

"Sure enough!" he resumed, after a long minute's scrutiny of the chro-

mo. and a shiver trembled all over him, she stood ready with a cup of water for his burning lips. Such is woman.

He fumbled at his breast, drew out a dirty piece of folded paper, and cramped his hand in pantomime of writing.

She understood, and brought him the stub of a pencil.

Broncho Billy twisted his mouth like a schoolboy as his hand traced the scrawl of words on the blood-smear'd paper, but at last he finished, and, with a smile, the ghost of his former one, lay back, with his message in his hand.

It was along toward sundown, with a rosy shaft of light from the window mellowing Gregg's picture, and with the still figure on the bed and the watcher by its side cast in shadow, when the sheriff rode up and entered the shack with his tired-eyed posse.

giving the reward to Billy Gregg's widow, as she was responsible for delivering him to the law.

"What reward?" asked the sheriff, puzzled. Then he turned over the frayed paper, and the printed lines of the bill of years ago, offering five



WIDOW GREGG WINS THE REWARD

The sheriff stood with uncovered head as he viewed the scene.

"Great Scott!" he suddenly exclaimed, starting forward. "It's Broncho Billy!"

As the posse crowded around the peaceful face of the outlaw, Mrs. Gregg handed his message to the sheriff. It was only a few words, about

hundred dollars reward for the capture of Broncho Billy, dead or alive, stared him in the face.

"See!" he exclaimed, turning to the widow.

"Now I know," she said, "what he meant by saying he was shot somewhere between the reward and the heart."

To the Photoplayers

By GEORGE B. STAFF



AY the New Year add but glory
To the laurels you have won;
May its record be a story
Of a splendid labor done.
And if weary hearts are lighter,
As the swift years come and go;
If the world's old paths are brighter,
Your work helps to make them so!



FIFTY years ago, in the settlements, 'way out on the Western plains, little boys and girls used to have an even worse time of it than they do in these days.

Well, Bobby Bender had become low-spirited even before he was nine years old. He had no father or mother, and the more he moped the more his grandfather made him do chores. Things went from bad to worse as he grew older. He was literally kicked around by everybody in Shackton. And poor Bobby shirked his chores and set to dreaming.

For one thing, he was going to be a hero. There were the Indians, of course, but they were very friendly in these days, even tho they had killed both Bobby's father and mother, when he was a baby. In fact, the only friend Bobby had was young Indian Charley.

"Why don't you try to kill us all, some time?" Bobby asked Charley, one day, bringing the first look of surprise to the Indian's face that he had ever seen there.

"Huh?" grunted Charley.

"I want to be a hero," confessed Bobby.

Indian Charley grunted, and shook his head.

Time passed—Bobby was eleven—and everything else was forgotten by

him for the most wonderful person in all the world. Her name was Alice Sabin.

Alice became Bobby's steady diet seven days of the week. He had never told Alice, of course. Then, one day, he met her 'way down in the balsam fields, all alone. At first, Bobby was more scared than he had ever been in his life. His long, lanky legs flapped together almost audibly.

"I ain't goin' to hurt you—honest," Bobby assured her, twisting the last button off his coat. "An' I tell you why—'cause I like you, Alice, somethin' awful." And all the pain he had suffered for her for the past six months came out in Bobby's face.

She suddenly began to cry, under cover of her checkered apron.

Bobby's first impulse was to run. At length, for no particular reason, he grabbed her tightly by the wrist.

Alice looked up, frightened, but Bobby's look, terrible tho it was, reassured her.

"I'd kill an Injun for you," he boasted, as they, hand in hand, struck across the plains.

"I never knowed you was so nice," Alice kept repeating until dusk.

"Pop will shore be lookin' for me!" exclaimed Alice.

"I never seen it git so dark so quick

in my life—an' I dont care what ole gran'pop has to say about it, either," said Bobby, and on the way home he told Alice all about David and Goliath, and how he would show the people of the settlement.

"But where do I come in?" protested Alice, already carried away by the glamor of the prospect.

"Why, you're the only one I want to save from the Injuns," explained Bobby, proudly.

"But I want ma, too!" And again Alice was on the point of tears over

the ugly man gave the young hero several vicious kicks, and left him lying alone, crying with pain.

And there lay poor lovelorn Bobby the whole night thru, tinting his visions with fire, altho the cruel frost in the autumn morning air found him chilled, and a sullen scheme drawn deep in his half-broken heart. For he had *her* to convince now of his valor.

And, strangely, that day he met Indian Charley wandering disconsolately by the brook.



LOVE AND A STERN PARENT

the demise of her favorite parent. "Besides," she said, quickly, her face lighting at the thought of saving a few of the settlers, "who'd there be to really know that you was a hero—besides me?"

"Well, maybe I'll save a few of them," consented Bobby, reluctantly.

Then something terrible happened, that tore the lovers violently apart. A big hand descended, and sent Bobby sprawling upon the ground.

"I'll teach you to scare the liver and lights out o' me, by takin' my kid away, you young varmint!" Then

"What do to him eye?" asked the Indian, with unusual curiosity.

"Why, a great big man, twice as big as you and me put together, knocked me down."

For reply, the Indian loosed his buckskin jacket and pointed to his back. "See!"

Bobby looked solemnly at a jagged gash in the young Indian's side.

"Who done it?" he asked, sympathetically.

"Injuns. I no get feather because I holler. Never be chief no more."

Bobby understood 't all. He knew

the Indian custom of initiating young braves.

"Why dont you win the feather by doin' something that will make them all look up to you as big man?"

"How?" asked Charley, placidly.

"Set 'em on to the settlement, and kill all the settlers. I heard that they was gittin' pretty ugly, and only needed somebody to set 'em on."

Charley was visibly impressed.

"Ugh! Charley need blanket—need gun—bullets."

"Well, if you'll do it, I tell you what I'll do." Bobby was now greatly excited at the prospect of his dream coming true. "I'll divide up with you. I'll bring gun, blanket, and everything, here, for you this noon, if you'll start that massacre tonight."

Indian Charley promised, and the two heroes parted, with ominous feelings in their hearts and determination in their eyes.

Bobby carried out his part of the contract, and the arms and blanket were extracted from Grandfather Bender's cabin and duly carried away by Indian Charley. That night Bobby took his father's old musket, and secreted himself near the cabin of Alice's father.

Early morning found him fast asleep, and he barely missed discovery by his former tormentor. Alice was still sleeping soundly. No massacre had occurred.

Bobby stole disgustedly back to his grandfather's cabin, determined to believe in nothing further in this life save Alice. Alice and he would face the world alone. There was no chance of ever becoming a hero in Shackton, that was evident.

During the day, at the risk of the old man's boot, Bobby managed to creep near enough to frighten Alice with the injunction: "I'm comin' for you at ten—an' no foolin' either."

The settlement lay huddled together in a pall of darkness as Bobby literally fell out of the rough window of his grandfather's cabin.

There was a light in the Sabin kitchen, and he could see hard-working

Sallie Sabin washing. He imitated the call of the whip-poor-will for his mate. Sure enough, his own little mate appeared at the window, her tones muffled from much crying.

"Now look here, Alice, dont git scart, for I've got a gun; so let me in, or come out yourself."

"But I aint goin' to come now," blurted Alice, with renewed weeping.

"But you crossed your heart, and hoped to die!"

Alice disappeared, and the door was opened on a crack. "Pop's been drinkin', an' he's settin' here asleep."

And sure enough, in the glow of the dying log fire Bobby discerned the drooping figure of Alice's father.



"You go git your clothes," the boy commanded. There had suddenly come into his voice and bearing all the marks of the incarnate hero.

Suddenly Sabin moved. The cold draught of air from the open door was waking him. Bobby drew back, and cocked the musket. Sabin opened his eyes and started to rise.

"You move ag'in, an' I'll pop you!" observed Bobby, recocking the musket and raising it to his shoulder.

Sabin leered in amazement. Yet there was something in the boy's behavior that cowed him. "Crazy as a b'iled owl—jest as I alwuz thought!"

Alice had appeared, and stood transfixed with horror.

"Take that rope, and tie him to the chair—his hands an' feet—an' then all around!"

Alice shrank back.

"Alice!" Again the stronger sex manifested itself. "I'm liable to shoot, if you dont!"

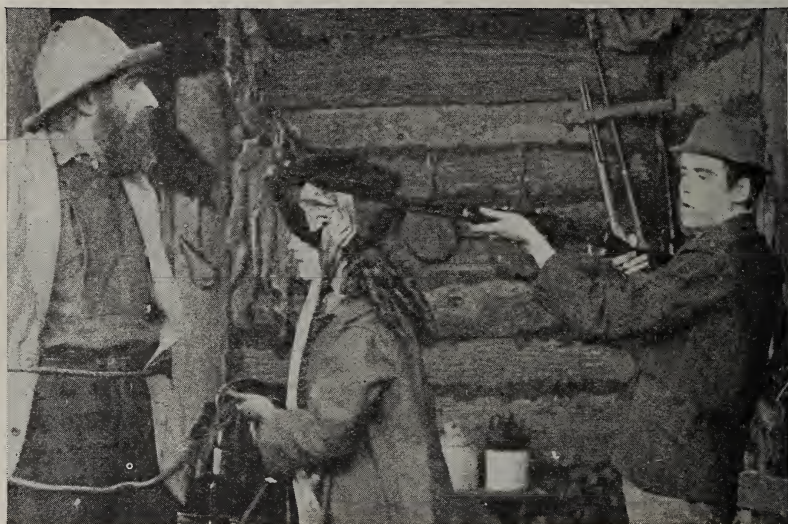
This settled it. Sabin was trussed fast to the chair. He was silent, tho the scowl on his face spoke volumes. At the door, Alice wept some more, and hesitated on the threshold of her home before going out in the world.

"When I git a holt o' you—an' that'll be soon—I'm goin' to break your puny spine for you!"

tion of the great conflagration in their own little breasts.

Man never suffered greater hardship, nor toil, nor physical agony, than these two, stumbling and staggering over the sage-brush for four mortal hours.

Even the distant yells and cries that the night winds wafted to their ears did not come amiss. They all seemed a part of the great deeds of that night. That it might be an attempt at the belated massacre, and the



"YOU MOVE AG'IN, AN' I'LL POP YOU!"

Bobby turned, and leveled the musket in a manner that would have carried away the top of Sabin's bullet head. Alice turned quickly and touched his arm. "Come," she said, simply. Her father's words against her hero had decided her. There were no more tears, and they silently and determinedly trudged forth into the night, hand in hand.

Their progress was guided alone by a red glare in the sky that neither of them had ever seen there before. It seemed to them both but the reflec-

yells and cries those of Indians on the warpath, never occurred to them.

But at length, in the early dawn, when they suddenly emerged into a clearing, they awoke once more to reality. Less than a thousand feet away from them lay a band of Indians, asleep. Near-by was a smoldering heap that had once been a settler's cabin.

"The Injuns are at it!" whispered Bobby, in an awed voice.

"Ma'll be killed!" sobbed Alice.

"Well, the first thing is to get away

ourselves—an' then git back to Shackton—then I'll save 'em, maybe." Bobby was fully alive to the seriousness of the situation now.

To their dismay, they saw in the path they had come a scouting party of Indians. Fortunately, they had not been observed. There was but one avenue of escape. It led up over

until they were within twenty feet of the turning-point. All danger seemed past, and they breathed a sigh of relief.

Suddenly a shout arose. They had neglected to watch the band of Indians, who had espied them, sharply outlined against the eastern sky.

"All of 'em will be after us in a



INDIAN CHARLEY INCITES A MASSACRE

a rocky ridge of hills, the mere ascent of which seemed scarcely possible. But both Bobby and Alice were born climbers. Even in their exhausted condition they were not afraid to attempt it. There was no alternative.

They struck the first ascending rocky ledge near the edge of the former settlement. In ten minutes' time they would reach a spot beyond further fear of exposure. They kept their eyes on the now stirring Indians

minute," lamented Bobby, as they reached the point that was to have been their haven of safety. "I'm afraid I'll have to be a hero before we ever get back to Shackton, Alice." The boy looked carefully to the priming of his musket.

"And they'll kill ma!" Alice, poor child, had scarcely the strength to stand upright at the thought of it.

"But they'll probably kill your old man, and all the rest of them, too," consoled Bobby.

"And they'll never know, maybe, that you was a real hero."

"But you will. Let's hurry. I kin hear 'em pow-wowin' down there, an' they'll soon be after us."

The next stage of the ascent was not so difficult. It took them nearly a quarter of a mile farther away from their pursuers. But they could now see a perfect horde of them scrambling over the rocks below, in hot pursuit. In front of them lay an almost sheer wall. Bobby gave a little moan of hopelessness, which he immediately smothered at the thought of the part of hero that he was playing. Alice said nothing, but followed wearily.

dreamy face as he gazed off into space. The vision he saw was an old woodcut of David meeting Goliath. This was the sublimest moment in Bobby's life.

"Bobby! Quick!" whispered a voice in his enraptured ear. "There's an Injun almost up!"

Sure enough, one had stealthily climbed almost to their position, with a knife gripped fiercely in his teeth. Quick as a flash, Bobby lifted his gun, and gave the fellow the full charge right in the chest. He went rolling back, with a blood-curdling cry.

But another one was close behind him, who would surely reach them



THE INDIANS PURSUE

Bobby climbed up a foot at a time, and then dragged the plucky little girl after him. It was a straight up-and-down climb of thirty feet. They reached the top, and fell exhausted on a flat rock at the summit. None too soon. Two skulking forms peered around the ledge below at that very moment.

"Now I've got 'em!" muttered Bobby, with savage desperation, unlimbering his gun, and spreading out his goodly supply of ammunition.

Poor little Alice lay outspread like a lifeless bundle at his feet. Bobby moved to her side, and tenderly stroked her hand. His eye fell upon his musket, then upon the approaching foe, and then on her. He sighed, and an ineffable look came into his

before Bobby could reload. Before the boy had time to even conjecture on a course of action, the redskin was sent hurtling backward by encountering a huge stone that came rolling right down on top of him. Bobby looked around. Alice stood with her hand to her mouth, transfixed with horror over what she had done.

"My, but you're a fine pardner!" cried Bobby, giving her a big squeeze. But she only laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered, tearfully: "Oh, Bobby, I do want my ma!"

He was looking over her shoulder, and had seen a welcome sight.

"My-o, but there's old Shackton down there on the plains, less than six miles away! I was sure we had come fifty last night."

But Bobby was first determined to exterminate the Indians, and win his laurels. One by one he picked off four of the assailants. After this they were more cautious than he was. He waited for nearly an hour, and none appeared in full sight on the ledge below. Then suddenly the reason appeared in the form of fifty or more howling Indians flying toward them from the opposite direction. Bobby fired just one well-directed shot, and

that face wore a smile that won their admiration. They knew, instinctively, that he was a hero, and wanted to see how he would die. The faggots were laid at his feet, and he was turned so that he could not see his little Alice, who was just as brave as her hero.

Suddenly there was an accession to the ranks of the band, and for a moment a hush fell, and their fiendish work paused. A stately figure strode across the clearing they had made.



AND THE INDIANS STILL PURSUED THEM

then he was thrown violently to the ground, and a dozen evil, painted faces glowered above him.

Bobby's one thought was for little Alice, who was experiencing a similar ordeal. He knew that his heroism had reached its climax.

The two youngsters were hurried to a couple of near-by trees for the usual torture preceding death itself. One or two of the young braves gave the boy a playful dig or two with their hunting-knives that brought the blood streaming across his face. But

It was clothed in a settler's blanket, and the hand carried a settler's rifle. All of which gradually broke thru Bobby's martyr vision. That rifle and blanket were the ones he had stolen from his wicked grandfather! But the face! Like his own, it no longer bore the hangdog look. Upon the head was a feather, and the eyes were those of a man become a hero. This man, a youth tho he was, was the Indians' leader. He looked at the boy a moment, and then spoke a word to the braves. They nodded. With



HOME AGAIN—"MY HERO!"

a sweep of his hand he dismissed them.

"Him friend," he said to Bobby.

"Injun Charley!"

"Injun Charley now what you call he-ro. You make him. I save you."

"Oh, Bobby, tell him to keep the tribe away from Shackton!" It was Alice, now free, too.

As much as Bobby was averse to keeping alive John Sabin, his desire to please Alice had become greater. Besides, he had suddenly come to the conclusion that there had been fighting enough.

"Ugh!" remarked Charley. "For you, boy, Injuns no kill Shackton."

Alice was down on her knees to him, but Indian Charley dismissed it all with a haughty wave of his hand. And then he and his band went away, to study ways and means of dealing with the soldiers who were sure to follow them.

And Bobby and little Alice just dropped down at the foot of a big tree, played out.

"I'm so tired, Bobby."

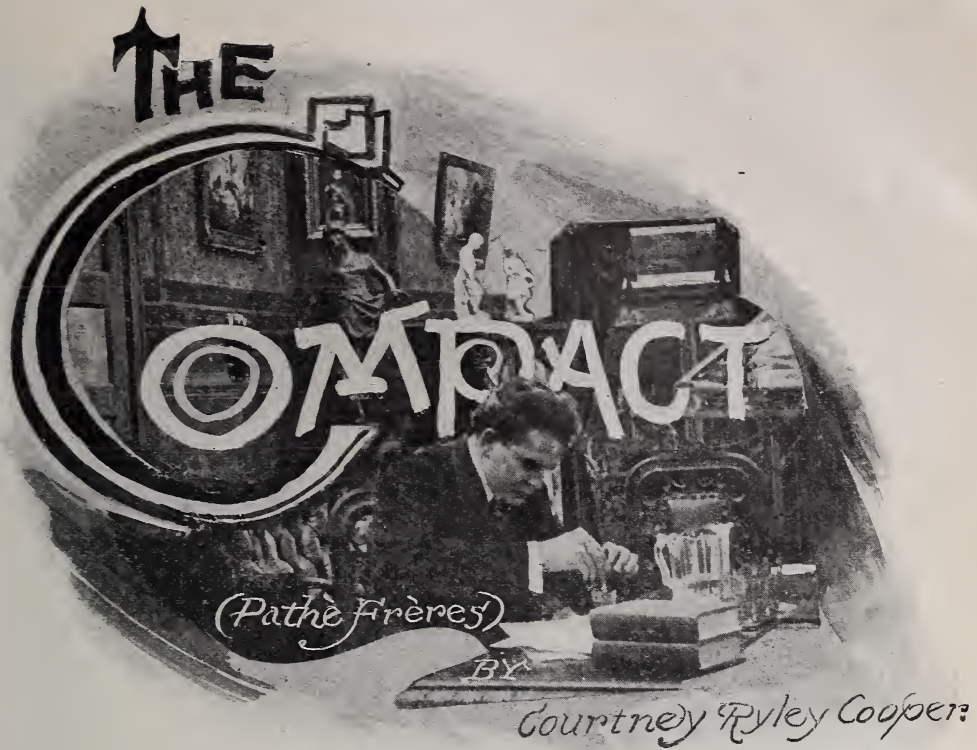
"So'm I," agreed the boy, his eyes already half closed.

"An' you're *such* a hero—I'm goin' to tell 'em all—I know pop'll like you—now——"

But Bobby had arrived in slumberland before her. His soul was purged of all the sloth that his lonely sulkingness had almost ingrained in him, and, tho but a child in years, he had become more of a man than most men become in a lifetime.

And so the searchers from Shackton found them, like babes in the wood.

And when they woke little Alice, she brought tears to their eyes with her first words, for, throwing her arms about the neck of the shrinking boy, she called, softly, "My hero!"



A SHORT silence in the room. John Blair, standing by the big library table, where the shaded light from the heavily curtained windows fell on his weak, lined features, allowed his brow to furrow and his lips to go into a trifle of a snarl. His hands trembled with nervousness; he took a step or two forward, then stood weakly staring ahead. At last he turned to look into the pleading eyes of his wife.

"Gene," he said, shortly, "I cant make it—I've tried, hard—I've made the fight—I——"

The woman started. Her hands went upward beseechingly.

"John," she begged, "please—please! Think what it means! You're right at the gateway of your biggest chance, with the Shaw case at the point where victory will mean everything—a higher station in life, respect, honor, all that a man could wish for. If you can only fight the temptation, if you can just drive yourself to strength—dont you see how it would benefit? Wont you do it—for

me?" she pleaded. "Think what we have been to each other—think how you are ruining every bit of happiness in both our lives! Cant you see, John? Cant you realize where it is all going to end, and how it will just drag us both down, down, down, until we come to staring blankness?"

There had come a sob into the voice now. Mrs. Blair stepped forward, and attempted to place her arms about her husband's neck. There was a rough movement on the part of the man. He had pushed her aside, and stood glaring, an impotent sort of rage in his eyes.

"Yes," he snarled, "give it up—give it up! You talk as if it all were just as easy as taking off a glove! Give it up? How can I, with it eating into my heart, my brain, my whole being? It's a part of me—a part of my life—I cant give it up! I love it—yes," he added, and there was a queer something in his voice, "I love it—better than I love you!"

A broken, crushed little sob came from Eugenie Blair. Her hands went

upward to cover trembling lips and pain-closed eyes. She bowed her head, slowly. John Blair glanced at her, then hastily crossed the room, securely locked the desk, and turned to leave the house.

A minute later, with a last look far down the street to where a fast-fading motorcar was bearing John Blair to his daily duties as assistant district attorney, the wife turned, and, with quivering hands, brought forth a duplicate key to the desk, as she again entered the living-room. Slowly the lid fell; she opened a small drawer, and took from it the something her husband had been so careful to conceal. It was a small bottle, its label in glaring colors, and bearing the poison imprint of the skull and bones. A word, spelled in heavily blocked letters, stared up at her:

MORPHINE

And therein lay the secret of a falling being. Time was when John Blair had been brilliant, scintillating in the quality and strength of his brain power. Time was when his eye had been bright and sparkling, when his step and his touch had been sure and firm. Time was when——

But things were changing now, and changing fast. John Blair, today, stood at the great divide between honor and happiness—and ruin. If he could only make the fight, and fight to win—— But the wife shook her head as she slowly replaced the bottle in its little drawer and closed the desk. The brain of John Blair was too far under the influence. Fight was not left in him.

Determination was gone. It showed in every line of his features, in the hollows beneath his eyes, in the lack of luster, the entire absence of color. His fingers were transparent and thin and trembling. His clothing was beginning to show the evidences of emaciation beneath. Perhaps John Blair noticed some of this when his reflection showed before him as he brushed past the stenographer and opened the door of his private office. Perhaps it was this, and the realization of the truth

of his wife's pleadings, which caused him to be more brusque than ever, more impatient in his command, as he sent the stenographer away a second after she had laid the morning's mail on his desk. The malaise of morphine was on John Blair. The deadening stupor of the drug was capturing cell after cell of his brain. Soon, and——

He bent forward and clenched his hands. The lines went deep in his forehead. His lips set in a line.

"There's just the summing-up to do," he murmured. "If I can just concentrate—if I can just bring up the main points of the testimony—if I can just gather myself for this one effort——"

He shook his head hopelessly. Slowly he gazed about his office, then allowed his eyes to fall to the letters on his desk. He opened one of them.

Asst. Dist. Atty. Blair, Court-house.

DEAR MR. BLAIR: I am pleased with the way you have handled the Shaw murder case so far. All that is required now is a good, powerful summing-up, which I am sure you could do if you would keep away from the drug. I will see you at Court, this afternoon.

Sincerely, BATEMAN, District Attorney.

The letter was thrown aside, with a half-mocking laugh.

"If I can keep away from the drug," he mused, "yes—if I can!"

Almost involuntarily his hand had strayed outward toward one of the drawers of his big desk. A slight light of determination showed in his face. He resisted. Again he buried his head in his hands, and struggled to pull his thoughts to the summing-up of the murder case before him; of the evidence, which, by pounding, pounding, by research and study, he had dragged from the alienists in Shaw's defense; of the testimony of his own witnesses, which, barrier by barrier, had broken down the wall of supposed insanity with which the murderer had surrounded himself. But his thoughts strayed—again that hand went out toward the little drawer, and what it contained. Again it was pulled back. Again—again.

At last the man at the desk whirled

in his chair, a wild, straining light in his eyes. Determination was dead. The smooth-sliding drawer glided open. Ten minutes later a stupefied, maudlin wreck of a man dazedly approached his desk, picked up the notes of what once was meant to have been

noon hour. Faintly there came the sound of the stenographer's steps as she left her work for the outdoors and luncheon. A long silence, a long period of listlessness, and John Blair stirred slightly. There had come a knock on the door.



MRS. BLAIR TRIES TO SAVE HER HUSBAND FROM THE MORPHINE HABIT

his speech against the freedom of a murderer, gazed at them listlessly, and dropped into his chair.

Long he sat there, his eyes half closed, his hands outstretched. His eyes were unseeing, glazed. His nerves were deadened. As from a great distance, he heard the clanging bell of the town clock boom forth the

A wait. Then the knock again. It was repeated. Slowly and stumblingly the morphinated man left his chair and approached the door. The lock rasped. A jerk at the knob, and John Blair, in spite of his deadened brain, his glazed eyes, half staggered. His face went white, his teeth set hard. Before him stood the exact image of

himself—the exact replica of John Blair in his other days, in his brighter, more powerful, determined days. The attorney's hands went clutchingly upward. Then he stood listlessly staring—staring at the human apparition, this double, who seemed as much surprised as he. There was a long wait, and then the other man spoke:

"I'm James Dean," he said at last. "You wrote me to come."

"Dean—Dean?" At last the name found the locked memory cell of

job, like you said you would when you answered my letter, after the advertisement, it might pull me out of a lot. I'm about down. Some way, things haven't gone right for me. First there was the poor location, then there was sickness—I practiced in Meadeville before I came here, and since I've been here it just seems——"

Dean stopped speaking to watch the eyes of the other man. There was something about the expression that fascinated him. There was something



THE COMPACT BETWEEN BLAIR AND DEAN

Blair's brain, and opened it. "Come in—come in and sit down. I remember, now. I want to talk to you."

He motioned the way to a chair, and the man obeyed, still a bit dazed at the resemblance of the attorney to himself. His clothing was shabby, but brushed and smoothed, with a pathetic attempt at neatness. His collar had been turned, likewise his tie, that the worn spots might not show. He leaned forward as the Assistant District Attorney seated himself.

"It's this way, Mr. Blair," he began. "If you'll only let me have this

about the twitching fingers that held him, and bade him wait. At last Blair spoke, and his voice was strange.

"You answered my advertisement for a lawyer's clerk?"

"Yes, sir. I'm willing to take about anything. Living in a tenement isn't the——"

"You said in your letter that you had graduated with honors, that you were the valedictorian of your class?"

"Yes, sir."

"You understand argument?"

"Thoroly."

Blair's fingers were trembling.

"Can you assimilate easily?"

"You mean take a case where another man has left off? Yes, sir."

John Blair had whirled in his chair, and taken his wallet from his pocket.

"Look here," he said, "when you came in this door, I believed that all I wanted you for was as a clerk. Something has come to me in the last five minutes. Read there."

He handed Dean the morning paper, where the staring headlines told of the final act of the Shaw case. Dean glanced at the headlines, and laid down the sheet.

"I've seen it—I followed the trial pretty closely."

"How closely?" Blair was leaning far over the desk now. "Did you read the evidence—all of it? Are you familiar with both sides of it? Do you suppose that with the proper notes and advice you could go before a jury and sum up? Do you?"

Dean rose. "Sum it up?" he asked, in surprise. "Why—"

"Answer me! Do you?" John Blair's eyes were gleaming. "Do you think you could take my place for one afternoon, do this thing, and then disappear, and forget what you had done? There's twelve hundred dollars in this wallet," he finished, excitedly. "Do the work, and it's yours."

"I—" Dean was stammering—"I don't understand."

John Blair laughed nervously. His eyes were on that drawer of his desk where rested the bottle of white powder.

"You think I'm crazy," he said, at last. "I am—crazy for morphine. I can't make that speech this afternoon—I can't do it! It's not in me—there's something else, a craving I can't satisfy, that I can't put aside. You look like me—your eyes, your build, your features, voice—everything. Make this speech, and—"

He counted forth the money. "You take my place, I'll take yours. Will you do it?"

Forty-five minutes later, the stenographer, returning from luncheon, noticed a shabby man who strove to

hide his face as he passed her. There was something familiar about the figure, even tho the features were concealed from her. She stopped to gaze a second at the fading figure in the hall before resuming her work of the afternoon.

"Funny—the way that fellow acted," she mused.

Whereupon, dismissing the subject from her brain, she seated herself at the typewriter, finished a letter long overdue, and knocked at the door of John Blair's private office. There was no answer for a moment. The stenographer's brow puckered.

"I wonder—" she murmured. Another wait, and she knocked again.

This time there was an answer from within, the door swung open, and the surprised stenographer halted involuntarily. The clear-eyed, steady-nerved man at the desk smiled.

"What is it, Miss Randolph?" he asked.

"Noth—nothing," came the halting answer. "Only—only you look differently, some way."

The man at the desk smiled again. His eyes went down to his good clothing, and then raised themselves to the stenographer.

"There is something different," he said, with a little laugh. "There is a good deal of difference. I can't tell you about it right now, tho." There was a bantering tone to the voice. "Have you your notebook with you? I want you to put down a few things for my summing-up of the Shaw case this afternoon. Are you ready?"

"Gentlemen of the jury, there are elements concerned in this trial which seldom come under the scrutiny of a jury. For weeks you have patiently listened to the testimony of many persons, of character witnesses, of alienists, of learned professional men, and of hunters and trackers of crime. One by one they have come before you to tell their story—"

And as the smooth voice went on, while the flying pencil of the stenographer hurried over the pages, a wavering man held a morphine bottle to the light as he stood before the

shabby washstand in a ramshackle tenement building. His clothing was that of J. H. Dean. His countenance was that of the roomer who for weeks had struggled to pay the meager amount of the lodgings. His mannerisms were the same—his build, his features—but he was some one else—John Blair, Assistant District Attorney of Cole County. Slowly he dissolved the white powder which had become so necessary to him. Gradually he drained the glass, and wandered, with maudlin steps, toward the bed. Ten minutes more, and he slept.

But across the city, the mind of the man who had taken John Blair's place was far from deadened. Flying here and there, reaching out at a hundred tangents, and dragging in the elements which must be present in the work he had taken unto himself, the brain of Dean was surging like the waters of a maelstrom. The stenographer had finished the introduction of his speech, which he must have to bring crowding forth the rest of the thoughts that were to follow. Point after point had been crammed into his mind. Word after word, sentence after sentence, item after item of testimony had been stacked in the vaults of memory, to await the need of them. The big clock clanged forth the warning of two o'clock. The new John Blair reached across his desk to gather in the last page of notes before leaving for the Criminal Courts Building.

As he did so, his fingers encountered the heavy boarding of a photograph, and a second later Dean was gazing into the pictured eyes of a woman whose face spelled everything, it seemed to him. Slowly he turned the photograph, and read the inscription on the back. His face went hard.

"Blair's wife," he said, slowly. "A woman like that—a woman tied to a beast like him! I might have known it, I——"

There had come the sound of a twisting door-knob. A second later the new John Blair was turning his eyes from a pictured face to one of reality. His mind centered on deception, as he extended his hands.

"'Gene," he said, "I've been waiting for you."

The woman did not answer. She was looking into his clear eyes, wondering at the smile on his lips—a smile long absent from the face of the old John Blair. Almost anxiously she started forward, then the tears came as she went sadly to his arms.

"John—you've made the fight—you've made the fight——"

The man bowed his head.

"Yes, 'Gene," he answered. "I've made the fight. I've——"

It was the sounding of two o'clock. James Dean pressed the woman hard in his arms for a moment, then turned.

"Time for court," he said, softly.

"You'll go, too? It'll help—a lot."

"Go with you?" There was on the face of the woman a smile she had not known in months. "Yes, John, I'll go with you—to the end of the world."

And two hours later, as the raucous sounds of newsboys echoed without, circling here and there about the city with their extras, which told of the final conviction of Harold Shaw, murderer, Eugenie Blair repeated that sentence. They stood in the living-room of the Blair home, where, that morning, a morphine-ridden man had pushed her aside, resisted her pleadings, and angrily left her to sadness and depression. Mrs. Blair smiled now when she thought of that. The newsboys were coming closer.

"Dear, why cant it always be like this—just as it was when we first were married?" her voice was crooning, as she placed her arms about the neck of the man she believed to be her husband. The other stirred uneasily.

"I'm afraid—it cant," he answered, and there was a strange glint in his eyes.

"It cant?" Eugenie's voice was pleading again, now. "John, you wont go back to it—after this? Tell me you wont—please—*please!*"

"Extry paper! Extry!" came from without. "All about the conviction of Harold Shaw! All about the speech of John Blair! Extry!"

"It cant be," came the voice of the man again, slow and pained. "Mrs. Blair"—he straightened—"I entered into a compact this afternoon. I thought I was going to be able to keep

izen of a tenement before I took your husband's place for the speech of this afternoon. I——"

He stopped at her sobbing, then forced himself on.



"AN OVERDOSE OF THE DRUG," SAID DEAN

it. I find I cant—since I've seen you."

"Since you've seen me? What—"

"Since I've seen you," broke in the slow interruption, "I've found the one woman in the world I could ever love. I am not John Blair——"

"Not——"

"I am James Dean, a starving den-

"Now I have fulfilled my agreement—as to the speech. I must go back, and allow your husband to take his place again. But there is to be a change, Mrs. Blair. I am going back, but not until your husband does one of two things—quits morphine, or gives you up. I love you"—the words came forth involuntarily—"you rep-

resent to me every ideal I've ever held, and I'm going to see that you are happy. Some way I'll accomplish it, some way I'll make him—I'll force him to give it all up——" He started. "I know where he is now. Suppose we go to him—suppose we try to make him understand, to——"

But when James Dean came from behind the battered door of the little tenement room, again to face Eugenie Blair, where he had left her a moment

That night, standing beside the chair where reclined the woman who in one day had become everything to him, James Dean still attempted to soothe, still fought to save her the grief that was overpowering her. On the table before him lay the last edition of the evening paper, still bearing in the place of honor the glaring headlines which told of his speech and his mastery of the Shaw case. Restlessly his eyes scanned the leaded columns—at last to stop and stare. A few lines at the bottom of a column



MRS. BLAIR GIVES DEAN ENCOURAGEMENT

before, a something besides the determination to save a fellow being showed in his grave face. After explaining the situation to an officer, who then took charge, he tenderly took the hands of the woman in his.

"Mrs. Blair," he said, softly, "I'm afraid your husband is beyond our reach. A greater power than ours has taken his case. He——"

"Dead?" Her voice had risen to a half scream. She struggled against his restraining grasp.

"An overdose of the drug," came from the man. "I'd rather—you'd not see him. Wont you let me take you home? Wont you——"

told of the death of a morphine fiend in a squalid tenement.

The name given was J. H. Dean.

And with the reading of those lines the room seemed to flare for the man who stood by the weeping woman's side. He bit his lips, his eyes narrowed, his hands trembled a bit on the back of the chair where the woman half lay. At last he spoke:

"Mrs. Blair—I told you that in one afternoon I had come to care for you—I meant it. You told me on the way—down there, that I represented to you everything your husband should have been, and was not. I

(Concluded on page 172)



Note: All verses, letters, drawings, and other matter intended for this department should be addressed to "Editor Popular Plays and Players, 26 Court St., Brooklyn, N. Y." Since this department is for and by our readers, we do not pay for contributions. Those that are not published will be forwarded to the players or companies mentioned therein.

MANY admirers from every city in this country have sung the praises of Maurice Costello. They have raved of his dimples, his smiles, his eyes, his hair, his clothes, his bravery, his love-making, his manners, and many other admirable traits. But it has remained for Irene M. Rogers, of Kansas City, to come to the front with a new and original tribute to a quality which has heretofore been unmentioned by any of this popular actor's devotees. Miss Rogers tunes her harp and sings to Maurice Costello's modesty:



See on the screen that handsome chappie?
When I see him it makes me happy!
He is so modest—tho he's the best,
And certainly beats all of the rest.

Alice Joyce, whether transplanted east or west, has girded all the States with her charms. "G. L. M.," a schoolgirl of 'Frisco, sends this acrostic:

A prettier actress never lived than dark-eyed Alice Joyce.
L ong ago I picked her out as the actress of my choice.
I have often watched her face as it flashed upon the screen;
C ertainly a sweeter one I have never seen.
E xquisite beauty, which none can surpass, is that of this sweet Moving Picture lass.

J oyful girl, forever smiling—rarely sad or blue—
O h, I truly do admire her; tell me really, dont you too?
Y ou really cant deny it that she holds you in a spell;
C ertainly no actress could play her part so well.
E re I close this poem I'll shout with all my voice—of all Moving Picture actresses give me Alice Joyce.

Among the other friends of the dainty Kalem temptress, Alice Joyce, who have contributed to her praises, and also, we trust, to the sparkle in her eyes after she reads their verses, are: "B. G. A.," Phila.; Genevieve Schwab, "Carrie Z" and Ruby Garing, Flagstaff, Ariz.

"Winnie Wynn," of Lowell, Mass., is big-hearted: everybody can have a "look in" at her favorite:



ow I love a certain fellow
A ny one can tell;
R umors are he's very handsome,
R umors are he's awfully swell.
Y ou had better see him,

B ecause you'll love him, too.
E verybody's doing it,
A nd why not you?
U shers say he's the best in pictures,
M ean it, too, you know.
O h, I wish I'd meet H. Beaumont,
N ever would I let him go—
T ruth tell, he's my only beau.

If anybody gets peevish about this, it's because it's truthful:

EDITOR FAVORITE PLAYS AND PLAYERS:

Have noticed this new department in your magazine, and believe that it will be a great factor in uplifting the photoplay. There is so much that one would like to commend in the pictures that I am afraid to start, as I do not think you could spare the space, were I to tell of the many good things I have seen recently. I think it would be more helpful to mention one or two strikingly ridiculous things that I have seen. All were due to pure carelessness on the part of the director or actor.

I saw a play last week in which a deputy marshal, out in the country, climbs a telephone pole and attaches a telephone set to the line, in order to talk with his chief. This was a very nice piece of business, if it had been carefully directed. However, it struck me, and a good many others sitting near me, as very ridiculous—the way it was done. Instead of using ordinary copper or iron telephone wire, there were strung along the pole two strands of twisted wire, such as is used by telephone people in connecting the phone in a house to the line, this wire being heavily insulated. The deputy went up the pole and attached his test-set, over the insulation, to both strands, four wires, or two separate lines, and did the impossible thing of talking with such a connection. This careless bit of work spoiled the play for a good many in the audience, as they lost interest when such an impossible bit of business was enacted seriously. (Ed. query—Lubin's "Deputy's Peril"?)

We have all become accustomed to seeing the library, sitting-room or drawing-room floor littered with envelopes, papers, etc., but an offense of this nature was committed in a recent release that was positively jarring. When cigars were being passed after a dinner in a private home, the "lead" accepted a cigar, bit the end off, threw the end of the cigar to the dining-room floor, struck a match, lighted his cigar, and then consigned the match to a resting place beside the end of the cigar. It made a person shudder to think that a man supposed to be a college graduate and a man of rare talent could be so ignorant.

Directors and actors may think that the audience does not notice these little slips, but if they could hear some of the remarks that are made, they would be a lot more careful.

Trusting that these few remarks may prove of some little benefit to the directors and actors that are inclined to be careless, I am

Respectfully,

Oil City, Pa.

JOHN WALLACE.

A prophet is often without honor in his home town, but Gene Gauntier disproves the rule:

GENTLEMEN: I would like permission to say a few words relative to that sterling little picture performer, Miss Gene Gauntier, leading lady of the Kalem Company in Asia and Ireland; an actress that, considering her extreme youth, has probably played—and played them well—more diversified rôles in more countries of the globe than any living actress thrice her age.

Miss Gauntier is, in the parlance of the East, "A Western girl." She was born and raised in Kansas City. That she thinks pretty well of her home town and her folks is attested by the fact that she traveled 7,500 miles from far-off Jerusalem—in Turkey in Asia—to spend two weeks at home in Kansas City the past summer; and, at the end of this brief fortnight, was en route again, this time for Ireland, to act leads in more pictures.

It was in Ireland, probably, that her greatest work was done. In "Colleen Bawn" and "Arrah-na-Pogue" her acting is so great and so fine, and she sinks her identity so completely into the parts played, that the work is sure to endure for generations—much longer than most picture performances.

But Miss Gauntier (pronounced Gaunte-aye) is young, energetic and ambitious, as

well as highly talented. She is a master of her art, and greater things, even yet, are, in the natural course of events, to be expected and confidently prophesied. The work in which she appears is finished and complete. She is part of every picture. Not, like many "amateurish" leading ladies now being featured, the whole picture. A Moving Picture audience demands true pictures, not ones where some one is featured or exaggerated out of true proportion, and the progressive producers are finding this out. That is one great reason why the Kalem pictures, in which Miss Gauntier leads, are so popular.

A picture actor cannot talk. At least, like Peter Grimm, they "cant make you hear them." Hence it is up to the actor to convey, in pantomime, the meaning so completely that all will understand. Miss Gauntier's acting is like an open book—plain, understandable, distinct and winning. Compare her work, some time, with other widely exploited "stars." It is not hard to guess who will be your preference. That's why Miss Gene Gauntier has so many warm friends and admirers amongst the discriminating public.

Much of Miss Gauntier's very busy life is spent abroad, preparing pictures to entertain you and me. She is far away now—in Asia. I am sure her heart is in these good old United States. And the public! Well, just watch them some time when her work is being run, and then listen to the favorable comments.

St. Louis, Mo.

E. M. PAGET.

Another bachelor's flinty heart opened, and found soft inside:

GENTLEMEN: I have seen your great magazine for a long time displayed at all news-stands, but, thanks to my stupidity, I never bought a copy until this September issue. I always believed it to be some frivolous affair, but, to my utter surprise and delight, I found it to be a very pleasant and useful book to me as a lover of Motion Pictures. I was especially delighted to find among its pages the portrait of one of my best favorite players, Miss Bessie Learn, of the Edison Company. She is, indeed, an inspiring little angel, and you may be sure that I will have her photo enlarged, and give it first place in my small, but dear, library.

Wishing all the fortune and success (that my imagination can wish, but my humble pen cannot describe) to Miss Bessie, my Motion Picture girl, and thanking you for the opportunity that you give to express our choice, I am always yours in friendship.

N. Y. City.

PETER DE MARZIAN.

Hope Proctor acknowledges that this is her first offense. "Sentence suspended," as she has "caught on" with some good characterization:

Marc McDermott is a wonder with his straight and manly style,
But for darling Edwin August, why I'd surely run a mile.
But there is just *one* I think of, as the minutes turn to hours;
He's tall and dark and handsome, and his name is "Tommy" Powers.
You ask if I like Van Dyke Brook? Well, I should answer—rather;
He's got such an honest, kindly face I'd love to call him—father.
Then there's he who plays the cowboy, and, oh, I do love one;
He makes such a perfect hero, my Gilbert Anderson.
Then there's one the world all knows of, dear, dimpling Maurice Costello—
Dont tell, but do you know, for him I'd give up my own fellow.
There is no use denying that Crane Wilbur is divine,
But as for Carlyle Blackwell, how I wish that he were mine.
There's one who scares away our blues, we know him as John Bunny;
He makes us all so happy that the dark world grows quite sunny.
Was Earle Williams made for a dress suit, or a dress suit made for him?
Whichever it is, well, in one he certainly looks a king.
James Morrison is splendid—he is so young and gay;
But there's one I claim his equal, and it's "Johnny" Halliday.
Why, I could just write on for hours, telling of my lovers;
But if I did, the poor little M. P. book would have to expand its covers.

"Hands Across the Sea":



TO GENE GAUNTIER, THE LITTLE COLLEEN.

Oh, ye roguish little colleen, when ye steps before me sight
I has to grab onto my chair and hold on awful tight;
Next time ye tempts me so, I'll climb up to the screen,
And clasp ye close in both me arms, ye teasin' little Gene.

Enid, Okla.

WILLIAM O'REILEY.

The letter of criticism, quoted at length below, from a Middle West artist, digs deeply into a field of critique as yet untouched upon in photoplay literature:

DEAR SIR: I today received your recent issue of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE and viewed with much interest, and more disappointment, the photos you show of the Vitagraph's "As You Like It." I have been hoping that here, at last, we should find an American-produced film dealing with a period prior to the ante-Bellum days, which would be correct in costume and accessories. And even now, when I see that the production of this picture is accredited to Mr. Charles Kent, I almost lose the courage of my convictions—so great is my admiration and respect for the art which he has contributed to the Motion Picture.

But no! Gallants attired in costumes strongly suggestive of the 15th century do not commune in bonds of friendship with ladies in the 18th century shepherdess frocks which might have been designed by Watteau or Mother Goose, except that they are not quite delicate and fanciful enough. Yet such a costume Celia does wear. Indeed, it is difficult to determine for just what period the Vitagraph intends this production. Abbey, in his Shakespearean illustrations, places "As You Like It" about in the Middle Ages—but he was always partial to that time. Judging from the majority of the men's costumes, this production, however, was meant to be a time contemporary with Shakespeare; but the dress worn by Rosalind (which you show on top of page 37) is anything but suggestive of the Elizabethan (it fits her as tho she had been poured into it), whose fancy ran to high lace ruffs, heavily quilted, outstanding skirts, and things starchy and puffy generally. The one of Celia (in the same cut) looks like a late Empire gown, and certainly the bed and dresser, used in Sir Rowland's death scene, are not Elizabethan.

I don't believe that I ever have seen an American-produced film of any departed period that was entirely correct or possible, except, perhaps, the Vitagraph's "Vanity Fair."

For instance, there was an old Edison dealing with the adventures of Dick Ryder—gentleman of the road. Some of your readers may recall it. As a study in anachronisms, I think this is invaluable. With the outlaw hero attired as a dandy of the James II period, the stern parent (played by Mr. Brower) sedate in a coat and vest whose cut could not be a day older than the late Georgian, and Mr. Harold Shaw in a cavalier costume of the court of Charles I, we have a picture which would be funny were it not so annoying.

The Biograph, in their "Blot in the 'Scutcheon," presented us with the novel sight of a Plantagenet archer stealthily shadowing Caroline gentlemen, and reporting the scandalous goings-on to others equally typical of the latter period, and the dressing of their "When Kings Were Law" was truly strangely and wonderfully done: the king dressed as Louis XIV in his last period, the cousin in a Louis XIII costume (some sixty years previous), and the soldiery clothed in what is generally called "Spanish Guard" costumes.

It remains, however, for the Lubin to specialize in anachronisms. Hitherto the offenses by the companies have been general; that is, at least each individual costume has been of some distinct period. In "The Señorita's Butterfly," Lubin triumphantly swept away all precedent and restraint, and showed their players garbed in dress down-thru-the-ages conglomeration that almost defies analysis. To see our hero nobly bedecked in the bolero affair generally known as the Mexican national dress, wearing, tucked under his Lord Fauntleroy collar, the little square-cut cape of the 16th century (Elizabethan-Medici-Philip II brand), the while he smokes a cigarette and bashfully endeavors to hide his face behind a Prince Danilo moustache, is a sight for the angels to weep over. In fact, some of us did. And, oh yes! The producer also found it in his accuracy-and-fact-loving soul to use a beautiful, modernly appointed victorina, with a top-booted, silk-hatted coachman to complete the astounding spectacle.

I hope that you will believe that this is not intended to be simply a captious "knock," but an expression of thoro interest. To those for whom an historic period—any historic period—means something more definite than a cloak, a sword and a waving plume, such sins are really very painful. The French don't do it. Why should the Americans?

Cincinnati, Ohio.

HENRY C. KIEFER.

"E. A. P.," of Brooklyn, is willing to gamble on his choice, in spite of the fact that Mayor Gaynor won't let us play favorites any more:



Gwendolyn Pates is my favorite "kid,"
All others for her you bet I'd outbid;
I only wish she and I were mates.
Oh! you beautiful Gwendolen Pates.

(Continued on page 162)

CHATS WITH THE PLAYERS

FLORENCE LABADIE, OF THE THANHOUSER COMPANY



IT would be hard to find a prettier picture of ideal home life than is seen when one calls on Miss Florence Labadie, who lives with her devoted father and mother in a beautiful apartment on West 124th Street. For this popular young actress belongs to that type so frequently met in our American life—the petted, idolized, only child, around whom the home and family revolve like satellites around a star. Some girls are spoiled by this state of affairs; but there are others who seem to develop a rare sweetness of mind and soul from the love and care that surround them. Miss LaBadie belongs to the latter class; meeting her, one feels at once that here is a girl whose character, tho broadened by education, travel and experience, is yet moulded and sweetened, kept simple and sincere, by the wholesome, home-loving life and training that has been her good fortune.

She is a slender, graceful girl, with a repose of manner that is seldom found. She does not gesticulate when she talks, as do so many of her profession. Her slim hands lie quietly in her lap, and her face, with its delicate, regular features is under perfect control. Miss LaBadie can express much emotion with face and gesture, but she also can, and does, control her expression. She has a mass of fine, soft, brown hair, that lights into a pure golden tint when the sun touches it. Her throat is beautifully curved; her eyes are a bluish-gray, large, and a bit dreamy.

And yet this bit of a girl with the demure, half shy manner is known as the girl who is afraid of nothing! She is an intrepid rider, a daring swimmer, venturing difficult dives and feats without an instant's tremor. She

has taken flights in the air and on the sea with equal fearlessness, and she greatly enjoyed motor cycling until a recent terrible accident to a friend, who was racing with her, spoiled her enjoyment of this sport. But last week her reputation for bravery and nonchalance suffered a terrible shock. She actually got frightened when doing a scene in the studio yard, screamed and jumped and protested like any ordinary, nervous girl. And it was not a ferocious wild animal that caused all these tremors—just the common, back-yard variety of goat!

"He kept putting his head down and looking at me," she explained; "it was dreadful!"

Before Miss LaBadie began her work in the pictures, which was only two years ago, she was successful on the regular stage, playing for two seasons with Chauncey Olcott and then at the New Century Theater in "The Blue Bird." Her first photoplay work was with the Biograph Company, where she played opposite Edwin August. From the Biograph she went to the Thanhouser Company, where she has played a great number and variety of parts.

"I like comedy parts best," she said, "but I do much better work in sad ones—why is it we always want to do the thing we cant do?"

As I ventured no reply to this world-old question, she went on, graciously, but with no self-assertiveness nor apparent desire to advertise her success, telling me interesting details of her work at the Thanhouser studio, which is located in New Rochelle, the famous little town "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway."

"It is all so interesting," she declared, her eyes losing that faint touch of dreaminess as she became interested in her subject. "There is such variety to the plays, and I never know what I may be called upon to do next. Not long ago I had the lead in Miss Robinson Crusoe. They left me floating on a log, so far out that, tho I am a good swimmer, I really wondered if I'd ever get back to land. Recently I have played 'Undine,' which was a very interesting subject, and have also enjoyed my work in the 'Merchant of Venice' and 'Lucille.' Yes, I always go to see the pictures in which I

have appeared, and, silly as it may seem, I really have stage fright. I sit with my hands clenched and watch myself, seeing where I might have done better and longing to walk into the picture again and improve my acting."

With this spirit, it is easy to understand Miss LaBadie's progress in her work. There are few more popular actresses today.

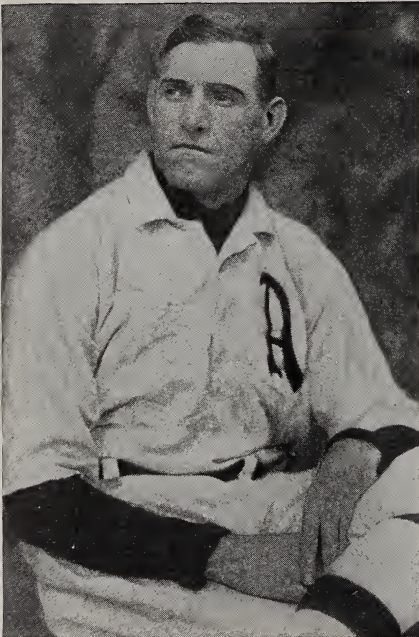
She was born in New York and it has always been her home, tho she has traveled all over this country. Her education was in the public schools and in a convent, and she greatly prefers the former. She is very skillful with pen-and-ink sketches, and meant to be an artist, in her early years, until her talent for acting turned her thoughts from the artistic career. Before her stage work began she posed for many of Stanlaws' finest pictures.

An omnivorous reader, she is familiar with the whole range of literature, but prefers the old masters of fiction, particularly Dickens, Thackeray and Bulwer-Lytton. She is fond of outdoor sports, liking best "the things that I can do alone," as she expressed it, swimming, rowing and skating. She adores her two tiny white toy spaniel dogs, Beauty and Teddy, and I suspect that she still plays with her dolls! At any rate, I saw three elaborately dressed ones reposing upon a divan in her dainty dressing-room, looking just as if somebody loved them.

"I'm always scared when an interviewer is coming," she confessed, when I finally rose to go, "but this hasn't been bad at all; I shall be glad to have you come again. I think *THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE* is fine."

By the way, the LaBadies pronounce their name thus: *Labodee*, with accent on the first syllable; the "bod" is pronounced the same as in body.

HARRY R. MORGAN, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY



WHEN the Lubin Company wanted a real baseball star to shine in baseball photoplays, they went after Harry R. Morgan, familiarly known as "Cy," and got him. When I met him, in the Lubin studio, he had been with them five weeks and was "intending to stay awhile," he said.

Every baseball fan knows this man; his name is familiar to all followers of the great game. For ten years he played professional ball, first with St. Louis, then Boston, then the Philadelphia Athletics.

"I've always had luck," he said, briefly, when questioned about his success. "I was born out in Pomeroy, Ohio, where I went to public school only six years. Then I worked in the mills, and Saturday afternoons and evenings I went to the theaters. I finally learned a song and dance sketch, and one summer I played summer resorts with it. That fall I went home with a long siege of sickness. When I was better and getting my strength back, I played baseball around the country with our home team, and the next summer I had a chance to go to Fall River, Mass., to play professional ball. I took it, and I've never been sorry. It's the greatest game in the world; a fine exercise, a good clean sport, with a tremendous enthusiastic American following."

Looking at his keen, gray eyes and the determined set of his jaw, one knows that some quality in addition to mere good luck has carried Mr. Morgan to success. But he is a doer, rather than a talker, hence the shortness of this interview.

He is the kind of man one thinks of as a typical product of our great national game, well built, with strong, clean-cut features, face and manner in perfect control, but carrying the impression of latent strength that acts quickly and decisively when the right moment arrives.

"The Stroke Oar," "The Home Run and the Burglar," "Aunt Polly's Mistake," and "Many a Slip 'Twixt," are some of the plays in which he has played leading parts in his five weeks with the Lubins.

ELINOR MIDDLETON, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY



ALTHO Elinor Middleton is descended from a theatrical family and has had long association with stage people, she had had absolutely no theatrical experience until she made her first appearance before the camera in "A Timely Lesson," about one year ago. From the first, she was enthusiastically declared to be a "find." Her acting is so natural, so spontaneous, so effective, yet so unstudied, that one feels sure it is a pleasure to her as well as to her audience.

Miss Middleton is a dark, sparkling brunette, of medium size. She is full of life and vim, loving golf, tennis and fishing, and is an expert swimmer and horsewoman. She is finely educated, being a graduate of one of the famous old convent schools, and her manner and face show deep intellectuality and refinement.

"And I'm a suffragette," she declared, with much spirit; "I fail to see how any woman with a heart and a conscience can be anything else in this day." She looked so exceedingly pretty, with that earnestness upon her piquant face, that the interviewer was almost persuaded to carry a yellow banner up Fifth Avenue next time an opportunity offered.

"Your magazine is the finest yet," she said; "it is doing much to raise the standards of the photoplay. I advertise it wherever I go, as all the Lubin folks do."

At present, Miss Middleton is playing heavy parts with Mr. Barry O'Neill's Lubin Company. They have just returned from the Coast of Maine, and Mr. O'Neill says: "I tell you, that little woman's a winner."

GUY COOMBS, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

Winchester, Va., Sept. 13, 1912.

DEAR EDITOR: In accordance with your telegram (which reached me too late to catch a train day before yesterday, by the way), I am sending you my impressions and the results of my interview with Guy Coombs, of the Kalem Company.

It is fairly safe to say that this good-sized valley town has never been so "het up" since the actual days of the Shenandoah campaign and Phil Sheridan's daredevil ride. For the past two days the boom of cannon and the continuous rattle of rifles on the roads leading into the town have given an excuse to shut up shop and join the crowd in the fields. Old vets have been hobbling off their porches and having it out all over again with their neighboring enemies of bygone days. And it goes without saying, that every able-bodied youth in Shenandoah County wants a job in the Kalem armies, helping to picture Bronson Howard's "Shenandoah."

A photoplay skirmish was on when I struck Winchester, and I had simply to follow the town, moving to the scene, to find my fellow Washingtonian, Guy Coombs.

I think I would have known him without the aid of his uniform: long, lank, cat-footed; wavy brown hair; intense, dancing blue eyes; vigorous, sure arms (designed by Nature to clasp a sword or a maiden); a skin as tanned as the brown roads—in fact, the ideal of the soldier-gentleman that once filled the South.

The battle was over, and Mr. Coombs and I walked out upon a field from which the dead and wounded had courteously removed themselves. We sat calmly on a rail-fence that had just been fiercely contended for by two armies.

Here, while Winchester and the troops had gone home to discuss matters, he told me the leading facts in his professional career, and such personal ones as I could capture beneath his guard.



For a gentleman who was born on June 15, 1882, he has had a long and versatile stage experience. His earlier work was as leading man for those favorites who seem never to grow old, the late Joseph Jefferson, Wilton Lackaye, Minnie Maddern Fiske, and Charlotte Walker. During her first American tour Mr. Coombs was cast by Henry Arthur Jones to play the part of Lionel Carteret, in support of Miss Lena Ashwell, in "Mrs. Dane's Defense." He has also been leading man for Hilda Spong and Louis Mann. His favorite parts, as he recalled them, were Captain Absolute in "The Rivals" with Joe Jefferson, Little Billie in the revival of "Tribby" by Wilton Lackaye, and Prince von Haldenwald in "Aristocracy."

Guy Coombs' first experience in photoplay was with the Edison Company in January, 1911, remaining with them until he joined the Kalem Florida Company in September, 1911. From that date he has taken command of the military fortunes and the heart destinies of the girls in picture-land in the South—to say nothing of the hold he has made for himself upon ourselves, the audience.

He likes the work—every part of it, he says, and prophesies a future for photoplay in proportion as the range of the camera increases (especially in military dramas), as the better actors are attracted to it, and as well-known playwrights give their efforts to producing finer photoplays.

Mr. Coombs admits his hobbies and pleasures very cannily. He is fond of fencing, tho, for he stated that it was a requisite to good military portrayal, and often ridiculous on the stage. He likes motoring, for I saw him whiz by my hostelry a few minutes ago.

As far as reading goes, I am sure that he devotes a good bit of his time to it—not cheap, mawkish stuff, but the great inspirations of dramatic literature. In the course of our conversation, referring to the untold opportunities of photoplay, he spoke of Dickens, Hugo, Shakespeare, Byron and Poe as hardly being scratched yet.

As the smell of home-cooking floated over the fields from Winchester, Mr. Coombs unfolded his long legs from the fence, and I could feel that his thoughts were now on material things.

"By the way," he said, in his slow, Southern way, "I admire the enterprise of your magazine in sending you 'way down here hot-foot, just to catch me. It's immense, every part of it. Now let's go worry over a supper."

THE INQUISITOR.

ELEANOR BLANCHARD, OF THE EASTERN ESSANAY CO.

BROWN-HAIRED, blue-eyed, fair-complexioned, measuring five feet four and weighing 138 pounds, this is Eleanor Blanchard, of the Eastern Essanay Company, but this terse description, tho perfectly accurate, gives no hint of the real charm of this popular actress, which lies in her sunny, vivacious personality. For Miss Blanchard is full of life and of the joy of living, and tho in her manner there is an occasional touch of demureness which harks back to her Quaker parentage, it only adds zest by contrast to her bright piquancy.

Born in Philadelphia, she graduated from that city's normal school, and her three years of photoplay work with the Edison, Méliès and Essanay companies were preceded by several years on the regular stage, the two last engagements being with Rose Stahl and Leslie Carter. She is particularly strong in character work; each of her various portrayals stands out as a type.

"How many photoplays have I appeared in?" she said, in answer to a question. "I never could count them all! Favorites? Well, I enjoyed my part as the nun in 'Her Adopted Father,' and Maggie in 'A Mistaken Calling,' for two examples. My favorite line of work is eccentric character."

"Whom do you consider the greatest photoplayer?" I asked, but she only shook her pretty head decidedly. "I am a tactful person," she laughed.

Shakespeare and Dickens are Miss Blanchard's best-loved writers, and swimming is her favorite sport. Her evenings are spent in study and writing, for, tho she works every day in the week, she has found time to write many photoplays.

"No, I don't want to vote," she affirmed, emphatically, "I'm too busy."

"Our happiness depends on our ability to make others happy, and religion is only doing as we would be done by," she declared, when questioned about her views of life's more serious side. Truly, a joyous belief and a good one. I feel better for having met its exponent, whose happy face and manner prove the truth of her creed. M. P.





THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE was conceived by Mr. J. Stuart Blackton in November, 1910, designed in December, 1910, and started in January, 1911. Hence, it is now entering upon its third year. It has steadily grown in popularity, until now it is found on nearly every newsstand in the English-speaking world. Nearly a million persons read it every month. It is the people's encyclopædia of information concerning the Motion Picture world—and it is a big world; over 16,000,000 persons attend the photoshow every day. That this magazine has increased that attendance, that it has helped to cause better pictures and better conditions, to raise the standard, and to put the Motion Picture industry on a higher plane, is our proud boast.

Those who attended the silent drama two years ago saw a vastly different and better entertainment than they had seen two years before; and those who attend today can make a similar comparison of progress. What will the future bring forth? Many years ago there were those who said that Motion Pictures were but a fad, a passing fancy, a toy for children, a crude amusement for the very poor; today they must admit that the photodrama has not only left the regular drama far in the rear, but that it is constantly progressing, whereas the old-style drama is standing still, if not actually going backward. For two thousand years and more has the stage had its day, with its ups and downs, while the silent drama first saw the light less than a fifth of a century ago. Many advantages has the latter over the former, for example these ten:

1. It has no trouble with acoustics; even the deaf can hear.
2. It has made it possible for one company to play to 16,000,000 persons, all in a day, and in all parts of the world at one and the same time.
3. It has solved the problem of scenery. When real mountains and oceans and plains and castles are required, it brings them to your vision, and there is no time wasted in shifting scenery. In a second we are taken from the mountain-top to a palace, and in the next we are on the ocean.
4. In one play we may have as many as twenty or thirty real scenes, while the stage permits only of three or four painted ones.
5. We can see a complete play in a quarter of an hour, while the stage would require eight or ten times as much time.
6. We can see five or six plays in the same time that it takes to see one in the regular theater, and a variety, too.
7. With few exceptions, there is a picture theater near every home, while it is usually necessary to take a vehicle to see the regular drama—another saving of time.

8. The cost of seeing the photodrama is usually ten cents to see four or five plays, whereas the cost of seeing a regular play is one or two dollars.

9. The photoplay has the remarkable ability of giving the spectators a near view of the characters and scenery, thus making small objects discernible, and sometimes enlarging the figures to three or four times their natural size.

10. Reaching the masses as well as the classes, the photoplay can and does exert a beneficent influence over the morals of the people, and there is scarcely a program that does not contain films that are educational, that teach a moral lesson, or that show scenery and peoples of various parts of the world. The stage is no longer looked on as a moralizer.

No wonder, then, that Motion Pictures have grown to be a permanent institution, and no wonder that this magazine has, as the representative organ of that institution's patrons, won the unprecedented popularity that it now enjoys. It was foreseen by Mr. Blackton that the reader who read the illustrated stories in this magazine would inevitably desire to see the characters *move*, and that is just what happened. Hence, we have not only supplied the public with valuable literature, but we have brought hundreds of thousands of new patrons to the picture theaters, and these new patrons are entitled to a good part of the credit for having placed the industry on a higher plane. To you, therefore, dear readers, is the Motion Picture world much indebted.



A magazine cannot undertake to be a censor over its advertisers. All the publisher can do is to see that the advertiser is reliable; he cannot guarantee that the advertiser can do what he says he can do. Were the editor compelled to sample and to approve every brand that is advertised before accepting the advertisement, there would be very little advertising. What is good for one is not always good for another. If readers wish to learn hypnotism, or to patronize certain schools, or to cure their ills with various drugs, it is no concern of the publisher. Anybody can write patent medicine advertisements: first, convince the reader that he has the disease; second, that it is curable. Advertisements may be classed as good and bad; but in most all cases it is for the reader to decide.



I think that the art of making-up for the pictures has not yet been brought to the high standard of the stage. I can name players who, when representing a brawny woodsman or sailor, powder their faces and hands white, thereby spoiling the effect. I know players who are noted for ill-fitting wigs and beards. I can name very few ladies who do not have chalky-white faces and black lips in the pictures. Surely, there is a remedy for all this—why not find it? One advantage of the screen over the stage is that when the former wants to show an old man, or a fat woman, or any other type of character, the director finds just such a character, while the stage usually resorts to the art of make-up. Hence, on the stage, we often see a handsome young man trying to play the part of an aged hunchback shoemaker, and, while he may be very clever, you could not expect the same realism that Marshall P. Wilder recently put into such a part. While we have a wonderful assortment of "types" in Motion Pictures, there is no reason for neglecting the art of make-up.

Noting the popularity of war pictures, I am constrained to expound this conundrum—the riddle of the universe. What is it that all men hate, yet fear at any moment; that unpeoples nations and peoples hell; that destroys more life and property than fire, famine and pestilence; that makes the sweetheart sigh and the mother weep; that leaves in its trail pyramids of broken hearts, wrecked fortunes and lost souls, mountains of bones, and rivers of blood; yet, that which men are willing any day to create, foster and maintain? We sing swaggering songs of it, daub it with guilt, decorate it with medals, teach it in schools, and hero-worship at its shrine. History without it is a blank. Destroy it, and the poet's great theme is gone. Erase it from the memory, and the teachings of patriot, orator and statesman are set at naught. Who—what—where is it?—this thing that is not, today, but which may be, tomorrow; this modern Juggernaut that ruthlessly crushes devotee and foe alike, and levels to the dust the palaces of kings, the hovels of the poor, and the marble halls of learning; this perpetual sword of Damocles; this universal shirt of Nessus; this brimstone-hell of theology; this eternal Nemesis of mankind? The answer is—WAR!

Perhaps Moving Pictures, and paintings, and history, and verse, and statues to our military heroes, all help to lessen the possibilities of wars in the future, because they help us to realize the horrors of wars in the past. Anyway, let us hope that in the near future no man can be induced to shoulder a musket, unless he loves the men on both sides, and loves them equally well.



Photoshow—A mirror in which we see vice in all its hideousness, and virtue in all its beauty, thus teaching us to despise the one, and to adore and emulate the other.



A word here as to the department of "Answers to Inquiries." Our "Answers Man" receives no less than 2,500 letters each month, many of which require that the answers appear in the magazine. We are only too glad to supply the public with information, for we think that it is a good thing for them, a good thing for the magazine, and a good thing for the whole industry. But, unfortunately, our space is limited. At this time it is not practicable to increase the size of the magazine so as to carry the required number of answers, and it is distressing, to us as well as to our readers, to be compelled to hold from six to twelve pages of this matter over to the following month's issue. Many questions are, in our judgment, nonsensical, while many are intelligent and deserving of publicity and of longer and more comprehensive answers than we can at present give. We wish our readers to know that a large magazine like this must go to press many days in advance of the date on which the magazine comes out. For example, the January issue comes out on December twentieth. Thirty-two pages of it have to be made ready for the printer on November twenty-fifth, and the last thirty-two pages have to go to the printer on December second. Hence, those readers who send in questions after the first of December cannot hope to see the answers until they read the February number, which will not reach them until January twentieth. We wish to submit a suggestion: Why not have your *important* questions answered by mail? This can be done within a few days. All you need do is to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

It is probably true that, in the long run, the Motion Picture manufacturers give the public what the public wants. As Dr. Johnson says:

The drama's laws the drama's patrons give,
For we that live to please, must please to live.

Yet, it is possible, and probable, that the manufacturers often err in their judgment. Of course, when the error is discovered, it is corrected, for, in the end, the public is the censor and arbiter of all photoplays. That which is unpopular cannot long exist. At the photostage the onlookers weep, tremble, resent, rejoice, and are inflamed, according to the emotions that are aroused, and a bad play, or a good play, is soon noised about till it comes to the ears of the manufacturer. *Raise the standard!* should be the cry of all. The power of the public is supreme. It can cause better, or poorer, plays. If the play is immoral, or poorly done, the public must be the censor, and it must complain, either to the managers, or to the authorities, or to the manufacturers, or to all three, and demand—not request, but *demand!*



If I may be permitted slightly to paraphrase a paragraph from Willmott, the photodrama embraces and applies all the beauties and decorations of poetry. The sister arts attend and adorn it. Painting, architecture and music are her handmaids. The costliest lights of a people's intellect burn at her shrine. All ages will welcome her, as they have welcomed the drama in the past.



It is easy to believe that which we wish or hope for earnestly, and we discard easily that which would cause us pain.



Certain it is that every man who does not benefit the world by living, will benefit it by dying. Don't spend your life regretting the past, complaining of the present, and indulging false hopes of the future. Get busy and create something useful, or do something useful, or say something useful.



The Kinematograph and Lantern Weekly (London) quotes Mrs. Langtry as follows: "If a certain number of people must forego their rest on Sunday in order that a large number of other people may enjoy themselves, then let the number of workers be as small as possible. The picture palaces are run on the minimum of labor, and run by that class of labor which can take its holidays on week-days—a thing which artistes cannot do. Therefore, my feeling distinctly is that, for the sake of the public, the picture shows should be kept open, and, for the sake of the artistes, the theaters and music-halls should remain closed."



Population is increasing faster than is production. Many people eat who do not work. The cities are overcrowded, and the farms are underworked. We are all using luxuries, and but few of us are producing necessities. Many are playing phonographs and pianolas, and riding autos and motor cycles, and few are growing vegetables, raising cattle, and making clothes. Is it any wonder that prices are high all over the world?



Moving Pictures in Literature

By ROBERT GRAU

Author of "Forty Years' Observation of Music and the Drama," etc.

UNQUESTIONABLY, the most constructive of the recent achievements of the Moving Picture has come from the final capitulation of the nation's editorial factors. It is not so long ago that even the daily newspapers were decidedly reluctant to mention, even in the briefest way, the most important matters connected with the industry and that the majority of writers were wont to regard them as a great evil; and, when publicity finally was awarded, it was invariably accompanied by abuse, and always only the evils that could be raked up were held up for public judgment.

But, what a different tale is to be told today—when it is generally conceded that the most potent and absorbing theme in editorial sanctums is the once despised Motion Picture. The amazing spectacle of seven of the country's most widely read magazines devoting in their November issues from ten to twenty pages each to the new art, is surely an inspiring one, but this has been going on for several months, increasing in the seriousness of the viewpoint all the time. On one Sunday in the month of October, three of New York City's seven Sunday newspapers devoted one and two pages each to the ennobling enterprise of the Kalem Company in its epochal undertaking in Palestine. All of the six magazines appealing to the women of this country have had leading articles on various phases of the progress of the photoplay, and one magazine

publisher, not satisfied with the presentation of one of Edison's releases as a serial story, has employed three well-known writers, each to present, to its million readers of another publication it controls, articles consisting of six thousand words. In all of the large cities, the newspapers have started photoplay departments on Sundays, and some of the evening newspapers have a daily record of all film news.

But this was not accomplished thru advertising, as has been the case with all other phases of public entertaining. Many publishers are employing photoplay critics, despite the fact that not a penny of revenue comes to the periodicals from exhibitors or manufacturers. The evolution is simply the result of the amazing uplift in the industry and the intense public interest; an interest, too, that is recognized to represent ninety-five per cent. of the population of the country.

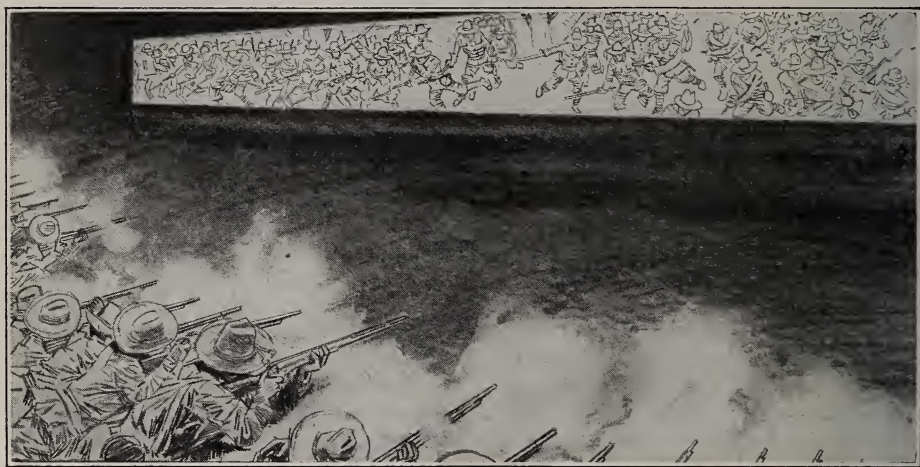
Good articles on the Moving Pictures are a sight-draft on the editorial bank account; moreover, the demand is so contagious that some of the best writers on political and scientific matters have shifted their energies into the newer field.

This is so true that an investigator, bent upon enlightenment on the subject, discovered that in the period from January 1 to October 1, 1912, over thirty writers embraced the subject of the silent drama for the first time.

How Our Militia May Become Proficient in Marksmanship



THIS SKETCH SHOWS A MOVING PICTURE OF THE OPPOSING FORCES JUST MAKING THEIR APPEARANCE FROM THEIR HIDING-PLACES.



SHOWING THE REAL SOLDIERS FIRING AT THE ADVANCING FOE.



SHOWING THAT OUR SOLDIERS ARE PRETTY GOOD SHOTS, AND THAT THEY WERE NOT AFFECTED WITH "STAGE FRIGHT"

Suggested and drawn by A. B. Shults.



Great Mystery Play

A Contest That Is Arousing Everybody

WHO STOLE THE MOST MAGNIFICENT AND SIGNIFICANT
DIAMOND OF ALL HISTORY, AND WHY?

Detect the guilty person, and win a reward of \$100 in gold



The public has caught on; a treat of this kind seldom comes along, and they know it. The OVER A MILLION readers of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE are all wondering who committed the audacious theft of the wonder-laden diamond. From the stage of wonder, thousands have begun to conjecture keenly, and to send us their answers.

Lambert Chase, the greatest detective of photoplay, is waiting for the evidence that will convict the thief, and convince and entertain 15,000,000 playgoers.

Think of it: a greater audience than voted for Wilson, Roosevelt and Taft!

Everybody's talking about it—contestants, the general public, theater managers and studios, and several prominent police officials have taken a hand in trying to solve the mystery.

The magazine, and its partner in this contest, the Vitagraph Company of America, have resolved to meet the general interest more than half way. For more than a month past two special editors have been engaged solely in handling the mail and answers. A committee of judges, than whom no more prominent could be selected in America, have accepted, and will enter upon their duties beginning with the new year. Three of them, at least, Messrs. Markham, Carleton and Maxim, are known the world over.

Furthermore, the Vitagraph Company is as enthusiastic as a schoolboy over the great public interest and responses, and have assured us that no pains nor expense will be spared toward presenting The Diamond Mystery as one of the feature photoplays of 1913. It will be cast and staged more than carefully, with full credit of authorship to the winning contestant.

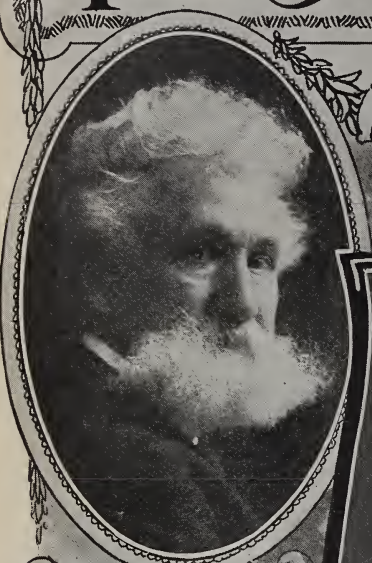
On account of the largely increased circulation of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, and the unexpectedly large amount of work required for judges and editors, the date of closing the contest is postponed to January 15, 1913; but all letters postmarked on or before that date will be accepted, if received at this office before January 20, 1913.

In the next number we shall print a few of the more ingenious solutions that have been sent in. If the judges think well of it, we are willing to provide a few extra prizes for meritorious efforts.

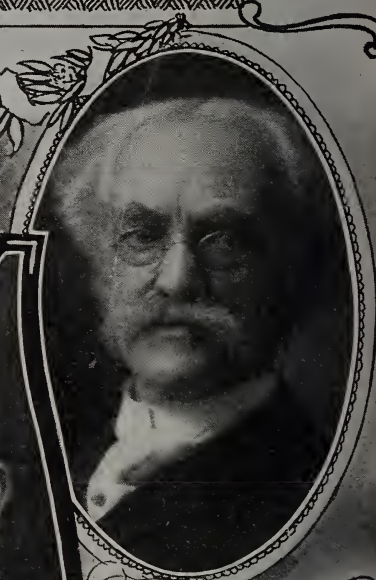
For the benefit of the readers who have not read the story in photoplay form, we repeat the following simple rules, and print a synopsis of the photoplay—ample information for new contestants:

- (1) Any person is eligible to compete.
- (2) We do not insist on perfect technique and construction.
- (3) The best solution of the mystery is the main essential sought for.
- (4) No person may submit more than one solution, and each manuscript must contain nothing but the missing scenes, the cast of characters (if desired), and the name and address of the contestant.
- (5) It is not necessary to fill in *every* blank scene.
- (6) You may not change, add to, or take from the scenes already given: they must stand as they are, except that you may finish the incomplete last scene.
- (7) If desired, the contestant may write simply the name of the person, or persons, who committed the crime, stating the circumstances and motives. All

The Judges in the



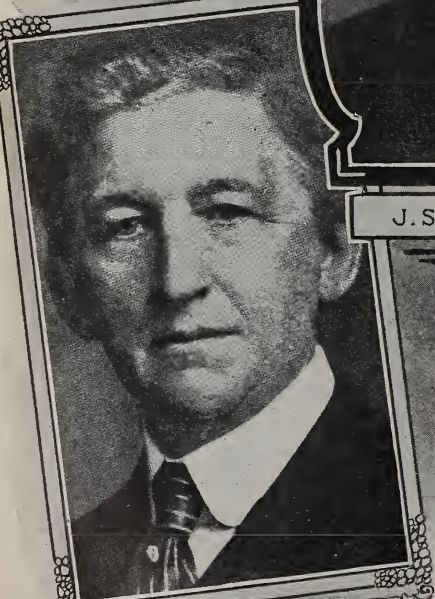
HUDSON MAXIM



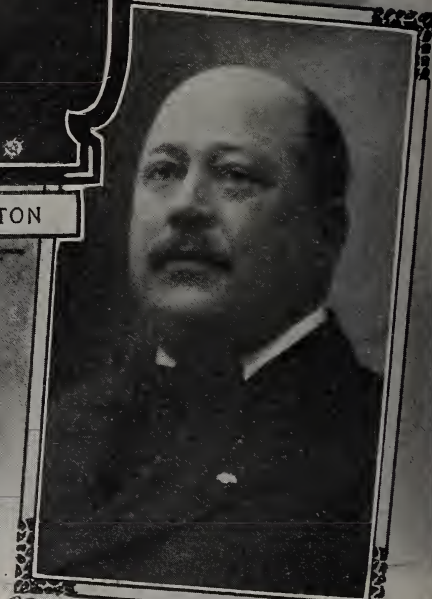
JOHN H. JOHNSTON



J. STUART BLACKTON



WILL CARLETON



EPES WINTHROP SARGENT

LEADERS, IN THEIR RESPECTIVE SPHERES, OF

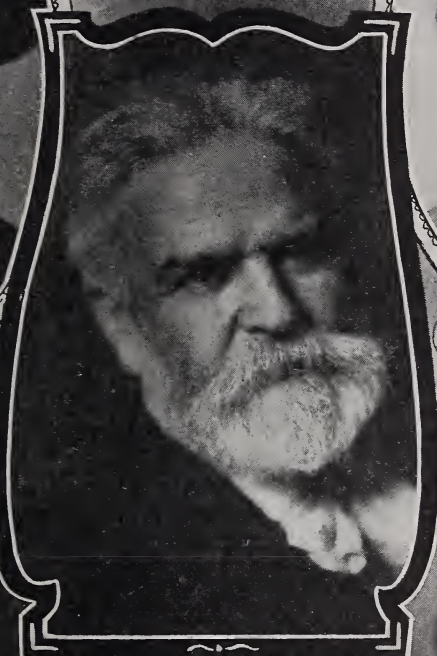
Great Mystery Play



WM. LORD WRIGHT



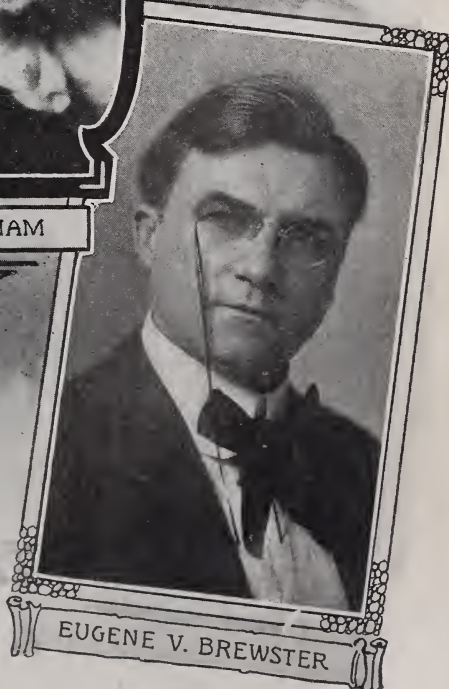
EMMET CAMPBELL HALL



EDWIN MARKHAM



EDWIN M. LAROCHE



EUGENE V. BREWSTER

THE WORLD'S BEST THOUGHT AND ACTION

manuscripts submitted must be considered our property, and none will be returned.

(8) All communications should be addressed to "Editor the Mystery Play, M. P. S. Magazine, 26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." We cannot undertake to answer any inquiries regarding the contest. The complete photoplay (all but the missing scenes) was published in the November issue, and it will not be published again. A copy of that magazine will be forwarded to any person desiring to compete, for 15 cents, in stamps or cash. The judges will be announced in the next issue. For your convenience, a synopsis of The Great Mystery Play is here given:

THE DIAMOND MYSTERY.

Jonathan Moore, inventor and chemist, is down to his last dollar, but, assisted by his daughter, Violet, and against the wishes of his wife, he persists in fitting up their living-room as a laboratory and in continuing his researches. Olin, in love with Violet, enters, and shows his jealousy of Phelps, the son of Moore's best friend. After repeated experiments with his formula and crucible, Moore succeeds in making a large, perfect diamond, which is seen by all.

Phelps slips out to his father's diamond shop, and, with consternation, tells him of the discovery. Olin, too, is troubled, as its results may place Violet beyond his reach. Meanwhile, Firestone, the diamond merchant, calls on Moore, and is shown the beautiful stone. He leaves, dazed, believing the process will ruin his business.

The inventor cautiously hides his diamond and formula, cables the result to the International Diamond Syndicate, London, and asks for an offer. Bloodgood, the English manager, receives cablegram, and notifies his N. Y. agent, Rollins, not to make a move till he comes.

Meanwhile, Phelps receives a sure tip on the races thru his reckless friend, Bill. They both are broke, and Firestone refuses to advance money. In desperation, Phelps goes to Olin, who loans him money and takes a receipt. Their horse is a bad loser, and Phelps, disheartened, calls on Violet. Believing him half sick, she tenderly cares for him, but Olin overlooks the scene and summons Phelps into the hall. Olin, in a jealous rage, demands his money. Phelps is destitute and puts him off, to return to Violet. Thru artless questions, he finds out from her the secret of the invention, and suddenly leaves to tell Bill the cheerful news, claiming that he himself is the inventor.

Bill is convinced and takes Phelps to the room of some counterfeiters. Phelps draws plans of his supposed invention, and, finally, sells it to them for a considerable sum. The next day he pays his debt to Olin.

In Bill's presence, the counterfeiters construct the diamond-making machine, and find it inadequate. Bill promises to find Phelps and to fetch him there. He goes to Firestone's shop, and is directed by him to the Moores' house. He enters the laboratory, sees the invention, denounces Phelps, and leaves as Phelps tries to explain things to Violet. The success of the invention looks blue, as no word has come from England. Mrs. Moore is sarcastic and miserable, but Moore and Violet still hope against hope. In the meantime, the swindled counterfeiters hold Bill responsible for the trickery of Phelps.

The unexpected day comes when Rollins, the syndicate agent, calls on Moore, to do business. Phelps, Violet, Olin and Rollins watch Moore make a diamond. They show great interest and, finally, consternation as Moore refuses an offer of \$1,000,000 for his process. Rollins leaves, with a sneer.

Mrs. Moore tells of her husband's obstinacy, to her lady friends, who start by sympathizing and end by plotting with her. Violet enthuses over their prospect to Phelps, who puts his arm about her. Olin leaves the house in a

blind rage. He has barely gone when Bill enters and, asking to see Phelps alone, accuses him of knavery. Phelps breaks down, and Violet rushes to his relief. She listens to his confession. As she and Bill plan to save him, Firestone enters and realizes his son's guilt. He denounces him and sends him away, finally seizing on Bill to help him plan a scheme to save Phelps' reputation.

Meanwhile, in Rollins' office, Bloodgood states that something must be done at once—if the invention comes out their diamond fields are worthless. They leave for a drinking-place to plan further—at the same time the baffled counterfeiters, in their room, twist and turn about the useless plans of Phelps.

In the drinking-place Rollins sees the broken-spirited Phelps. Rollins thinks he may be of use, and introduces Bloodgood to him.

On the evening of the same day, the inventor cautiously closes his laboratory, puts out light, and retires on cot in corner. (What happens next is to be supplied by the contestant—scenes 46, 47 and 48.)

Thru open window an indistinguishable figure or figures climb in and flit about room. There is an explosion where the diamond machine was. Violet enters with light, sees wrecked machine, and discovers that the diamond, formula and inventor are all missing. Telephones police.

The police captain sends an officer, who, after taking notes, reports it a baffling case. The captain decides to call Lambert Chase, the famous detective, into the case, and telephones him particulars.

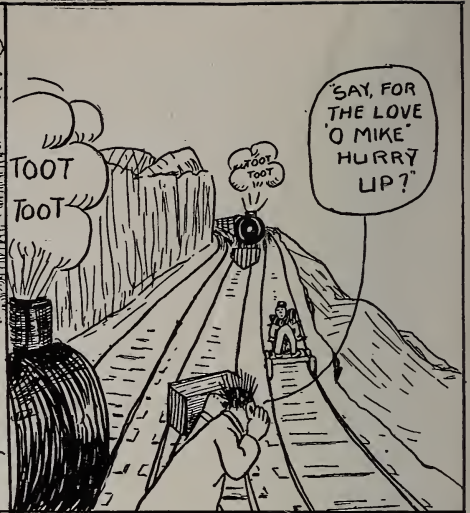
Chase almost immediately appears at the Moores' and makes an inspection. The following day, having ordered every one concerned to be present, he seats them all—Olin, Phelps, Bill, counterfeiters, Firestone, Rollins, Bloodgood, Violet and her mother—at a table in the laboratory, and places an instrument, connected by wires to numbered charts, on their wrists. It is the pulseograph, or pulse-writer. Suddenly he places, successively, a miniature machine like the inventor's, a formula and an imitation of the diamond, on the table. Suddenly there is an explosion of the machine, and the diamond and formula are made to disappear. The detective then inspects the charts, and dramatically raises his hand to name the guilty one— (The rest of the play is omitted, and the contestant is required to fill in the missing part of scene 57 and all of 58 and 59. This need not be done in scenario form. Simply a narrative of what happened before the theft, and after the final meeting, would, perhaps, do, altho we would prefer the scenes in photoplay form.)

New Year Wishes

By L. M. THORNTON



HIS morning, ere the sun was up,
Around the steaming breakfast cup
I bade a good, a glad New Year
To kindred as they gathered near.
May all your heart's desire, I said,
Be all this year before you spread.
Then forth I went upon my way,
And all I met the livelong day
I hailed as friends, and in each ear
I cried a good, a glad New Year.
May every joy you wish be sent:
Wealth, Wisdom, Courage and Content.
With evening shadows 'round me spread,
In well-known ways my feet are led;
And at the Motion Picture play
A good, a glad New Year I say:
You act your parts my heart to cheer;
Good luck be yours, this glad New Year.





Answers to Inquiries



This department is for the answering of questions of general interest *only*. Involved technical questions will not be answered. Information as to matrimonial and personal matters of the players will not be given. A list of all film makers will be supplied to all who enclose a stamped and self-addressed envelope. No questions answered relating to Biograph players. Those who desire early replies may enclose a *stamped and self-addressed* envelope for answer by mail. Write only on one side of paper, and use separate sheets for questions intended for different departments of this magazine. Always give name of company when inquiring about plays. If subscribers give name and address and write "Subscriber" at top of letter, their queries will be given a preference.

G. S., JERSEY CITY.—The studios do not allow visitors while taking pictures.

MINA, N. J.—Adele De Garde will appear in "The Eavesdropper."

LILLIAN L., No. 25.—Francis X. Bushman did not play opposite G. M. Anderson in "Broncho Billy's Last Holdup." William Todd and Arthur Mackley are the sheriffs of the Western Essanay. Harry Myers had the lead in "The Last Rose of Summer" (Lubin).

VIRGIE.—Francis Bushman has blue eyes.

L. W., NEB.—We can't read your questions.

F. S.—Maurice Costello was interviewed in April, 1912.

L. C., MILWAUKEE.—Fred Mace plays the "silly parts" in Keystone. Dr. Fogg was George Lessey, and the girl was Gertrude McCoy in "A Fresh-Air Romance" (Edison). The last we heard of Ethel Elder she was with Powers. The Gaumont is an independent company now, formerly a Licensed; hence you may still see their plays in Licensed and Independent theaters.

H. M. H., WHEELING.—Harriette Parsons was the fairy in "The Magic Wand" (Essanay), and Joseph Allen the manager.

K. S., ST. JOSEPH.—We will try and publish Martha Russell's picture soon.

D. V.—You mean Edwin August.

MARIE C., PHILADELPHIA.—Fred O'Beck took the part of Bad Bill in "The Minister and the Outlaw." He also was Dick Carrol in "The Two-Gun Sermon."

C. H. C.—Evebelle Prout was the bareback rider in "Not on the Circus Program" (Essanay). Lillian Christy was Rhoda in "Peril of the Cliffs." Carlyle Blackwell will remain in Glendale. Alice Joyce will not return to California.

G. E., READING.—Eleanor Kahn was the little lame girl in "The Passing Shadow." Lily Branscombe was Grace in "The Warning Hand." Gwendolen Pates was Betty in "A Stern Destiny." Mildred Bracken was Bee in "The Cowboy Kid." Richard Stanton was Dixon in "The Judgment of the Sea," Henry Stanley the father, and Mildred Bracken, Bess. Leona Flugrath was Rose's sister in "A Fresh-Air Romance."

Miss R. W.—Betty Gray was the girl in "Lass of Gloucester" (Pathé Frères). We don't think Pathé have photos for sale.

INTERESTED FAN.—Jack Halliday had the lead in "Rice and Old Shoes" (Lubin). Florence Lawrence was Arthur Johnson's leading lady before Lottie Briscoe. Where have you been? Mildred Bracken was Grace Sherwood in "A Romance at Catalina."

M. M., N. Y. C.—We received your stamp, but no address.

M. L. M., N. Y. C.—Send stamped, addressed envelope and we will send you a list to whom to send your scenarios.

CUMBERLAND.—We do not answer Biograph questions!!!

POLLY.—No, William Garwood has not committed suicide yet.

W. L. C., LINDEN.—The editor thanks you for your suggestion, but does not approve of it. All rectangular pictures would spoil the artistic appearance of the magazine.

M. F. W.—Henrietta O'Beck was the girl in "When Buster Went to Dreamland."

D. H., BROOKLYN.—Helen Costello is not a stage child. Robert Gaillard has been on the stage. "A Tale of Two Cities" was in the May, 1911, issue. We will see about a chat with Mrs. Costello.

A. L., MEDIA.—Charles Arthur is Lord Wilbur in "Darby and Joan."

H. N. G., NEW YORK.—Lillian Walker's picture has been used several times on advertisements, but this will probably not occur again. Lawrence Trimble is the owner of Jean, the Vitagraph dog.

"PAT," MISSOULA.—Edna Hammel is not blind—she only plays blind. Owen Moore has been with Biograph, Imp and Majestic.

J. L. L., MARSHALL.—Ormi Hawley has had stage experience. We cannot tell you whether she appeared on the stage in "The Lion and the Mouse." M. P. questions are quite enough to take care of.

DAPHNE.—George Frazer was the tall man who played the leading part in "The Double Cross" (Eclair). We have never printed his picture in the "Gallery of Players."

TWO G. M. A. FANS.—Frederick Church was the sheriff in "Broncho Billy and the Indian Maid." Beverly Bayne played opposite Francis X. Bushman in "The Old Wedding Dress." She also played in "The Return of Becky."

BOBBY B.—Adrienne Kroell was the lead in "An Unexpected Fortune." Charles Clary was Bruce in the same picture. Alice Joyce will remain in New York.

N. A. H., CHICAGO.—"The O'Neill" is not a Kalem production. George Lessey was Prince Rudolph in "The Heir Apparent." Write to Vitagraph for pictures of the players.

PODDLE P. I.—Marguerite Snow was Jess, Flo La Badie was Bess, and James Cruze was John in "Jess" (Thanouser). Marshall Neilan was Warren Kerrigan's partner in "Cupid Thru Padlocks."

X. Y. Z.—Write to The General Film Company, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, for the information you ask.

MRS. QAGGI.—Charles Arthur was the husband in "Won by Waiting."

P. S. D.—Lottie Briscoe had the lead in "The Gift."

H. B. R., TACOMA.—Edna Fisher had the lead in "The Mountain Law" (Essanay).

VITAGRAPHAN.—Edward Lincoln was Jasper in "The Lord's Valet."

B. J., NEW YORK.—Howard Missimer was the father in "A Little Louder" (Essanay). Harry Northrup was Zena Kiefe's first husband in "The Hindoo's Curse."

J. B., NEW YORK.—Camille Astor is the girl who dies in "The Old Stage Coach" (Selig).

W. J. K.—Tom Carrigan is with the Selig Company. American is not one of the Licensed companies. Pauline Bush is with the Western section of the American. Flo La Badie, you mean, in "Under Two Flags." Lily Branscombe was Cinderella in "Mr. Tibb's Cinderella."

F. R., MILWAUKEE.—Your questions were all against the rules.

DIANA D.—Dorothy Kelley will continue with Vitagraph. There is no way to tell how many pictures a week Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton will appear in; probably twice a week.

M. J. P., THOMASVILLE.—Leo Delaney played in "The Money Kings" and "As You Like It." Lily Branscombe played opposite Francis Bushman in "Return of William Marr."

R. A., HORNELL.—You want to know if Florence Lawrence ever played in the Lubin Company! Yes, yes, yes. William Russell was the husband in "The Wrecked Taxi."

A. D.—Russell Read and Rhea Eline are not with Thanouser.

MARIE, ST. LOUIS.—Ruth Stonehouse was Mrs. Brown in "The Browns Have Visitors." Adrienne Kroell was Airleen in "The Laird's Daughter."

W. S. L., TENNESSEE.—You refer to Marshall Neilan of the American.

UNSIGNED.—Please sign your letters. William Bowman was the younger brother in "Under Two Flags" (Thanouser), also Kan in "Birth of the Lotus Blossom."

MOLLY B.—Maurice Costello has brown eyes. His hair is dark brown touched with gray.

NELL, ARK.—Florence Lawrence and Owen Moore played in "Cousin Fred" (Victor). Gertrude Robinson was Belle in "Cripple Creek." Herbert Prior was Robert Vale in "The Thorns of Success."

MRS. C. B. B.—Your questions answered above.

E. T., CLEVELAND.—Howard Missimer was the wild man in "The Wild Man" (Essanay). William Mason was Adam Boob in "An Adamless Eden."

L. B. W., CLEVELAND.—Mae Hotely had the lead in "Man Wanted" (Lubin). The colored pictures we offer to subscribers are the same size as the pages in the magazine.

TEDDY B.—Jack Halliday played opposite Ormi Hawley in "His Mistake" (Lubin).

MRS. KOENIG.—Florence Turner and Leo Delaney had the leads in "Rose Leaves." William Lewis still plays for Lubin.

LITTLE ROCK, MAY T.—Hal Reid is the same as James Halleck Reid who wrote "The Confession."

M. R. S.—Paul Gresham was played by Robert Taber in "The Deceivers."

I. B., PLATTSBURG.—Raymond Hackett was the child, Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe his parents, in "A Child's Devotion."

M. M. N., MEMPHIS.—William Duncan was Miss Stedman's opposite in "Driftwood." Charles Clary was Narrow in "Detective's Strategy."

TEXAS TWINS.—Francis X. Bushman is not a director. Ethel was Ethel Clayton in "The Doctor's Debt." Other questions answered above.

L. M. S., BRADFORD.—Herbert Prior was the minister in "Lola's Sacrifice."

B. M., SAN FRANCISCO.—Ruth Roland was the Belle of the Beach in the play by that title. Edna Payne was the girl in "The Moonshiner's Daughter."

B. C., SCHENECTADY.—There is no Tom Mason in "A Corner in Whiskers." May Buckley was the parson's daughter in "The Derelict's Return."

STELLA M. R.—Flo La Badie played opposite James Cruze in "Called Back." Darwin Karr played opposite Blanche Cornwall in "The Call of the Rose" (Solax). King Baggot is still with the Imp.

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EPISODE IV.

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SCENE 2. The British in Philadelphia.

SCENE 3. The Meschianza.

EPISODE V.

Franklin at the Court of France.

EPISODE VI.

SCENE 1. The Federal Procession.

SCENE 2. President Washington at Gray's Gardens.

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"GLADYS."—Robert Stern was Frank Tobin, and Kathlyn Williams was his wife in "The House of His Master." Francis Bushman was Lord Roxbury in "The Butterfly Net."

G. A. C., MONTREAL.—"The Renegades" was taken at Matteawan, N. Y. Selig Western Company is in California.

PAL & HUN, NEW ORLEANS.—Baby Todd was the child in "The Indian and the Child." Florence Lawrence goes by the name of "Flo." in some of the plays.

L. G. H.—Anna Rosemonde and Alphonse Ethier had the leads in "Thelma" (Thanouser). We don't know why Thelma didn't have light hair.

G. K., DENVER.—Frank De Vernon was the governor in "The Antique Ring."

J. L. O., AKRON.—"The Fighting Instinct" was made in Colorado by Selig. Mr. Kerrigan's branch is in California.

D. B., MUSKOGEE.—"So Near, Yet So Far" is not a Kalem nor Vitagraph; and you say Hazel Neason was in it. Hazel Neason is now with the Kalem Company.

WINNIE WYNN.—Harry Beaumont of the Edison is not the Harry Beaumont that is going to start a theater in Missouri. Edna Hammel was the blind girl and Leona Flugrath her friend in "The Little Girl Next Door."

COPE.—We do not know of Agnes Mapes' present whereabouts. She is on the stage.

BETTY.—Beverly Bayne was the young girl in "Sliver's Redemption" (Essanay). Mayne Kelso was the Mrs. Burleigh, society woman, in "The Street Singer."

FLOSSIE.—John Brennan was Tom Sloan in "A Hospital Hoax." We haven't the company that made "On the Verge." Is that all?

G. E. W., CHICAGO.—When pictures are taken abroad, they are sent direct to the main office as soon as they are finished, and not kept until the company returns. The Misses Flugrath are new players with the Edison. Interview with Clara Kimball Young soon.

E. M. W., BROOKLYN.—We cannot explain here how Carlyle Blackwell played both parts in "The Parasite." See Talbot's book, "How Moving Pictures Are Made and Worked." This was a trick picture.

W. E. M., RUTHERFORD.—Jack Halliday and Ormi Hawley had the leads in "A New Beginning."

M. S., MOBILE.—Irving White played opposite Ormi Hawley in "Betty and the Roses." Thank you for your compliments, but we are not looking for compliments, just questions.

G. O., NEW YORK.—Edwin August has left Lubin.

L. L., LEBANON.—The Western Essanay Company is at Niles, Cal.

L. M., MASS.—See above.

WHEELING ADMIRER.—Write to Keystone for Mabel Normand's picture.

H. R. C., BROOKLYN.—Can any one tell H. R. C. where Gladys Field is?

"THANKS," NEW YORK.—You're right.

L. W. F., HAVERHILL.—We are afraid that Carlyle Blackwell has more to attend to than to get positions for young girls. Your poem is now in the editor's hands.

"THREE LOVE-SICK GUYS."—Mary Fuller is not in "Married Life"; she is single, but there is no hope for you.

M. DE MARCO, BROOKLYN.—Francis X. Bushman was Jack in "The Warning Hand" (Essanay).

H. H. H., JERSEY CITY.—Thank you for the Pathé information.

E. R. W., WIS.—"Saved from the Sea" was not a Vitagraph. They produced "Cast Up by the Sea."

EDDIE, N. Y. C.—Your questions answered above.

RUTHIE M. L.—Jane Gale was the leading lady in "The Players."

"TORCHY," CHICAGO.—We do not know John Bunny's weight since he ate his last meal. We will have him weighed for you and let you know. Carlyle Blackwell has had only three leading ladies that we know of.

M. J. T., MILWAUKEE.—Essanay Company were in Milwaukee some time ago taking pictures. Jessalyn Van Trump had the lead in "Alice's Sacrifice." James Cruze had the lead in "Undine" and "Lucille" (Thanouser).

B. B. D.—Carlyle Blackwell is in Glendale, Cal.

J. M.—Earle Metcalf was Zeb Borth, and Edwin Carewe was Harold Noyes in "The Moonshiner's Daughter."

B. B. C.—Thomas Santschi was Jim in "The Pity of It."

IGNATZ AND CRAZY KAT.—Adele De Garde is still with Vitagraph. Pearl White did not play in "Romeo and Juliet."

V. B., OMAHA.—Your question answered above.

A. E. H.—Ormi Hawley had the lead in "A Shepherd's Flute." William Mason was the investor in "A Corner in Whiskers."

K. M. G.—Thank you for your information about Arthur Johnson's eyes. Our recollection was that they were brown, but if you say they are blue, we will take your word for it unless Mr. Johnson himself and some color expert prove to the contrary. Mary Pickford has left Biograph.

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"The Stubbornness of Youth"	Lubin
"Love's Labor Lost"	Vitagraph
"Coronets and Hearts"	Vitagraph
"A Picture Idol"	Vitagraph
"Insanity"	Lubin
"Never Again"	Kalem
"The Red Trail"	Biograph
"Iola's Promise"	Biograph
"The Sheriff"	Edison
"The Fisher Maiden"	Edison
"A Wooden Indian"	Edison
"His Brother"	Selig
"The Lineman's Hope"	Essanay
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B. P., JACKSONVILLE.—You give us the name of the character, but not the company. Carlyle Blackwell's colored portrait is coming soon.

JOHNNY C., SHERBROOK.—Laura Sawyer was the wife in "Ostler Joe." Benjamin Wilson was the stranger in the same play.

WILLIE B.—Lillian Christy was Bertha in "The Plot That Failed" (Kalem).

"HAP," SPRINGFIELD.—Beverly Bayne was Rosabelle Black in "The Understudy" (Essanay).

"RHODISHA," YONKERS.—Your questions have been answered above.

R. G. M., ZANESVILLE.—Burton King was the outlaw, and Romaine Fielding was Sorrenti in "The Ranger's Reward" (Lubin). Frank De Vernon was Colonel Gordon in "A Trustee of the Law."

D. H., Miss.—We do not sell photoplays.

E. G. M.—Virginia Chester was Constance in "When Uncle Sam Was Young" (Bison).

WINNIE W.—Gene Gauntier is going to remain in New York for the winter. We will interview Mabel Normand soon.

G. C., CHICAGO.—"From the Manger to the Cross" will probably not be released before the holidays.

"SUBSCRIBER," BRIDGEPORT.—Ethel Grandin is with the Bison Company.

A. McA., NEW YORK.—James Cooley played in "Father" (Reliance). He has left the Reliance.

MISS JUNE.—Edison produced a film entitled "The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter." William Duncan is the player you mean. Zena Keefe is still with Vitagraph. So you think Myrtle Stedman was awful to brand the cattle, as she did, in a film. And now you dont like her any more. You must get over that.

F. H., ST. LOUIS.—Marc McDermott did not play in "The Warning Hand."

BETTY, PITTSBURG, PA.—We chatted Earle Williams June, 1912. The reason Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell do not play opposite any more is that Carlyle is in California and Alice is in New York. Gwendolen Pates and Octavia Handworth play opposite Crane Wilbur.

P. K., READING, PA.—Clara Williams was Molly Hawkins in "The Service of the State" (Lubin).

R. H. S., BROOKLYN.—A film is sometimes rehearsed a dozen times before it has the swing the director desires. When the camera commences its rhythmic purring, and, as the first strains of the buzz break out, the director cries: "Go!" The whole time the picture is being filmed the producer is shouting instructions, such as "Dont look toward the camera," "smile," etc. When the scene is finished, the camera is stopped.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER.—We printed Lottie Pickford's picture in November, 1911. Kalem's release days are Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday.

"FLUFFY," TEXAS.—Martha Russell did not play in "The Ranch Girl's Trial." Edgar Jones was Red Saunders in "Red Saunders' Sacrifice."

MINA, NEW JERSEY.—We chatted Mary Fuller in July, 1912; Arthur Johnson in February, 1912. Evebelle Prout is no child.

R. 3, KOKOMA.—Vivian Rich is with the Nestor Co.

S. M., BINGHAMTON.—Blanch Cornwall is Solax's leading lady. J. J. Johnson was Mr. Harding in "The Light That Failed" (Pathé). Betty Gray was leading lady. Florence Lawrence has been acting ever since she was three years old. Francis Bushman has no steady opposite. Pathé Frères' release days are Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Edith Storey is one of the Vitagraph's leading ladies. We cannot give you the cast for "The Mills of the Gods" in this space.

E. D., NEW YORK.—Beth Taylor was the ranch girl in "The Ranch Girl's Trial" (Essanay). Marguerite Loveridge was the girl in "Western Legacy."

C. V. J., CHICAGO.—The reason the story did not correspond with the picture on the screen was that in this case our writer did not see the film, and wrote the story from the script, which often differs from the play. Anna Quirentia Nilsson is her full name. Yes, Maurice Costello has posed in pictures with his whole family.

JACK, 1913.—Clara Williams was Nell, Edgar Jones was Parson James in "Parson James" (Lubin). Edna Payne had the lead in "Gentleman Joe" (Lubin).

J. L. H., KY.—Katherine Horne was Cigarette in "Under Two Flags" (Thanhouser).

PEACHY, MASS.—Answered above.

A. E. G., KY.—Francis Bushman was the salesman in "New Church Organ" (Essanay). G. M. Anderson is still at Niles, Cal. Leo Delaney has no particular leading lady. We dont know why Maurice Costello does not kiss while playing. Perhaps his wife objects, or, maybe it is because there is a sign hanging in the Vitagraph studio forbidding it.

H. W. M., AUSTRALIA.—The photoplay script comes first, the pictures second, and the story in our magazine is written around them. See above for other question.

R. G., FLAGSTAFF.—You will get Carlyle Blackwell's colored portrait soon. We cannot give you the cast of characters of the ten plays you ask. It would take too much room. Rose Coghlan was only a special in "As You Like It."



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G. C. K., BROOKLYN.—It is not necessary to have photoplays copyrighted.

M. P. L., KENTUCKY.—See Costello chat in April, 1912.

R. T., NEW YORK.—Thomas Moore played Kotton, Jr., in "The Girl Strikers."

THE M. P. GIRLS.—Please dont send your questions to Technical Bureau unless you are willing to pay for the answers. All of your questions have been answered above.

P. F. F., ELGIN.—Florence Barker and Arthur Johnson both were with the Biograph.

R. M. H., WILDWOOD.—Gladys Cameron was the niece in "Man Wanted" (Lubin). Harry Mainhall was Frank in "The Warning Hand." There is no Alice in "The Will of Destiny." Mildred Bracken and Ray Gallagher had the leads.

CORRINE, ROCHESTER.—Jessie McAllister was Farette's wife in "The House with the Tall Porch" (Edison). William Carr was the smuggler, and Frances Ne Moyer was Marie in "The Smuggler." Martha Russell was the girl in "Twilight." Jessie Cummings was the bookkeeper's daughter in "Suppressed Evidence." Lillian Christy was Olga in "When Youth Meets Youth."

A. F., BROOKLYN.—No, my child, G. M. Anderson is not dead.

B. M. P., ROANOKE.—We dont understand why you dont see Leo Delaney. He is still with Vitagraph, and playing regularly.

FRAGILE, TEXAS.—Master Calvert was the child in "Not on the Circus Program."

BIRDIE CHARMEUSE.—Vitagraph gives the cast for their Western company on the screen. Helen Gardner was not featured in "Before a Book Was Written." Marshall P. Wilder is still with Vitagraph. Virginia Dare is not with Vitagraph.

H. H. P., BROOKLYN.—The player you checked was Tom Powers.

B. W., HOT SPRINGS.—What company is Mary Pickford with? David Belasco's. Billy Quirk is with Solax. Lily Branscombe was Grace in "The Warning Hand." Blanch Cornwall was Rosalie in "Dublin Dan" (Solax).

S. A. G., ILL.—Jack Richardson's picture is published in this issue.

SNYDER CLUB.—The clippings you sent are "straight goods," as you say. Richard Stanton was the detective in "The Judgment of the Sea" (Méliès).

M. J. R., N. LONDON.—Charles Eldridge was Bunny's friend in "Cure for Poneritis."

JOSEPHINE, BOSTON.—Edna Payne and Earle Metcalf had the leads in "A Moon-shiner's Daughter."

E. B., ROCHESTER.—"The Venus with light hair and the face of a cherub who played the lead with G. M. Anderson in 'The Ranch Girl's Trial' was Beth Taylor. We hope to publish a picture of her shortly.

POSTAL CARD.—Jack Standing is not with Lubin any more.

M. W. S., OCEAN PARK.—Myrtle Stedman had the lead in "An Equine Hero." George Lessey was the young doctor in "A Fresh-Air Romance."

SALLYHIGHPOCKETS.—We know of no way to arrange a plot to introduce Flossie C. P. We are afraid she is too cagey. We dont think she would give us her picture to publish, as you suggest. Even now, it looks as if she has been frightened away.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Alice Joyce was the wife in "The Wandering Musician."

OFFICER "666."—Lily Branscombe was the stenographer in "Three to One" (Essanay). William Mason was the clerk of the wig shop. Signorita Bertini was Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" (Pathé).

G. C., CINN.—There's no mistake at all. George Cooper and George Healey are one and the same person.

X. M. L.—Owen Moore has played for Biograph.

A. S. G., BOSTON.—Bryant Washburn is still with Essanay.

E. B. B.—J. P. McGowan was Hardress; George H. Fisher, Kyrie Daly; J. J. Clark, Myles; Sidney Olcott, Danny; Alice Hollister, Anne Chute, and Arthur Donaldson, Father Tom in "The Colleen Bawn." William Clifford is with Nestor.

UNSIGNED.—We do not print Selig interviews. The two women who passed thru the room in "The Detective's Strategy" are unknown. Arthur Mackley is not G. M. Anderson's father. You should not ask questions about relationship. Guy Coombs was the Confederate officer in "Confederate Ironclad." Phyllis Gordon was the blonde in "The Hand of Fate." Pathé Frères will not give the information.

D. M., MINN.—Mildred Bracken was Grace Sherwood in "A Romance at Catalina Island." We presume there are several companies taking the Turkey and Balkan war. Harry Morey and Leo Delaney were the partners in "The Extension Table." Our publication date is the 20th.

LYNDALL, TAYLORSVILLE.—We dont happen to have the sheet music of "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," so cannot tell you if the picture on the cover is that of Zena Keefe. We never printed Violet Homer's picture.

W. J. K.—Charles Hitchcock and William Todd both have a scar on one cheek—which do you mean? You mean Marshall Neilan in American. Jack Richardson's beard is false, and so is he—but only in the pictures; otherwise, he is a very nice person. No, the Answers Man and the Photoplay Philosopher are not the same. Sorry we cannot answer your Bison questions at present.

DOROTHY D.—The salesman in "Eliza's Surprise" is unknown to us.

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G. S., ORE.—Harry Myers was the husband in "For the Love of a Girl." Julian Mackley was the sheriff's mother in "On the Cactus Trail." Mae Marsh was Carlyle Blackwell's sister in "Kentucky Girl." The El Kalems, or O'Kalems, are now in N. Y.

CLARENCE K. C., RICHMOND HILL.—Herbert Rawlinson was Bud in "The Girl and the Cowboy." Edith Halleren was the maid in "The Red Barrier." Mary Charleson was the daughter in "Bill Wilson's Gal" (Vitagraph). Martha Russell was the girl who married in "The Ending of the Feud" (Essanay). Francis Bushman was Jim Parker. Red Wing was the lead in "The Unwilling Bride."

CHATEAU, OTTAWA.—May Buckley was Winnie in "The Poor Relation." "The Deerslayer" was taken around Cooperstown, N. Y. Edna Foster was Bobby in "The District Attorney's Conscience."

I. M. C., SCHENECTADY.—L. G. Morgan is with the Eclair.

U. R. R., WIS.—Mabel Miller was the bride in "An Interrupted Wedding" (Comet). The Thanhouser Company is at New Rochelle, N. Y. Gertrude Robinson's picture in June, 1912, and Mignon Anderson's in July, 1912.

T. S., DE SOTO.—Zena Keefe is not a child, but a handsome young lady. Curtis Cooksey was the detective in "The Two Mothers." Robert Gaillard is pronounced Ga'lord. There is no Alkali Ike in Imp pictures. Guess you mean Essanay.

TORCHY, OF CHICAGO.—L. S. McKee was Mr. Preston in "Bread Upon the Waters." Photoplays must be written in photoplay form, altho once in a while a company pays for a mere idea. Beverly Bayne played opposite Mr. Bushman in "Butterfly Net." Mary Fuller is now in New York. The "What Happened to Mary" pictures were taken around the studio. Bigelow Cooper was the storekeeper in "The Triangle."

L. R., NEWPORT.—Vedah Bertram was the girl in "Broncho Billy Outwitted." This is the last piece she played in. Mrs. Maurice Costello was the telephone operator in "Diamond Cut Diamond." Barbara Tennant was Nellie in "Dolls" (Eclair). Alice Joyce was Jean in "Jean of the Jail."

DAISY, STATEN ISLAND.—Warren Kerrigan was leading man in "A Wordless Message." Gertrude Robinson was the friend, Henry Walthall the husband, and Jane Fearnley the wife in "Jealousy" (Reliance). Janet Salsbury was Laura, and Charles Perley was Walter in "The Woman in White" (Gem).

OLGA, 16.—I wrote you a letter to 1111 W. 42d St., but it was returned "unfound."

SEATTLE POTLATCH GIRL.—In "The Count of Monte Cristo" Eugenie Besserer was Mercedes. Joseph De Grasse was Tom in "A Famous Old Scout to the Rescue." There are reasons why we cannot say whether Col. Cody played in this play. Carlyle Blackwell was the trapper in "Redskin Raiders."

R. E., LOS ANGELES.—You are wrong; the Keystone is not a branch of the Biograph. Mabel Normand, Fred Mace and Mark Sennet left Biograph several months ago. "The Water Nymph" is a Keystone. We don't know of a Clara Grant with Selig.

WINNIE.—The picture you enclose is of Harry Northrup. Motion Picture players use practically the same make-up as on the stage. Hobart Bosworth never left Selig. He only played in "The Landslide" for one week.

A. M., KANSAS.—Romaine Fielding was the teamster in the play by that title. His picture was in the June, 1912, issue.

A. C., N. O.—Margaret Fischer and Jane Fearnley are not the same person. Margaret Fischer is with Bison and the latter with Imp. James Youngdeer is with Pathé. We cannot answer your Bison 101 questions.

"TWO BROOKLYN BLONDES."—William Mason was the hermit in the play by that title. William Bailey played the part of George Randall in "Back to the Old Farm." The young doctor in "A Fresh-Air Romance" was George Lessey. Lottie Pickford was the girl in "The Girl Strikers."

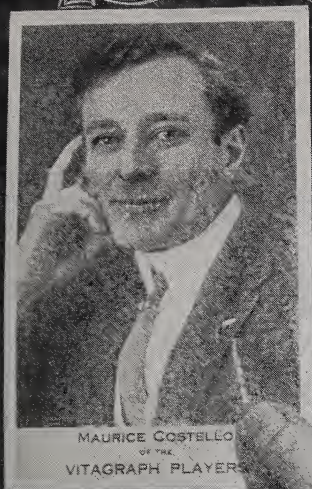
F. H. R., BROOKLYN.—Guy Coombs was not the leading man in "The Street Singer." Thomas Moore is Alice Joyce's leading man at the present time. Paul Hurst played the part of Will, the foreman, in "When Youth Meets Youth." In "The Hand of Destiny" Joseph Gebhart was the husband. We cannot tell who the wife was. Kathlyn Williams was not in "The Fighting Instinct." Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads. The children in "On the Moonlight Trail" are unknown. Howard Missimer was the father in "Terrible Teddy." Phyllis Gordon was the daughter in "The Trade Gun Bullet."

A. J. B., COLUMBUS.—Dorothy Kelley was the girl in "Counts" (Vitagraph). You ask why we do not answer Biograph questions, when other publications do. Perhaps we can answer most of the questions if we want to. We do not want to, because we wish to respect the wishes and policy of that company.

MISS T., NEW YORK.—We cannot say whether Evebelle Prout is a Bohemian girl. We shall try to have an interview soon. Haven't Hazel Buckham's present whereabouts.

C. S., NEW YORK.—Thomas Santschi was the priest in "The Indelible Stain." William Duncan was Wesley Bowers in "An Unexpected Fortune." Barry O'Moore was the husband in "For the Commonwealth."

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"FAMILY OF FANS," ORE.—William Duncan is the detective in "The Dictagraph." Thomas Santschi has curly hair. We believe Dot Bernard has left Biograph.

C. M., MT. VERNON.—There are twelve series of "What Happened to Mary," one released each month.

M. D., CHICAGO.—Adrienne Kroell had the lead in "The Miller of Burgundy." Harry Elsky was the fireman in "From Fireman to Engineer." We cant answer that Pathé question. Lafayette McKee was the detective and Winnifred Greenwood the wife in "Detective Strategy." We cannot tell the name of the Edison play from your description.

BIRDIE CHARMEUSE.—Mary Pickford is not posing for Motion Pictures. American is not located on 23d St., but Kalem is.

A. S. B.—Lily Branscombe and Francis Bushman had the leads in "The Empty Saddle." Frank Dayton was the Loan Shark in the play by that name. Dolores Cassinelli was Mrs. Albert Grayson in "Her Adopted Father."

BUST, NEW ORLEANS.—You say we were wrong when we said that Helen Gardner was Betty in the "Betty" Series. Perhaps so. If Mabel Normand was the original Betty we are not surprised, because her term with Vitagraph ended so long ago, even before Helen Gardner left that company, that we lost track of it. Helen Gardner was Becky Sharp.

"DIXIE," NEW YORK.—Dorothy Staff was the country girl in "The Deceivers" (Lubin). Jack Halliday was the shepherd in "Shepherd's Flute."

DAISY, STATEN ISLAND.—Gertrude Robinson was Mary, Hector Dion was her guardian in "The Geranium" (Reliance). William Russell was Antonio and Harry Benham was Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice." In "The Reward of Valor" (American) Marshall Nielan was the brother, Pauline Bush the sister and Warren Kerrigan the sweetheart. H. Seeman was the husband, Karen Lund the wife and E. Frolich the wife's sister in "Love Is Blind" (Great Northern).

ROSE K., BRONX.—Gertrude McCoy was Rose in "Fresh-Air Romance." The husband in "Papa's Letter" (Essanay) is unknown. Mrs. A. Mackley is at Niles, Cal.

CHERRIE B.—You are entirely wrong when you say Arthur Johnson is Florence Lawrence's husband. Synopses and photoplays should always be typewritten. Crane Wilbur appears in no definite number of plays a week. Pathé Frères is in Jersey City. We're sorry you didn't like Crane Wilbur's chat. *He* did!

S. F., READING.—Florence LaBadie was May in "Pa and Ma" (Thanhouser). George Frazer had the lead in "Double Cross" (Eclair).

A. & K., SAN ANTONIO.—Pauline Bush starred on the stage for years, before joining the American. Miss Taku Takago had the lead in "For the Mikado."

L. M. N.—William Cavanaugh is not a real Indian.

C. V. J., CHICAGO.—Irving White played opposite Ormi Hawley in "The Deceivers." Mary Smith played the part of Mrs. Lang. Thomas Santschi had the lead in "Euchred."

M. F., BROOKLYN.—Winnifred Greenwood was the dancer in "The Last Dance." Charles Clary was her sweetheart. Hughie Mack was Mr. Bunce in "Capt. Barnacle's Waif." Roger Lytton was Lorenzo and Zena Keefe was Maria. R. Henderson Bland took the part of Jesus in "From the Manger to the Cross." Gene Gauntier was Mary. Helen Dunbar was the mother in "The Warning Hand." Fanny Midgely was Anne in "A Man Worth While."

C. K. C., RICHMOND HILL.—True Boardman was the outlaw in "The Outlaw's Sacrifice" (Essanay). Francis Bushman had the lead in "The Power of Conscience."

P. P., MO.—Florence LaBadie and Howard Kyle had the leads in "A Star Reborn." Charles Hitchcock was Teddy in "Terrible Teddy." Howard Missimer was Dr. Thin in "Well Matched" (Essanay). Eleanor Blanchard was the maid in "The Love Test" (Essanay).

SAN FRANCISCO CAL.—Please sign your name and address. We wont print them. Virginia Norden was the Russian girl in "For the Mikado." Jessalyn Van Trump was the fisher girl and Jack Richardson the man who shot her father in "The Promise." No, dear reader, the Biograph has not changed its name to the Keystone Co. Neither has the sun changed its name to the moon. The "Ranch Girls on a Rampage" was taken in California.

LONG ISLAND.—Tom Mix was never with Selig.

FLOSSIE.—Hello, Flossie, where have you been? Gwendolen Pates and Crane Wilbur had the leads in "Phantom Lovers." Thanhouser made "A Modern Portia." I notice they didn't get Crane Wilbur's age in the chat. Somebody suggests another chat soon.

M. P. FIEND.—Bessie Eyton was Helen in "Great Drought." Charles Arthur was Charles Gunner in "The Last Rose of Summer." Mary Fuller chat in July, 1912. You know we're no matrimonial bureau, or "fixing it up" station. We cant introduce you to Flossie. I've got you as close to her as I could.

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M. S.—F. Hudson was the Jester in "Troubadoroeca Triumph" (Rex). He is not a regular player for Rex. We cannot answer the Polar Film question.

"BROWN EYES," WATERVLIET.—Clara Williams and Edgar Jones had the leads in "The New Ranch Foreman." Ethel Elder was the girl in "The Petticoat Sheriff." She is now with Powers.

ALICE H. S., YOUNGSTOWN.—No, Lottie Briscoe is not Arthur Johnson's wife. We suppose if we played with her, you would say she was our wife. You had better read up on the back numbers.

F. K., MONTANA.—Myrtle Stedman had the lead in "Why Jim Reformed." Lottie Briscoe is Arthur Johnson's leading lady.

MRS. R. G., HUNTINGTON.—Arthur Johnson played opposite Florence Lawrence a few years ago in Biograph.

F. S. P., VALLEJO.—Yes, there was an error in the "French Settlers" Puzzle; but since nobody came within 10 or 15 of being right, it made no difference.

A. A. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—Mignon Anderson was Portia in "The Merchant of Venice." Florence LaBadie was Anne in "Lady Anne's Portrait" (Thanhouser).

M. F. S., RALEIGH.—Brinsley Shaw's picture was in November, 1911. Will ask the editor to have a chat with him.

BOBBY P. B.—Edgar Jones was Joseph, and Clara Williams, Molly, in "In the Service of the State." E. K. Lincoln was Jack Hall in "A Modern Atalanta" (Vitagraph). Anna Nilsson was the girl in "The Grit of the Girl Telegrapher."

W. J. K.—Yes, George Periolat is an American player. We believe either Miss Van Trump or Miss Bush would take a man's part, altho it is customary for men to take their own, and women's, too—now, Algernon!

L. P., GA.—Your first three questions have been answered before. Gladys Field did not join the Kalem. Cleo Ridgely and Dick Ridgely are husband and wife. Warren Kerrigan was formerly with Essanay.

OLGA, 16.—We have mailed you a letter to every address you sent in and it has come back. We will be glad to answer all your questions, that have not already been answered, but we won't be trifled with. You have Henry Walthall placed correctly. Francis Bushman is still acting for Essanay. The little chubby fellow is Hughie Mack, and the girls are Lucy Lee, Anna Stewart and Rosemary Theby in "The Godmother" (Vitagraph). Will try to print a picture of Whitney Raymond for you.

MARY G.—Gertrude McCoy and Willis Secord had the leads in "The Stranger and the Taxicab." "The Smuggler" is not an Edison.

L. T., PATTERSON; R. DE MAINE; F. W., NEW YORK; A. B., CORNING, N. Y.—For the 99th time, let us inform you, and other young ladies and men, that there are no hopes for you to get a job with a picture company. Read our back numbers and you will see why.

D. L., BUFFALO.—Your criticisms are excellent.

THELMA DU MONT, E. L. N., NEW YORK; V. T. E., WINNIPEG.—Your questions have all been answered before.

"MOTION PICTURE FIEND," MASS.—Yes, Talbot's book tells all about the coloring of pictures.

"A PITTSBURG GIRL."—Earle Williams chat in June, 1912. He played in stock companies before going to Moving Pictures. He has no regular leading lady.

"MAURICE."—We will answer you this time, but the next time you or anybody else does not give name and address, the letter will be discarded. "A Tale of Two Cities" was produced by Vitagraph only. Edward Thomas was the chief of police and Robert Gaillard the constable in "The Adventure of a Retired Army Colonel." Gilbert Anderson plays only in cowboy pictures.

"A SUBSCRIBER."—Ruth Stonehouse was Ruth Keene in "Chains" (Essanay).

"YOUNG PITTSBURG ADMIRER."—Earle Williams is at the Brooklyn studio.

J. L., SEATTLE.—Bryant Washburn was James Moore in "Sunshine." Wallace Reid is with Bison, and Tom Powers is with Vitagraph.

No. 33.—Thomas Moore has not left the Kalem.

L. M. N.—Carlyle Blackwell was chatted in July, 1912.

PEGGY, DECATUR, ILL.—Clara Williams was the girl in "Deputy's Peril," Ethel Clayton in "The Last Rose of Summer," Zena Keefe was the sister in "Tommy's Sister." Lily Branscombe was the society lady in "Her Adopted Father."

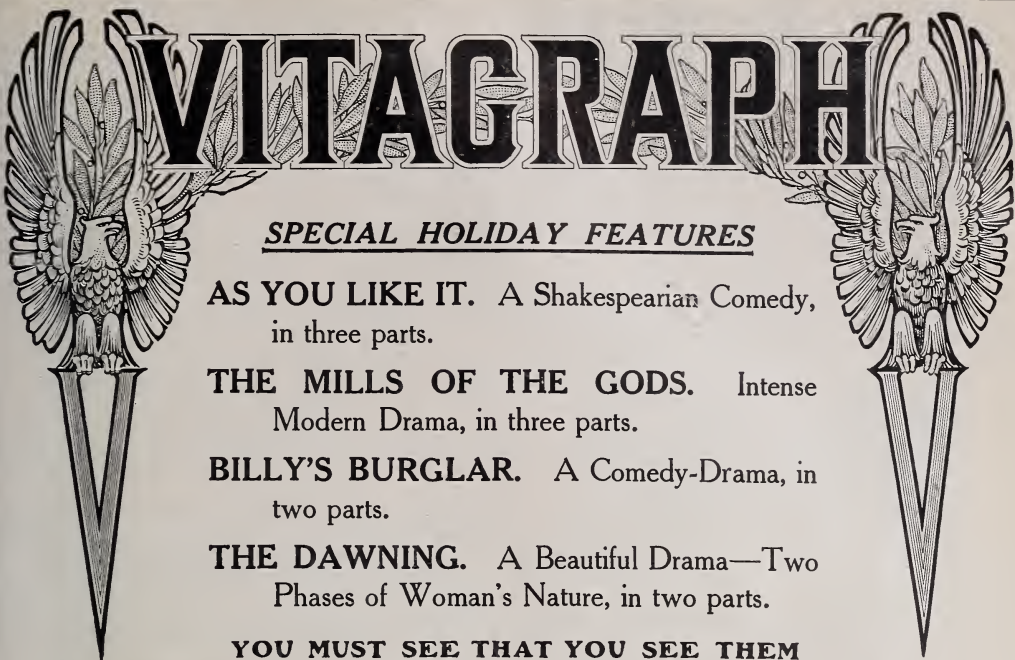
K. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—Write to the players direct for their autographs, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope. We don't know how many you will get. G. M. Anderson has light brown hair and blue eyes.

PHI DELTA SIGMA.—The "handsome pompadour blonde in Essanay" is William Mason. Independents and Licensed cannot be shown at the same house, as a rule.

J. D., NASHVILLE.—Henry Walthall is not part Indian.

E. V. G., SAN ANTONIO.—We do not sell any kind of pictures of players. Write to Thanhouser Co. direct, New Rochelle, N. Y.

K. and J., NEW YORK.—Vedah Bertram was Vedah in "Western Hearts."



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TRIXIE LA R.—We are willing to answer questions, but not about relationships. How long before you people will find that out?

H. C. S., OKLA.—Thanhouser produced "East Lynne." Marguerite Snow was Barbara.

"THE PEST."—You are asking too much, we think, when you require a list of the 15 Vitagraph players who were formerly with Charles Frohman. Thank you for your other idea. Dont know what you mean when you ask who got all the answers in the "French Settlers" contest. They are here, of course.

I. S. N., CONCORD.—No, we cannot tell you the name of the picture you saw taken in Maine, in which Harry Myers was the leading man. He probably appeared in several pictures while in Maine, and it is impossible to say just which one you saw.

G. L., MONTGOMERY.—No Biograph questions!!—!

R. J. R., WHEELING; KITTY B.; H. L., No. 6, RICHMOND HILL, and L. A. F., CHICAGO.—Have all been answered before.

ROSEY.—Cant tell the detective in "The Detective's Desperate Chance," because the Pathé Frères people are not willing you should know, for reasons best known to themselves.

G. B. D., HUNTINGTON.—Dolores Cassinelli is not dead. "L'Aiglon," Florence Turner's masterpiece, will be in three reels.

MIZPAH.—William Mason played the part of Tom Carver in "Girls of Grassville." Yes, we know he is popular.

E. I. L., HOBOKEN.—Crane Wilbur is still playing. Dont know what you are talking about when you say "Is Crane Wilbur's wife a blonde?"

M. M., MARIETTA.—In "Calamity Anne's Ward" (American), Marshall Neilan was the brother. E. J. Hayes and Ethel Wright were man and wife in "Vengeance Is Mine" (Thanhouser).

(UNSIGNÉD).—Wallace Reid is with the Bison. Arthur Mackley's wife in "A Woman of Arizona" (Essanay) is unknown. Jerold Hevener took the part of Jerry Jenks in "The Overworked Bookkeeper" (Lubin). No more "Unsigneds"!

DOLLY OF HEMLOCK ST.—Lillian Christie played opposite Carlyle Blackwell in "The Village Vixen." Herbert L. Barry is not with Pathé, but with Crystal. Clara Williams had the lead in "The Two-Gun Sermon."

A. R. M.—You're both wrong; the Answers Man is neither Montanye Perry nor Edwin M. La Roche. The picture you enclosed is the same Hobart Bosworth that is with Selig. Yes, Cleo Ridgely is going to Los Angeles, but you will have to watch the advertising pages to find when she will arrive. Not this winter, we guess.

DAVE JONES.—Florence LaBadie was leading lady in "Miss Robinson Crusoe."

FLORENCE, TOPEKA.—Henry Walthall was the attorney in "The District Attorney's Conscience" (Reliance). G. M. Anderson was not in "The Tomboy of Bar 'Z'."

F. G. W.—We cannot obtain the information as to who Dan was in "Passing Gypsies" (Pathé). Whether it was Charles Hoskins, we do not know; dont know how his friends can find him unless he sees this.

BIRDIE CHARMÉUSE.—Good morning, Birdie! We have all we can do to keep track of Lillian Walker's Vitagraph efforts; cant keep track of advertisements. Hal Clarendon never posed for Vitagraph. Marion Leonard is not with Rex.

M. M. H.—We judge that Flossie is a female, but cant swear to it. The "Woman Sheriff" is not a Méliès. Kalem's Irish pictures are now being released. Jack Clark and Gene Gauntier are both in New York. Brinsley Shaw was Texas in "A Story of Montana." Sunshine Roberts, the child, was Ruth Stonehouse in "Sunshine" (Essanay).

E. P. S., COLUMBUS.—Yes, Bryant Washburn was the hunted murderer in "Detective Dorothy." Mr. Guido Serena was the inventor in "The Inventor's Secret" (Cines). Gentleman Crook is not in the cast.

YOLANDE.—Mildred Weston was the daughter in "Maudy's Rebellion" (Essanay). We hope G. M. Anderson will soon submit to an interview, altho thus far he has declined. William Wadsworth, of Edison, was on the stage for 17 years, mostly in big Broadway productions.

HENRY S., ST. LOUIS.—Marc McDermott is with Edison and "The Warning Hand" was an Essanay. In "The Foundling" John La Fre was the toper; he was secured in London by the director.

A. B., MARION, O.—Your questions are waiting for that envelope you promised to send.

S. D. B., DALLAS.—Evebelle Prout was Florence in "Miss Simkins' Summer Boarder." John Stepping was the city fellow. Jack Richardson and Marshall Neilan played in "The Story of Wager."

MISS BILLY, SANTA ROSA.—The jilted lover in "The Best Man Wins" was Marshall Neilan. Thanhouser sells postals.

W. J. S., NEW YORK.—Nineteen questions! Say, isnt that going some? We are not in the wholesale business. We cater to retail trade only.

D. S. V., and H. B., SUFFERN.—Your questions have been answered above.

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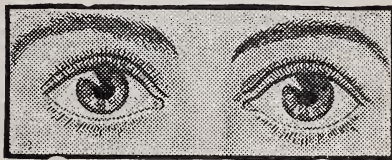
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G. E. H., NEW YORK.—Guy Coombs and Anna Nilsson had the leads in "The Fraud at the Hope Mine."

GREENVILLE, MISS.—Gen. C. Rhys Pryce was Alice Joyce's father in "The Gun Smuggler." Mrs. Mary Maurice is not Maurice Costello's mother, as have said before. Edward Coxen usually plays opposite Ruth Roland. Yes, Maurice Costello is a director. John Bunny has been back from Europe for some time.

NANCY JANE, MARION.—Next time you send 14 questions please send a stamped, addressed envelope. You take up too much room. Your first two are correct. Your third and fourth answered before. Haven't the least idea when Whitney Raymond will take an important part. George Cooper is Tano in "The Mills of the Gods." Bessie Sankey is G. M. Anderson's leading lady for the present. Anna Stewart was the other niece in "Her Choice" (Vitagraph). No, Lillian Walker is not in New York vaudeville.

H. O'B., ASBURY.—You ought to win; Ruth Roland was the leading lady in "Stenographer Wanted."

R. H., NEWBURG.—It is an imitation of a pencil that writes the name "Kalem" on the end of some of the Kalem films.

IRENE.—King Baggot and Jane Fearnley had the leads in "In Old Tennessee" (Imp). Marie Eline is the "Thanhouser Kid."

E. S. J., BUFFALO.—While we keep a card index of nearly all of the casts in the plays, when you ask us to tell you who the girl was who "stood in the middle" or "who is the man that sent the letter in," etc., please remember that this necessitates our seeing the play ourselves. We can't always do that, since there are about 100 plays a week to see, and we have to work several minutes every day.

ALYCE, CANTON.—We don't answer questions about the speaking stage.

JERSEY CITY GIRL.—Beverly Bayne, and not Vedah Bertram, played in "The Return of Becky." Adele De Garde is still with Vitagraph.

R. C., LOS ANGELES.—No answers on relationship questions.

C. A. C., BURLINGAME.—The "very cute-looking boy with blond pompadour, about 18 years, six feet tall, who was one of the village 'cutups,'" was William Mason.

F. D., HUMBOLDT.—William Wadsworth played in "Father's Bluff." "A Siren of Impulse" is not a Kalem, but a Biograph. You have Charles Clary correctly placed.

D. M., NEWARK.—Francis Bushman was in no other picture company than Essanay. Leo Delaney will be chatted, not yet, but soon. G. M. Anderson is one-half owner in the Essanay, we believe.

GERTIE R., BRIDGEPORT.—James Cooley was Bob in "North of 53 Degrees" (Reliance). Vedah Bertram died August 27, 1912. Marshall Neilan was the weaker brother and Warren Kerrigan the elder, in "The Weaker Brother."

NEW ORLEANS.—Janet Salsbury was "The Woman in White" (Gem). The "Outcast Child" was a foreign Eclair, and we cannot give cast for same.

L. L., LENTS, O.—Marie, the child, was Marie Eline; Marguerite Snow was that character some years later, in "In a Garden."

K. B., ST. LOUIS.—Warren J. Kerrigan was the best man in "The Best Man Wins."

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Dorothy Mortimer was Dorothy and Charles Compton was Billie in "Caught Bluffing" (Lubin). Lillian Christie is still Carlyle Blackwell's leading lady. True Boardman was the outlaw in "The Outlaw's Sacrifice." No Bison questions this month.

E. C. G., NEW YORK.—Thomas Santschi was leading man in "The Pity of It." In "The Ranch Girl's Trial" (Essanay), Beth Taylor was the girl; G. M. Anderson, Broncho; Fred Church, the Indian; Evelyn Selbie, the Mexican Girl; Brinsley Shaw, the heavy; and Arthur Mackley the Judge.

TEXAS TWINS.—Jane Gale was Beth in "The Puppet's Hour" (Lubin). Charles Arthur was Charley in "The Last Rose of Summer" (Lubin). Whitney Raymond was not in "The Return of William Marr." We really do not know whether Arthur Johnson has a "heavenly voice" or not. All we can say is that he looks as if he could sing mighty well. We know that he can play and sing, but we are not sure that he can sing and play. George Healey was Costello's room-mate in "The Picture Idol." Well, it's Arthur Victoria Johnson.

E. M., ATLANTIC CITY.—"New Rochelle, N. Y." will reach the Thanhouser Co. Leland Benham played opposite Marie Eline in "In a Garden." The "Thanhouser Kid-let" was in "The Guilty Baby."

M. J. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—Mr. Graybill is in the same company with Henry Walthall. They are not brothers. Won't help you on those Biographs.

JIMMIE.—Jane Fearnley and Henry Walthall were the yeggman and operator in "The Yeggman" (Reliance).

CURIOUS M.—We print only pictures of players, and Flossie is a questioner. Can't print a picture of Flossie, unless she will be kind enough to join some Motion Picture company.

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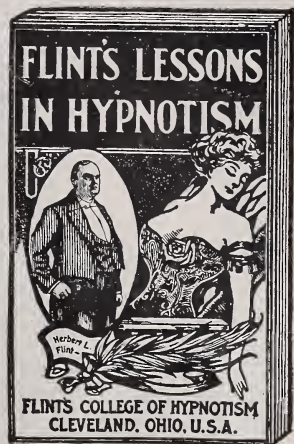


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H. B.—Brinsley Shaw is always the villain in the Western Essanays.

"BENNIE FROM LUBINVILLE."—Thank you, Bennie, for informing us that Robert Taber played opposite Orni Hawley in "The Deceivers."

A. R. P., JERSEY SHORE.—Edwin Carewe was Gentleman Joe, Earl Metcalf played the part of Tom Gordon, and Edna Payne was the girl, in "Gentleman Joe." Brooks McCloskey was the boy, and Orni Hawley was Mrs. Perry in "The Choir of Densmore."

TEDDY AND JIMMY.—Betty Gray and J. W. Johnson had the leads in "The Light That Failed" (Pathé). Both names appeared on the screen. Rosemary Theby was Guilia in "The Mills of the Gods."

F. MARIAN H.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "Circumstantial Evidence." Edgar Jones and Clara Williams had the leads in "Minister and the Outlaw." Earle Foxe had the lead in "The Street Singer." Elsie McLeod is still with Edison. Edith Halleren was Florence Turner's girl friend in "Obstinacy and Persistence." Send your ideas for contests to the editor.

SELMA.—Marie Eline is the "Thanouser Kid" and Helen Badgely is the "Kidlet."

M. E., MARIETTA.—C. De Vere and Eugene Bonner had the leads in "The Border Detective" (American). In "All on Account of a Handkerchief" (Reliance), Virginia Westbrook was the wife. William Garwood was John Henderson in "Six-Cylinder Elopement."

J. C., NEW YORK.—Flo LaBadie was Emily, and Edward Genung was David in "David Copperfield."

T. R., BUFFALO.—Please excuse us if we hurt your feelings in playfully identifying you with the celebrated T. R. of Oyster Bay. We do not want to hurt anybody's feelings. The fact is, your envelope got lost. Jack Richardson was the Bad Man in "The Bad Man and the Ranger." Mr. Anderson has been playing steadily for years. Lillian Walker is not from Ohio.

R. M.—Better write G. M. Anderson and tell him you think he would look better in full dress than in cowboy costumes. Mrs. Costello was the nurse in "The Mills of the Gods."

M. M., BANOWSVILLE.—Mary Fuller is not in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

F. F., NEW YORK.—Ethel Clayton played opposite Harry Myers in "Just Maine Folks" (Lubin). Write Vitagraph Co. for Mr. Costello's picture.

F. L. F.—Write to George Kleine, 166 North State St., Chicago, Ill., for the picture of Guido Serena.

"IRISH."—Yes, Mary Pickford has left Biograph and is now on the speaking stage with Belasco.

K. A. M., NEW BRUNSWICK.—George Clancy was the sheep-herder in "The Cringer." Yes, he was playing at Prescott, Ariz.

"THE PEST."—Yes, Harry Morey was Dick in "The Barrier That Was Burned."

MRS. R., NEW YORK.—We are pretty sure Florence Lawrence is not a widow. What next?

M. P. C., CINCINNATI.—It is not true that pictures should be taken when the wind is blowing. Wind, however, generally makes outdoor pictures more realistic.

M. G. S., OAKLAND.—Zena Keefe was Rosemary Theby's half-sister, Leo Delaney was Miguel and Zena Keefe his wife, Harry Northrup was the lawyer, Roger Lytton was Lorenzo in "The Mills of the Gods."

R. E., MOLIN.—Send stamped, addressed envelope for list.

MRS. J. R. COOMBS, 325 NEWMAN ST., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—You ask us to notify Winnifred Greenwood (Selig) that her sister wants to hear from her. We hope Miss Greenwood will see this.

MARY.—Carlyle Blackwell is still playing. Alice Joyce will appear in "A Battle of Wits."

FOODLE, P. I.—Carlyle Blackwell and Alice Joyce had the leads in "The Bag of Gold."

F. M., NEW YORK.—No, no! G. M. Anderson is not dead.

FLOSSIE C. P.—Flossie, everybody's asking for you. Where have you been? Vitagraph produced "Just Luck." Yes, Dolores Cassinelli was Miss Fishcatcher in "The Fisherman's Luck." The "pretty fellow" is William Mason. But, Flossie, he is a blond; I thought you liked brunettes.

ANXIOUS READER.—You have Mabel Normand placed correctly. We expect to use her picture soon. Harold Shaw directs now. James Young had the lead in "The Little Minister." Earle Williams was chatted in June, 1912.

A BIOGRAPH ADMIRER.—Owen Moore is with Victor. Other questions answered.

S. E. E., RIDGEFIELD.—Helen Gardner is not back with Vitagraph. "Cleopatra" was produced by her own company.

N. O. Z., NEW YORK.—The picture you enclose is of Alice Joyce.

R. K. S.—Leo Delaney is the actor you have been praising. Other questions answered above.



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JUDY & RUTH.—Yes, Lillian Walker is still with the Vitagraph. Thomas Moore played the part of the young clockmaker in "The Mystery of Grandfather's Clock." We have no Robert Z. Leonard in our records.

DIAMOND DICK.—The circulation department claims that we have over a million readers a month, so you can judge from that. Alice Joyce has posed for artists many times.

KID WEBER.—The "All Stars" are being released by Universal. Our list contains twenty-five manufacturers. We have not the address of the Punch film, nor is it on any of their advertisements. Thank you for your idea; it will be passed along to the editor.

GYPSY, R. T.—American is Independent. Wallace Scott was Dan in "The Marked Gun" (American). Independent houses cannot show Licensed films because of the Licensed restrictions. We devoted a whole page to this subject in our August, 1912, issue.

PLUNKETT, WASHINGTON.—Warren Kerrigan is playing regularly with American.

DOROTHY D.—Marie Eline is still with Thanbouser. Fritz Brunette's picture appeared in the July, 1912, issue. She is now leading lady for Victor. Leona Flugrath is the child on page 36. No, questions are not limited, but, of course, if you ask ten or more questions, we expect you to send a stamped envelope, as we cannot take up so much space for one person. There are thousands more to come.

JUDITH C. F.—You had better send a stamped, addressed envelope.

SNOOKUMS.—You know if you read in the Greenroom Jottings that Leo Delaney has a bride, it does not necessarily follow that the Answers Man is going to tell you who the bride is. It's up to the "Greenroom Jotter"—he's responsible for that.

A. J. B., COLUMBUS.—We said that it was court testimony that Miss Pickford was Mrs. Owen Moore. Of course we mean Mary. Edna Payne is still with Lubin.

P. N. KANDEL.—Kenneth Casey will be seen in "The Eavesdropper." Marion Leonard's whereabouts are still unknown.

"THE PEST" informs us that "The Vampire" was produced by Selig more than two years ago; that "The Prize Essay" was produced by Lubin, with Ormi Hawley in the lead, and, lastly, that she loves Francis Bushman to distraction.

TEXAS TWINS.—Baby Lynch was the child in "Signal Lights" (Essanay). Expect to have Martha Russell's picture and chat soon.

L. F. H., PENN.—The first MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE made its appearance in February, 1911. You are the first to ask for a portrait of Violet Homer. Yes, the conductor knew his picture was being taken. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is an old film, and that accounts for the players of different companies. Players move.

V. N., PITTSBURG.—Mary Pickford has joined Belasco, but we have not yet learnt the name of the play she will appear in.

THE KID L. S.—Guess you mean "The Warning Hand" (Essanay), dont you? Lily Branscombe had the lead.

T. S., DE SOTO.—Lillian Christy was formerly with Vitagraph. Keystone studio is located at Hollywood, Cal. Pathé is shy on "leading lady" questions. Mr. Kimball and James Young are not the same person. Watch ad in ad pages for the Ridgelys.

J. M., BROOKLYN.—Arthur Johnson is featured in "The Stolen Symphony," released November 25th. Watch out for it.

W. T. H., Nashville, claims that Beverly Bayne is the prettiest girl of Essanay, in answer to a paragraph last month in "Greenroom Jottings."

O. A. SHAW.—We are pleased to state that Harold Shaw was Tony in "Tony's Oath of Vengeance" (Edison), and not George Lessey.

PLUNKETT.—Questions have all been answered.

M. B., CARNEGIE.—Carlyle Blackwell has no double. Dolores Cassinelli was Dolores in "From the Submerged" (Essanay).

B. B., SANTA CLARA.—There is only one Thomas Moore, and he is a good one. The other one died many, many years ago. The companies usually accept the names that are in the script. It is best to send plays one at a time to the companies. *The Moving Picture World* and *The Moving Picture News* are not the same. They both give releases of the films.

J. H. FITZ, LA FAYETTE.—Your suggestion for a contest to print all the questions received in a month, and then to have the public give the answers to the questions, would take years to decide who the winner was. Zounds! You probably dont realize that we receive on an average of 100 letters a day, with an average of five questions to a letter. Do you want to add to our troubles?

A. B. J., N. J.—The Motion Picture manufacturers make many copies of each film and send them to the various exchanges thruout the world. These exchanges then rent them to the exhibitors, who return them immediately after showing them.

DIANA D.—No, no Biographs! You are wrong about Edwin August; he's with Universal now. Other questions answered.

GENEE, PEORIA, ILL.—We know of no company who would steal your manuscript, or return it without giving it due consideration. We assume Flossie is a human being. Owen Moore is still with Victor.

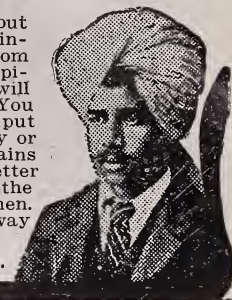
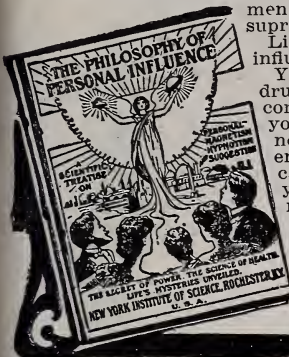
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CINCINNATI, OHIO

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERS'DOM

THE popular G. M. Anderson, otherwise known the world over as Broncho Billy, is still at Niles, Cal., with the Western branch of the Essanay Company. He is very good-natured and does lots of nice things, but there is one thing he will not do, alas, and that is to be interviewed.

We don't hear much from Arthur Johnson nowadays, but we hear a whole lot about him. Our Answers department shows that he is as popular as ever.

The American Company at Starved Rock have just done an important historic subject in which Andrew Jackson's duel with "Dead-Shot Dickinson" is featured.

One of the two Méliès companies is making a complete circle of this little anthill of ours that we call the globe. The trip will cost the mere trifle of \$200,000.

The Helen Gardner Players have at last completed "Cleopatra."

Romaine Fielding (Lubin) has again distinguished himself. This time, he helped a ranchman at South Prescott, Ariz., to rope and to brand some extra-fierce steers. The only thing missing was a camera. From all accounts it would have made a great picture.

Pretty Pearl White shows that she is pretty near as good in farce as in drama, in "The Mind Cure" (Crystal).

Edwin August, late with the Lubin Co., is now with the Universal Co.

Florence Lawrence has left the Victor Co., and is not engaged at present. She is taking a vacation for her health. She has no plans yet for the future.

Maurice is growing younger every day, in spite of a few telltale hairs and beirs, as witness his latest portrait in our Gallery this month.

Cleo Ridgely and her husband, who are traveling to the Pacific coast on horseback for this magazine, are having their troubles. Among them is a young lady rival who is wildly announcing that she is a better rider than Cleo, and can ride farther and faster. She challenges, even. Very good, let's have a race!

"One Hundred Years of Mormonism," in 5000 feet of film, is the latest. The Mormon Church has lent its approval, and therefore the film must be all right.

The beautiful Octavia Handworth does some nice work with Crane Wilbur in "The Compact." Read the story in this issue, then see the play, and you will be convinced.

We are informed by Grosset & Dunlap, publishers of the clothbound, illustrated, 50c. photoplay edition of "The Mills of the Gods," that if the managers of the theaters showing the reels will get in touch with the local bookdealers in their towns, they will be glad to co-operate for mutual publicity.

Francis X. Bushman (Essanay) visited the little village of New York last month.

According to a great many of our readers, "The French Spy" (Vitagraph) and "The Blighted Son" (Pathé) are two of the best "feature films" that have been seen lately. How about "The Kerry Gow" (Kalem) and "The Mills of the Gods"?

Bennie of Lubinville again comes to our rescue: "In answer to 'Why doesn't Lottie Briscoe wear her hats straight?' I wish to say that a slight tilt of the hat on Miss Briscoe's shapely head gives more of her face to the camera, thus allowing that pretty face, with her wonderful expressions, to be seen by the audience when it is necessary. Other artists should do the same. Miss Briscoe has studied the Motion Picture business thoroly, and can turn the crank as well as act."

THE RIDGELYS CHANGE THEIR ROUTE

MR. AND MRS. J. M. RIDGELY, who, as representatives of The Motion Picture Story Magazine, are making a horseback trip from New York to San Francisco, have met with considerable unavoidable delay in the State of Pennsylvania, and are several weeks behind their schedule.

The nature of their work requires warm weather, and as cold weather has now set in they have decided to go direct south from Pittsburgh, Pa., to Richmond, Va.



CLEO RIDGELY

WARNING

It has come to our attention that other persons are representing themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely, or representatives of The Motion Picture Story Magazine, to exhibitors along their original route.

Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely are the only ones authorized to represent this magazine in this manner, and all persons representing themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely, or representatives of The Motion Picture Story Magazine, who do not hold letters of authorization from us, are impostors and should be treated accordingly.

Any one furnishing us with information, regarding such impostors, will have our sincere appreciation.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 COURT STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

According to *The Des Moines News*, the American Co. has the best matinée idol of the Motion Picture world. "K-E-double R-I-G-A-N spells Kerrigan." Poor Costello, and Johnson, and Blackwell, and Baggot, and Wilbur, etc.!

The Screen Club, comfortably located on Forty-fifth Street, New York City, now has about two hundred and fifty members, and the cry is, Still they come.

You will never know Alice Knowland when you see her as a dark-skinned, thick-lipped savage, or something of that sort, in a coming Eclair play. She is another kind of Alice in Wonderland.

No, gentle reader, John Bunny does not have to pay two fares in the cars. He does, however, often arise in order to give two or three ladies his seat.

G. M. Anderson now has two Essanay companies in California. His own, at Niles, will be known as "Company No. 1."

Bessie Sankey, who for several years was at Ye Liberty Theater in Oakland, and lately with the Margaret Rambeau Company, is now a regular member of the Western Essanay Company, and she will probably become Mr. Anderson's leading woman.

Gertrude McCoy (Edison) was asked to name some of the great photoplayers, and whom do you think she named? Mary Fuller, Mary Pickford, Arthur Johnson and Augustus Phillips. And she was absolutely right! But, mark you, she was asked to name only *some*!

The principal hobby of J. W. Johnston, who is the champion fisherman-lover-hero player of the Pathé Frères Company, is hunting big game in the Northwest. By the way, our interviewer has captured him.

When Alice Joyce first returned to New York, where we have so many pretty drives, parks and suburbs for automobiling, she complained that she missed her machine. Mr. Marion, of the Kalem Company, ever ready to look after the comforts of his players, was about to send his own auto for her to use until her own machine arrived, when he learnt that Miss Joyce's machine was a sewing machine.

While Cleo Ridgely and husband were in Pittsburg, Mr. H. C. Kester, manager of the Cameraphone Theater, entertained them royally, taking them all over the city in his auto, and winding up with a banquet in their honor. At Beaver Falls, they were treated similarly by Mr. J. M. Strub, manager of the Grand Theater, and, when Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely were leaving town, and were going about to settle their bills, they were informed that all their bills had been paid.

Epes Winthrop Sargent, of *The Moving Picture World*, is very much opposed to photoplay schools. Mr. Sargent has written a book in which he tells all about how to write photoplays, hence, schools are unnecessary. Mr. Sargent is also opposed to cigarets. He smokes long, black, thirty-cent cigars.

Augustus Phillips (Edison) spends a deal of his time horseback riding—when the baseball grounds are closed.

Gaston Méliès and his globe-circling company are having a great time. After twelve days at sea, they landed at Tahiti, the land of the graceful girls and perpetual summer. Thence they go to New Zealand, the land of the Maories; thence to Australia, the home of the little bushman and of the kangaroo; thence to Java, the modern Paradise; thence to Siam, the land of the yellow robe, and so on.

Charlotte Burton is Jack Richardson's new opposite in the Western "Flying A" Company. She will undoubtedly make a charming villainess.

The Méliès Company is now selling pictures of its leading players. Among them is a 22x26 colored portrait of Mildred Bracken, which is the model from which our own colored portrait this month is taken.

Siegmund Lubin, head and shoulders of the Lubin Company, sailed for Germany last month, where he will probably plant another plant.

Miriam Nesbitt (Edison) is an admirer of Florence Turner and of G. M. Anderson. She certainly shows good taste.



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THE P. A. BOOKING OFFICES
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Little Henrietta O'Beck's acting in H. A. D'Arcy's "Madeleine's Christmas" (Lubin) was so pathetic that in one of the scenes Ormi Hawley "went all to pieces," and Lloyd Carlton, the director, had to have the act retaken.

Mabel Trunelle and Herbert Prior, after a year's absence, have returned to the Edison studio, where they are already busy with leading parts.

Helen Case, formerly of the Western Vitagraph Company, is now playing with the Nestor Company. Mary Charleson is now snugly settled in Miss Case's Vitagraph shoes, and they fit her nicely.

Barry O'Moore, while making a "rescue" from a burning factory, had his own clothes burned, but attendants at the Edison studio prevented any damage to the actor.

Information is wanted by Mrs. David J. Gairaud, 134 Locust Street, San José, Cal., concerning the children of the late Patrick and Mary Plunkett McDonald, formerly of Croskiel, County Meath, Ireland, who died in Boston. It is believed that these children are in Motion Pictures.

Courtenay Foote and Earle Williams will be unusually prominent in Vitagraph plays during Mr. Costello's absence. Mr. Foote is an Englishman, was educated at Oxford and Heidelberg, and was with Frohman, Belasco and other prominent theatrical companies before joining the Vitagraph Company.

Harry Beaumont has been increasing his activities in Edison films, playing many big leads. As a football hero, recently, he was nearly put out of commission by a squad of husky young college players, who tackled him and buried him under the pile.

Now that Broncho Billy has been killed off (see story in this number), the question is, will Essanay find some way to bring him to life again, as did Conan Doyle with Sherlock Holmes?

Alice Joyce will get in trouble "if she dont watch out" for running a railroad engine without a license. However, she did it so well in "A Race for Time," and looked so nice that nobody, except Cupid, would molest her.

Bessie Learn, one of Edison's most popular ingénues, has been joined by her sister Alice, who is now appearing in Edison films.

If you saw Rosemary Theby in "The Mills of the Gods," you will surely want to see her in "The Reincarnation of Karma."

Lillian Christie has left Carlyle Blackwell's Kalem Company. By the way, Carlyle will soon be seen in some clever character work.

Gertrude McCoy continues to do excellent work in leading Edison rôles. She played the consumption-stricken girl in "Hope," the Red Cross Seal picture by that company.

Gene Gauntier, Clarke & Co., are still in and around New York.

Roger Lytton (Vitagraph) is a gentleman of culture and refinement, an accomplished musician in real life, and a talented villain in the plays.

Guy Coombs, for a change, will now be seen as a boy in blue, instead of as a boy in gray, but we wont call him a traitor to the Southern Cause.

Adele Lane has left the Lubin Company; present whereabouts unknown.

Laura Sawyer has evidently been doing some extensive traveling—recent Edison films show her frolicking in Yellowstone Park, fighting forest fires in Sierra Nevada Park, and riding on the perilous Yosemite trails.

Billy Quirk, formerly of Biograph and Pathé, has left the Solax Company and joined the Gem Company.

Marion Leonard is now with the Monopole Company.

Some people in Youngstown, Pa., recently gave some handsome presents to Florence Turner, Lillian Walker and Maurice Costello.

They say that Marc McDermott shows bad taste in getting on our Christmas tree, amid scenes of snow and ice, attired in a straw hat. Perhaps, but it wasn't his fault.

A Vitagraph company started, the middle of December, for a tour of the globe. Among those in the party are Maurice Costello, his wife and children, James Young, Clara Kimball Young, Steven Smith and Director Ranous.

John Bunny and Hughie Mack, the "Heavenly Twins," will shortly be seen as two well-fed policemen in a Vitagraph comedy.

SALESMEN—AGENTS

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(Continued from page 116)

Clara Beffrey, of Denver, Col., writes:

When I see the name Edison on a film I know that it will be first-class in every particular. "What Happened to Mary" is just as interesting as can be, and every character so true to life. I was glad I did not miss "The Boy and the Girl," in which Yale Boss and Edna May Hammel were seen to such good advantage. Tom Santschi is another favorite, and as the padre in "The Little Indian Martyr" I liked him better than ever.

A toast for photoplaygoers:



Here's to Francis Bushman;
May his life be blithe and gay,
And may he win many laurels of fame
In dear old Essanay.

MRS. C. G. WRIGHT.

Miss Gladys Guillot, of Ardmore, Okla., is one of Mary Pickford's warmest admirers:

Dear Mary Pickford,
So sweet and so light,
Queen of the picture world,
My heart's delight.



Dainty her features,
Also her curls.
I could see her each night,
The dearest of girls.

Archie Murray, of Winnipeg, Can., is only thirteen years old, but he can make as good verse as some older folks. Here is a specimen:



Ho is the fellow we want to see at every show we go to?
Who is that actor we want to see at every place we "row" to?
Who is that manly gentleman we'd like to have kisses to throw to?
JAMES CRUZE.

Who is the ladies' favorite in every town and city?
Who is the chap the ladies like because he is so pretty?
Who is the actor for whose sake I'm making up this ditty?
JAMES CRUZE.

Claire Carew, of Brooklyn, is the author of these two dainty tributes:

Here's to the prettiest picture queen,
Whose face I long to see on the screen;
For she is the one who relieves me when bored,
That dainty, sweet creature, Mary Pickford.

Of picture heroes, there's just one for me,
And all who have seen him I know will agree,
That Earle Williams leads the band of them all,
For his debonair acting makes the others look small.



Ruth A. Carlin, of Edinburg, Ill., speaks up for her favorite, Hazel Neason, of the Kalem's, and challenges the rest of the companies to equal her:



Lubin, Selig, Imp, Gaumont,
Why dont you get a girl like the Kalem's got?
She is the queen, and all supreme,
The prettiest girl upon the screen.
You know, I know, we all know,
Hazel Neason is a go;
Lubin, Selig, Imp, Gaumont,
Got her equal? Well, I guess not!

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The Motion Picture Story Magazine

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

We fear that B. E. S., of Lynchburg, is very fickle in her affections, which are fixed, at present, on Leo Delaney:

I fell in love with Bushman,
Till Earle Williams came to town;
I shook them both for Anderson,
Till Blackwell won renown;

My heart went out to Wilbur,
Then Johnson, grand and tall,
Till I saw Leo Delaney—
He is the best of all!

The rumor that Mary Pickford has left the pictures for the legitimate stage, with Belasco, has called forth many requests for an interview and a picture of her.

Certainly there never was a sweeter child than little Helen Costello. We are glad to print these verses:

TO LITTLE HELEN COSTELLO—MY MOTION PICTURE FAVORITE.

I often sit and wonder
About a little girl I know.
I see her almost every day
On the screen in the photoshow.

And when I go to the photoshow,
My thoughts are wandering far,
Until I see her on the screen—
My Motion Picture star.

She has two, great big eyes so blue.
And a mass of light brown hair;
Two little dimples in her cheeks:
You see her everywhere.

She is my little favorite,
The idol of my heart,
Tho she may never know it,
For we're miles and miles apart.

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ESTELLE MARGUERITE BLANK.

A clever acrostic from S. V. C., Elgin, Ill.:



G stands for George,
E ver the best.
O nly one Indian
R ides in the West.
G eorge is hero of the screen
E very time that he is seen.

G stands for Gebhart,
E arnest and true;
B rave young chieftain,
H e comes into view.
A ll hail to the cowboy, soldier, Pathé;
R ejoicing, we send returns of the day,
T o meet him and speed him on his way.



Miss N. Levinshon, of Mobile, Ala., writes of her favorites:

THE PICTURE SHOW.

There is something so alluring
In the Moving Picture show,
To sit and watch the players,
And point out those you know.

Praises are sung of Alice Joyce;
Her fame known far and wide;
And what of Maurice Costello?—
Ah! we gaze at him with pride.

To look at handsome Kerrigan,
His eyes alight with love;
The beautiful Marion Leonard,
As gentle as a dove.

Exquisite Florence LaBadie;
Emotional Marguerite Snow.
To see them is to love them,
A thing that we all know.

And the countless other players,
If we could choose from them all,
What a proposition for a mere man,
'Twould be hardship after all.



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Jacqueline DeMae, who writes from Riverside Drive, New York City, feels that Maurice Costello is neglected by this magazine. We fear that she has not scanned the pages of all the issues very closely, as she particularly asks why we do not print a "chat" with Mr. Costello. We did print one, Miss Jacqueline; a good one, too, we think; and as for his pictures, we have printed many of them. Look again.

We should like to print the name of the writer of a fine letter of criticism of some of the photoplays, but we refrain, at her request, and quote from the letter:

Leavenworth, Wash., Sept. 26, 1912.

DEAR SIR: In response to the urgent invitation given your readers in the last issue of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, to express their appreciation of the various plays and players, permit me to tell of an occurrence which I witnessed a few nights ago. The little playhouse, 'way out here in this rough, railroad town, was packed at 25 cents per. A Vitagraph was on the screen, "Winning Is Losing," and, after the big race, when lovely Lillian Walker, in her unlovely dress, threw herself into her jockey-lover's arms, a ripple of applause swept the house. It was distinctly a tribute to the player, and not to the situation, and I only wished Miss Walker could have heard it. Since then I have learnt that she is very popular here. I enjoyed the delightful, whimsical atmosphere of the play immensely. Mr. Costello's finished acting and Miss Neason's charming personality are delightful; besides, there were several other old friends to be seen.

J. C. T., of New York City, warmly defends Miss Pauline Bush from adverse criticism. She also speaks highly of Miss Anna Little, of the Broncho Film Company.

Dorothy Hills, of Atlanta, Ga., has four friends, and admires them impartially in the following verses:

FAVORITE PHOTOPLAY FRIENDS.



our friends have I, four friends whom I love dearly,
Tho I scarce can hope to see them face to face;
They represent incarnate joy and gladness,
The spring's sweet freshness, and the summer's grace.

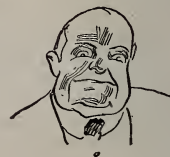
First, Marguerite Snow; how like her name she is—
Fair as the white flake falling from above,
And all emotions are their best in her:
Grief, hatred, anger and triumphant love.



hen Florence Lawrence, care-free as a bird
That carols on the flowery bough of May.
A glimpse of her can soothe a troubled heart,
And drive all dreary thoughts and grief away.

Next Marion Leonard, queenly in her poise,
Reminds me of the sorceress of old,
Great Cleopatra, Egypt's wondrous empress,
So Marion is, but not a whit so bold.

And last, not least, comes merry Florence Turner;
She is a woman—fairest of the fair.
All Nature's charms of grace and winsome beauty
Join in her face to make a jewel rare.



Atlanta, Ga.

DOROTHY HILLS.

We are threatened with the loss of a subscription because we are neglecting Florence Lawrence! And this in spite of the fact that we have just sent out the splendid colored portrait of her. Verily, it is hard to satisfy every one in this world.

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WE START YOU IN A PERMANENT BUSINESS WITH US AND FURNISH EVERYTHING. We have new easy-selling plans and seasonal leaders in the Mail Order line to keep factories busy. No canvassing. Small capital. Large profits. Spare time only required; personal assistance. Write today for (copyrighted) plans, positive proof and sworn statements.

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LOESERIDE CO., 1266 Second Ave. New York, N. Y.

This Washer Must Pay for Itself.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right," and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edge nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibre of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman wages. If you keep the machine after the month trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a box about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—**H. L. Barker, 785 Court S Binghamton, N. Y.** If you live in Canada, address **1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont**



Here is a pretty tribute to Alice Joyce, written by a nine-year-old girl, Kathleen J. Schnepfer, of Huron, S. D. Miss Joyce certainly wins the hearts of the little folks.

TO ALICE.

I love Florence Turner,
And I love Miss Bush, too;
But, Alice, when I write this,
I really think of you.

Alice Joyce, you are a beauty,
In Spanish pictures you are grand;
The manful heroes do their duty
When they demand your hand.
Huron, S. Dak.

You have such dainty little ways;
You are not vain one bit.
The Kalem Company really pays
With your fair face in it.

Of Motion Picture actresses,
If I should make my choice,
I'd choose—you have three guesses—
Well, I choose—Alice Joyce.

KATHLEEN J. SCHNEPPER.

Some one, who admits herself a "Costello fanatic," sends these verses:

"THE COS. TRIO."



hich shall it be,
Which shall it be,
Oft puts me in a frenzy,
For I love all three.

Down at the Broadway,
There's "Kink" Costello
In that comedy of errors,
The handsomest fellow.

And what's that I see
Just over the way?
Why, it's the Costello kiddies
In that juvenile play.

This trio's got me guessing,
My poor head really whirls;
My heart yearns for dear Dimples,
And I love his little girls.

John Brown sends a splendid appreciation of the Vitagraph players, which is too long for us to print in full. Ralph Ince and Tefft Johnson, in the Lincoln plays, particularly impress him.

W. J. K. believes in credit being given to the villain when he does good acting, deplores the tendency to praise the hero on account of the sentiment of the play, rather than for good acting, and pronounces Jack Richardson, of the American Company, "a perfect villain."

Miss Bessie Stewart, of Philadelphia, writes "just a line to express the great pleasure I experienced in witnessing Harry T. Morey's portrayal of King James V of Scotland, in the Vitagraph production of 'The Lady of the Lake.' His acting was splendid, as it always is. His appearance in a picture always sends me away from the theater perfectly satisfied."

Miss Anna M. Bausinger delights in the plays taken from the standard books and poems, particularly "Pippa Passes," "The Idylls of the King," and some of the fine historical productions.

This is a pretty tribute to Lillian Walker's dimples. The sender modestly omits to sign her name:

Within a nest of roses,
Half hidden from the sight,
Until a smile discloses
Its loveliness aright,
Behold the work of Cupid,
Who wrought it in a freak,
The witching little dimple—
The dimple in her cheek.



The siren sighs and glances
To lure the sailors nigh;
The perilous romances
Of fabled Lorelei.
And all the spells of Circe
Are reft of charm and weak
Beside the dainty dimple—
The dimple in her cheek.

Six Beautiful Premiums FOR YOU

Your assistance and co-operation in increasing the number of subscribers to THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE is desired.

As you are a reader of this magazine you know all about it, and can tell others of its interesting photoplay stories, portraits of picture players, remarkable illustrations, chats with the players, answers to inquiries and the set of **twelve beautiful portraits** in colors we send to each subscriber.

In return for your assistance we are going to give you a chance to secure a year's subscription **FREE**, or one or all of five other valuable premiums.

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Three New Subscriptions will entitle you to one of the following: One Year's subscription to THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE; a book entitled "Moving Pictures—How They Are Made and Worked"; Bound Vol. No. III of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE.

Two New Subscriptions will entitle you to a copy of the book "Portraits of Popular Picture Players."

One New Subscription will entitle you to a Big Ben Binder, or a year's subscription to THE CALDRON.

Write for subscription blanks and circular giving **full description** of these valuable premiums. Dont delay, but do it today.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

26 Court Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

A "Killarney Rose," from Butler College, Ind., raves about James Morrison in a way that would make that modest youth astonished. Here is just one of her verses:

Come all ye lads and fair maids,
Come listen to my song,
I'll sing of charming Jimmy,
Who never does a wrong.

Sure, James is such a splendid lad,
Admired by all aroun',
They call him Charming Jim,
Of Vitagraphingtown.

"The Queen of Love and Beauty" is what E. L. M., of Warren, Ohio, calls Miss Alice Joyce, and there are a lot of folks who will agree with her. This is E. L. M.'s tribute:

Of the many fair faces that flash on the screen,
Alice Joyce, our American Beauty, is queen.
With her quiet manner which pleases us all,
And the lovely features that we can recall,
She is loved by many, and worshiped by more—
The favorite player whom we all adore.



A St. Louis "P. S. Fan" sends this:



Thrice weekly do I wend my way
Unto the Moving Picture play.
Twelve times a year by me are seen
The pages of this magazine.

I've read how some love Mr. Zip;
How some adore Miss Zing.
And scornfully I've wondered if
They knew not that "the play's the thing!"

Ne'er did I think that I would fall
A victim unto one or two.
But realizing the good in all,
Would give to each his due.

But now to me it matters not;
Let play be good, let play be "rot,"
If in the cast two names I spy
That rhyme with glory, glad am I.
St. Louis. P. S. FAN.

C. M. M., of Detroit, is not ashamed of a liking for tragedy. We print part of his interesting letter:

While there is no one who enjoys good, wholesome comedy more than I, yet I must admit that tragedy holds first place in my heart, and I give it the preference every time. The fact must not be overlooked that some of our greatest writers were producers of tragedy, and the photoplay with the "sad ending" oftentimes contains a splendid moral. It should be borne in mind, also, that "variety is the spice of life"—hence, why not approve the photoplay with the "unhappy ending," as well as the happily ending one?
Detroit. Very truly yours, C. M. M.

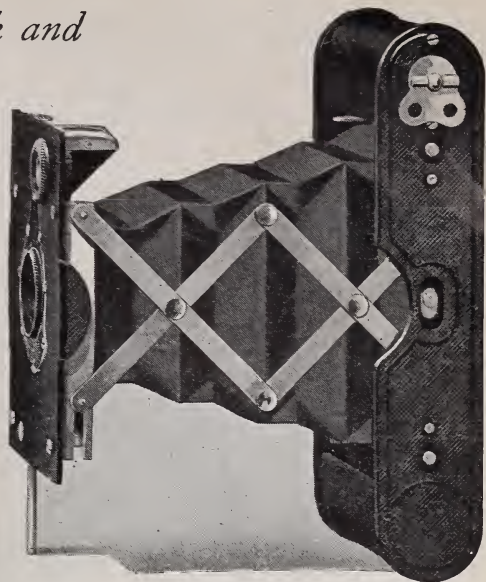
"Gertie," of Wilkes-Barre, divides her admiration equally between Mary Pickford and Marguerite Snow:

There's two little maidens that I have
seen
Many a time on the picture screen.
Now, I love these girlies with all my
heart,
Tho they are many a mile apart.

I will tell you their names if you want to
know,
They are Mary Pickford and Marguerite
Snow.
I cant see them both at the same show,
But wherever they play I always go.

*As small as your note book and
tells the story better.*

The Vest Pocket KODAK



A miniature Kodak, so capable that it will convince the experienced amateur, so simple that it will appeal to the novice. So flat and smooth and small that it will go readily into a vest pocket, yes, and dainty enough for milady's hand bag.

And the Vest Pocket Kodak is efficient. It is small, almost tiny, but the carefully selected meniscus achromatic lens insures good work; the Kodak Ball Bearing shutter with iris diaphragm stops and Auto-time Scale give it a scope and range not found except in the highest grade cameras. Loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges for eight exposures. Having a fixed focus it is always ready for quick work. Has reversible brilliant finder. Made of metal with lustrous black finish. Right in every detail of design and construction. Pictures, $1\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Price \$6.00.

An important feature is that the quality of the work is so fine, the definition of the lens so perfect that enlargements may be easily made to any reasonable size, and at small cost—to post card size ($3\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$) for instance, at 15 cents.



*Actual
Size*

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

A toast to Robert Gaillard, from "E. D.":



Your health, your wealth, your happiness,
Good fortune that will stay
Beside you, these few words express
The wish I make each day.

Miss Alma Singer, of New York City, has abandoned the pursuit of a word that rhymes with Kerrigan, but she sends a verse just the same:

No word for Warren Kerrigan
Will make a perfect rhyme,
But he's the man of whom I write;
It's Warren every time!



X. Y. Z., from Milwaukee, comes to the front with some good verse about the popular James Cruze:

I'm in love with a picture player,
And strange as it may seem,
Yet in real life I've never met
The hero of my dream.

And yet I often see him play;
I love his manly face;
His form is like Apollo, fair;
His actions full of grace.

And like the stars of midnight
Are his bright and merry eyes;
To me he always seems to be
Apollo in disguise.

All the day I see before me
My handsome Grecian god;
And nights, in dreams, I see him
When in the land of Nod.



I dream that I'm an artist,
And I paint my hero grand,
Standing, like the great Horatius,
At the bridge with sword in hand.

I dream that I'm a sculptor,
And I make this idol dear
Of the very finest marble,
Like Apollo Belvedere.

Long ago the gods were gracious
And they leant a pitying ear,
And gave life unto the statue
That the sculptor loved so dear.

But enough of foolish dreaming—
Dreams ne'er come true, they say.
I'll just keep on loving my hero,
In picture show each day.



But when he's not upon the screen
My interest then I lose.
I'll tell you all just who he is—
My idol is James Cruze.

Milwaukee, Wis.

X. Y. Z.

(Continued from page 112)

wonder if you could ever come to feel that way, thoroly, absolutely——"

"I dont understand!" Mrs. Blair had risen. The eyes that looked into hers were wondrously soft and luminous.

"I mean," came in a steady, deliberating voice, "that to the outside world the man who died in my teneament room was J. H. Dean. My name amounts to nothing—but suppose——"

A stifled sob showed that she understood.

"We must save his name," came again, "and perhaps—in time—maybe I can really make myself all to you that he should have been. I mean—Mrs. Blair, that when your husband

and I changed places this afternoon Fate decided it must be for life. For your name and for his, I must continue to be John Blair, Assistant District Attorney. The world will never know. The marriage can be secret, and—and perhaps—some day——"

His arms, appealing, went out. There was a long moment of hesitancy—an age it seemed to James Dean. Slowly she moved toward him. Her hands pressed his shoulder—her bowed head at last rested on it.

"Perhaps some time," he said again.

A weary little sob. She trembled in his arms.

"Some time—I'm sure—some time," came softly.

MOVING PICTURES

HOW THEY ARE MADE AND WORKED

By FREDERICK A. TALBOT

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR

No person interested in Motion Pictures can afford to be without it
LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED



THE OLD METHOD

340 pages; cloth bound; size 6 x 8½; nearly 2 inches thick; full of drawings, engravings, portraits and diagrams

Altho the rage for Moving Pictures has spread like wildfire all over the country, so that every township has its Cinematograph Palace, the eternal question, "How is it done?" is still on the lips of the audience. It is an extraordinary fact that this is the **FIRST BOOK EVER PUBLISHED ON CINEMATOGRAPHY** suitable for the layman. The author has had the help of all the great originators and inventors, and he has managed to make the Romance "behind the scenes" of the bioscope as alluring as the actual performance. He tells us how, for instance, a complete company of players and a menagerie were transported to the depths of California to obtain sensational jungle pictures; how a whole village was destroyed in imitating an Indian raid; a house erected only to be burned down realistically in a play, and a hundred other exciting and bewildering incidents.

The author deals with the history of the invention, its progress, its insuperable difficulties which somehow have been overcome. He gives, too, a full and lucid description of the cameras, the processes of developing the long celluloid films, the printing and projection, etc. He takes us to the largest studios of the world, where mammoth productions costing \$30,000 are staged, and explains how they are managed—the trick pictures among others, some of the most ingenious artifices of the human imagination. He describes in detail Dr. Commandon's apparatus for making Moving Pictures of microbes; M. Bull's machine, which takes 2,000 pictures a second, thereby enabling us to photograph the flight of a bullet through a soap bubble, or tiny insects on the wing. The combination of X-rays and Cinematography which can show the digestive organs at work and the new color processes such as the Kinema-color have received detailed attention. So much that is new appears as we read, so wonderful are the powers of the invention, that we have a whole new world opened up before us, with possibilities the like of which the most of us have never even dreamed.

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THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

26 COURT STREET,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Estella Marguerite Blank, of New York, thinks we print some actors' faces too often, others not often enough. She particularly wishes to see Norma Talmadge's picture on our pages. Patience, Estella. We hope to come to them all in the course of time.

A constant reader in Albany wants us to agitate the matter of having the name of the photoplay writer appear upon the screen. We certainly are in favor of this, and the manufacturers are slowly beginning to take it up.

Editors are not supposed to have any hearts, but the hearts of the whole force have been warmed by the intelligent, appreciative letter of a thirteen-year-old miss who signs herself "Virginia from Georgia," and says that she looks forward to our coming every month. Thank you, Miss Virginia.

A Baltimore girl wishes that Miss Pauline Bush would always play opposite Mr. Kerrigan. She also cheers our hearts by stating that she thinks our "scribes" possess real literary merit, and says that it doubles her appreciation of the pictures to have read the story in this magazine first.

G. M. Stephenson, who comes from Winnipeg, Manitoba, writes us an appreciative letter, in which he states that he buys the magazine regularly at a drug store, an appropriate place to buy it, for it cures 'most anything!

H. H. W., of Lockport, N. Y., has taken to daffydills, and sends us a sample:

Every one hoped to see Florence Lawrence take Arthur Johnson into her new company, but she loved Owen Moore.

If Maurice Costello is entitled to a large salary, what is Hobart Bosworth?

If the age of Motion Picture actresses is uncertain, is Clara Kimball Young?

If a certain company should wish to cross a stream would Mary Pickford?

Would the Lubin baseball team win more games if they had Romaine Fielding?

If Flora Finch should start across the stage the wrong way would Florence Turner?

If Frank Bushman should call would Lily Branscombe?

Betty Brown sings the praises of Miss Nilsson:

Here's to a girl that is bright and witty,
Here's to a girl that is ever so pretty;
Her hair is golden, her eyes are blue,
Her cheeks are tinted with rosy hue.

Sometimes the part of a soldier lad,
Sometimes a sweetheart flushing and glad;
But wherever I see you, whatever I do,
I will always love you, my Anna Q.

TO GENE GAUNTIER.



Sweet little wanderer over the earth,
Come back to the land that has given thee birth.
Cease flirting with dangers in strange foreign lands,
On oceans, in tropics, in hot burning sands.

There are warm friends who love you, and fond hearts that fear—
Oh! when will the wanderlust die in you, dear?
From waters you've sailed o'er, from countries you've seen,
Come back to the homeland—we want you, dear Gene.

Kansas City, Mo.

T. J. WILSON.



Pauline Ettinger, 306 East Twenty-third Street, New York City, sends her opinion of Maurice Costello:

'Tis a face that haunts me night and day,
A grand, tall, handsome fellow.
Need you ask me who it is?
Why, of course, Maurice Costello.

He sets our hearts a-leaping
When he comes upon the screen,
And the audience starts to cheering—
It's a treat when he is seen.

SPECIAL FEATURES

SPECIAL MULTIPLE REEL FEATURES

TWO AND THREE REEL SPECIAL FEATURE RELEASED MONDAYS AND FRIDAYS

Dec. 27,
1912

REINCARNATION OF KARMA

VITAGRAPH
2 Reels

During the early Christian era, Karma, a very spiritual and virtuous High Priest of the Temple of India, resists, with all his religious fervor, Quinetrea, a beautiful and fascinating enchantress. Quinetrea eventually conquers, and Karma falls a victim to her wiles. She triumphantly taunts him, and, outraged at her cruel deception, Karma curses her, and Quinetrea is transformed into a huge snake. Fifteen hundred years later, Karma appears, reincarnated in the personality of Leslie Adams, and loves the beautiful heiress, Lillian White. Together they visit the ancient Temple of Karma, and are shown the reptile, which every hundred years resumes human form. While Leslie gazes fascinated, the snake uncoils, and Quinetrea stands before him in all her bewitching charm. She holds him with her hypnotic power, and forces him to accept an amulet for his betrothed, upon receiving which, Lillian falls dead. Karma beholds a vision of his former self as High Priest, again curses Quinetrea, and drops dead across the prostrate body of his betrothed.

Dec. 23,
1912

THE SHAUGHRAUN

KALEM
3 Reels

A genuine Irish drama produced amid genuine Irish surroundings.

By the death of their father, Robert and Claire Ffolliott are given into the care of Corry Kinchela, an unscrupulous land-agent, who schemes with Harvey Duff, a dishonest police officer, to secure possession of the children's lands. Robert is convicted on Duff's testimony, and sentenced to penal servitude in Australia. His sister, Claire, and sweetheart, Arte, are dependent upon Conn, the Shaughraun, who supplies them with food by his poaching.

Several years later, Robert returns to Ireland, but is captured as a fugitive and thrown into prison. The crafty Conn assists him to escape, and feigns death when fired upon by a sentinel. It is commonly believed that Conn has been killed, and a wake is held, during which the Shaughraun learns of a plan to spirit the girls out of the country. Kinchela and his accomplices are brought to justice, and the girls reunited to their sweethearts.

Dec. 20,
1912

THE LAST PERFORMANCE

PATHE
2 Reels

Rose Mailand, the celebrated equestrienne of the famous Barnum Circus, awakens the love of Count Hans von Harten, and they are ideally happy until the Count's father angrily forbids the marriage, which compels the Count to adopt the circus for a livelihood. His spectacular thriller, "The Platform of Death," wins him the title of the "Greatest Horseman in the World," and, because of the public admiration, his wife becomes jealous and plans revenge.

She drugs his horse, and, as he mounts the Platform of Death, the horse becomes frightened at the first explosion of fireworks and plunges forward, bringing with him the Count to death in the ring below.

Dec. 16,
1912

THE RED MAN'S HONOR

CINES-KLEINE
2 Reels

June Dew, a pretty Indian maiden, is betrothed to Red Hawk, the bravest warrior of the tribe. Seated Bear, another brave, also loves the dark beauty, and his savage heart is inflamed with jealousy at the success of his rival. One day he surprises her alone, and forcibly carries her off to his canoe. Red Hawk appears just in time to see the act, and, springing into the stream, soon overtakes his rival. A desperate struggle follows, in which Red Hawk's arm, strengthened by the "Great Spirit," mortally wounds his treacherous enemy. Red Hawk and the maiden return to the village, and the wounded Indian painfully makes his way to shore, where he tells a greatly distorted story of Red Hawk's crime. The accused warrior is ordered before the great chief, "White Eagle," and the death sentence imposed: "He that kills a brother must die. Twelve moons hence his spirit shall join that of the dead warrior." Red Hawk's heart is filled with bitterness, and he leaves his tribe to join the army of the pale faces. His bravery in surmounting indescribable difficulties to destroy a mountain bridge, thus checking the advance of the enemy, gains him the high regard of the army, but his happiness is short lived, as he remembers the sentence and returns to his tribe to pay the debt of a red man's honor. With his beloved June Dew, he is taken to the funeral pyre, and their souls go forth to join the Happy Hunting Ground of the "Great Spirit."

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